

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

striking the nose, was driven through the neck, and stuck out on both sides. And, while fortune favoured him, he slew also Clytius and Clanis, both born of one mother, but each with a different wound. For through both thighs of Clytius went the ashen spear, hurled by his mighty arm; the other dart Clanis crunched with his jaw. There fell also Mendesian Celadon; Astreus, too, whose mother was a Syrian, and his father unknown; Aethion, once wise to see what is to come, but now tricked by a false omen; Thoactes, armour-bearer of the king; Agyrtes, infamous for that he had slain his sire.

Yet more remains, faint with toil though he is; for all are bent on crushing him alone. On all sides the banded lines assail him, in a cause that repudiated merit and plighted word. On his side his father-in-law with useless loyalty and his bride and her mother range themselves, and fill all the hall with their shrieks. But their cries are drowned in the clash of arms and the groans of dying men; while Bellona drenches and pollutes with blood the sacred home, and ever renews the strife.

Now he stands alone where Phineus and a thousand followers close round him. Thicker than winter hail fly the spears, past right side and left, past eyes and ears. He stands with his back against a great stone column and, so protected in the rear, faces the opposing crowds and their impetuous attack. The attack is made on the left by Chaonian Molpeus, and by Arabian Ethemon on the right. Just as a tigress, pricked by hunger, that hears the bellowing of two herds in two several valleys, knows not which to rush upon, but burns to rush on both; so Perseus hesitates whether to smite on right or left; he stops Molpeus with a wound through the leg and was

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contentusque fuga est ; neque enim dat tempus

Ethemon,

sed furit et cupiens alto dare vulnera collo 170

non circumspectis exactum viribus ensem

fregit, in extrema percussae parte columnae :

lamina dissiluit dominique in gutture fixa est.

non tamen ad letum causas satis illa valentes

plaga dedit ; trepidum Perseus et inermia frustra 175

braccia tendentem Cyllenide confodit harpe.

Verum ubi virtutem turbae succumbere vidit,

“ auxilium ” Perseus, “ quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,”

dixit “ ab hoste petam : vultus avertite vestros,

si quis amicus adest ! ” et Gorgonis extulit ora. 180

“ quaere alium, tua quem moveant miracula ” dixit

Thescelus ; utque manu iaculum fatale parabat

mittere, in hoc haesit signum de marmore gestu.

proximus huic Ampyx animi plenissima magni

pectora Lyncidae gladio petit : inque petendo 185

dextera dirigit nec citra mota nec ultra est.

at Nileus, qui se genitum septemplice Nilo

ementitus erat, clipeo quoque flumina septem

argento partim, partim caelaverat auro,

“ adspice ” ait “ Perseu, nostrae primordia gentis : 190

magna feres tacitas solacia mortis ad umbras,

a tanto cecidisse viro ” ; pars ultima vocis

in medio suppressa sono est, ad aperta que velle

ora loqui credas, nec sunt ea pervia verbis.

increpat hos “ vitio ” que “ animi, non viribus ”

inquit

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“ Gorgoneis torpetis ” Eryx. “ incurrite mecum

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content to let him go ; but Ethemon gives him no time, and comes rushing on, eager to wound him in the neck, and drives his sword with mighty power but careless aim, and breaks it on the edge of the great stone column : the blade flies off and sticks in its owner's throat. The stroke indeed is not deep enough for death ; but as he stands there trembling and stretching out his empty hands (but all in vain), Perseus thrusts him through with Mercury's hooked sword.

But when Perseus saw his own strength was no match for the superior numbers of his foes, he exclaimed : " Since you yourselves force me to it, I shall seek aid from my own enemy. Turn away your faces, if any friend be here." So saying, he raised on high the Gorgon's head. " Seek someone else to frighten with your magic arts," cried Thescelus, and raised his deadly javelin in act to throw ; but in that very act he stood immovable, a marble statue. Next after him Ampyx thrust his sword full at the heart of the great-souled Perseus ; but in that thrust his right hand stiffened and moved neither this way nor that. But Nileus, who falsely claimed that he was sprung from the sevenfold Nile, and who had on his shield engraved the image of the stream's seven mouths, part silver and part gold, cried : " See, O Perseus, the source whence I have sprung. Surely a great consolation for your death will you carry to the silent shades, that you have fallen by so great a man"—his last words were cut off in mid-speech ; you would suppose that his open lips still strove to speak, but they no longer gave passage to his words. These two Eryx rebuked, saying : " 'Tis from defect of courage, not from any power of the Gorgon's head, that you stand rigid. Rush in with me and hurl to

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et prosternite humi invenem magica arma moven-
tem !”

incursum erat : tenuit vestigia tellus,
inmotusque silex armataque mansit imago.

Hi tamen ex merito poenas subiere, sed unus 200
miles erat Persei : pro quo dum pugnat, Aconteus
Gorgone inspecta saxo concrevit oborto ;
quem ratus Astyages etiamnum vivere, longo
ense ferit : sonuit tinnitibus ensis acutis.
dum stupet Astyages, naturam traxit eandem, 205
marmoreoque manet vultus mirantis in ore.
nomina longa mora est media de plebe virorum
dicere : bis centum restabant corpora pugnae,
Gorgone bis centum riguerunt corpora visa.

Paenitet iniusti tum denique Phinea belli ; 210
sed quid agat ? simulacra videt diversa figuris
adgnoscatque suos et nomine quemque vocatum
poscit opem credensque parum sibi proxima tangit
corpora : marmor erant ; avertitur atque ita supplex
confessasque manus obliquaque brachia tendens 215
“ vincis ” ait, “ Perseu ! remove tua monstra tuaeque
saxificos vultus, quaecumque ea, tolle Medusae,
tolle, precor ! non nos odium regnique cupido
compulit ad bellum, pro coniuge movimus arma !
causa fuit meritis melior tua, tempore nostra : 220
non cessisse piget ; nihil, o fortissime, praeter
hanc animam concede mihi, tua cetera sunt ! ”
taliter dicenti neque eum, quem voce rogabat,
respicere audenti “ quod ” ait, “ timidissime Phineu,
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the earth this fellow and his magic arms!" He had begun the rush, but the floor held his feet fast and there he stayed, a motionless rock, an image in full armour.

These, indeed, deserved the punishment they received. But there was one, Aconteus, a soldier on Perseus' side, who, while fighting for his friend, chanced to look upon the Gorgon's face and hardened into stone. Astyages, thinking him still a living man, smote upon him with his long sword. The sword gave out a sharp clanging sound; and while Astyages stood amazed, the same strange power got hold on him, and he stood there still with a look of wonder on his marble face. It would take too long to tell the names of the rank and file who perished. Two hundred men survived the fight; two hundred saw the Gorgon and turned to stone.

But now at last Phineus repents him of this unrighteous strife. But what is he to do? He sees images in various attitudes and knows the men for his own; he calls each one by name, prays for his aid, and hardly believing his eyes, he touches those who are nearest him: marble, all! He turns his face away, and so stretching out sideways suppliant hands that confess defeat, he says: "Perseus, you are my conqueror. Remove that dreadful thing; that petrifying Medusa-head of yours—whosoever she may be, oh, take it away, I beg. It was not hate of you and lust for the kingly power that drove me to this war. It was my wife I fought for. Your claim was better in merit, mine in time. I am content to yield. Grant me now nothing, O bravest of men, save this my life. All the rest be yours." As he thus spoke, not daring to look at him to whom he prayed, Perseus replied: "Most craven Phineus, dismiss your

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et possum tribuisse et magnum est munus inertī,—
 pone metum !—tribuam : nullo violabere ferro. 226
 quin etiam mansura dabo monimenta per aevum,
 inque domo soceri semper spectabere nostri,
 ut mea se sponsi soletur imagine coniunx."

dixit et in partem Phorcynida transtulit illam, 230
 ad quam se trepido Phineus obverterat ore.
 tum quoque conanti sua vertere lumina cervix
 dirigit, saxoque oculorum induruit umor,
 sed tamen os timidum vultusque in marmore supplex
 submissaeque manus faciesque obnoxia mansit. 235

Victor Abantiades patrios cum coniuge muros
 intrat et inmeriti vindex ultorque parentis
 adgreditur Proetum ; nam fratre per arma fugato
 Acrisioneas Proetus possederat arces.
 sed nec ope armorum nec, quam male ceperat, arce
 torva colubriferi superavit lumina monstri. 241

Te tamen, o parvae rector, Polydecta, Seriphi,
 nec iuvenis virtus per tot spectata labores
 nec mala mollierant, sed inexorabile durus
 exercees odium, nec iniqua finis in ira est ; 245
 detrectas etiam laudem fictamque Medusae
 arguis esse necem. "dabimus tibi pignora veri.
 parcite luminibus !" Perseus ait oraque regis
 ore Medusaeo silicem sine sanguine fecit.

Hactenus aurigenae comitem Tritonia fratri 250

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fears ; what I can give (and 'tis a great boon for your coward soul), I grant : you shall not suffer by the sword. Nay, but I will make of you a monument that shall endure for ages ; and in the house of my father-in-law you shall always stand on view, that so my wife may find solace in the statue of her promised lord." So saying, he bore the Gorgon-head where Phineus had turned his fear-struck face. Then, even as he strove to avert his eyes, his neck grew hard and the very tears upon his cheeks were changed to stone. And now in marble was fixed the cowardly face, the suppliant look, the pleading hands, the whole cringing attitude.

Victorious Perseus, together with his bride, now returns to his ancestral city ; and there, to avenge his grandsire, who little deserved this championship, he wars on Proetus. For Proetus had driven his brother out by force of arms, and seized the stronghold of Acrisius. But neither by the force of arms, nor by the stronghold he had basely seized, could he resist the baleful gaze of that dread snake-wreathed monster.

But you, O Polydectes, ruler of Little Seriphus, were not softened by the young man's valour, tried in so many feats, nor by his troubles ; but you were hard and unrelenting in hate, and your unjust anger knew no end. You even refused him his honour, and declared that the death of Medusa was all a lie. "We will give you proof of that," then Perseus said ; "protect your eyes !" (this to his friends). And with the Medusa-face he changed the features of the king to bloodless stone.

During all this time Tritonia¹ had been the comrade of her brother born of the golden shower.

¹ Athena.

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se dedit; inde cava circumdata nube Seriphon
 deserit, a dextra Cythno Gyaroque relictis,
 quaque super pontum via visa brevissima, Thebas
 virgineumque Helicon petiit. quo monte potita
 constitit et doctas sic est adfata sorores: 255
 "fama novi fontis nostras pervenit ad aures,
 dura Medusaei quem praepetis ungula rupit.
 is mihi causa viae; volui mirabile factum
 cernere; vidi ipsum materno sanguine nasci."
 excipit Uranie: "quaecumque est causa videndi 260
 has tibi, diva, domos, animo gratissima nostro es.
 vera tamen fama est: est Pegasus huius origo
 fontis" et ad latices deduxit Pallada sacros.
 quae mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas
 silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum 265
 antraque et innumeris distinctas floribus herbas
 felicesque vocat pariter studioque locoque
 Mnemonidas; quam sic adfata est una sororum:
 "o, nisi te virtus opera ad maiora tulisset,
 in partem ventura chori Tritonia nostri, 270
 vera refers meritoque probas artesque locumque,
 et gratam sortem, tutae modo simus, habemus.
 sed (vetitum est adeo scelerei nihil) omnia terrent
 virgineas mentes, dirusque ante ora Pyreneus
 vertitur, et nondum tota me mente recepi. 275
 Daulida Threicio Phoeceaque milite rura
 ceperat ille ferox iniustaque regna tenebat;
 templa petebamus Parnasia: vidit euntes
 nostraque fallaci veneratus numina vultu 279
 'Mnemonides' (cognorat enim), 'consistite' dixit
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But now, wrapped in a hollow cloud, she left Seriphus, and, passing Cythnus and Gyarus on the right, by the shortest course over the sea she made for Thebes and Helicon, home of the Muses. On this mountain she alighted, and thus addressed the sisters versed in song: "The fame of a new spring has reached my ears, which broke out under the hard hoof of the winged horse of Medusa. This is the cause of my journey: I wished to see the marvellous thing. The horse himself I saw born from his mother's blood." Urania replied: "Whatever cause has brought thee to see our home, O goddess, thou art most welcome to our hearts. But the tale is true, and Pegasus did indeed produce our spring." And she led Pallas aside to the sacred waters. She long admired the spring made by the stroke of the horse's hoof; then looked round on the ancient woods, the grottoes, and the grass, spangled with countless flowers. She declared the daughters of Mnemosyne to be happy alike in their favourite pursuits and in their home. And thus one of the sisters answered her: "O thou, Tritonia, who wouldst so fitly join our band, had not thy merits raised thee to far greater tasks, thou sayest truth and dost justly praise our arts and our home. We have indeed a happy lot—were we but safe in it. But (such is the licence of the time) all things affright our virgin souls, and the vision of fierce Pyreneus is ever before our eyes, and I have not yet recovered from my fear. This bold king with his Thracian soldiery had captured Daulis and the Phocian fields, and ruled that realm which he had unjustly gained. It chanced that we were journeying to the temple on Parnasus. He saw us going, and feigning a reverence for our divinity, he said: 'O daughters of Mnemosyne'—for he knew us—'stay your steps and do not hesitate

' nec dubitate, precor, tecto grave sidus et imbrem'
 (imber erat) ' vitare meo subiere minores
 saepe casas superi.' dictis et tempore motae
 adnuimusque viro primasque intravimus aedes.
 desierant imbres, victoque aquilonibus austro 285
 fusca repurgato fugiebant nubila caelo :
 inpetus ire fuit ; claudit sua tecta Pyreneus
 vimque parat, quam nos sumptis effugimus alis.
 ipse secuturo similis stetit arduus arce
 ' qua ' que ' via est vobis, erit et mihi ' dixit ' eadem '
 seque iacit vecors e summae culmine turris 291
 et cadit in vultus discussisque ossibus oris
 tundit humum moriens scelerato sanguine tinctam."

Musa loquebatur : pennae sonuere per auras,
 voxque salutantum ramis veniebat ab altis. 295
 suspicit et linguae quaerit tam certa loquentes
 unde sonnet hominemque putat Iove nata locutum ;
 ales erat. numeroque novem sua fata querentes
 institerant ramis imitantes omnia picae.
 miranti sic orsa deae dea " nuper et istae 300
 auxerunt volucrum victae certamine turbam.
 Pieros has genuit Pellaeis dives in arvis,
 Paeonis Euippe mater fuit ; illa potentem
 Lucinam noviens, noviens paritura, vocavit.
 intumuit numero stolidarum turba sororum 305
 perque tot Haemonias et per tot Achaidas urbes
 huc venit et tali committit proelia voce :
 ' desinite indoctum vana dulcedine vulgus
 fallere ; nobiscum, si qua est fiducia vobis,
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to take shelter beneath my roof against the lowering sky and the rain'—for rain was falling—'gods have often entered a humbler home.' Moved by his words and by the storm, we yielded to the man and entered his portal. And now the rain had ceased, the south wind had been routed by the north, and the dusky clouds were in full flight from the brightening sky. We were fain to go on our way; but Pyreneus shut his doors, and offered us violence. This we escaped by donning our wings. He, as if he would follow us, took his stand on a lofty battlement and cried to us: 'What way you take, the same will I take also'; and, quite bereft of sense, he leaped from the pinnacle of the tower. Headlong he fell, crushing his bones and dyeing the ground in death with his accursed blood."

While the muse was still speaking, the sound of whirring wings was heard and words of greeting came from the high branches of the trees. Jove's daughter looked up and tried to see whence came the sound which was so clearly speech. She thought some human being spoke; but it was a bird. Nine birds, lamenting their fate, had alighted in the branches, magpies, which can imitate any sound they please. When Minerva wondered at the sight, the other addressed her, goddess to goddess: "'Tis but lately those creatures also, conquered in a strife, have been added to the throng of birds. Pierus, lord of the rich domain of Pella, was their father, and Evippe of Paeonia was their mother. Nine times brought to the birth, nine times she called for help on mighty Lucina. Swollen with pride of numbers, this throng of senseless sisters journeyed through all the towns of Haemonia and all the towns of Achaia to us, and thus defied us to a contest in song: 'Cease to deceive the unsophisticated rabble with your pretence

Thespiades, certate, deae. nec voce, nec arte 810
vincemur todidemque sumus: vel cedite victae
fonte Medusaeo et Hyantea Aganippe,
vel nos Emathiis ad Paeonas usque nivosos
cedemus campis! dirimant certamina nymphae.'

"Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum
turpius; electae iurant per flumina nymphae 316
factaque de vivo pressere sedilia saxo.

tunc sine sorte prior quae se certare professa est,
bella canit superum falsoque in honore gigantas
ponit et extenuat magnorum facta deorum; 320

emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terrae
caelitibus fecisse metum cunctosque dedisse
terga fugae, donec fessos Aegyptia tellus
ceperit et septem discretus in ostia Nilus.

huc quoque terrigenam venisse Typhoea narrat 325
et se mentitis superos celasse figuris;

'duxque gregis' dixit 'fit Iuppiter: unde recurvis
nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon;
Delius in corvo, proles Semeleia capro,
fele soror Phoebi, nivea Saturnia vacca, 330
pisce Venus latuit, Cyllenius ibidis alis.'

"Hactenus ad citharam vocalia moverat ora:
poscimus Aonides,—sen forsitan otia non sint,
nec nostris praebere vacet tibi cantibus aures."

"ne dubita vestrumque mihi refer ordine carmen!"
Pallas ait nemorisque levi consedit in umbra; 336
Musa refert: "dedimus summam certaminis uni;
surgit et inmissos hedera collecta capillos
Calliope querulas praetemptat pollice chordas
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of song. Come, strive with us, ye Thespians, if you dare. Neither in voice nor in skill can we be conquered, and our numbers are the same. If you are conquered, yield us Medusa's spring and Boeotian Aganippe; or we will yield to you the Emathian plains even to snow-clad Paeonia; and let the nymphs be judges of our strife.'

"It was a shame to strive with them, but it seemed greater shame to yield. So the nymphs were chosen judges and took oath by their streams, and they set them down upon benches of living rock. Then without drawing lots she who had proposed the contest first began. She sang of the battle of the gods and giants, ascribing undeserved honour to the giants, and belittling the deeds of the mighty gods: how Typhoeus, sprung from the lowest depths of earth, inspired the heavenly gods with fear, and how they all turned their backs and fled, until, weary, they found refuge in the land of Egypt and the seven-mouthed Nile. How even there Typhoeus, son of earth, pursued them, and the gods hid themselves in lying shapes: 'Jove thus became a ram,' said she, 'the lord of flocks, whence Libyan Ammon even to this day is represented with curving horns; Apollo hid in a crow's shape, Bacchus in a goat; the sister of Phoebus in a cat, Juno in a snow-white cow, Venus in a fish, Mercury in an ibis bird.'

"So far had she sung, tuning voice to harp; we, the Aonian sisters, were challenged to reply—but perhaps you have not leisure, and care not to listen to our song?" "Nay, have no doubt," Pallas exclaimed, "but sing now your song in due order." And she took her seat in the pleasant shade of the forest. The muse replied: "We gave the conduct of our strife to one, Calliope; who rose and, with her flowing tresses

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atque haec percussis subiungit carmina nervis : 340

‘ Prima Ceres unco glaebam dimovit aratro,
prima dedit fruges alimentaue mitia terris,
prima dedit leges ; Cereris sunt omnia munus ;
illa canenda mihi est. utinam modo dicere possim
carmina digna dea ! certe dea carmine digna est. 345

“ ‘ Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris
Trinacris et magnis subiectum molibus urguet
aetherias ausum sperare Typhoea sedes.
nititur ille quidem pugnatque resurgere saepe,
dextra sed Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro, 350
laeva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybaeo crura premuntur,
degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus harenas
eiectat flammamque fero vomit ore Typhoeus.
saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae
oppidaque et magnos devolvere corpore montes : 355
inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentum,
ne pateat latoque solum retegatur hiatu
inmissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.
hanc metuens cladem tenebrosa sede tyrannus
exierat curruque atrorum vectus equorum 360
ambibat Siculae cautus fundamina terrae.
postquam exploratum satis est loca nulla labare
depositique metus, videt hunc Erycina vagantem
monte suo residens natumque amplexa volucrem
“ arma manusque meae, mea, nate, potentia ” dixit,
“ illa, quibus superas omnes, cape tela, Cupido, 366

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bound in an ivy wreath, tried the plaintive chords with her thumb, and then, with sweeping chords, she sang this song : ‘ Ceres was the first to turn the glebe with the hooked plowshare ; she first gave corn and kindly sustenance to the world ; she first gave laws. All things are the gift of Ceres ; she must be the subject of my song. Would that I could worthily sing of her ; surely the goddess is worthy of my song.

“ ‘ The huge island of Sicily had been heaped upon the body of the giant, and with its vast weight was resting on Typhoeus, who had dared to aspire to the heights of heaven. He struggles indeed, and strives often to rise again ; but his right hand is held down by Ausonian Pelorus and his left by you, Pachynus. Lilybaeum rests on his legs, and Aetna’s weight is on his head. Lying prone beneath this mountain, the fierce Typhoeus spouts forth ashes and vomits flames from his mouth. Often he puts forth all his strength to push off the weight of earth and to roll the cities and great mountains from his body : then the earth quakes, and even the king of the silent land is afraid lest the crust of the earth split open in wide seams and lest the light of day be let in and affright the trembling shades. Fearing this disaster, the king of the lower world had left his gloomy realm and, drawn in his chariot with its sable steeds, was traversing the land of Sicily, carefully examining its foundations. After he had examined all to his satisfaction, and found that no points were giving way, he put aside his fears. Then Venus Erycina saw him wandering to and fro, as she was seated on her sacred mountain, and embracing her winged son, she exclaimed : “ O son, both arms and hands to me, and source of all my power, take now those shafts, Cupid, with which you conquer all, and shoot

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inque dei pectus celeres molire sagittas,
 cui triplicis cessit fortuna novissima regni.
 tu superos ipsumque Iovem, tu numina ponti
 victa domas ipsumque, regit qui numina ponti : 370
 Tartara quid cessant ? cur non matrisque tuumque
 imperium profers ? agitur pars tertia mundi,
 et tamen in caelo, quae iam patientia nostra est,
 spernimur, ac mecum vires minuuntur Amoris.
 Pallada nonne vides iaculatricemque Dianam 375
 abscessisse mihi ? Cereris quoque filia virgo,
 si patiemur, erit ; nam spes adfectat easdem.
 at tu pro socio, si qua est ea gratia, regno
 iunge deam patruo." dixit Venus ; ille pharetram
 solvit et arbitrio matris de mille sagittis 380
 unam seposuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla
 nec minus incerta est nec quae magis audiat arcus,
 oppositoque genu curvavit flexile cornum
 inque cor hamata percussit harundine Ditem.

"Haud procul Hennaëis lacus est a moenibus altae,
 nomine Pergus, aquae : non illo plura Caystros 386
 carmina cyncorum labentibus audit in undis.
 silva coronat aquas cingens latus omne suisque
 frondibus ut velo Phoebeos submovet ictus ;
 frigora dant rami, tyrios humus umida flores : 390
 perpetuum ver est. quo dum Proserpina luco
 ludit et aut violas aut candida lilia carpit,
 dumque puellari studio calathosque sinumque
 inplet et aequales certat superare legendo,
 paene simul visa est dilectaque raptaque Diti : 395
 usque adeo est properatus amor. dea territa maesto

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your swift arrows into the heart of that god to whom the final lot of the triple kingdom fell. You rule the gods, and Jove himself; you conquer and control the deities of the sea, and the very king that rules the deities of the sea. Why does Tartara hold out? Why do you not extend your mother's empire and your own? The third part of the world is at stake. And yet in heaven, such is our long-suffering, we are despised, and with my own, the power of love is weakening. Do you not see that Pallas and huntress Diana have revolted against me? And Ceres' daughter, too, will remain a virgin if we suffer it; for she aspires to be like them. But do you, in behalf of our joint sovereignty, if you take any pride in that, join the goddess to her uncle in the bonds of love." So Venus spoke. The god of love loosed his quiver at his mother's bidding and selected from his thousand arrows one, the sharpest and the surest and the most obedient to the bow. Then he bent the pliant bow across his knee and with his barbed arrow smote Dis through the heart.

"Not far from Henna's walls there is a deep pool of water, Pergus by name. Not Caÿster on its gliding waters hears more songs of swans than does this pool. A wood crowns the heights around its waters on every side, and with its foliage as with an awning keeps off the sun's hot rays. The branches afford a pleasing coolness, and the well-watered ground bears bright-coloured flowers. There spring is everlasting. Within this grove Proserpina was playing, and gathering violets or white lilies. And while with girlish eagerness she was filling her basket and her bosom, and striving to surpass her mates in gathering, almost in one act did Pluto see and love and carry her away: so precipitate was his love. The terrified girl called

OVID

et matrem et comites, sed matrem saepius, ore
 clamat, et ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora,
 collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis,
 tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis, 400
 haec quoque virgineum movit iactura dolorem.
 raptor agit currus et nomine quemque vocando
 exhortatur equos, quorum per colla iubasque
 excutit obscura tinctas ferrugine habenas,
 perque lacus altos et olentia sulphure fertur 405
 stagna Palicorum rupta ferventia terra
 et qua Bacchiadae, bimari gens orta Corintho,
 inter inaequales posuerunt moenia portus.

“ ‘ Est medium Cyanes et Pisaeae Arethusae,
 quod coit angustis inclusum cornibus aequor : 410
 hic fuit, a cuius stagnum quoque nomine dictum
 est,

inter Sicelidas Cyane celeberrima nymphas.
 gurgite quae medio summa tenus exstitit alvo
 adgnovitque deam “ nec longius ibitis ! ” inquit ;
 “ non potes invitae Cereris gener esse : roganda, 415
 non rapienda fuit. quodsi componere magnis
 parva mihi fas est, et me dilexit Anapis ;
 exorata tamen, nec, ut haec, exterrita nupsi.”
 dixit et in partes diversas bracchia tendens
 obstitit. haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram 420
 terribilesque hortatus equos in gurgitis ima
 contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto
 condidit ; icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit
 et pronos currus medio cratere recepit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

plaintively on her mother and her companions, but more often upon her mother. And since she had torn her garment at its upper edge, the flowers which she had gathered fell out of her loosened tunic; and such was the innocence of her girlish years, the loss of her flowers even at such a time aroused new grief. Her captor sped his chariot and urged on his horses, calling each by name, and shaking the dark-dyed reins on their necks and manes. Through sacred lakes he galloped, through the pools of the Palici, reeking with sulphur and boiling up from a crevice of the earth, and where the Bacchiadae, a race sprung from Corinth between two seas, had built a city between two harbours of unequal size.

“There is between Cyane and Pisaeon Arethusa a bay of the sea, its waters confined by narrowing points of land. Here was Cyane, the most famous of the Sicilian nymphs, from whose name the pool itself was called. She stood forth from the midst of her pool as far as her waist, and recognizing the goddess cried to Dis: “No further shall you go! Thou canst not be the son-in-law of Ceres against her will. The maiden should have been wooed, not ravished. But, if it is proper for me to compare small things with great, I also have been wooed, by Anapis, and I wedded him, too, yielding to prayer, however, not to fear, like this maiden.” She spoke and, stretching her arms on either side, blocked his way. No longer could the son of Saturn hold his wrath, and urging on his terrible steeds, he whirled his royal sceptre with strong right arm and smote the pool to its bottom. The smitten earth opened up a road to Tartara and received the down-plunging chariot in her cavernous depths.

“ At Cyane, raptamque deam contemptaque fontis
iura sui maerens, inconsolabile vulnus 426

mente gerit tacita lacrimisque absumitur omnis
et, quarum fuerat magnum modo numen, in illas
extenuatur aquas : molliri membra videres,
ossa pati flexus, ungues posuisse rigorem ; 430

primaque de tota tenuissima quaeque liquescunt,
caerulei crines digitique et crura pedesque ;
nam brevis in gelidas membris exilibus undas
transitus est ; post haec umeri terqusque latusque
pectoraque in tenues abeunt evanida rivos ; 435

denique pro vivo vitiatas sanguine venas
lympa subit, restatque nihil, quod prendere posses.

“ Interea pavidae nequiquam filia matri
omnibus est terris, omni quaesita profundo.
illam non udis veniens Aurora capillis 440

cessantem vidit, non Hesperus ; illa duabus
flammiſſeras pinus manibus succendit ab Aetna
perque pruinosa tulit inrequieta tenebras ;
rursus ubi alma dies hebetarat sidera, natam
solis ab occasu solis quaerebat ad ortus. 445

fessa labore sitim conlegerat, oraque nulli
conluerant fontes, cum tectam stramine vidit
forte casam parvasque fores pulsavit ; at inde
prodit anus divamque videt lymphamque roganti
dulce dedit, tosta quod texerat ante polenta. 450

dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax
constitit ante deam risitque avidamque vocavit.
offensa est neque adhuc epota parte loquentem
cum liquido mixta perfudit diva polenta :

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

“‘ But Cyane, grieving for the rape of the goddess and for her fountain’s rights thus set at naught, nursed an incurable wound in her silent heart, and dissolved all away in tears ; and into those very waters was she melted whose great divinity she had been but now. You might see her limbs softening, her bones becoming flexible, her nails losing their hardness. And first of all melt the slenderest parts : her dark hair, her fingers, legs and feet ; for it is no great change from slender limbs to cool water. Next after these, her shoulders, back and sides and breasts vanish into thin watery streams. And finally, in place of living blood, clear water flows through her weakened veins and nothing is left that you can touch.

“‘ Meanwhile all in vain the affrighted mother seeks her daughter in every land, on every deep. Not Aurora, rising with dewy tresses, not Hesperus sees her pausing in the search. She kindles two pine torches in the fires of Aetna, and wanders without rest through the frosty shades of night ; again, when the genial day had dimmed the stars, she was still seeking her daughter from the setting to the rising of the sun. Faint with toil and athirst, she had moistened her lips in no fountain, when she chanced to see a hut thatched with straw, and knocked at its lowly door. Then out came an old woman and beheld the goddess, and when she asked for water gave her a sweet drink with parched barley floating upon it. While she drank, a coarse, saucy boy stood watching her, and mocked her and called her greedy. She was offended, and threw what she had not yet drunk, with the barley grains, full in his face. Straightway his face was spotted, his arms were changed to legs, and a tail was added to his transformed limbs ; he shrank to tiny size, that he might have no great

OVID

conbibit os maculas et, quae modo bracchia gessit,
 crura gerit; cauda est mutatis addita membris, 456
 inque brevem formam, ne sit vis magna nocendi,
 contrahitur, parvaeque minor mensura lacerta est.
 mirantem flentemque et tangere monstra parantem
 fugit anum latebramque petit aptumque pudori 460
 nomen habet variis stellatus corpora guttis.

“ Quas dea per terras et quas erraverit undas,
 dicere longa mora est; quaerenti defuit orbis;
 Sicaniam repetit, dumque omnia lustrat eundo,
 venit et ad Cyanen. ea ni mutata fuisset, 465
 omnia narrasset; sed et os et lingua volenti
 dicere non aderant, nec, quo loqueretur, habebat;
 signa tamen manifesta dedit notamque parenti,
 illo forte loco delapsam in gurgite sacro
 Persephones zonam summis ostendit in undis. 470
 quam simul agnovit, tamquam tum denique raptam
 scisset, inornatos laniavit diva capillos
 et repetita suis percussit pectora palmis.
 nescit adhuc, ubi sit; terras tamen increpat omnes
 ingratasque vocat nec frugum munere dignas, 475
 Trinacriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni
 repperit. ergo illic saeva vertentia glaebas
 fregit aratra manu pariliue irata colonos
 ruricolaeque boves leto dedit arvaeque iussit
 fallere depositum vitiataque semina fecit. 480
 fertilitas terrae latum vulgata per orbem
 falsa iacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis,
 et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber;
 sideraque ventique nocent, avidaeque volucres
 270

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

power to harm, and became in form a lizard, though yet smaller in size. The old woman wondered and wept, and reached out to touch the marvellous thing, but he fled from her and sought a hiding-place. He has a name¹ suited to his offence, since his body is spangled with bright-coloured spots.

“Over what lands and what seas the goddess wandered it would take long to tell. When there was no more a place to search in, she came back to Sicily, and in the course of her wanderings here she came to Cyane. If the nymph had not been changed to water, she would have told her all. But, though she wished to tell, she had neither lips nor tongue, nor aught wherewith to speak. But still she gave clear evidence, and showed on the surface of her pool what the mother knew well, Persephone's girdle, which had chanced to fall upon the sacred waters. As soon as she knew this, just as if she had then for the first time learned that her daughter had been stolen, the goddess tore her unkempt locks and smote her breast again and again with her hands. She did not know as yet where her child was; still she reproached all lands, calling them ungrateful and unworthy of the gift of corn; but Sicily above all other lands, where she had found traces of her loss. So there with angry hand she broke in pieces the plows that turn the glebe, and in her rage she gave to destruction farmers and cattle alike, and bade the plowed fields to betray their trust, and blighted the seed. The fertility of this land, famous throughout the world, lay false to its good name: the crops died in early blade, now too much heat, now too much rain destroying them. Stars and winds were baleful, and greedy birds ate up the seed as soon as it was

¹ *i.e. stellio*, a lizard or newt.

OVID

semina iacta legunt; lolium tribulique fatigant 485
 triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.

“ ‘Tum caput Eleis Alpheias extulit undis
 rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures
 atque ait “ o toto quaesitae virginis orbe
 et frugum genetrix, inmensos siste labores 490
 neve tibi fidae violenta irascere terrae.

terra nihil meruit patuitque invita rapinae,
 nec sum pro patria supplex: huc hospita veni.
 Pisa mihi patria est et ab Elide ducimus ortus,
 Sicaniam peregrina colo, sed gratior omni 495

haec mihi terra solo est: hos nunc Arethusa penates,
 hanc habeo sedem. quam tu, mitissima, serva.
 mota loco cur sim tantique per aequoris undas
 advehar Ortygiam, veniet narratibus hora
 tempestiva meis, cum tu curaue levata 500

et vultus melioris eris. mihi pervia tellus
 praebet iter, subterque imas ablata cavernas
 hic caput attollo desuetaque sidera cerno.
 ergo dum Stygio sub terris gurgite labor,
 visa tua est oculis illic Proserpina nostris: 505

illa quidem tristis neque adhuc interrita vultu,
 sed regina tamen, sed opaci maxima mundi,
 sed tamen inferni pollens matrona tyranni!”

Mater ad auditas stupuit ceu saxea voces
 attonitaeque diu similis fuit, utque dolore 510
 pulsa gravi gravis est amentia, curribus oras
 exit in aetherias: ibi toto nubila vultu
 ante Iovem passis stetit invidiosa capillis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

sown; tares and thorns and stubborn grasses choked the wheat.

“‘Then did Arethusa, Alpheus’ daughter, lift her head from her Elean pool and, brushing her dripping locks back from her brows, thus addressed the goddess: “O thou mother of the maiden sought through all the earth, thou mother of fruits, cease now thy boundless toils and do not be so grievously wroth with the land which has been true to thee. The land is innocent; against its will it opened to the robbery. It is not for my own country that I pray, for I came a stranger hither. Pisa is my native land, and from Elis have I sprung; I dwell in Sicily a foreigner. But I love this country more than all; this is now my home, here is my dwelling-place. And now, I pray thee, save it, O most merciful. Why I moved from my place and why I came to Sicily, through such wastes of sea, a fitting time will come to tell thee, when thou shalt be free from care and of a more cheerful countenance. The solid earth opened a way before me, and passing through the lowest depths, I here lifted my head again and beheld the stars that had grown unfamiliar. Therefore, while I was gliding beneath the earth in my Stygian stream, I saw Proserpina there with these very eyes. She seemed sad indeed, and her face was still perturbed with fear; but yet she was a queen, the great queen of that world of darkness, the mighty consort of the tyrant of the underworld.” The mother upon hearing these words stood as if turned to stone, and was for a long time like one bereft of reason. But when her overwhelming frenzy had given way to overwhelming pain, she set forth in her chariot to the realms of heaven. There, with clouded countenance, with dishevelled hair, and full of indignation, she appeared before Jove and said: “I have come, O Jupiter, as

OVID

“pro” que “meo veni supplex tibi, Iuppiter,” inquit
 “sanguine proque tuo : si nulla est gratia matris, 515
 nata patrem moveat, neu sit tibi cura, precamur,
 vilior illius, quod nostro est edita partu.

en quaesita diu tandem mihi nata reperta est,
 si reperire vocas amittere certius, aut si
 scire, ubi sit, reperire vocas. quod rapta, feremus, 520
 dummodo reddat eam ! neque enim praedone marito
 filia digna tua est, si iam mea filia non est.”

Iuppiter excepit “ commune est pignus onusque
 nata mihi tecum ; sed si modo nomina rebus
 addere vera placet, non hoc iniuria factum, 525
 verum amor est ; neque erit nobis gener ille pudori,
 tu modo, diva, velis. ut desint cetera, quantum est
 esse Iovis fratrem ! quid, quod nec cetera desunt
 nec cedit nisi sorte mihi ?—sed tanta cupido
 si tibi discidii est, repetet Proserpina caelum, 530
 lege tamen certa, si nullos contigit illic
 ore cibos ; nam sic Parcarum foedere cautum est.”

““ Dixerat, at Cereri certum est educere natam ;
 non ita fata sinunt, quoniam ieiunia virgo
 solverat et, cultis dum simplex errat in hortis, 535
 poeniceum curva decerpserat arbore pomum
 sumptaque pallenti septem de cortice grana
 presserat ore suo, solusque ex omnibus illud
 Ascalaphus vidit, quem quondam dicitur Orphne,
 inter Avernales haud ignotissimà nymphas, 540
 ex Acheronte suo silvis peperisse sub atris ;
 vidit et indicio reductum crudelis ademit.

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suppliant in behalf of my child and your own. If you have no regard for the mother, at least let the daughter touch her father's heart. And let not your care for her be less because I am her mother. See, my daughter, sought so long, has at last been found, if you call it finding more certainly to lose her, or if you call it finding merely to know where she is. That she has been stolen, I will bear, if only he will bring her back; for your daughter does not deserve to have a robber for a husband—if now she is not mine." And Jove replied: "She is, indeed, our daughter, yours and mine, our common pledge and care. But if only we are willing to give right names to things, this is no harm that has been done, but only love. Nor will he shame us for a son-in-law—do you but consent, goddess. Though all else be lacking, how great a thing it is to be Jove's brother! But what that other things are not lacking, and that he does not yield place to me—save only by the lot? But if you so greatly desire to separate them, Proserpina shall return to heaven, but on one condition only: if in the lower-world no food has as yet touched her lips. For so have the fates decreed."

"He spoke; but Ceres was resolved to have her daughter back. Not so the fates; for the girl had already broken her fast, and while, simple child that she was, she wandered in the trim gardens, she had plucked a purple pomegranate hanging from a bending bough, and peeling off the hard rind, she had eaten seven of the seeds. The only one who saw the act was Ascalaphus, whom Orphne, not the least famous of the Avernian nymphs, is said to have borne to her own Acheron within the dark groves of the lower-world. The boy saw, and by his cruel tattling thwarted the girl's return to earth. Then

OVID

ingemuit regina Erebi testemque profanam
 fecit avem sparsumque caput Phlegethontide lympa
 in rostrum et plumas et grandia lumina vertit. 545
 ille sibi ablatu fulvis amicitur in alis
 inque caput crescit longosque reflectitur unguis
 vixque movet natas per inertia brachia pennas
 foedaque fit volucris, venturi nuntia luctus,
 ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen. 550

“ ‘ Hic tamen indicio poenam linguaue videri
 commeruisse potest ; vobis, Acheloides, unde
 pluma pedesque avium, cum virginis ora geratis ?
 an quia, cum legeret vernos Proserpina flores,
 in comitum numero, doctae Sirenes, eratis ? 555
 quam postquam toto frustra quaesistis in orbe,
 protinus, ut vestram sentirent aequora curam,
 posse super fluctus alarum insistere remis
 optastis facilesque deos habuistis et artus
 vidistis vestros subitis flavescere pennis. 560
 ne tamen ille canor mulcendas natus ad aures
 tantaque dos oris linguae deperderet usum,
 virginei vultus et vox humana remansit.

“ ‘ At medius fratrisque sui maestaeque sororis
 Iuppiter ex aequo volentem dividit annum : 565
 nunc dea, regnorum numen commune duorum,
 cum matre est totidem, totidem cum coniuge
 menses.

vertitur extemplo facies et mentis et oris ;
 nam modo quae poterat Diti quoque maesta videri,
 laeta deae frons est, ut sol, qui tectus aquosis 570
 nubibus ante fuit, victis e nubibus exit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

was the queen of Erebus enraged, and changed the informer into an ill-omened bird; throwing in his face a handful of water from the Phlegethon, she gave him a beak and feathers and big eyes. Robbed of himself, he is now clothed in yellow wings; he grows into a head and long, hooked claws; but he scarce moves the feathers that sprout all over his sluggish arms. He has become a loathsome bird, prophet of woe, the slothful screech-owl, a bird of evil omen to men.

“ ‘ He indeed can seem to have merited his punishment because of his tattling tongue. But, daughters of Acheloüs, why have you the feathers and feet of birds, though you still have maidens’ features? Is it because, when Proserpina was gathering the spring flowers, you were among the number of her companions, ye Sirens, skilled in song? After you had sought in vain for her through all the lands, that the sea also might know your search, you prayed that you might float on beating wings above the waves: you found the gods ready, and suddenly you saw your limbs covered with golden plumage. But, that you might not lose your tuneful voices, so soothing to the ear, and that rich dower of song, maiden features and human voice remained.

“ ‘ But now Jove, holding the balance between his brother and his grieving sister, divides the revolving year into two equal parts. Now the goddess, the common divinity of two realms, spends half the months with her mother and with her husband, half. Straightway the bearing of her heart and face is changed. For she who but lately even to Dis seemed sad, now wears a joyful countenance; like the sun which, long concealed behind dark and misty clouds, disperses the clouds and reveals his face.

OVID

“ ‘ Exigit alma Ceres nata secura recepta,
 quae tibi causa fugae, cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons.
 conticuere undae quarum dea sustulit alto
 fonte caput viridesque manu siccata capillos 575
 fluminis Elei veteres narravit amores.
 “ pars ego nympharum, quae sunt in Achaide,” dixit
 “ una fui, nec me studiosius altera saltus
 legit nec posuit studiosius altera casses.
 sed quamvis formae numquam mihi fama petita est,
 quamvis fortis eram, formosae nomen habebam, 581
 nec mea me facies nimium laudata iuvabat,
 quaque aliae gaudere soent, ego rustica dote
 corporis erubui crimenque placere putavi.
 lassa revertabar (memini) Stympthalide silva ; 585
 aestus erat, magnumque labor geminaverat aestum :
 invenio sine vertice aquas, sine murmure euntes,
 perspicuas ad humum, per quas numerabilis alte
 calculus omnis erat, quas tu vix ire putares.
 cana salicta dabant nutritaque populus unda 590
 sponte sua natas ripis declivibus umbras.
 accessi primumque pedis vestigia tinxi,
 poplite deinde tenuis ; neque eo contenta, recingor
 molliaque inpono salici velamina curvae
 nudaque mergor aquis. quas dum ferioque trahoque
 mille modis labens excussaue brachia iacto, 596
 nescio quod medio sensi sub gurgite murmur
 territaue insisto propioris margine ripae.
 ‘ quo properas, Arethusa ? ’ suis Alpheus ab undis,
 ‘ quo, properas ? ’ iterum rauco mihi dixerat ore. 600
 278

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

“ Now kindly Ceres, happy in the recovery of her daughter, asks of you, Arethusa, why you fled, why you are now a sacred spring. The waters fall silent while their goddess lifts her head from her deep spring, and dries her green locks with her hands, and tells the old story of the Elean river's love. “ I used to be one of the nymphs,” she says, “ who have their dwelling in Achaia, and no other was more eager in scouring the glades, or in setting the hunting-nets. But although I never sought the fame of beauty, although I was brave, I had the name of beautiful. Nor did my beauty, all too often praised, give me any joy ; and my dower of charming form, in which other maids rejoice, made me blush like a country girl, and I deemed it wrong to please. Wearied with the chase, I was returning, I remember, from the Stymphalian wood ; the heat was great and my toil had made it double. I came upon a stream flowing without eddy, and without sound, crystal-clear to the bottom, in whose depths you might count every pebble, waters which you would scarcely think to be moving. Silvery willows and poplars fed by the water gave natural shade to the soft-sloping banks. I came to the water's edge and first dipped my feet, then in I went up to the knees : not satisfied with this, I removed my robes, and hanging the soft garments on a drooping willow, naked I plunged into the waters. And while I beat them, drawing them and gliding in a thousand turns and tossing my arms, I thought I heard a kind of murmur deep in the pool. In terror I leaped on the nearer bank. Then Alpheus called from his waters : ‘ Whither in haste, Arethusa ? Whither in such haste ? ’ Twice in his hoarse voice he called to me. As I was, without my robes, I fled ; for my robes were

OVID

sicut eram fugio sine vestibus (altera vestes
 ripa meas habuit): tanto magis instat et ardet,
 et quia nuda fui, sum visa paratior illi.
 sic ego currebam, sic me ferus ille premebat,
 ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae, 605
 ut solet accipiter trepidas urguere columbas.
 usque sub Orchomenon Psophidaque Cyllenenque
 Maenaliasque sinus gelidumque Erymanthon et
 Elim

currere sustinui, nec me velocior ille;
 sed tolerare diu cursus ego viribus inpar 610
 non poteram, longi patiens erat ille laboris.
 per tamen et campos, per opertos arbore montes,
 saxa quoque et rupes et, qua via nulla, cucurri.
 sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
 ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat; 615
 sed certe sonitusque pedum terrebat et ingens
 crinales vittas adflabat anhelitus oris.
 fessa labore fugae 'fer opem, deprendimur,' inquam
 'armigerae, Dictynna,¹ tuae, cui saepe dedisti
 ferre tuos arcus inclusaque tela pharetra!' 620
 mota dea est spissisque ferens e nubibus unam
 me super iniecit: lustrat caligine tectam
 amnis et ignarus circum cava nubila quaerit
 bisque locum, quo me dea texerat, inscius ambit
 et bis 'io Arethusa' vocavit, 'io Arethusa!' 625
 quid mihi tunc animi miserae fuit? anne quod agnae
 est,

si qua lupos audit circum stabula alta frementes,
 aut lepori, qui vepre latens hostilia cernit
 ora canum nullosque audet dare corpore motus?
 non tamen abscedit; neque enim vestigia cernit 630
 longius ulla pedum: servat nubemque locumque.
 occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus,

¹ Dictynna *Heinsius*: Diana *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

on the other bank. So much the more he pressed on and burned with love ; naked I seemed readier for his taking. So did I flee and so did he hotly press after me, as doves on fluttering pinions flee the hawk, as the hawk pursues the frightened doves. Even past Orchomenus, past Psophis and Cyllene, past the borders of Maenala, chill Erymanthus and Elis, I kept my flight ; nor was he swifter of foot than I. But I, being ill-matched in strength, could not long keep up my speed, while he could sustain a long pursuit. Yet through level plains, over mountains covered with trees, over rocks also and cliffs, and where there was no way at all, I ran. The sun was at my back. I saw my pursuer's long shadow stretching out ahead of me—unless it was fear that saw it—but surely I heard the terrifying sound of feet, and his deep-panting breath fanned my hair. Then, forspent with the toil of flight, I cried aloud : ‘ O help me or I am caught, help thy armour-bearer, goddess of the nets, to whom so often thou hast given thy bow to bear and thy quiver, with all its arrows ! ’ The goddess heard, and threw an impenetrable cloud of mist about me. The river-god circled around me, wrapped in the darkness, and at fault quested about the hollow mist. And twice he went round the place where the goddess had hidden me, unknowing, and twice he called, ‘ Arethusa ! O Arethusa ! ’ How did I feel then, poor wretch ! Was I not as the lamb, when it hears the wolves howling around the fold ? or the hare which, hiding in the brambles, sees the dogs' deadly muzzles and dares not make the slightest motion ? But he went not far away, for he saw no traces of my feet further on ; he watched the cloud and the place. Cold sweat poured down my beleaguered limbs and the dark drops rained down from my whole body.

OVID

caeruleaeque cadunt toto de corpore guttae,
 quaque pedem movi, manat lacus, eque capillis
 ros cadit, et citius, quam nunc tibi facta renarro, 635
 in latices mutor. sed enim cognoscit amatas
 amnis aquas positoque viri, quod sumpserat, ore
 vertitur in proprias, ut se mihi misceat, undas.
 Delia rupit humum, caecisque ego mersa cavernis
 advehor Ortygiam, quae me cognomine divae 640
 grata meae superas eduxit prima sub auras."

"Hac Arethusa tenus; geminos dea fertilis angues
 curribus admovit frenisque coercuit ora
 et medium caeli terraeque per aera vecta est
 atque levem currum Tritonida misit in urbem 645
 Triptolemo partimque rudi data semina iussit
 spargere humo, partim post tempora longa recultae.
 iam super Europen sublimis et Asida terram
 vectus erat iuvenis: Scythicas advertitur oras.
 rex ibi Lyncus erat; regis subit ille penates. 650
 qua veniat, causamque viae nomenque rogatus
 et patriam, "patria est clarae mihi" dixit "Athenae;
 Triptolemus nomen; veni nec puppe per undas,
 nec pede per terras: patuit mihi pervius aether.
 dona fero Cereris, latos quae sparsa per agros 655
 frugiferas messes alimentaue mitia reddant."
 barbarus invidit tantique ut muneris auctor
 ipse sit, hospitio recipit somnoque gravatum
 adgreditur ferro: conantem figere pectus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

Wherever I put my foot a pool trickled out, and from my hair fell the drops; and sooner than I can now tell the tale I was changed to a stream of water. But sure enough he recognized in the waters the maid he loved; and laying aside the form of a man which he had assumed, he changed back to his own watery shape to mingle with me. My Delian goddess cleft the earth, and I, plunging down into the dark depths, was borne hither to Ortygia, which I love because it bears my goddess' name, and this first received me to the upper air."

" 'With this, Arethusa's tale was done. Then the goddess of fertility yoked her two dragons to her car, curbing their mouths with the bit, and rode away through the air midway between heaven and earth, until she came at last to Pallas' city. Here she gave her fleet car to Triptolemus, and bade him scatter the seeds of grain she gave, part in the untilled earth and part in fields that had long lain fallow. And now high over Europe and the land of Asia the youth held his course and came to Scythia, where Lyncus ruled as king. He entered the royal palace. The king asked him how he came and why, what was his name and country: he said: "My country is far-famed Athens; Triptolemus, my name. I came neither by ship over the sea, nor on foot by land; the air opened a path for me. I bring the gifts of Ceres, which, if you sprinkle them over your wide fields, will give a fruitful harvest and food not wild." The barbaric king heard with envy. And, that he himself might be the giver of so great a boon, he received his guest with hospitality, and when he was heavy with sleep, he attacked him with the sword. Him, in the very act of piercing the stranger's breast, Ceres transformed into a lynx; and back

lynca Ceres fecit rursusque per aera iussit 660
Mopsopium iuvenem sacros agitare iugales.'

"Finierat dictos e nobis maxima cantus ;
at nymphe vicisse deas Helicon colentes
concordi dixere sono : convicia victae
cum iacerent, 'quoniam' dixi 'certamine vobis 665
supplicium meruisse parum est maledictaque culpa
additis et non est patientia libera nobis,
ibimus in poenas et, qua vocat ira, sequemur.'
rident Emathides spernuntque minacia verba,
conantesque loqui et magno clamore protervas 670
intentare manus pennas exire per ungues
adspexere suos, operiri brachia plumis,
alteraque alterius rigido concreescere rostro
ora videt volucresque novas accedere silvis ;
dumque volunt plangi, per brachia mota levatae 675
aere pendebant, nemorum convicia, picae.

"Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia prisca remansit
raucaque garrulitas studiumque inmane loquendi."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

through the air she bade the Athenian drive her sacred team.'

"Our eldest sister here ended the song I have just rehearsed ; then the nymphs with one voice agreed that the goddesses of Helicon had won. When the conquered sisters retorted with reviling, our spokesman said : ' Since it was not enough that you have earned punishment by your challenge and you add insults to your offence, and since our patience is not without end, we shall proceed to punishment and indulge our resentment.' The Pierides mocked, and scorned her threatening words. But as they tried to speak, and with loud outcries brandished their hands in saucy gestures, they saw feathers sprouting on their fingers, and plumage covering their arms ; each saw another's face stiffening into a hard beak, and new forms of birds added to the woods. And while they strove to beat their breasts, uplifted by their flapping arms, they hung in the air, magpies, the noisy scandal of the woods. Even now in their feathered form their old-time gift of speech remains, their hoarse garrulity, their boundless passion for talk."

BOOK VI

LIBER VI

PRAEBVERAT dictis Tritonia talibus aures
carminaque Aonidum iustamque probaverat iram;
tum secum: "laudare parum est, laudemur et ipsae
numina nec sperni sine poena nostra sinamus."
Maeoniaeque animum fatis intendit Arachnes, 5
quam sibi lanificae non cedere laudibus artis
audierat. non illa loco nec origine gentis
clara, sed arte fuit: pater huic Colophonius Idmon
Phocaico bibulas tinguebat murice lanas;
occiderat mater, sed et haec de plebe suoque 10
aequa viro fuerat; Lydas tamen illa per urbes
quaesierat studio nomen memorabile, quamvis
orta domo parva parvis habitabat Hypaepis.
huius ut adspicerent opus admirabile, saepe
deseruere sui nymphae vineta Timoli, 15
deseruere suas nymphae Pactolides undas.
nec factas solum vestes, spectare iuvabat
tum quoque, cum fierent: tantus decor adfuit arti,
sive rudem primos lanam glomerabat in orbes,
seu digitis subigebat opus repetitaque longo 20
vellera molliabat nebulas aequantia tractu,
sive levi teretem versabat pollice fusum,

BOOK VI

TRITONIA had listened to this tale, and had approved of the muses' song and their just resentment. And then to herself she said: "To praise is not enough; let me be praised myself and not allow my divinity to be scouted without punishment." So saying, she turned her mind to the fate of Maeonian Arachne, who she had heard would not yield to her the palm in the art of spinning and weaving wool. Neither for place of birth nor birth itself had the girl fame, but only for her skill. Her father, Idmon of Colophon, used to dye the absorbent wool for her with Phocian purple. Her mother was now dead; but she was low-born herself, and had a husband of the same degree. Nevertheless, the girl, Arachne, had gained fame for her skill throughout the Lydian towns, although she herself had sprung from a humble home and dwelt in the hamlet of Hypaepa. Often, to watch her wondrous skill, the nymphs would leave their own vineyards on Timolus' slopes, and the water-nymphs of Pactolus would leave their waters. And 'twas a pleasure not alone to see her finished work, but to watch her as she worked; so graceful and deft was she. Whether she was winding the rough yarn upon the new ball, or fingering the stuff, then reaching back to the distaff for more wool, fleecy as a cloud, to draw into long soft threads, or giving a twist with practised thumb to the graceful spindle, or

OVID

seu pingebat acu ; scires a Pallade doctam.
 quod tamen ipsa negat tantaque offensa magistra
 "certet" ait "mecum : nihil est, quod victa re-
 cusem !" 25

Pallas anum simulat : falsosque in tempora canos
 addit et infirmos baculo quoque sustinet artus.
 tum sic orsa loqui " non omnia grandior aetas,
 quae fugiamus, habet : seris venit usus ab annis.
 consilium ne sperne meum : tibi fama petatur 30
 inter mortales faciendae maxima lanæ ;
 cede deae veniamque tuis, temeraria, dictis
 supplice voce roga : veniam dabit illa roganti."
 adspicit hanc torvis inceptaque fila relinquit
 vixque manus retinens confessaque vultibus iram 35
 talibus obscuram resecuta est Pallada dictis :
 " mentis inops longaue venis confecta senecta,
 et nimium vixisse diu nocet. audiat istas,
 si qua tibi nurus est, si qua est tibi filia, voces ;
 consilii satis est in me mihi, neve monendo 40
 profecisse putes, eadem est sententia nobis.
 cur non ipsa venit ? cur haec certamina vitat ? "
 tum dea " venit !" ait formamque removit anilem
 Palladaque exhibuit : venerantur numina nymphae
 Mygdonidesque nurus ; sola est non territa virgo, 45
 sed tamen exsiluit,¹ subitusque invita notavit
 ora rubor rursusque evanuit, ut solet aer
 purpureus fieri, cum primum Aurora movetur,
 et breve post tempus candescere solis ab ortu.

¹ Exsiluit *Merkel* : erubuit *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

embroidering with her needle : you could know that Pallas had taught her. Yet she denied it, and, offended at the suggestion of a teacher ever so great, she said : " Let her but strive with me ; and if I lose there is nothing which I would not forfeit."

Then Pallas assumed the form of an old woman, put false locks of grey upon her head, took a staff in her hand to sustain her tottering limbs, and thus she began : " Old age has some things at least that are not to be despised ; experience comes with riper years. Do not scorn my advice : seek all the fame you will among mortal men for handling wool ; but yield place to the goddess, and with humble prayer beg her pardon for your words, reckless girl. She will grant you pardon if you ask it." But she regarded the old woman with sullen eyes, dropped the threads she was working, and, scarce holding her hand from violence, with open anger in her face she answered the disguised Pallas : " Doting in mind, you come to me, and spent with old age ; too true it is that long life is your bane. Go, talk to your daughter-in-law, or to your daughter, if such you have. I am quite able to advise myself. To show you that you have done no good by your advice, we are both of the same opinion. Why does not your goddess come herself ? Why does she avoid a contest with me ?" Then the goddess exclaimed : " She has come !" and throwing aside her old woman's disguise, she revealed Pallas. The nymphs worshipped her godhead, and the Mygdonian women ; Arachne alone remained unafraid, though she did start up and a sudden flush marked her unwilling cheeks and again faded ; as when the sky grows crimson when the dawn first appears, and after a little while when the sun is up it pales again. Still she persists in her

perstat in incepto stolidaeque cupidine palmae 50
 in sua fata ruit; neque enim Iove nata recusat
 nec monet ulterius nec iam certamina differt.
 haud mora, constituunt diversis partibus ambae
 et gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas:
 tela iugo vineta est, stamen secernit harundo, 55
 inseritur medium radiis subtemen acutis,
 quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum
 percusso feriunt insecti pectine dentes.
 utraque festinant cinctaeque ad pectora vestes
 brachia docta movent, studio fallente laborem. 60
 illic et Tyrium quae purpura sensit aenum
 textitur et tenues parvi discriminis umbrae;
 qualis ab imbre solent percussis solibus arcus
 inficere ingenti longum curvamine caelum;
 in quo diversi niteant cum mille colores, 65
 transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit:
 usque adeo, quod tangit, idem est; tamen ultima
 distant.

illic et lentum filis inmittitur aurum
 et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.

Cecropia Pallas scopulum Mavortis in arce 70
 pingit et antiquam de terrae nomine litem.
 bis sex caelestes medio Iove sedibus altis
 augusta gravitate sedent; sua quemque deorum
 inscribit facies: Iovis est regalis imago;
 stare deum pelagi longoque ferire tridente 75
 aspera saxa facit, medioque e vulnere saxi
 exsiluisse fretum, quo pignore vindicet urbem;
 at sibi dat clipeum, dat acutae cuspidis hastam,

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challenge, and stupidly confident and eager for victory, she rushes on her fate. For Jove's daughter refuses not, nor again warns her or puts off the contest any longer. They both take their separate places without delay and they stretch the fine warp each upon her loom. The web is bound upon the beam, the reed separates the threads of the warp, the woof is threaded through by the sharp shuttles which their busy fingers ply, the notched teeth of the hammering slay beat the woof into place as it is shot between the threads of the web. They speed on the work with their mantles close girt about their breasts and move back and forth their well-trained hands, their eager zeal beguiling their toil. There are inwoven the purple threads dyed in Tyrian kettles, and lighter colours insensibly shading off from these. As when after a storm of rain the sun's rays strike through, and a rainbow, with its huge curve, stains the wide sky, though a thousand different colours shine in it, the eye cannot detect the change from each one to the next; so like appear the adjacent colours, but the extremes are plainly different. There, too, they weave in pliant threads of gold, and trace in the web some ancient tale. Pallas pictures the hill of Mars on the citadel of Cecrops¹ and that old dispute over the naming of the land. There sit twelve heavenly gods on lofty thrones in awful majesty, Jove in their midst; each god she pictures with his own familiar features; Jove's is a royal figure. There stands the god of ocean, and with his long trident smites the rugged cliff, and from the cleft rock sea-water leaps forth; a token to claim the city for his own. To herself the goddess gives a shield and a sharp-

¹ Ovid here confuses the Acropolis with the Areopagus. See Herod., VIII. 55; Apollodorus, III. 14, 1.

OVID

dat galeam capiti, defenditur aegide pectus,
 percussamque sua simulat de cuspide terram 80
 edere cum bacis fetum canentis olivae ;
 mirarique deos : operis Victoria finis.
 ut tamen exemplis intellegat aemula laudis,
 quod pretium speret pro tam furialibus ausis
 quattuor in partes certamina quattuor addit, 85
 clara colore suo, brevibus distincta sigillis :
 Threiciam Rhodopen habet angulus unus et Haemom,
 nunc gelidos montes, mortalia corpora quondam,
 nomina summorum sibi qui tribuere deorum ;
 altera Pygmaeae fatum miserabile matris 90
 pars habet : hanc Iuno victam certamine iussit
 esse gruem populisque suis indicare bellum ;
 pinxit et Antigonem, ausam contendere quondam
 cum magni consorte Iovis, quam regia Iuno
 in volucrem vertit, nec profuit Ilion illi 95
 Laomedonve pater, sumptis quin candida pennis
 ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro ;
 qui superest solus, Cinyran habet angulus orbum ;
 isque gradus templi, natarum membra suarum,
 amplexens saxoque iacens lacrimare videtur. 100
 circuit extremas oleis pacalibus oras,
 is modus est operisque sua facit arbore finem.
 Maeonis elusam designat imagine tauri
 Europam : verum taurum, freta vera putares ;
 ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas 105
 et comites clamare suas tactumque vereri
 adsilientis aquae timidisque reducere plantas.
 fecit et Asterien aquila luctante teneri,
 294

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pointed spear, and a helmet for her head; the aegis guards her breast; and from the earth smitten by her spear's point upsprings a pale-green olive-tree hanging thick with fruit; and the gods look on in wonder. Victory crowns her work. Then, that her rival may know by pictured warnings what reward she may expect for her mad daring, she weaves in the four corners of the web four scenes of contest, each clear with its own colours and in miniature design. One corner shows Thracian Rhodope and Haemus, now huge, bleak mountains, but once audacious mortals who dared assume the names of the most high gods. A second corner shows the wretched fate of the Pygmaean queen, whom Juno conquered in a strife, then changed into a crane, and bade her war upon those whom once she ruled. Again she pictures how Antigone once dared to set herself against the consort of mighty Jove, and how Queen Juno changed her into a bird; Ilium availed her nothing, nor Laomedon, her father; nay, she is clothed in white feathers, and claps her rattling bill, a stork. The remaining corner shows Cinyras bereft of his daughters; there, embracing the marble temple-steps, once their limbs, he lies on the stone, and seems to weep. The goddess then wove around her work a border of peaceful olive-wreath. This was the end; and so, with her own tree, her task was done.

Arachne pictures Europa cheated by the disguise of the bull: a real bull and real waves you would think them. The maid seems to be looking back upon the land she has left, calling on her companions, and, fearful of the touch of the leaping waves, to be drawing back her timid feet. She wrought Asterie, held by the struggling eagle; she wrought Leda,

OVID

fecit olorinis Ledam recubare sub alis ;
 addidit, ut satyri celatus imagine pulchram 110
 Iuppiter inplerit gemino Nycteida fetu,
 Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tirynthia, cepit,
 aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis,
 Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens.
 te quoque mutatum torvo, Neptune, iuvenco 115
 virgine in Aeolia posuit ; tu visus Enipeus
 gignis Aloidas, aries Bisaltida fallis,
 et te flava comas frugum mitissima mater
 sensit equum, sensit volucrem crinita colubris
 mater equi volucris, sensit delphina Melantho : 120
 omnibus his faciemque suam faciemque locorum
 reddidit. est illic agrestis imagine Phoebus,
 utque modo accipitris pennas, modo terga leonis
 gesserit, ut pastor Macareida luserit Issen,
 Liber ut Erigonen falsa deceperit uva, 125
 ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit.
 ultima pars telae, tenui circumdata limbo,
 nexilibus flores hederis habet intertextos.

Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor
 possit opus : doluit successu flava virago 130
 et rupit pictas, caelestia crimina, vestes,
 utque Cytoriaco radium de monte tenebat,
 ter quater Idmoniae frontem percussit Arachnes.
 non tulit infelix laqueoque animosa ligavit
 guttura : pendentem Pallas miserata levavit 135
 atque ita "vive quidem, pende tamen, inproba" dixit,
 "lexque eadem poenae, ne sis secura futuri,
 dicta tuo generi serisque nepotibus esto !"

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beneath the swan's wings. She added how, in a satyr's image hidden, Jove filled lovely Antiope with twin offspring; how he was Amphitryon when he cheated thee, Alcmena; how in a golden shower he tricked Danaë; Aegina, as a flame; Mnemosyne, as a shepherd; Deo's daughter, as a spotted snake. Thee also, Neptune, she pictured, changed to a grim bull with the Aeolian maiden; now as Enipeus thou dost beget the Aloidæ, as a ram deceivedst Bisaltis. The golden-haired mother of corn, most gentle, knew thee as a horse; the snake-haired mother of the winged horse knew thee as a winged bird; Melantho knew thee as a dolphin. To all these Arachne gave their own shapes and appropriate surroundings. Here is Phoebus like a countryman; and she shows how he wore now a hawk's feathers, now a lion's skin; how as a shepherd he tricked Macareus' daughter, Isse; how Bacchus deceived Erigone with the false bunch of grapes; how Saturn in a horse's shape begot the centaur, Chiron. The edge of the web with its narrow border is filled with flowers and clinging ivy intertwined.

Not Pallas, nor Envy himself, could find a flaw in that work. The golden-haired goddess was indignant at her success, and rent the embroidered web with its heavenly crimes; and, as she held a shuttle of Cytorian boxwood, thrice and again she struck Idmonian Arachne's head. The wretched girl could not endure it, and put a noose about her bold neck. As she hung, Pallas lifted her in pity, and said: "Live on, indeed, wicked girl, but hang thou still; and let this same doom of punishment (that thou mayst fear for future times as well) be declared upon thy race, even to remote posterity." So saying, as she turned to go she sprinkled her with

OVID

post ea discedens sucis Hecateidos herbae
 sparsit : et extemplo tristi medicamine tactae 140
 defluxere comae, cum quis et naris et aures,
 fitque caput minimum ; toto quoque corpore parva est :
 in latere exiles digiti pro cruribus haerent,
 cetera venter habet, de quo tamen illa remittit
 stamen et antiquas exercet aranea telas. 145

Lydia tota fremit, Phrygiaeque per oppida facti
 rumor it et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem.
 ante suos Niobe thalamos cognoverat illam,
 tum cum Maeoniam virgo Sipylumque colebat ;
 nec tamen admonita est poena popularis Arachnes, 150
 cedere caelitibus verbisque minoribus uti.
 multa dabant animos ; sed enim nec coniugis artes
 nec genus amborum magnique potentia regni
 sic placuere illi, quamvis ea cuncta placerent,
 ut sua progenies ; et felicissima matrum 155
 dicta foret Niobe, si non sibi visa fuisset.
 nam sata Tiresia venturi praescia Manto
 per medias fuerat divino concita motu
 vaticinata vias : " Ismenides, ite frequentes
 et date Latonae Latonigenisque duobus 160
 cum prece tura pia lauroque innectite crinem :
 ore meo Latona iubet." paretur, et omnes
 Thebaides iussis sua tempora frondibus ornant
 turaque dant sanctis et verba precantia flammis.

Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba 165
 vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro
 et, quantum ira sinit, formosa movensque decoro
 cum capite inmissos umerum per utrumque capillos.

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the juices of Hecate's herb; and forthwith her hair, touched by the poison, fell off, and with it both nose and ears; and the head shrank up; her whole body also was small; the slender fingers clung to her side as legs; the rest was belly. Still from this she ever spins a thread; and now, as a spider, she exercises her old-time weaver-art.

All Lydia is in a tumult; the story spreads throughout the towns of Phrygia and fills the whole world with talk. Now Niobe, before her marriage, had known Arachne, when, as a girl, she dwelt in Maeonia, near Mount Sipylus. And yet she did not take warning by her countrywoman's fate to give place to the gods and speak them reverently. Many things gave her pride; but in truth neither her husband's art nor the high birth of both and their royal power and state so pleased her, although all those did please, as her children did. And Niobe would have been called most blessed of mothers, had she not seemed so to herself. For Manto, daughter of Tiresias, whose eyes could see what was to come, had fared through the streets of Thebes inspired by divine impulse, and proclaiming to all she met: "Women of Thebes, go throng Latona's temple, and give to her and to her children twain incense and pious prayer, wreathing your hair with laurel. By my mouth Latona speaks." They obey; all the Theban women deck their temples with laurel wreaths and burn incense in the altar flames, with words of prayer.

But lo! comes Niobe, thronged about with a numerous following, a notable figure in Phrygian robes wrought with threads of gold, and beautiful as far as anger suffered her to be; and she tosses her shapely head with the hair falling on either shoulder. She halts and, drawn up to her full

OVID

constitit, utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos,
 "quis furor auditos" inquit "praeponere visis" 170
 caelestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras,
 numen adhuc sine ture meum est? mihi Tantalus
 auctor,
 cui licuit soli superiorum tangere mensas;
 Pleiadum soror est genetrix mea; maximus Atlas
 est avus, aetherium qui fert cervicibus axem; 175
 Iuppiter alter avus; socero quoque glorior illo.
 me gentes metuunt Phrygiae, me regia Cadmi
 sub domina est, fidibusque mei commissa mariti
 moenia cum populis a meque viroque reguntur.
 in quamcumque domus adverti lumina partem, 180
 immensae spectantur opes; accedit eodem
 digna dea facies; huc natas adice septem
 et totidem iuvenes et mox generosque nurusque!
 quaerite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam,
 nescio quoque audete satam Titanida Coeo 185
 Latonam praeferre mihi, cui maxima quondam
 exiguum sedem pariturae terra negavit!
 nec caelo nec humo nec aquis dea vestra recepta est:
 exsul erat mundi, donec miserata vagantem
 'hospita tu terris erras, ego' dixit 'in undis' 190
 instabilemque locum Delos dedit. illa duorum
 facta parens: uteri pars haec est septima nostri.
 sum felix (quis enim neget hoc?) felixque manebo
 (hoc quoque quis dubitet?): tutam me copia fecit.
 maior sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere, 195
 multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet.
 300

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height, casts her haughty eyes around and cries :
“ What madness this, to prefer gods whom you have only heard of to those whom you have seen ? Or why is Latona worshipped at these altars, while my divinity still waits for incense ? I have Tantalus to my father, the only mortal ever allowed to touch the table of the gods ; my mother is a sister of the Pleiades ; most mighty Atlas is one grandfather, who supports the vault of heaven on his shoulders ; my other grandsire is Jove himself, and I boast him as my father-in-law as well. The Phrygian nations hold me in reverent fear. I am queen of Cadmus’ royal house, and the walls of Thebes, erected by the magic of my husband’s lyre, together with its people, acknowledge me and him as their rulers. Wherever I turn my eyes in the palace I see great stores of wealth. Besides, I have beauty worthy of a goddess ; add to all this that I have seven daughters and as many sons, and soon shall have sons- and daughters-in-law. Ask now what cause I have for pride ; and then presume to prefer to me the Titaness, Latona, daughter of Coeus, whoever he may be—Latona, to whom the broad earth once refused a tiny spot for bringing forth her children. Neither heaven nor earth nor sea was open for this goddess of yours ; she was outlawed from the universe, until Delos, pitying the wanderer, said to her : ‘ You are a vagrant on the land ; I, on the sea,’ and gave her a place that stood never still. And there she bore two children, the seventh part only of my offspring. Surely I am happy. Who can deny it ? And happy I shall remain. This also who can doubt ? My very abundance has made me safe. I am too great for Fortune to harm ; though she should take many from me, still many more* will she leave to me. My blessings have

OVID

excessere metum mea iam bona. fingite demi
huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum :
non tamen ad numerum redigar spoliata duorum,
Latonae turbam, qua quantum distat ab orba? 200
ite—sat est—propere sacris laurumque capillis
ponite ! ”—deponunt et sacra infecta relinquunt,
quodque licet, tacito venerantur murmure numen.

Indignata dea est summoque in vertice Cynthi
talibus est dictis gemina cum prole locuta : 205

“ en ego vestra parens, vobis animosa creatis,
et nisi Iunoni nulli cessura dearum,
an dea sim, dubitor perque omnia saecula cultis
arceor, o nati, nisi vos succurritis, aris.

nec dolor hic solus ; diro convicia facto 210

Tantalus adiecit vosque est postponere natis
ausa suis et me, quod in ipsam reccidat, orbam
dixit et exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam.”

adiectura preces erat his Latona relatis :

“ desine ! ” Phoebus ait, “ poenae mora longa querella
est ! ” 215

dixit idem Phoebe, celerique per aera lapsu
contigerant tecti Cadmeida nubibus arcem.

Planus erat lateque patens prope moenia campus,
adsiduis pulsatus equis, ubi turba rotarum
duraque mollierat subiectas ungula glaebas. 220

pars ibi de septem genitis Amphione fortes
conscendunt in equos Tyrioque rubentia suco
terga premunt auroque graves moderantur habenas.
e quibus Ismenus, qui matri sarcina quondam *

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banished fear. Even suppose that some part of this tribe of children could be taken from me, not even so despoiled would I be reduced to the number of two, Latona's throng, with which how far is she from childlessness? Away with you, hasten, you have sacrificed enough, and take off those laurels from your hair." They take off the wreaths and leave the sacrifice unfinished; but, as they may, they still worship the goddess with unspoken words.

The goddess was angry, and on the top of Cynthus she thus addressed Apollo and Diana: "Lo, I, your mother, proud of your birth and willing to yield place to no goddess save Juno only, I have had my divinity called in question; and through all coming ages I shall be denied worship at the altar, unless you, my children, come to my aid. Nor is this my only cause for resentment. This daughter of Tantalus has added insult to her injuries: she has dared to prefer her own children to you, and has called me childless—may that fall on her head!—and by her impious speech has displayed her father's unbridled tongue." To this story of her wrongs Latona would have added prayers; but here Phoebus cried: "Have done! a long complaint is but delay of punishment!" Phoebe said the same. Then, swiftly gliding through the air, they alighted on Cadmus' citadel, covered in clouds.

There was a broad and level plain near the walls, beaten by the constant tread of horses, where a host of wheels and the hard hoof had levelled the clods beneath them. There some of Amphion's seven sons mounted their strong horses, sitting firm on their backs bright with Tyrian purple, and guided them with rich gold-mounted bridles. While one of these, Ismenus, who was his mother's first-born son,

OVID

prima suae fuerat, dum certum flectit in orbem 225
 quadripedis cursus spumantiaque ora coercet,
 "ei mihi!" conclamat medioque in pectore fixa
 tela gerit frenisque manu moriente remissis
 in latus a dextro paullatim defluit armo.
 proximus audito sonitu per inane pharetrae 230
 frena dabat Sipylus, veluti cum praescius imbris
 nube fugit visa pendentiaque undique rector
 carbasa deducit, ne qua levis effluat aura:
 frena tamen dantem non evitabile telum
 consequitur, summaque tremens cervice sagitta 235
 haesit, et exstabat nudum de gutture ferrum;
 ille, ut erat, pronus, per crura admissa iubasque
 volvitur et calido tellurem sanguine foedat.
 Phaedimus infelix et aviti nominis heres
 Tantalus, ut solito finem inposuere labori, 240
 transierant ad opus nitidae iuvenale palaestrae;
 et iam contulerant arto luctantia nexu
 pectora pectoribus; cumtento concita nervo,
 sicut erant iuncti, traiecit utrumque sagitta.
 ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore 245
 membra solo posuere, simul suprema iacentes
 lumina versarunt, animam simul exhalarunt.
 adspicit Alphenor laniataque pectora plangens
 advolat, ut gelidos complexibus adlevet artus,
 inque pio cadit officio; nam Delius illi 250
 intima fatifero rupit praecordia ferro.
 quod simul eductum est, pars et pulmonis in hamis
 eruta cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras.
 at non intonsum simplex Damasichthona vulnus
 304

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was guiding his charger's course round the curving track and pulling hard on the foaming bit, "Ah me!" he cried, and, with an arrow fixed in his breast, he dropped the reins from his dying hands and slowly sank sidewise down to the earth over his horse's right shoulder. Next, hearing through the void air the sound of the rattling quiver, Sipylus gave full rein; as when a shipmaster, conscious of an approaching storm, flees at the sight of a cloud and crowds on all sail that he may catch each passing breeze. He gave full rein, and as he gave it the arrow that none may escape followed him, and the shaft stuck quivering in his neck; while the iron point showed from his throat in front. He, leaning forward, as he was, pitched over the galloping horse's mane and legs, and stained the ground with his warm blood. Unhappy Phaedimus and Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name, when they had finished their wonted task had passed to the youthful exercise of the shining wrestling-match. And now they were straining together, breast to breast, in close embrace, when an arrow, sped from the drawn bow, pierced them both just as they stood clasped together. They groaned together; together they fell writhing in pain to the ground; together as they lay they moved their dying eyes; together they breathed their last. Alphenor saw them die, and beating his breast in agony, he ran to lift up their cold bodies in his arms; and in this pious duty he fell; for Apollo pierced him through the midriff with death-dealing steel. When this was removed, a piece of his lungs was drawn out sticking to the barbs, and his life-blood came rushing forth into the air. But one wound was not all that pierced youthful Damasichthon. He was struck where the

adfecit: ictus erat, qua crus esse incipit et qua 255
 mollia nervosus facit internodia poples.
 dumque manu temptat trahere exitiabile telum,
 altera per iugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.
 expulit hanc sanguis seque eiaculatus in altum
 emicat et longe terebrata prosilit aura. 260
 ultimus Ilioneus non profectura precando
 bracchia sustulerat "di" que "o communiter omnes,"
 dixerat ignarus, non omnes esse rogandos
 "parcite!" motus erat, cum iam revocabile telum
 non fuit, arcitenens; minimo tamen occidit ille 265
 vulnere, non alte percusso corde sagitta.

Fama mali populi que dolor lacrimaeque suorum
 tam subitae matrem certam fecere ruinae,
 mirantem potuisse irascentemque, quod ausi
 hoc essent superi, quod tantum iuris haberent; 270
 nam pater Amphion ferro per pectus adacto
 finierat moriens pariter cum luce dolorem.
 heu! quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa,
 quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris
 et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem 275
 invidiosa suis; at nunc miseranda vel hosti!
 corporibus gelidis incumbit et ordine nullo
 oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes;
 a quibus ad caelum liventia bracchia tollens
 "pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore, 280
 pascere" ait "satiague meo tua pectora luctu!
 corque ferum salia!" dixit. "per funera septem¹
 efferor: exsulta victrixque inimica triumphat!
 cur autem victrix? miserae mihi plura supersunt,
 quam tibi felici; post tot quoque funera vinco!" 285

¹ Line 282 bracketed by Elhwald.

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lower leg just begins, and where the sinews of the hough give a soft spot; and while he was trying to draw out the fatal shaft with his hand, a second arrow was driven clear to the feathers through his throat. The blood drove it forth and gushing out spurted high in air in a long, slender stream. Ilioneus was the last; stretching out his arms in prayer doomed to be vain, he cried: "Oh, spare me, all ye gods," not knowing that he need not pray to them all. The archer-god was moved to pity, but too late to recall his shaft. Still the youth fell smitten by a slight wound only, since the arrow did not deeply pierce his heart.

Rumour of the trouble, the people's grief, and the tears of her own friends informed the mother of this sudden disaster, amazed that it could have happened, and angry because the gods had dared so far, that they should have such power; for the father, Amphion, had already driven a dagger through his heart, and so in dying had ended his grief and life together. Alas, how different now was this Niobe from that Niobe who had but now driven the people from Latona's altar, and had walked proudly through the city streets, enviable then to her friends, but now one for even her enemies to pity. She threw herself upon the cold bodies of her sons, wildly giving the last kisses to them all. From them she lifted her bruised arms to high heaven and cried: "Feed now upon my grief, cruel Latona, feed and glut your heart on my sorrow. Yes, glut your bloodthirsty heart! In my seven sons have I suffered sevenfold death. Exult, and triumph in your hateful victory. But why victory? In my misery I still have more than you in your felicity. After so many deaths, I triumph still!"

OVID

Dixerat, et sonuit contento nervus ab arcu,
 qui praeter Nioben unam conterruit omnes :
 illa malo est audax.—stabant cum vestibus atris
 ante toros fratrum demisso crine sorores ;
 e quibus una trahens haerentia viscere tela 290
 inposito fratri moribunda relanguit ore ;
 altera solari miseram conata parentem
 conticuit subito duplicataque vulnere caeco est.
 oraque compressit, nisi postquam spiritus ibat.¹
 haec frustra fugiens collabitur, illa sorori 295
 inmoritur ; latet haec, illam trepidare videres.
 sexque datis leto diversaue vulnera passis
 ultima restabat, quam toto corpore mater,
 tota veste tegens “ unam minimamque relinque !
 de multis minimam posco ” clamavit “ et unam.” 300
 dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit : orba resedit
 exanimes inter natos natasque virumque
 deriguitque malis ; nullos movet aura capillos,
 in vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis
 stant inmota genis, nihil est in imagine vivum. 305
 ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
 congelat, et venae desistunt posse moveri ;
 nec flecti cervix nec bracchia reddere motus
 nec pes ire potest ; intra quoque viscera saxum est.
 flet tamen et validi circumdata turbine venti 310
 in patriam rapta est : ibi fixa cacumine montis
 liquitur, et lacrimas etiam nunc marmora manant.

Tum vero cuncti manifestam numinis iram
 femina virque timent cultuque impensius omnes

¹ Line 294 bracketed by Ehwald.

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She spoke, and the taut bowstring twanged, which terrified all save Niobe alone ; misery made her bold. The sisters were standing about their brothers' biers, with loosened hair and robed in black. One of these, while drawing out the shaft fixed in a brother's vitals, sank down with her face upon him, fainting and dying. A second, attempting to console her grieving mother, ceased suddenly, and was bent in agony by an unseen wound. She closed her lips till her dying breath had passed. One fell while trying in vain to flee. Another died upon her sister ; one hid, and one stood trembling in full view. And now six had suffered various wounds and died ; the last remained. The mother, covering her with her crouching body and her sheltering robes, cried out : " Oh, leave me one, the littlest ! Of all my many children, the littlest I beg you spare—just one ! " And even while she prayed, she for whom she prayed fell dead. Now does the childless mother sit down amid the lifeless bodies of her sons, her daughters, and her husband, in stony grief. Her hair stirs not in the breeze ; her face is pale and bloodless, and her eyes are fixed and staring in her sad face. There is nothing alive in the picture. Her very tongue is silent, frozen to her mouth's roof, and her veins can move no longer ; her neck cannot bend nor her arms move nor her feet go. Within also her vitals are stone. But still she weeps ; and, caught up in a strong, whirling wind, she is rapt away to her own native land. There, set on a mountain's peak, she weeps ; and even to this day tears trickle from the marble.

Then truly do all men and women fear the wrath of the goddess so openly displayed ; and all more zealously than ever worship the dread divinity of

magna gemelliparae venerantur numina divae ; 315
 utque fit, a facto propiore priora renarrant.
 e quibus unus ait : " Lyciae quoque fertilis agris
 non inpune deam veteres sprevere coloni.
 res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum,
 mira tamen : vidi praesens stagnumque locumque
 prodigio notum. nam me iam grandior aevo 321
 inpatiensque viae genitor deducere lectos
 iusserat inde boves gentisque illius eunti
 ipse ducem dederat, cum quo dum pascua listro,
 ecce lacu medio sacrorum nigra favilla 325
 ara vetus stabat tremulis circumdata cannis.
 restitit et pavido ' faveas mihi ! ' murmure dixit
 dux meus, et simili ' faveas ! ' ego murmure dixi.
 Naiadum Faunine foret tamen ara rogabam
 indigenaene dei, cum talia rettulit hospes : 330
 ' non hac, o iuvenis, montanum numen in ara est ;
 illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia coniunx
 orbem interdixit, quam vix erratica Delos
 orantem accepit tum, cum levis insula nabat ;
 illic incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmae 335
 edidit invita geminos Latona noverca.
 hinc quoque Iunonem fugisse puerpera fertur
 inque suo portasse sinu, duo numina, natos.
 iamque Chimaeriferae, cum sol gravis ureret arva,
 finibus in Lyciae longo dea fessa labore 340

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the twin gods' mother. And, as usual, stirred by the later, they tell over former tales. Then one of them begins: "So also in the fertile fields of Lycia, peasants of olden time scorned the goddess and suffered for it. The story is little known because of the humble estate of the men concerned, but it is remarkable. I myself saw the pool and the place made famous by the wonder. For my father, who at that time was getting on in years and too weak to travel far, had bidden me go and drive down from that country some choice steers which were grazing there, and had given me a man of that nation to serve as guide. While I fared through the grassy glades with him, there, in the midst of a lake, an ancient altar was standing, black with the fires of many sacrifices, surrounded with rustling reeds. My guide halted and said with awe-struck whisper: 'Be merciful to me!' and in like whisper I said: 'Be merciful!' Then I asked my guide whether this was an altar to the Naiads, or Faunus, or some deity of the place, and he replied: 'No, young man; no mountain deity dwells in this altar. She claims its worship, whom the queen of heaven once shut out from all the world, whom wandering Delos would scarce accept at her prayer, when it was an island, lightly floating on the sea. There, reclining on the palm and Pallas' tree,¹ in spite of their step-mother, she brought forth her twin babes. Even thence the new-made mother is said to have fled from Juno, carrying in her bosom her infant children, both divine. And now, having reached the borders of Lycia, home of the Chimaera, when the hot sun beat fiercely upon the fields, the goddess, weary of her long struggle, was faint by reason of the

¹ i.e. the olive.

OVID

sidereo siccata sitim collegit ab aestu,
 uberaque ebiberant avidi lactantia nati.
 forte lacum mediocris aquae prospexit in imis
 vallibus; agrestes illic fruticosa legebant
 vimina cum iuncis gratamque paludibus ulvam; 345
 accessit positoque genu Titania terram
 pressit, ut hauriret gelidos potura liquores.
 rustica turba vetat; dea sic adfata vetantis:
 “quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum est.
 nec solem proprium natura nec aera fecit 350
 nec tenues undas: ad publica munera veni;
 quae tamen ut detis, supplex peto. non ego nostros
 abluere hic artus lassataque membra parabam,
 sed relevare sitim. caret os umore loquentis,
 et fauces arent, vixque est via vocis in illis. 355
 haustus aquae mihi nectar erit, vitamque fatebor
 accepisse simul: vitam dederitis in unda.
 hi quoque vos moveant, qui nostro bracchia tendunt
 parva sinu,” et casu tendebant bracchia nati.
 quem non blanda deae potuissent verba movere?
 hi tamen orantem perstant prohibere minasque, 361
 ni procul abscedat, conviciaque insuper addunt.
 nec satis est, ipsos etiam pedibusque manuque
 turbavere lacus imoque e gurgite mollem
 hue illuc limum saltu movere maligno. 365
 distulit ira sitim; neque enim iam filia Coei
 supplicat indignis nec dicere sustinet ultra
 verba minora dea tollensque ad sidera palmas
 “aeternum stagno” dixit “vivatis in isto!”

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sun's heat and parched with thirst; and the hungry children had drained her breasts dry of milk. She chanced to see a lake of no great size down in a deep vale; some rustics were there gathering bushy osiers, with fine swamp-grass and rushes of the marsh. Latona came to the water's edge and kneeled on the ground to quench her thirst with a cooling draught. But the rustic rabble would not let her drink. Then she besought them: "Why do you deny me water? The enjoyment of water is a common right. Nature has not made the sun private to any, nor the air, nor soft water. This common right I seek; and yet I beg you to give it to me as a favour. I was not preparing to bathe my limbs or my weary body here in your pool, but only to quench my thirst. Even as I speak, my mouth is dry of moisture, my throat is parched, and my voice can scarce find utterance. A drink of water will be nectar to me, and I shall confess that I have received life with it; yes, life you will be giving me if you let me drink. These children too, let them touch your hearts, who from my bosom stretch out their little arms." And it chanced that the children did stretch out their arms. Who would not have been touched by the goddess' gentle words? Yet for all her prayers they persisted in denying with threats if she did not go away; they even added insulting words. Not content with that, they soiled the pool itself with their feet and hands, and stirred up the soft mud from the bottom, leaping about, all for pure meanness. Then wrath postponed thirst; for Coeus' daughter could neither humble herself longer to those unruly fellows, nor could she endure to speak with less power than a goddess; but stretching up her hands to heaven, she cried: "Live then for ever

eveniunt optata deae : iuvat esse sub undis 370
 et modo tota cava submergere membra palude,
 nunc proferre caput, summo modo gurgite nare,
 saepe super ripam stagni consistere, saepe
 in gelidos resilire lacus, sed nunc quoque turpes
 litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore, 375
 quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant.
 vox quoque iam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt,
 ipsaque dilatant patulos convicia rictus ;
 turpe caput tendunt, colla intercepta videntur,
 spina viret, venter, pars maxima corporis, albet, 380
 limosoque novae saliant in gurgite ranae.' "

Sic ubi nescio quis Lycia de gente virorum
 rettulit exitium, satyri reminiscitur alter,
 quem Tritoniaca Latous harundine victum
 adfecit poena. " quid me mihi detrahis ? " inquit ;
 " a ! piget, a ! non est " clamabat " tibia tanti." 386
 clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus,
 nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat ; cruor undique manat,
 detectique patent nervi, trepidaeque sine ulla
 pelle micant venae ; salientia viscera possis 390
 et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras.
 illum ruricolae, silvarum numina, fauni
 et satyri fratres et tunc quoque carus Olympus
 et nymphae flerunt, et quisquis montibus illis
 lanigerosque greges armentaque bucera pavit. 395
 fertilis inmaduit madefactaque terra caducas
 concepit lacrimas ac venis perbibit imis ;
 quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras.

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in that pool." It came out as the goddess prayed. It is their delight to live in water; now to plunge their bodies quite beneath the enveloping pool, now to thrust forth their heads, now to swim upon the surface. Often they sit upon the sedgy bank and often leap back into the cool lake. But even now, as of old, they exercise their tongues in quarrel, and all shameless, though they may be under water, even under the water they try to utter maledictions. Now also their voices are hoarse, their inflated throats swell up, and their constant quarrelling distends their wide jaws; they stretch their ugly heads, the necks seem to have disappeared. Their backs are green; their bellies, the largest part of the body, are white; and as new-made frogs they leap in the muddy pool.'"

Then, when this unknown story-teller had told the destruction of the Lycian peasants, another recalled the satyr whom the son of Latona had conquered in a contest on Pallas' reed, and punished. "Why do you tear me from myself?" he cried. "Oh, I repent! Oh, a flute does not deserve this!" As he screams, his skin is stripped off the surface of his body, and he is all one wound: blood flows down on every side, the sinews lie bare, his veins throb and quiver with no skin to cover them: you could count the entrails as they palpitate, and the vitals showing clearly in his breast. The country people, the sylvan deities, fauns and his brother satyrs, and Olympus, whom even then he still loved, the nymphs, all wept for him, and every shepherd who fed his woolly sheep or horned kine on those mountains. The fruitful earth was soaked, and soaking caught those tears and drank them deep into her veins. Changing these then to water, she sent them forth into the free air. Thence the stream

OVID

inde petens rapidus ripis declivibus aequor
Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiae liquidissimus amnis.

Talibus extemplo redit ad praesentia dictis 401
vulgus et exstinctum cum stirpe Amphiona luget;
mater in invidia est: hanc tunc quoque dicitur unus
flesse Pelops umeroque, suas a pectore postquam
deduxit vestes, ebur ostendisse sinistro. 405

concolor hic umerus nascendi tempore dextro
corporeusque fuit; manibus mox caesa paternis
membra ferunt iunxisse deos, aliisque repertis,
qui locus est iuguli medius summique lacerti,
defuit: inpositum est non conparentis in usum 410
partis ebur, factoque Pelops fuit integer illo.

Finitimi proceres coeunt, urbesque propinquae
oravere suos ire ad solacia reges,
Argosque et Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae
et nondum torvae Calydon invisa Dianae 415
Orchomenosque ferax et nobilis aere Corinthus
Messeneque ferox Patraeque humilesque Cleonae
et Nelea Pylos neque adhuc Pittheia Troezen,
quaeque urbes aliae bimari clauduntur ab Isthmo
exteriusque sitae bimari spectantur ab Isthmo; 420
credere quis posset? solae cessastis Athenae.
obstitit officio bellum, subvectaque ponto
barbara Mopsopios terrebant agmina muros
Threicius Tereus haec auxiliaribus armis
fuderat et clarum vincendo nomen habebat; 425

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within its sloping banks ran down quickly to the sea, and had the name of Marsyas, the clearest river in all Phrygia.

Straightway the company turns from such old tales to the present, and mourns Amphion dead with his children. They all blame the mother; but even then one man, her brother Pelops, is said to have wept for her, and, drawing aside his garment from his breast, to have revealed the ivory patch on the left. This shoulder at the time of his birth had been of the same colour as his right, and of flesh. But later, when his father had cut him in pieces, they say that the gods joined the parts together again; they found all the others, but one part was lacking where the neck and upper arm unite. A piece of ivory was made to take the place of the part which could not be found; and so Pelops was made whole again.

Now all the neighbouring princes assembled, and the near-by cities urged their kings to go and offer sympathy: Argos and Sparta and Peloponnesian Mycenae; Calydon, which had not yet incurred Diana's wrath; fertile Orchomenos and Corinth, famed for works of bronze; warlike Messene, Patrae, and low-lying Cleonae; Nelean Pylos and Troezen, not yet ruled by Pittheus; and all the other cities which are shut off by the Isthmus between its two seas, and those which are outside visible from the Isthmus between its two seas.¹ But of all cities—who could believe it?—you, Athens, alone did nothing. War hindered this friendly service, and barbaric hordes from overseas held the walls of Mopsopia² in alarm. Now Tereus of Thrace had put these to flight with his relieving troops, and by the victory had a great name. And

¹ That is, the Peloponnese and Northern Greece.

² Athens, from King Mopsopius.

OVID

quem sibi Pandion opibusque virisque potentem
 et genus a magno ducentem forte Gradivo
 conubio Procnes iunxit ; non pronuba Iuno,
 non Hymenaeus adest, non illi Gratia lecto :
 Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas, 430
 Eumenides stravere torum, tectoque profanus
 incubuit bubo thalamique in culmine sedit.
 hac ave coniuncti Procne Tereusque, parentes
 hac ave sunt facti ; gratata est scilicet illis
 Thracia, disque ipsi grates egere ; diemque, 435
 quaque data est claro Pandione nata tyranno
 quaque erat ortus Itys, festum iussere vocari :
 usque adeo latet utilitas.

Jam tempora Titan
 quinque per autumnos repetiti duxerat anni,
 cum blandita viro Procne " si gratia " dixit 440
 " ulla mea est, vel me visendam mitte sorori,
 vel soror huc veniat : redituram tempore parvo
 promittes socero ; magni mihi muneris instar
 germanam vidisse dabis." iubet ille carinas
 in freta deduci veloque et remige portus 445
 Cecropios intrat Piraeaeque litora tangit.
 ut primum soceri data copia, dextera dextrae
 iungitur, et fausto committitur omine sermo.
 coeperat, adventus causam, mandata referre
 coniugis et celeres missae spondere recursus : 450
 ecce venit magno dives Philomela paratu,
 divitior forma ; quales audire solemus
 naidas et dryadas mediis incedere silvis,

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since he was strong in wealth and in men, and traced his descent, as it happened, from Gradivus, Pandion, king of Athens, allied him to himself by marriage with Procne. But neither Juno, bridal goddess, nor Hymen, nor the Graces were present at that wedding. The Furies lighted them with torches stolen from a funeral; the Furies spread the couch, and the uncanny screech-owl brooded and sat on the roof of their chamber. Under this omen were Procne and Tereus wedded; under this omen was their child conceived. Thrace, indeed, rejoiced with them, and they themselves gave thanks to the gods; both the day on which Pandion's daughter was married to their illustrious king, and that day on which Itys was born, they made a festival: so darkly are our true blessings hidden.

Now Titan through five autumnal seasons had brought round the revolving years, when Procne coaxingly to her husband said: "If I have found any favour in your sight, either send me to visit my sister or let my sister come to me. You will promise my father that after a brief stay she shall return. If you give me a chance to see my sister you will confer on me a precious boon." Tereus accordingly bade them launch his ship, and plying oar and sail, he entered the Cecropian harbour and came to land on the shore of Piraeus. As soon as he came into the presence of his father-in-law they joined right hands, and the talk began with good wishes for their health. He had begun to tell of his wife's request, which was the cause of his coming, and to promise a speedy return should the sister be sent home with him, when lo! Philomela entered, attired in rich apparel, but richer still in beauty; such as we are wont to hear the naiads described, and dryads when they move about

OVID

si modo des illis cultus similesque paratus,
 non secus exarsit conspecta virgine Tereus, 455
 quam si quis canis ignem supponat aristis
 aut frondem positasque cremet faenilibus herbas.
 digna quidem facies; sed et hunc innata libido
 exstimulat, pronumque genus regionibus illis
 in Venerem est: flagrat vitio gentisque suoque. 460
 impetus est illi comitum corrumpere curam
 nutricisque fidem nec non ingentibus ipsam
 sollicitare datis totumque inpendere regnum
 aut rapere et saevo raptam defendere bello;
 et nihil est, quod non effreno captus amore 465
 ausit, nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammæ.
 iamque moras male fert cupidoque revertitur ore
 ad mandata Procnæ et agit sua vota sub illa.
 facundum faciebat amor, quotiensque rogabat
 ulterius iusto, Procnæ ita velle ferebat. 470
 addidit et lacrimas, tamquam mandasset et illas.
 pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecæ
 noctis habent! ipso sceleris molimine Tereus
 creditur esse pius laudemque a crimine sumit.
 quid, quod idem Philomela cupit, patriosque lacertis
 blanda tenens umeros, ut eat visura sororem, 476
 perque suam contraque suam petit ipsa salutem.
 spectat eam Tereus praecontrectatque videndo
 osculaque et collo circumdata brachia cernens
 omnia pro stimulis facibusque ciboque furoris 480
 accipit, et quotiens amplectitur illa parentem,
 esse parens vellet: neque enim minus inpius esset.
 320

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in the deep woods, if only one should give to them refinement and apparel like hers. The moment he saw the maiden Tereus was inflamed with love, quick as if one should set fire to ripe grain, or dry leaves, or hay stored away in the mow. Her beauty, indeed, was worth it; but in his case his own passionate nature pricked him on, and, besides, the men of his clime are quick to love: his own fire and his nation's burnt in him. His impulse was to corrupt her attendants' care and her nurse's faithfulness, and even by rich gifts to tempt the girl herself, even at the cost of all his kingdom; or else to ravish her and to defend his act by bloody war. There was nothing which he would not do or dare, smitten by this mad passion. His heart could scarce contain the fires that burnt in it. Now, impatient of delay, he eagerly repeated Procne's request, pleading his own cause under her name. Love made him eloquent, and as often as he asked more urgently than he should, he would say that Procne wished it so. He even added tears to his entreaties, as though she had bidden him to do this too. Ye gods, what blind night rules in the hearts of men! In the very act of pushing on his shameful plan Tereus gets credit for a kind heart and wins praise from wickedness. Ay, more—Philomela herself has the same wish; winding her arms about her father's neck, she coaxes him to let her visit her sister; by her own welfare (yes, and against it, too) she urges her prayer. Tereus gazes at her, and as he looks feels her already in his arms; as he sees her kisses and her arms about her father's neck, all this goads him on, food and fuel for his passion; and whenever she embraces her father he wishes that he were in the father's place—indeed, if he were, his intent would be no

OVID

vincitur ambarum genitor prece: gaudet agitque
 illa patri grates et successisse duabus
 id putat infelix, quod erit lugubre duabus. 485

Iam labor exiguus Phoebo restabat, equique
 pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:
 regales epulae mensis et Bacchus in auro
 ponitur; hinc placido dantur sua corpora somno.
 at rex Odrysus, quamvis secessit, in illa 490
 aestuat et repetens faciem motusque manusque
 qualia vult fingit quae nondum vidit et ignes
 ipse suos nutrit cura removente soporem.
 lux erat, et generi dextram complexus euntis
 Pandion comitem lacrimis commendat obortis: 495
 "hanc ego, care gener, quoniam pia causa coegit,
 et voluere ambae (voluisti tu quoque, Tereu)
 do tibi perque fidem cognataque pectora supplex
 per superos oro patrio ut tuearis amore
 et mihi sollicitae lenimen dulce senectae 500
 quam primum (omnis erit nobis mora longa) remittas;
 tu quoque quam primum (satis est procul esse
 sororem),

si pietas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito!"
 mandabat pariterque suae dabat oscula natae,
 et lacrimae mites inter mandata cadebant; 505
 utque fide pignus dextras utriusque poposcit
 inter seque datas iunxit natamque nepotemque
 absentes pro se memori rogat ore saluent;
 supremumque vale pleno singultibus ore
 vix dixit timuitque suae praesagia mentis. 510

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less impious. The father yields to the prayers of both. The girl is filled with joy; she thanks her father and, poor unhappy wretch, she deems that success for both sisters which is to prove a woeful happening for them both.

Now Phoebus' toils were almost done and his horses were pacing down the western sky. A royal feast was spread, wine in cups of gold. Then they lay them down to peaceful slumber. But although the Thracian king retired, his heart seethes with thoughts of her. Recalling her look, her movement, her hands, he pictures at will what he has not yet seen, and feeds his own fires, his thoughts preventing sleep. Morning came; and Pandion, wringing his son-in-law's hand as he was departing, consigned his daughter to him with many tears and said: "Dear son, since your friendly pleading has won me, and both my daughters have wished it, and you also have wished it, my Tereus, I give her to your keeping; and by your honour and the ties that bind us, by the gods, I pray you guard her with a father's love, and as soon as possible—it will seem a long time in any case to me—send back to me this sweet solace of my tedious years. And do you, my Philomela, if you love me, come back to me as soon as possible; it is enough that your sister is so far away." Thus he made his last requests and kissed his child good-bye, and gentle tears fell as he spoke the words; and he asked both their right hands as pledge of their promise, and joined them together and begged that they would remember to greet for him his daughter and her son. His voice broke with sobs, he could hardly say farewell, as he feared the forebodings of his mind.

OVID

Ut semel inposita est pictae Philomela carinae,
 admotumque fretum remis tellusque repulsa est,
 "vicimus!" exclamat, "mecum mea vota feruntur!"
 exultatque et vix animo sua gaudia differt
 barbarus et nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa, 515
 non aliter quam cum pedibus praedator obuncis
 deposuit nido leporem Iovis ales in alto;
 nulla fuga est capto, spectat sua praemia raptor.

Iamque iter effectum, iamque in sua litora fessis
 puppibus exierant, cum rex Pandione natam 520
 in stabula alta trahit, silvis obscura vetustis,
 atque ibi pallentem trepidamque et cuncta timentem
 et iam cum lacrimis, ubi sit germana, rogantem
 includit fassusque nefas et virginem et unam
 vi superat frustra clamato saepe parente, 525
 saepe sorore sua, magnis super omnia divis.
 illa tremit velut agna pavens, quae saucia cani
 ore excussa lupi nondum sibi tuta videtur,
 utque columba suo madefactis sanguine plumis
 horret adhuc avidosque timet, quibus haeserat, ungues.
 mox ubi mens rediit, passos laniata capillos, 531
 lugenti similis caesis plangore lacertis
 intendens palmas "o diris barbare factis,
 o crudelis" ait, "nec te mandata parentis
 cum lacrimis movere piis nec cura sororis" 535
 nec mea virginitas nec coniugialia iura?
 omnia turbasti; paelex ego facta sororis,
 tu geminus coniunx, hostis mihi debita Procne!

324

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As soon as Philomela was safely embarked upon the painted ship and the sea was churned beneath the oars and the land was left behind, Tereus exclaimed: "I have won! in my ship I carry the fulfilment of my prayers!" The barbarous fellow triumphs, he can scarce postpone his joys, and never turns his eyes from her, as when the ravenous bird of Jove has dropped in his high eyrie some hare caught in his hooked talons; the captive has no chance to escape, the captor gloats over his prize.

And now they were at the end of their journey, now, leaving the travel-worn ship, they had landed on their own shores; when the king dragged off Pandion's daughter to a lonely hut hidden in the ancient woods; and there, pale and trembling and all fear, begging with tears to know where her sister was, he shut her up. Then, openly confessing his horrid purpose, he violated her, just a weak girl and all alone, vainly calling, often on her father, often on her sister, but most of all upon the great gods. She trembled like a frightened lamb, which, torn and cast aside by a grey wolf, cannot yet believe that it is safe; and like a dove which, with its own blood all smeared over its plumage, still palpitates with fright, still fears those greedy claws that have pierced it. Soon, when her senses came back, she dragged at her loosened hair, and like one in mourning, beating and tearing her arms, with outstretched hands she cried: "Oh, what a horrible thing you have done, barbarous, cruel wretch! Do you care nothing for my father's injunctions, his affectionate tears, my sister's love, my own virginity, the bonds of wedlock? You have confused all natural relations: I have become a concubine, my sister's rival; you, a husband to both. Now Procne must be my enemy. Why do you not

OVID

quin animam hanc, ne quod facinus tibi, perfide, restet,
 eripis? atque utinam fecisses ante nefandos 540
 concubitus: vacuas habuisses criminis umbras.
 si tamen haec superi cernunt, si numina divum
 sunt aliquid, si non perierunt omnia mecum,
 quandocumque mihi poenas dabis! ipsa pudore
 proiecto tua facta loquar: si copia detur, 545
 in populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor,
 inplebo silvas et conscia saxa movebo;
 audiet haec aether et si deus ullus in illo est!"

Talibus ira feri postquam commota tyranni
 nec minor hac metus est, causa stimulatus utraque,
 quo fuit accinctus, vagina liberat ense 551
 arreptamque coma fixis post terga lacertis
 vincla pati cogit; iugulum Philomela parabat
 spemque suae mortis viso conceperat ense:
 ille indignantem et nomen patris usque vocantem
 luctantemque loqui comprehensam forcipe linguam 556
 abstulit ense fero. radix micat ultima linguae,
 ipsa iacet terraeque tremens inmurmurat atrae,
 utque salire solet mutilatae cauda colubrae,
 palpitat et moriens dominae vestigia quaerit. 560
 hoc quoque post facinus (vix ausim credere) fertur
 saepe sua lacerum repetisse libidine corpus.

Sustinet ad Procnem post talia facta reverti;
 coniuge quae viso germanam quaerit, at ille

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take my life, that no crime may be left undone, you traitor? Aye, would that you had killed me before you wronged me so. Then would my shade have been innocent and clean. If those who dwell on high see these things, nay, if there are any gods at all, if all things have not perished with me, sooner or later you shall pay dearly for this deed. I will myself cast shame aside and proclaim what you have done. If I should have the chance, I would go where people throng and tell it; if I am kept shut up in these woods, I will fill the woods with my story and move the very rocks to pity. The air of heaven shall hear it, and, if there is any god in heaven, he shall hear it too."

The savage tyrant's wrath was aroused by these words, and his fear no less. Pricked on by both these spurs, he drew his sword which was hanging by his side in its sheath, caught her by the hair, and twisting her arms behind her back, he bound them fast. At sight of the sword Philomela gladly offered her throat to the stroke, filled with the eager hope of death. But he seized her tongue with pincers, as it protested against the outrage, calling ever on the name of her father and struggling to speak, and cut it off with his merciless blade. The mangled root quivers, while the severed tongue lies palpitating on the dark earth, faintly murmuring; and, as the severed tail of a mangled snake is wont to writhe, it twitches convulsively, and with its last dying movement it seeks its mistress's feet. Even after this horrid deed—one would scarce believe it—the monarch is said to have worked his lustful will again and again upon the poor mangled form.

With such crimes upon his soul he had the face to return to Procne's presence. She on seeing him

OVID

dat gemitus fictos commentaque funera narrat, 565
 et lacrimae fecere fidem. velamina Procne
 deripit ex umeris auro fulgentia lato
 induiturque atras vestes et inane sepulcrum
 constituit falsisque piacula manibus infert
 et luget non sic lugendae fata sororis. 570

Signa deus bis sex acto lustraverat anno ;
 quid faciat Philomela ? fugam custodia claudit,
 structa rigent solido stabulorum moenia saxo,
 os mutum facti caret indice. grande doloris
 ingenium est, miserisque venit sollertia rebus : 575
 stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela
 purpureasque notas filis intexuit albis,
 indicium sceleris ; perfectaue tradidit uni,
 utque ferat dominae, gestu rogat ; illa rogata
 pertulit ad Procnem nec scit, quid tradat in illis. 580
 evolvit vestes saevi matrona tyranni
 fortunaeque suae carmen miserabile legit
 et (mirum potuisse) silet : dolor ora repressit,
 verbaque quaerenti satis indignantia linguae
 defuerunt, nec flere vacat, sed fasque nefasque 585
 confusura ruit poenaeque in imagine tota est.

Tempus erat, quo sacra solent trieterica Bacchi
 Sithoniae celebrare nurus : (nox conscia sacris,
 nocte sonat Rhodope tinnitibus aeris acuti)
 nocte sua est egressa domo regina deque 590
 ritibus instruitur furialiaque accipit arma ;

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at once asked where her sister was. He groaned in pretended grief and told a made-up story of death; his tears gave credence to the tale. Then Procne tore from her shoulders the robe gleaming with a broad golden border and put on black weeds; she built also a cenotaph in honour of her sister, brought pious offerings to her imagined spirit, and mourned her sister's fate, not meet so to be mourned.

Now through the twelve signs, a whole year's journey, has the sun-god passed. And what shall Philomela do? A guard prevents her flight; stout walls of solid stone fence in the hut; speechless lips can give no token of her wrongs. But grief has sharp wits, and in trouble cunning comes. She hangs a Thracian web on her loom, and skilfully weaving purple signs on a white background, she thus tells the story of her wrongs. This web, when completed, she gives to her one attendant and begs her with gestures to carry it to the queen. The old woman, as she was bid, takes the web to Procne, not knowing what she bears in it. The savage tyrant's wife unrolls the cloth, reads the pitiable tale of her misfortune, and (a miracle that she could!) says not a word. Grief chokes the words that rise to her lips, and her questing tongue can find no words strong enough to express her outraged feelings. Here is no room for tears, but she hurries on to confound right and wrong, her whole soul bent on the thought of vengeance.

It was the time when the Thracian matrons were wont to celebrate the triennial festival of Bacchus. Night was in their secret; by night Mount Rhodope would resound with the shrill clash of brazen cymbals; so by night the queen went forth from her house, and joined in the orgies of the god, arrayed

OVID

vite caput tegitur, lateri cervina sinistro
 vellera dependent, umero levis incubat hasta.
 concita per silvas turba comitante suarum
 terribilis Procne furiisque agitata doloris, 595
 Bacche, tuas simulat : venit ad stabula avia tandem
 exululatque euhoeque sonat portasque refringit
 germanamque rapit raptaeque insignia Bacchi
 induit et vultus hederarum frondibus abdit
 attonitamque trahens intra sua moenia ducit. 600

Ut sensit tetigisse domum Philomela nefandam,
 horruit infelix totoque expalluit ore ;
 nacta locum Procne sacrorum pignora demit
 oraque develat miserae pudibunda sororis
 amplexumque petit ; sed non attollere contra 605
 sustinet haec oculos paelex sibi visa sororis
 deiectoque in humum vultu iurare volenti
 testarique deos, per vim sibi dedecus illud
 inlatum, pro voce manus fuit. ardet et iram
 non capit ipsa suam Procne fletumque sororis 610
 corripiciens " non est lacrimis hoc " inquit " agendum,
 sed ferro, sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
 possit. in omne nefas ego me, germana, paravi :
 aut ego, cum facibus regalia tecta cremabo,
 artificem mediis inmittam Terea flammis 615
 aut linguam atque oculos et quae tibi membra
 pudorem
 abstulerunt ferro rapiam aut per vulnera mille
 sontem animam expellam ! magnum, quodcumque
 paravi ;
 quid sit, adhuc dubito."

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for the mad revels ; her head was wreathed with trailing vines, a deer-skin hung from her left side, a light spear rested on her shoulder. Swift she goes through the woods with an attendant throng of her companions, and driven on by the madness of grief, Procne, terrific in her rage, mimics thy madness, O Bacchus ! She comes to the secluded lodge at last, shrieks aloud and cries "Euhoe !" breaks down the doors, seizes her sister, arrays her in the trappings of a Bacchante, hides her face with ivy-leaves, and, dragging her along in amazement, leads her within her own walls.

When Philomela perceived that she had entered that accursed house the poor girl shook with horror and grew pale as death. Procne found a place, and took off the trappings of the Bacchic rites and, uncovering the shame-blanchèd face of her wretched sister, folded her in her arms. But Philomela could not lift her eyes to her sister, feeling herself to have wronged her. And, with her face turned to the ground, longing to swear and call all the gods to witness that that shame had been forced upon her, she made her hand serve for voice. But Procne was all on fire, could not contain her own wrath, and chiding her sister's weeping, she said : "This is no time for tears, but for the sword, for something stronger than the sword, if you have such a thing. I am prepared for any crime, my sister ; either to fire this palace with a torch, and to cast Tereus, the author of our wrongs, into the flaming ruins, or to cut out his tongue, or his eyes, and drive his guilty soul out through a thousand wounds. I am prepared for some great deed ; but what it shall be I am still in doubt."

OVID

Peragit dum talia Procne,

ad matrem veniebat Itys; quid possit, ab illo 620
 admonita est oculisque tuens inmitibus "a! quam
 es similis patri!" dixit nec plura locuta
 triste parat facinus tacitaque exaestuât ira.
 ut tamen accessit natus matrique salutem
 attulit et parvis adduxit colla lacertis 625
 mixtaque blanditiis puerilibus oscula iunxit,
 mota quidem est genetrix, infractaque constitit ira
 invitique oculi lacrimis maduere coactis;
 sed simul ex nimia mentem¹ pietate labare
 sensit, ab hoc iterum est ad vultus versa sororis 630
 inque vicem spectans ambos "cur admovet" inquit
 "alter blanditias, rapta silet altera lingua?
 quam vocat hic matrem, cur non vocat illa sororem?
 cui sis nupta, vide, Pandione nata! marito
 degeneras? scelus est pietas in coniuge Tereo." 635
 nec mora, traxit Ityn, veluti Gangetica cervae
 lactentem fetum per silvas tigris opacas,
 utque domus altae partem tenuere remotam,
 tendentemque manus et iam sua fata videntem
 et "mater! mater!" clamantem et colla petentem
 ense ferit Procne, lateri qua pectus adhaeret, 641
 nec vultum vertit. satis illi ad fata vel unum
 vulnus erat: iugulum ferro Philomela resolvit,
 vivaque adhuc animaeque aliquid retinentia membra
 dilaniant. pars inde cavis exsultat aenis, 645
 pars veribus stridunt; manantpenetralia tabo.

His adhibet coniunx ignarum Terea mensis
 et patrii moris sacrum mentita, quod uni

¹ mentem *cod. Ciofani*; matrem *N. Heinsius*,

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While Procne was thus speaking Itys came into his mother's presence. His coming suggested what she could do, and regarding him with pitiless eyes, she said: "Ah, how like your father you are!" Saying no more, she began to plan a terrible deed and boiled with inward rage. But when the boy came up to her and greeted his mother, put his little arms around her neck and kissed her in his winsome, boyish way, her mother-heart was touched, her wrath fell away, and her eyes, though all unwilling, were wet with tears that flowed in spite of her. But when she perceived that her purpose was wavering through excess of mother-love, she turned again from her son to her sister; and gazing at both in turn, she said: "Why is one able to make soft, pretty speeches, while her ravished tongue dooms the other to silence? Since he calls me mother, why does she not call me sister? Remember whose wife you are, daughter of Pandion! Will you be faithless to your husband? But faithfulness to such a husband as Tereus is a crime." Without more words she dragged Itys away, as a tigress drags a suckling fawn through the dark woods on Ganges' banks. And when they reached a remote part of the great house, while the boy stretched out pleading hands as he saw his fate, and screamed, "Mother! mother!" and sought to throw his arms around her neck, Procne smote him with a knife between breast and side; nor did she turn her face. This one stroke sufficed to slay the lad; but Philomela cut the throat also, and they cut up the body still warm and quivering with life. Part bubbles in brazen kettles, part sputters on spits; while the whole room drips with gore.

This is the feast to which the wife invites Tereus, little knowing what it is. She pretends that it is a

OVID

fas sit adire viro, comites famulosque removit.
 ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito 650
 vescitur inque suam sua viscera congerit alvum,
 tantaque nox animi est, "Ityn huc accersite!" dixit.
 dissimulare nequit crudelia gaudia Procne
 iamque suae cupiens exsistere nuntia cladis 654
 "intus habes, quem poscis" ait: circumspicit ille
 atque, ubi sit, quaerit; quaerenti iterumque vocanti,
 sicut erat sparsis furiali caede capillis,
 prosiluit Ityosque caput Philomela cruentum
 misit in ora patris nec tempore maluit ullo
 posse loqui et meritis testari gaudia dictis. 660
 Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit
 vipereasque ciet Stygia de valle sorores
 et modo, si posset, reserato pectore diras
 egerere inde dapes emersaque viscera gestit,
 flet modo seque vocat bustum miserabile nati, 665
 nunc sequitur nudo genitas Pandione ferro.
 corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares:
 pendebant pennis. quarum petit altera silvas,
 altera tecta subit, neque adhuc de pectore caedis
 excessere notae, signataque sanguine pluma est. 670
 ille dolore suo poenaeque cupidine velox
 vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristae.
 prominet inmodicum pro longa cuspidē rostrum;
 nomen epops volucris, facies armata videtur.

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sacred feast after their ancestral fashion, of which only a husband may partake, and removes all attendants and slaves. So Tereus, sitting alone in his high ancestral banquet-chair, begins the feast and gorges himself with flesh of his own flesh. And in the utter blindness of his understanding he cries: "Go, call me Itys hither!" Procne cannot hide her cruel joy, and eager to be the messenger of her bloody news, she says: "You have, within, him whom you want." He looks about and asks where the boy is. And then, as he asks and calls again for his son, just as she was, with streaming hair, and all stained with her mad deed of blood, Philomela springs forward and hurls the gory head of Itys straight into his father's face; nor was there ever any time when she longed more to be able to speak, and to express her joy in fitting words. Then the Thracian king overturns the table with a great cry and invokes the snaky sisters from the Stygian pit. Now, if he could, he would gladly lay open his breast and take thence the horrid feast and vomit forth the flesh of his son; now he weeps bitterly and calls himself his son's most wretched tomb; then with drawn sword he pursues the two daughters of Pandion. As they fly from him you would think that the bodies of the two Athenians were poised on wings: they were poised on wings! One flies to the woods, the other rises to the roof. And even now their breasts have not lost the marks of their murderous deed, their feathers are stained with blood. Tereus, swift in pursuit because of his grief and eager desire for vengeance, is himself changed into a bird. Upon his head a stiff crest appears, and a huge beak stands forth instead of his long sword. He is the hoopoe, with the look of one armed for war.

OVID

Hic dolor ante diem longaeque extrema senectae
tempora Tartareas Pandiona misit ad umbras. 676
sceptra loci rerumque capit moderamen Erechtheus,
iustitia dubium validisne potentior armis.
quattuor ille quidem iuvenes totidemque crearat
femineae sortis, sed erat par forma duarum. 680
e quibus Aeolides Cephalus te coniuge felix,
Procri, fuit; Boreae Tereus Thracesque nocebant,
dilectaque diu caruit deus Orithyia,
dum rogat et precibus mavult quam viribus uti;
ast ubi blanditiis agitur nil, horridus ira, 685
quae solita est illi nimiumque domestica vento,
“et merito!” dixit; “quid enim mea tela reliqui,
saevitiam et vires iramque animosque minaces,
admovique preces, quarum me dedecet usus?
apta mihi vis est: vi tristia nubila pello, 690
vi freta concutio nodosaque robora verto
induroque nives et terras grandine pulso;
idem ego, cum fratres caelo sum nactus aperto
(nam mihi campus is est), tanto molimine luctor,
ut medius nostris concursibus insonet aether 695
exsiliantque cavis elisi nubibus ignes;
idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terrae
supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
sollicito manes totumque tremoribus orbem.
hac ope debueram thalamos petiisse, socerque 700
non orandus erat mihi sed faciendus Erechtheus.”

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This woe shortened the days of old Pandion and sent him down to the shades of Tartarus before old age came to its full term. His sceptre and the state's control fell to Erechtheus, equally famed for justice and for prowess in arms. Four sons were born to him and four daughters also. Of these daughters two were of equal beauty, of whom thou, Procris, didst make happy in wedlock Cephalus, the grandson of Aeolus. Boreas was not favoured because of Tereus and the Thracians¹; and so the god was long kept from his beloved Orithyia, while he wooed and preferred to use prayers rather than force. But when he could accomplish nothing by soothing words, rough with anger, which was the north-wind's usual and more natural mood, he said: "I have deserved it! For why have I given up my own weapons, fierceness and force, rage and threatening moods, and had recourse to prayers, which do not at all become me? Force is my fit instrument. By force I drive on the gloomy clouds, by force I shake the sea, I overturn gnarled oaks, pack hard the snow, and pelt the earth with hail. So also when I meet my brothers in the open sky—for that is my battleground—I struggle with them so fiercely that the mid-heavens thunder with our meeting and fires leap bursting out of the hollow clouds. So also when I have entered the vaulted hollows of the earth, and have set my strong back beneath her lowest caverns, I fright the ghosts and the whole world, too, by my heavings. By this means I should have sought my wife. I should not have begged Erechtheus to be my father-in-law, but made him to be so." With

¹ Since the home of Boreas was in the north, he was included in the hatred felt at Athens for Tereus and the Thracians.

OVID

haec Boreas aut his non inferiora locutus
 excussit pennas, quarum iactatibus omnis
 adflata est tellus latumque perhorruit aequor,
 pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam
 verrit humum pavidamque metu caligine tectus 706
 Orithyian amans fulvis amplectitur alis.
 dum volat, arserunt agitati fortius ignes,
 nec prius aerii cursus suppressit habenas,
 quam Ciconum tenuit populos et moenia raptor. 710
 illic et gelidi coniunx Actaea tyranni
 et genetrix facta est, partus enixa gemellos,
 cetera qui matris, pennas genitoris haberent.
 non tamen has una memorant cum corpore natas,
 barbaque dum rutilis aberat subnixa capillis, 715
 inplumes Calaisque puer Zetesque fuerunt;
 mox pariter pennae ritu coepere volucrum
 cingere utrumque latus, pariter flavescere malae.
 ergo ubi concessit tempus puerile iuventae,
 vellera cum Minyis nitido radiantia villo 720
 per mare non notum prima petiere carina.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VI

these words or others no less boisterous, Boreas shook his wings, whose mighty flutterings sent a blast over all the earth, and ruffled the broad ocean. And trailing along his dusty mantle over the mountaintops, he swept the land; and wrapped in darkness, the lover embraced with his tawny wings his Orithyia, who was trembling sore with fear. As he flew his own flames were fanned and burned stronger. Nor did the robber check his airy flight until he came to the people and the city of the Cicones. There did the Athenian girl become the bride of the cold monarch, and mother, when she brought forth twin sons, who had all else of their mother, but their father's wings. Yet these wings, they say, were not born with their bodies; while the beard was not yet to be seen beneath their yellow locks, both Calais and Zetes were wingless, but soon and at the same time wings began to spring out on either side after the fashion of birds, and the cheeks began to grow tawny. So these two youths, when boyhood was passed and they had grown to man's estate, went with the Minyans over an unknown sea in that first ship to seek the bright gleaming fleece of gold.

BOOK VII

LIBER VII

IAMQUE fretum Minyae Pagasaea puppe secabant,
perpetuaque trahens inopem sub nocte senectam
Phineus visus erat, iuvenesque Aquilone creati
virgineas volucres miseri senis ore fugarant,
multaque perpessi claro sub Iasone tandem 5
contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas.
dumque adeunt regem Phrixeaque vellera poscunt
lexque datur Minyis magnorum horrenda laborum,
concepit interea validos Aetias ignes
et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem 10
vincere non poterat, "frustra, Medea, repugnas :
nescio quis deus obstat," ait, "mirumque, nisi hoc est,
aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur.
nam cur iussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur ?
sunt quoque dura nimis ! cur, quem modo denique vidi,
ne pereat, timeo ? quae tanti causa timoris ? 16
excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammæ,
si potes, infelix ! si possem, sanior essem !
sed gravat invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido,
mens aliud suadet : video meliora proboque, 20
deteriora sequor. quid in hospite, regia virgo,

342

BOOK VII

AND now the Minyans were plowing the deep in their Thessalian ship. They had seen Phineus, spending his last days helpless in perpetual night; and the sons of Boreas had driven the harpies from the presence of the unhappy king. Having experienced many adventures under their illustrious leader Jason, they reached at last the swift waters of muddy Phasis. There, while they were approaching the king and demanding the fleece that Phrixus had given to him, while the dreadful condition with its great tasks was being proposed to the Minyans, meanwhile the daughter of King Aeëtes conceived an overpowering passion. Long she fought against it, and when by reason she could not rid her of her madness she cried: "In vain, Medea, do you fight. Some god or other is opposing you; I wonder if this is not what is called love, or at least something like this. For why do the mandates of my father seem too harsh? They certainly are too harsh. Why do I fear lest he perish whom I have but now seen for the first time? What is the cause of all this fear? Come, thrust from your maiden breast these flames that you feel, if you can, unhappy girl. Ah, if I could, I should be more myself. But some strange power holds me down against my will. Desire persuades me one way, reason another. I see the better and approve it, but I follow the worse. Why do you, a

OVID

ureris et thalamos alieni concipis orbis?
 haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. vivat an ille
 occidat, in dis est. vivat tamen! idque precari
 vel sine amore licet: quid enim commisit Iason? 25
 quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas
 et genus et virtus? quem non, ut cetera desint,
 ore movere potest? certe mea pectora movit.
 at nisi opem tulero, taurorum adflabitur ore
 concurretque suae segeti, tellure creatis 30
 hostibus, aut avido dabitur fera praeda draconi.
 hoc ego si patiar, tum me de tigride natam,
 tum ferrum et scopulos gestare in corde fatebor!
 cur non et specto pereuntem oculosque videndo
 conscelero? cur non tauros exhortor in illum 35
 terrigenasque feros insopitumque draconem?
 di meliora velint! quamquam non ista precanda,
 sed facienda mihi.—prodamne ego regna parentis,
 atque ope nescio quis servabitur advena nostra,
 ut per me sospes sine me det linthea ventis 40
 virque sit alterius, poenae Medea relinquer?
 si facere hoc aliamve potest praeponere nobis,
 occidat ingratus! sed non is vultus in illo,
 non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formae,
 ut timeam fraudem meritique obliviam nostri. 45
 et dabit ante fidem, cogamque in foedera testes
 esse deos. quid tuta times? accingere et omnem
 pelle moram: tibi se semper debet Iason,
 te face sollemni iunget sibi perque Pelasgas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

royal maiden, burn for a stranger, and think upon marriage with a foreign world? This land also can give you something to love. Whether he live or die is in the lap of the gods. Yet may he live! This I may pray for even without loving him. For what has Jason done? Who that is not heartless would not be moved by Jason's youth, his noble birth, his manhood? Who, though the rest were lacking, would not be touched by his beauty? Certainly he has touched my heart. But unless I help him he will be breathed on by the bulls' fiery breath, and he will have to meet an enemy of his own sowing sprung from the earth, or he will be given as prey like any wild beast to the greedy dragon. If I permit this, then shall I confess that I am the child of a tigress and that I have iron and stone in my heart. But why can I not look on as he dies, and why is such a sight defilement for my eyes? Why do I not urge on the bulls against him, and the fierce earth-born warriors, and the sleepless dragon? Heaven forefend! and yet that is not matter for my prayers, but for my deeds. Shall I then betray my father's throne? and shall an unknown stranger be preserved by my aid, that, when saved by me, he may sail off without me, and become another's husband, while I, Medea, am left for punishment? If he can do that, if he can prefer another woman to me, let him perish, ungrateful man. But no: his look, his loftiness of soul, his grace of form are not such that I need fear deceit or forgetfulness of my service. And he shall give me his pledge beforehand, and I will compel the gods to be witnesses of our troth. Why do you fear when all is safe? Now for action, and away with all delay! Jason shall always owe himself to you, he shall join you to himself in solemn wedlock. Then you shall

servatrix urbes matrum celebrabere turba. 50
 ergo ego germanam fratremque patremque deosque
 et natale solum ventis ablata relinquam?
 nempe pater saevus, nempe est mea barbara tellus,
 frater adhuc infans; stant mecum vota sororis,
 maximus intra me deus est! non magna relinquam,
 magna sequar: titulum servatae pubis Achivae 56
 notitiamque soli melioris et oppida, quorum
 hic quoque fama viget, cultusque artesque locorum,
 quemque ego cum rebus, quas totus possidet orbis,
 Aesoniden mutasse velim, quo coniuge felix 60
 et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam.
 quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis
 dicuntur montes ratibusque inimica Charybdis
 nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis
 Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo! 65
 nempe tenens, quod amo, gremioque in Iasonis
 haerens
 per freta longa ferar; nil illum amplexa verebor
 aut, siquid metuam, metuam de coniuge solo.—
 coniugiumne vocas speciosaque nomina culpae
 inponis, Medea, tuae?—quin adspice, quantum 70
 adgrediare nefas, et, dum licet, effuge crimen!”
 dixit, et ante oculos rectum pietasque pudorque
 constiterant, et victa dabat iam terga Cupido.
 Ibat ad antiquas Hecates Perseidos aras,
 quas nemus umbrosum secretaque silva tegebat, 75
 et iam fortis erat, pulsusque recesserat ardor,
 cum videt Aesoniden exstinctaque flamma reluxit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

be hailed as his deliverer through the cities of Greece by throngs of women. And shall I then sail away and leave my sister here, my brother, father, gods, and native land? Indeed my father is a stern man, indeed my native land is barbarous, my brother is still a child, my sister's goodwill is on my side; and the greatest god is within me! I shall not be leaving great things, but going to great things: the title of saviour of the Achæan youth, acquaintance with a better land, cities, whose fame is mighty even here, the culture and arts of civilized countries, and the man I would not give in exchange for all that the wide world holds—the son of Aeson; with him as my husband I shall be called the beloved of heaven, and with my head shall touch the stars. But what of certain mountains, which, they say, come clashing together in mid-sea; and Charybdis, the sailor's dread, who now sucks in and again spews forth the waves; and greedy Scylla, girt about with savage dogs, baying in the Sicilian seas! Nay, holding that which I love, and resting in Jason's arms, I shall fare over the long reaches of the sea; in his safe embrace I shall fear nothing; or if I fear at all, I shall fear for my husband only. But do you call it marriage, Medea, and do you give fair-seeming names to your fault? Nay, rather, look ahead and see how great a wickedness you are approaching and flee it while you may." She spoke, and before her eyes stood righteousness, filial affection, and modesty; and love, defeated, was now on the point of flight.

She took her way to an ancient altar of Hecate, the daughter of Perse, hidden in the deep shades of a forest. And now she was strong of purpose and the flames of her vanquished passion had died down; when she saw the son of Aeson and the dying flame

OVID

erubuere genae, totoque recanduit ore,
utque solet ventis alimenta adsumere, quaeque
parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla
80

crescere et in veteres agitata resurgere vires,
sic iam lenis amor, iam quem languere putares,
ut vidit iuvenem, specie praesentis inarsit.
et casu solito formosior Aesone natus
illa luce fuit : posses ignoscere amanti.
85

spectat et in vultu veluti tum denique viso
lumina fixa tenet nec se mortalia demens
ora videre putat nec se declinat ab illo ;
ut vero coepitque loqui dextramque prehendit
hospes et auxilium submissa voce rogavit
90

promisitque torum, lacrimis ait illa profusis :
“ quid faciam, video : non ignorantia veri
decipiet, sed amor. servabere munere nostro,
servatus promissa dato ! ” per sacra triformis
ille deae lucoque foret quod numen in illo
95

perque patrem soceri cernentem cuncta futuri
eventusque suos et tanta pericula iurat :
creditus accepit cantatas protinus herbas
edidicitque usum laetusque in tecta recessit.

Postera depulerat stellas Aurora micantes :
100
conveniunt populi sacrum Mavortis in arvom
consistuntque iugis ; medio rex ipse resedit
agmine purpureus sceptroque insignis eburno.
ecce adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant
aeripedes tauri, tactaeque vaporibus herbae
105

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

leaped up again. Her cheeks grew red, then all her face became pale again ; and as a tiny spark, which has lain hidden beneath the ashes, is fed by a breath of wind, then grows and regains its former strength as it is fanned to life ; so now her smouldering love, which you would have thought all but dying, at sight of the young hero standing before her blazed up again. It chanced that the son of Aeson was more beautiful than usual that day : you could pardon her for loving him. She gazed upon him and held her eyes fixed on his face as if she had never seen him before ; and in her infatuation she thought the face she gazed on more than mortal, nor could she turn herself away from him. But when the stranger began to speak, grasped her right hand, and in low tones asked for her aid and promised marriage in return, she burst into tears and said : " I see what I am about to do, nor shall ignorance of the truth be my undoing, but love itself. You shall be preserved by my assistance ; but when preserved, fulfil your promise." He swore he would be true by the sacred altar of the threefold goddess, by whatever divinity might be in that grove, by the father of his father-in-law who was to be, who beholds all things, by his own successes and his mighty perils. She believed ; and straight he received the magic herbs and learnt their use, then withdrew full of joy into his lodging.

The next dawn had put to flight the twinkling stars. Then the throngs gathered into the sacred field of Mars and took their stand on the heights. In the midst of the company sat the king himself, clad in purple, and conspicuous with his ivory sceptre. —See ! here come the brazen-footed bulls, breathing fire from nostrils of adamant. The very grass shrivels up at the touch of their hot breath. And as full furnaces

OVID

aut ubi terrena silices fornace soluti
 concipiunt ignem liquidarum adspergine aquarum,
 pectora sic intus clausas volventia flammās
 gutturaque usta sonant; tamen illis Aesone natus
 obuius it. vertere truces venientis ad ora 111
 terribiles vultus praefixaque cornua ferro
 pulvereumque solum pede pulsavere bisulco
 fumificisque locum mugitibus inpleverunt.
 deriguere metu Minyae; subit ille nec ignes 115
 sensit anhelatos; tantum medicamina possunt,
 pendulaque audaci mulcet palearia dextra
 suppositosque iugo pondus grave cogit aratri
 ducere et insuetum ferro proscindere campum:
 mirantur Colchi, Minyae clamoribus augent 120
 adiciuntque animos. galea tum sumit aena
 vipereos dentes et aratos spargit in agros.
 semina mollit humus valido praetincta veneno,
 et crescunt fluntque sati nova corpora dentes,
 utque hominis speciem materna sumit in alvo 125
 perque suos intus numeros conponitur infans
 nec nisi maturus communes exit in auras,
 sic, ubi visceribus gravidæ telluris imago
 effecta est hominis, feto consurgit in arvo,
 quodque magis mirum est, simul edita concutit arma.
 quos ubi viderunt praeacutæ cuspidis hastas 131
 in caput Haemonii iuvenis torquere parantis,
 demisere metu vultumque animumque Pelasgi;
 ipsa quoque extimuit, quæ tutum fecerat illum.
 utque peti vidit iuvenem tot ab hostibus unum, 135
 350

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

are wont to roar, or as limestones burned in the lime-kiln hiss and grow hot when water is poured upon them; so did the bulls' chests and parched throats rumble with the fires pent up within. Nevertheless the son of Aeson went forward to meet them. As he came towards them the fierce beasts turned upon him terrible faces and sharp horns tipped with iron, pawed the dusty earth with their cloven feet, and filled the place with their fiery bellowings. The Minyans were stark with fear; he went up to the bulls, not feeling their hot breath at all, so great is the power of charmed drugs; and stroking their hanging dew-laps with fearless hand, he placed the yoke on their necks and made them draw the heavy plow and cut through the field that had never felt steel before. The Colchians are amazed; but the Minyans shouted aloud and increased their hero's courage. Next he took from a brazen helmet the serpent's teeth and sowed them broadcast in the plowed field. The earth softened these seeds steeped in virulent poison and the teeth swelled up and took on new forms. And just as in its mother's body an infant gradually assumes human form, and is perfected within through all its parts, and does not come forth to the common light until it is fully formed; so, when the forms of men had been completed in the womb of the pregnant earth, they rose up on the teeming soil and, what is yet more wonderful, each clashed weapons that had been brought forth with him. When the Greeks saw them preparing to hurl sharp-pointed spears at the head of the Thessalian hero, their faces fell with fear and their hearts failed them. She also, who had safeguarded him, was sore afraid; and when she saw him, one man, attacked by so many foes, she grew pale, and

OVID

palluit et subito sine sanguine frigida sedit,
 neve parum valeant a se data gramina, carmen
 auxiliare canit secretasque advocat artes.
 ille gravem medios silicem iaculatus in hostes
 a se depulsum Martem convertit in ipsos : 140
 terrigenae pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres
 civilique cadunt acie. gratantur Achivi
 victoremque tenent avidisque amplexibus haerent.
 tu quoque victorem conplecti, barbara, velles :
 obstitit incepto pudor, at complexa fuisses ¹ 145
 sed te, ne faceres, tenuit reverentia famae.
 quod licet, adfectu tacito laetaris agisque
 carminibus grates et dis auctoribus horum.

Pervigilem superest herbis sopire draconem,
 qui crista linguisque tribus praesignis et uncis 150
 dentibus horrendus custos erat arboris aureae.
 hunc postquam sparsit Lethaei gramine suci
 verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos,
 quae mare turbatum, quae concita flumina sistunt,
 somnus in ignotos oculos sibi venit, et auro 155
 heros Aesonius potitur spolioque superbus
 muneris auctorem secum, spolia altera, portans
 victor Iolciacos tetigit cum coniuge portus.

Haemoniae matres pro gnatis dona receptis
 grandaevique ferunt patres congestaque flamma 160
 tura liquefaciunt, inductaque cornibus aurum
 victima vota litat, sed abest gratantibus Aeson

¹ Line 145 bracketed by Ehwald.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

sat there suddenly cold and bloodless. And, lest the charmed herbs which she had given him should not be strong enough, she chanted a spell to help them and called in her secret arts. But he hurled a heavy rock into the midst of his enemies and so turned their fury away from him upon themselves. The earth-born brethren perished by each other's wounds and fell fighting in internecine strife. Then did the Greeks congratulate the victorious youth, catching him in their arms and clinging to him in eager embraces. You also, barbarian maiden, would gladly have embraced the victor; your modesty stood in the way. Still, you would have embraced him; but respect for common talk held you back. What was allowed you did, gazing on him with silent joy and thanking your spells and the gods who gave them.

There remained the task of putting to sleep the ever-watchful dragon with magic herbs. This creature, distinguished by a crest, a three-forked tongue and hooked fangs, was the awful guardian of the golden tree. After Jason had sprinkled upon him the Lethæan juice of a certain herb and thrice had recited the words that bring peaceful slumber, which stay the swollen sea and swift-flowing rivers, then sleep came to those eyes which had never known sleep before, and the heroic son of Aeson gained the golden fleece. Proud of this spoil and bearing with him the giver of his prize, another spoil, the victor and his wife in due time reached the harbour of Iolchos.

The Thessalian mothers and aged fathers bring gifts in honour of their sons' safe return, and burn incense heaped on the altar flames, and the victim with gilded horns which they have vowed is slain. But Aeson is absent from the rejoicing throng, being

iam propior leto fessusque senilibus annis,
 cum sic Aesonides : "o cui debere salutem
 confiteor, coniunx, quamquam mihi cuncta dedisti
 excessitque fidem meritorum summa tuorum, 166
 si tamen hoc possunt (quid enim non carmina
 possint?)

deme meis annis et demptos adde parenti!"
 nec tenuit lacrimas; mota est pietate rogantis,
 dissimilemque animum subiit Aeeta relictus; 170
 nec tamen adfectus talis confessa "quod" inquit
 "excidit ore tuo, coniunx, scelus? ergo ego cuiquam
 posse tuae videor spatium transcribere vitae?
 nec sinat hoc Hecate, nec tu petis aequa; sed isto,
 quod petis, experiar maius dare munus, Iason. 175
 arte mea soceri longum temptabimus aevum,
 non annis revocare tuis, modo diva triformis
 adiuvet et praesens ingentibus adnuat ausis."

Tres aberant noctes, ut cornua tota coirent
 efficerentque orbem; postquam plenissima fulsit 180
 ac solida terras spectavit imagine luna,
 egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,
 nuda pedem, nudos umeris infusa capillos,
 fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis
 incommitata gradus; homines volucresque ferasque 185
 solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmure saepes,¹
 inmotaeque silent frondes, silet umidus aer,
 sidera sola micant: ad quae sua bracchia tendens
 ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine crinem
 inroravit aquis ternisque ululatibus ora 190

¹ So Merkel. Ehwald with some MSS. gives two lines for 186;
 solverat alta quies, nullo cum murmure serpunt:
 sopitis similes, nullo cum murmure saepes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

now near death and heavy with the weight of years. Then says the son of Aeson: "O wife, to whom I freely own my deliverance is due, although you have already given me all, and the sum of your benefits has exceeded all my hopes; still, if your spells can do this—and what can they not do?—take some portion from my own years of life and give this to my father." And he could not restrain his tears. Medea was moved by the petitioner's filial love, and the thought of Aeëtes deserted came into her mind, how different from Jason's! Still, not confessing such feelings, she replied: "What impious words have fallen from your lips, my husband? Can I then transfer to any man, think you, a portion of your life? Neither would Hecate permit this, nor is your request right. But a greater boon than what you ask, my Jason, will I try to give. By my art and not your years I will try to renew your father's long span of life, if only the three-formed goddess will help me and grant her present aid in this great deed which I dare attempt."

There were yet three nights before the horns of the moon would meet and make the round orb. When the moon shone at her fullest and looked down upon the earth with unbroken shape, Medea went forth from her house clad in flowing robes, barefoot, her hair unadorned and streaming down her shoulders; and all alone she wandered out into the deep stillness of midnight. Men, birds, and beasts were sunk in profound repose; there was no sound in the hedgerow; the leaves hung mute and motionless; the dewy air was still. Only the stars twinkled. Stretching up her arms to these, she turned thrice about, thrice sprinkled water caught up from a flowing stream upon her head and thrice

OVID

solvit et in dura submisso poplite terra
 "Nox" ait "arcanis fidissima, quaeque diurnis
 aurea cum luna succeditis ignibus astra,
 tuque, triceps Hecate, quae coeptis conscia nostris
 adiutrixque venis cantusque artisque magorum, 195
 quaeque magos, Tellus, pollentibus instruis herbis,
 auraeque et venti montesque amnesque lacusque,
 dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste,
 quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes
 in fontes rediere suos, concussaue sisto, 200
 stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello
 nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque,
 vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces,
 vivaque saxa sua convulsaue robora terra
 et silvas moveo iubeoque tremescere montis 205
 et mugire solum manesque exire sepulcris!
 te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesaea labores
 aera tuos minuant; currus quoque carmine nostro
 pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora venenis!
 vos mihi taurorum flammās hebetastis et unco 210
 inpatiens oneris collum pressistis aratro,
 vos serpentigenis in se fera bella dedistis
 custodemque rudem somni sopistis et aurum
 vindice decepto Graias misistis in urbes:
 nunc opus est sucis, per quos renovata senectus 215
 in florem redeat primosque recolligat annos,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

gave tongue in wailing cries. Then she kneeled down upon the hard earth and prayed: "O Night, faithful preserver of mysteries, and ye bright stars, whose golden beams with the moon succeed the fires of day; thou three-formed Hecate, who knowest our undertakings and comest to their aid; ye spells and arts that the wise men use; and thou, O Earth, who dost provide the wise men with thy potent herbs; ye breezes and winds, ye mountains and streams and pools; all ye gods of the groves, all ye gods of the night: be with me now. With your help when I have willed it, the streams have run back to their fountain-heads, while the banks wondered; I lay the swollen, and stir up the calm seas by my spell; I drive the clouds and bring on the clouds; the winds I dispel and summon; I break the jaws of serpents with my incantations; living rocks and oaks I root up from their own soil; I move the forests, I bid the mountains shake, the earth to rumble and the ghosts to come forth from their tombs. Thee also, Luna, do I draw from the sky, though the clanging bronze of Temesa strive to aid thy throes¹; even the chariot of the Sun, my grandsire, pales at my song; Aurora pales at my poisons. You dulled the bulls' flames at my command; you pressed under the curved plow those necks which had endured no weight. You turned the savage onslaught of the serpent-born band against themselves; you lulled the watcher who knew no sleep, and beguiling the defender sent the golden prize back to the cities of Greece. Now I have need of juices by whose aid old age may be renewed and may turn back to the bloom of youth and regain its early years. And you

¹ At an eclipse it was usual to make a noise in order to frighten away the malignant influence.

OVID

et dabit. neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra,
 nec frustra voluerum tractus cervice draconum
 currus adest." aderat demissus ab aethere currus.
 quo simul adscendit frenataque colla draconum 220
 permulsit manibusque leves agitavit habenas,
 sublimis rapitur subiectaque Thessala Tempe
 dispicit et certis regionibus adplicat angues :
 et quas Ossa tulit, quas altum Pelion herbas
 Othrysque et Pindus, quas Pindo maior Olympus, 225
 perspicit et placitas partim radice revellit,
 partim succidit curvamine falcis aenae.
 multa quoque Apidani placuerunt gramina ripis,
 multa quoque Amphrysi, neque eras immunis, Enipeu ;
 nec non Peneos nec non Spercheides undae 230
 contribuere aliquid iuncosaque litora Boebes ;
 carpsit et Euboica vivax Anthedone gramen,
 nondum mutato vulgatum corpore Glauci.

Et iam nona dies curru pennisque draconum
 nonaque nox omnes lustrantem viderat agros, 235
 cum rediit ; neque erant tacti nisi odore dracones,
 et tamen annosae pellem posuere senectae.
 constitit adveniens citra limenque foresque
 et tantum caelo tegitur refugitque viriles
 contactus, statuitque aras de caespite binas, 240
 dexteriore Hecates, ast laeva parte Iuventae.
 has ubi verbenis silvaque incinxit agresti,
 haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
 sacra facit cultrosque in guttura velleris atri
 coniecit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas ; 245
 358

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will give them; for not in vain have the stars gleamed in reply, not in vain is my car at hand, drawn by winged dragons." There was the car, sent down from the sky. When she had mounted therein and stroked the bridled necks of the dragon team, shaking the light reins with her hands she was whirled aloft. She looked down on Thessalian Tempe lying below, and turned her dragons towards regions that she knew. All the herbs that Ossa bore, and high Pelion, Othrys and Pindus and Olympus, greater than Pindus, she surveyed: and those that pleased her, some she plucked up by the roots and some she cut off with the curved blade of a bronze pruning-hook. Many grasses also she chose from the banks of the Apidanus, many from Amphrysus. Nor were you, Enipeus, left without toll; Peneus also, and Spercheus gave something, and the reedy banks of Boebe. From Euboean Anthedon came a grass that gives long life, a herb not yet made famous by the change which it produced in Glaucus' body.

And now nine days and nine nights had seen her traversing all lands, drawn in her car by her winged dragons, when she returned. The dragons had not been touched save by the odour of the herbs, and yet they sloughed off their skins of many long years. As she came Medea stopped this side of the threshold and the door; covered by the sky alone, she avoided her husband's embrace, and built two turf altars, one on the right to Hecate and one on the left to Youth. She wreathed these with boughs from the wild wood, then hard by she dug two ditches in the earth and performed her rites; plunging her knife into the throat of a black sheep, she drenched the open ditches with his blood. Next she poured upon

tum super invergens liquidi carchesia vini
 alteraque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis,
 verba simul fudit terrenaque numina civit
 umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem,
 ne properent artus anima fraudare senili. 250

Quos ubi placavit precibusque et murmure longo,
 Aesonis effetum proferri corpus ad auras
 iussit et in plenos resolutum carmine somnos
 exanimi similem stratis porrexit in herbis.
 hinc procul Aesoniden, procul hinc iubet ire ministros
 et monet arcanis oculos remove profanos. 256

diffugiunt iussi; passis Medea capillis
 bacchantum ritu flagrantis circuit aras
 multifidasque faces in fossa sanguinis atra
 tinguit et infectas geminis accendit in aris 260
 terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat.

Interea validum posito medicamen aeno
 fervet et exsultat spumisque tumentibus albet.
 illic Haemonia radices valle resectas
 seminaque floresque et sucos incoquit acres; 265
 adicit extremo lapides Oriente petitos
 et quas Oceani refluxum mare lavit harenas;
 addit et exceptas luna pernocte pruinas
 et strigis infamis ipsis cum carnibus alas
 inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos 270
 ambigui prosecta lupi; nec defuit illis
 squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chelydri
 vivacisque iecur cervi; quibus insuper addit
 ova caputque novem cornicis saecula passae.
 his et mille aliis postquam sine nomine rebus 275
 360

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it bronze bowls of liquid wine, and bowls of milk still warm, while at the same time she uttered her incantations, called up the deities of the earth, and prayed the king of the shades with his stolen bride not to be in haste to rob the old man's body of the breath of life.

When she had appeased all these divinities by long, low-muttered prayers, she bade her people bring out under the open sky old Aeson's worn-out body; and having buried him in a deep slumber by her spells, like one dead she stretched him out on a bed of herbs. Far hence she bade Jason go, far hence all the attendants, and warned them not to look with profane eyes upon her secret rites. They retired as she had bidden. Medea, with streaming hair after the fashion of the Bacchantes, moved round the blazing altars, and dipping many-cleft sticks in the dark pools of blood, she lit the gory sticks at the altar flames. Thrice she purified the old man with fire, thrice with water, thrice with sulphur.

Meanwhile the strong potion in the bronze pot is boiling, leaping and frothing white with the swelling foam. In this pot she boils roots cut in a Thessalian vale, together with seeds, flowers, and strong juices. She adds to these ingredients pebbles sought for in the farthest Orient and sands which the ebbing tide of Ocean laves. She adds hoar frost gathered under the full moon, the wings of the uncanny screech-owl with the flesh as well, and the entrails of a werewolf which has the power of changing its wild-beast features into a man's. There also in the pot is the scaly skin of a slender Cinyphian water-snake, the liver of a long-lived stag, to which she adds also the head of a crow nine centuries old. When with these and a thousand other nameless things the barbarian

OVID

propositum instruxit mortali barbara maius,
 arenti ramo iampridem mitis olivae
 omnia confudit summisque inmiscuit ima.
 ecce vetus calido versatus stipes aeno
 fit viridis primo nec longo tempore frondes 280
 induit et subito gravidis oneratur olivis :
 at quacumque cavo spumas eiecit aeno
 ignis et in terram guttae cecidere calentes,
 vernat humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt.
 quae simul ac vidit, stricto Medea recludit 285
 ense senis iugulum veteremque exire cruorem
 passa replet sucis ; quos postquam conbibit Aeson
 aut ore acceptos aut vulnere, barba comaeque
 canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem,
 pulsa fugit macies, abeunt pallorque situsque, 290
 adiectoque cavae supplentur corpore rugae,
 membraque luxuriant : Aeson miratur et olim
 ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos.

Viderat ex alto tanti miracula monstri
 Liber et admonitus, iuvenes nutricibus annos 295
 posse suis reddi, capit hoc a Colchide munus.

Neve doli cessent, odium cum coniuge falsum
 Phasias adsimulat Peliaeque ad limina supplex
 confugit ; atque illam, quoniam gravis ipse senecta est,
 excipiunt natae ; quas tempore callida parvo 300
 Colchis amicitiae mendacis imagine cepit,
 dumque refert inter meritorum maxima demptos
 Aesonis esse situs atque hac in parte moratur,
 spes est virginibus Pelia subiecta creatis,

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woman had prepared her more than mortal plan, she stirred it all up with a branch of the fruitful olive long since dry and well mixed the top and bottom together. And lo, the old dry stick, when moved about in the hot broth, grew green at first, in a short time put forth leaves, and then suddenly was loaded with teeming olives. And wherever the froth bubbled over from the hollow pot, and the hot drops fell upon the ground, the earth grew green and flowers and soft grass sprang up. When she saw this, Medea unsheathed her knife and cut the old man's throat; then, letting the old blood all run out, she filled his veins with her brew. When Aeson had drunk this in part through his lips and part through the wound, his beard and hair lost their hoary grey and quickly became black again; his leanness vanished, away went the pallor and the look of neglect, the deep wrinkles were filled out with new flesh, his limbs had the strength of youth. Aeson was filled with wonder, and remembered that this was he forty years ago.

Now Bacchus had witnessed this marvel from his station in the sky, and learning from this that his own nurses might be restored to their youthful years, he obtained this boon from the Colchian woman.

That malice might have its turn, the Phasian woman feigned a quarrel with her husband, and fled as a suppliant to the house of Pelias. There, since the king himself was heavy with years, his daughters gave her hospitable reception. These girls the crafty Colchian in a short time won over by a false show of friendliness; and while she was relating among the most remarkable of her achievements the rejuvenation of Aeson, dwelling particularly on that, the daughters of Pelias were induced to hope that by

arte suum parili revirescere posse parentem, 305
 idque petunt pretiumque iubent sine fine pacisci.
 illa brevi spatio silet et dubitare videtur
 suspenditque animos ficta gravitate rogantes.
 mox ubi pollicita est, "quo sit fiducia maior
 muneris huius" ait, "qui vestri maximus aevo est 310
 dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet."
 protinus innumeris effetus laniger annis
 attrahitur flexo circum cava tempora cornu;
 cuius ut Haemonio marcentia guttura cultro
 fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum, 315
 membra simul pecudis validosque venefica sucos
 mergit in aere cavo: minuunt ea corporis artus
 cornuaque exurunt nec non cum cornibus annos,
 et tener auditur medio balatus aeno:
 nec mora, balatum mirantibus exsilit agnus 320
 lascivitque fuga lactantiaque ubera quaerit.

Obstipuere satae Pelia, promissaque postquam
 exhibuere fidem, tum vero inpensius instant.
 ter iuga Phoebus equis in Hiberno flumine mersis
 demperat et quarta radiantia nocte micabant 325
 sidera, cum rapido fallax Aetias igni
 imponit purum laticem et sine viribus herbas.
 iamque neci similis resoluta corpore regem
 et cum rege suo custodes somnus habebat,
 quem dederant cantus magicaeque potentia linguae;
 intrarant iussae cum Colchide limina natae 331
 364

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skill like this their own father might be made young again. And they beg this boon, bidding her name the price, no matter how great. She made no reply for a little while and seemed to hesitate, keeping the minds of her suppliants in suspense by feigned deep meditation. When she had at length given her promise, she said to them: "That you may have the greater confidence in this boon, the oldest leader of the flock among your sheep shall become a lamb again by my drugs." Straightway a woolly ram, worn out with untold years, was brought forward, his great horns curving round his hollow temples. When Medea cut his scrawny throat with her Thesalian knife, barely staining the weapon with his scanty blood, she plunged his carcass into a kettle of bronze, throwing in at the same time juices of great potency. These made his body shrink, burnt away his horns, and with his horns, his years. And now a thin bleating was heard from within the pot; and, even while they were wondering at the sound, out jumped a lamb and ran frisking away to find some udder to give him milk.

Pelias' daughters looked on in amazement; and now that these promises had been performed, they urged their request still more eagerly than before. Three times had Phoebus unyoked his steeds after their plunge in Ebro's stream, and on the fourth night the stars were shining bright in the sky, when the treacherous daughter of Aeëtes set some clear water over a hot fire and put therein herbs of no potency. And now a death-like sleep held the king, his body all relaxed, and with the king his guards, sleep which incantations and the potency of magic words had given. The king's daughters, as they were bid, entered his chamber with the Colchian and stood

OVID

ambierantque torum : “ quid nunc dubitatis inertes ?
stringite ” ait “ gladios veteremque haurite crurorem,
ut repleam vacuas iuvenali sanguine venas !

in manibus vestris vita est aetasque parentis : 335
si pietas ulla est nec spes agitatis inanis,
officium praestate patri telisque senectam
exigite, et saniem coniecto emittite ferro ! ”

his, ut quaeque pia est, hortatibus in pia prima est
et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus : haud tamen ictus 340

ulla suos spectare potest, oculosque reflectunt,
caecaque dant saevis aversae vulnera dextris.
ille cruore fluens, cubito tamen adlevat artus,
semilacerque toro temptat consurgere, et inter
tot medius gladios pallentia bracchia tendens 345

“ quid facitis, gnatae ? quid vos in fata parentis
armat ? ” ait : cecidere illis animique manusque ;
plura locuturo cum verbis guttura Colchis
abstulit et calidis laniatum mersit in undis.

Quod nisi pennatis serpentibus isset in auras, 350
non exempta foret poenae : fugit alta superque
Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta, superque
Othryn et eventu veteris loca nota Cerambi :
hic ope nympharum sublatu in aera pennis,
cum gravis infuso tellus foret obruta ponto, 355
Deucalioneas effugit inobrutus undas.

Aeoliam Pitanen a laeva parte relinquit
factaque de saxo longi simulacra draconis
Idaeumque nemus, quo nati furta, iuvenum,
occuluit Liber falsi sub imagine cervi, 360
366

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around his bed. "Why do you hesitate now, you laggards?" Medea said. "Come, draw your swords, and let out his old blood that I may refill his empty veins with young blood again. In your own hands rests your father's life and youth. If you have any filial love, and if the hopes are not vain that you are cherishing, come, do your duty by your father; drive out age at your weapon's point; let out his enfeebled blood with the stroke of the steel." Spurred on by these words, as each was filial she became first in the unfilial act, and that she might not be wicked did the wicked deed. Nevertheless, none could bear to see her own blows; they turned their eyes away; and so with averted faces they blindly struck with cruel hands. The old man, streaming with blood, still raised himself on his elbow and half mangled tried to get up from his bed; and with all those swords round him, he stretched out his pale arms and cried: "What are you doing, my daughters? What arms you to your father's death?" Their courage left them, their hands fell. When he would have spoken further, the Colchian cut his throat and plunged his mangled body into the boiling water.

But had she not gone away through the air drawn by her winged dragons, she would not have escaped punishment. High up she sped over shady Pelion, the home of Chiron, over Othrys and the regions made famous by the adventure of old Cerambus. (He, by the aid of the nymphs borne up into the air on wings, at the time when the heavy earth had sunk beneath the overwhelming sea, escaped Deucalion's flood undrowned.) Aeolian Pitane she passed by on the left, with its huge serpent image made of stone; and Ida's grove, where Bacchus, to conceal his son's theft, changed the bullock into the seeming form of

OVID

quaque pater Corythi parva tumulatus harena est,
 et quos Maera novo latratu terruit agros,
 Eurypylique urbem, qua Coae cornua matres
 gesserunt tum, cum discederet Herculis agmen,
 Phoebeamque Rhodon et Ialysios Telchinas, 365
 quorum oculos ipso vitiantes omnia visu
 Iuppiter exosus fraternis subdidit undis;
 transit et antiquae Cartheia moenia Caeae,
 qua pater Alcidas placidam de corpore natae
 miraturus erat nasci potuisse columbam. 370
 inde lacus Hyries videt et Cycneia Tempe,
 quae subitus celebravit olor: nam Phyllius illic
 imperio pueri volucrisque ferumque leonem
 tradiderat domitos; taurum quoque vincere iussus
 vicerat et spreto totiens iratus amore 375
 praemia poscenti taurum suprema negabat;
 ille indignatus "cupies dare" dixit et alto
 desiluit saxo; cuncti cecidisse putabant;
 factus olor niveis pendebat in aere pennis;
 at genetrix Hyrie, servatum nescia, flendo 380
 dilicuit stagnumque suo de nomine fecit.
 adiacet his Pleuron, in qua trepidantibus alis
 Ophias effugit natorum vulnera Combe;
 inde Calaureae Letoidos adspicit arva
 in voluerem versi cum coniuge conscia regis. 385
 dextera Cyllene est, in qua cum matre Menephron
 concubiturus erat saevarum more ferarum;
 Cephison procul hinc deflentem fata nepotis
 368

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a stag; where the father of Corythus lay buried beneath a small mound of sand; where Maera spread terror through the fields by her strange barking; over the city of Eurypylus where the women of Cos wore horns what time the band of Hercules withdrew; over Rhodes, beloved of Phoebus; and the Telchines of Ialysus whose eyes, blighting all things by their very glance, Jupiter in scorn and hatred plunged beneath his brother's waves. She passed also the walls of ancient Carthaea on the island of Cea, where father Alcidamas was sometime to marvel that a peaceful dove could have sprung from his daughter's body. Next Hyrie's lake she saw, and Tempe, which Cyenus' sudden change into a swan made famous. For there Phyllius, at the command of a boy, had tamed and brought him wild birds and a savage lion; being commanded to tame a wild bull also, he had tamed him, but angry that so often his love was spurned, he withheld the last gift of the bull from the boy who asked it; whereupon the boy in anger said, "You will wish you had given it," and leaped forthwith from a cliff. They all thought that he had fallen; but changed to a swan he remained floating in the air on snowy wings. But Hyrie, his mother, not knowing that her son was saved, melted away in tears and became a pool of the same name. Near these regions lies Pleuron, where Combe, the daughter of Ophiüs, escaped death at the hands of her sons on fluttering wings. After that, she sees the fertile island of Calaurea, sacred to Latona, the island that saw the king and his wife both changed into birds. On her right lies Cyllene, which Menephron was doomed to defile with incest after the wild beasts' fashion. Far off from here she looks down on the Cephissus, bewailing the fate of his

respicit in tumidam phocen ab Apolline versi
 Eumelique domum lugentis in aere natum. 390

Tandem vipereis Ephyren Pirenida pennis
 contigit: hic aevo veteres mortalia primo
 corpora vulgarunt pluvialibus edita fungis.
 sed postquam Colchis arsit nova nupta venenis
 flagrantemque domum regis mare vidit utrumque, 395
 sanguine natorum perfunditur inpius ensis,
 ultaque se male mater Iasonis effugit arma.
 hinc Titaniacis ablata draconibus intrat
 Palladias arces, quae te, iustissima Phene,
 teque, senex Peripha, pariter videre volantes 400
 innixamque novis neptem Polypemonis alis.
 excipit hanc Aegeus facto damnandus in uno,
 nec satis hospitium est, thalami quoque foedere iungit.

Iamque aderat Theseus, proles ignara parenti,
 qui virtute sua bimarem pacaverat Isthmon: 405
 huius in exitium miscet Medea, quod olim
 attulerat secum Scythicis aconiton ab oris.
 illud Echidneae memorant e dentibus ortum
 esse canis: specus est tenebroso caecus hiatu,
 est via declivis, per quam Tiryntius heros 410
 restantem contraque diem radiosque micantes
 obliquantem oculos nexis adamante catenis
 Cerberon abstraxit, rabida qui concitus ira
 inplevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
 et sparsit virides spumis albentibus agros; 415
 370

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grandson changed by Apollo into a plump sea-calf; and upon the home of Eumelus, who lamented that his son now dwelt in air.

At length, upborne by the snaky wings, she reached Corinth of the sacred spring. Here, according to ancient tradition, in the earliest times men's bodies sprang from mushrooms. But after the new wife had been burnt by the Colchian witchcraft, and the two seas had seen the king's palace aflame, she stained her impious sword in the blood of her sons; and then, after this horrid vengeance, the mother fled Jason's sword. Borne hence by her dragons sprung from Titans' blood, she entered the citadel of Pallas, which beheld you, most righteous Phene, and you, old Periphas, flying side by side, and the granddaughter¹ of Polypemon upborne by new-sprung wings. Aegeus received her, that one deed enough to doom him; but he was not content with hospitality: he made her his wife as well.

And now came Theseus, a son that his father knew not; who by his manly prowess had established peace on the Isthmus between its two seas. Bent on his destruction, Medea mixed in a cup a poison which she had brought long ago from the Scythian shores. This poison, they say, came from the mouth of the Echidnean dog. There is a cavern with a dark, yawning throat and a way down-sloping, along which Hercules, the hero of Tiryns, dragged Cerberus with chains wrought of adamant, while the great dog fought and turned away his eyes from the bright light of day. He, goaded on to mad frenzy, filled all the air with his threefold howls, and sprinkled the green fields with white foam. Men think that these flecks of foam grew; and,

¹ Aleyone.

OVID

has concreasse putant nactasque alimenta feracis
 fecundique soli vires cepisse nocendi ;
 quae quia nascuntur dura vivacia caute,
 agrestes aconita vocant. ea coniugis astu
 ipse parens Aegeus nato porrexit ut hosti. 420
 sumpserat ignara Theseus data pocula dextra,
 cum pater in capulo gladii cognovit eburno
 signa sui generis facinusque excussit ab ore.
 effugit illa necem nebulis per carmina motis ;
 At genitor, quamquam laetatur sospite nato, 425
 attonitus tamen est, ingens discrimine parvo
 committi potuisse nefas : foveat ignibus aras
 muneribusque deos inplet, feriuntque secures
 colla torosa boum vinctorum tempora vittis.
 nullus Erechthidis fertur celebratior illo 430
 inluxisse dies : agitant convivia patres
 et medium vulgus nec non et carmina vino
 ingenium faciente canunt : “ te, maxime Theseu,
 mirata est Marathon Cretaei sanguine tauri,
 quodque suis securus arat Cromyona colonus, 435
 munus opusque tuum est ; tellus Epidauria per te
 clavigeram vidit Vulcani occumbere prolem,
 vidit et inमितem Cephisias ora Procrusten,
 Cercyonis letum vidit Cerealis Eleusin.
 occidit ille Sinis magnis male viribus usus, 440
 qui poterat curvare trabes et agebat ab alto
 ad terram late sparsuras corpora pinus.
 tutus ad Alcathoen, Lelegeia moenia, limes
 composito Scirone patet, sparsisque latronis
 372

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drawing nourishment from the rich, rank soil, they gained power to hurt; and because they spring up and flourish on hard rocks, the country folk call them aconite.¹ This poison, through the treachery of his wife, father Aegeus himself presented to his son as though to a stranger. Theseus had taken and raised the cup in his unwitting hand, when the father recognized the tokens of his own family on the ivory hilt of the sword which Theseus wore, and he dashed the vile thing from his lips. But Medea escaped death in a dark whirlwind her witch songs raised.

But the father, though he rejoiced at his son's deliverance, was still horror-struck that so monstrous an iniquity could have been so nearly done. He kindled fires upon the altars, made generous gifts to the gods; his axes struck at the brawny necks of bulls with ribbons about their horns. It is said that no day ever dawned for the Athenians more glad than that. The elders and the common folk made merry together. Together they sang their songs, with wit inspired by wine: "You, O most mighty Theseus, Marathon extols for the blood of the Cretan bull; and that the farmer of Cromyon may till his fields in peace is your gift and your deed. Through you the land of Epidaurus saw Vulcan's club-wielding son² laid low; the banks of Cephissus saw the merciless Procrustes slain; Eleusis, the town of Ceres, beheld Cereyon's death. By your hand fell that Sinis of great strength turned to evil uses, who could bend the trunks of trees, and force down to earth the pine-tops to shoot men's bodies far out through the air. A way lies safe and open now to Alcathœ and the Lelegeian walls, now that Sciron is no more. To this robber's scattered bones both land

¹ *i.e.* "growing without soil."

² Periphetes.

OVID

terra negat sedem, sedem negat ossibus unda ; 445
 quae iactata diu fertur durasse vetustas
 in scopulos : scopulis nomen Scironis inhaeret.
 si titulos annosque tuos numerare velimus,
 facta prement annos. pro te, fortissime, vota
 publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus." 450
 consonat adsensu populi precibusque faventum
 regia, nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est.

Nec tamen (usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas,
 sollicitumque aliquid laetis intervenit) Aegeus
 gaudia percepit nato secura recepto : 455
 bella parat Minos ; qui quamquam milite, quamquam
 classe valet, patria tamen est firmissimus ira
 Androgeique necem iustis ulciscitur armis.
 ante tamen bello vires acquirit amicas,
 quaque potens habitus volucris freta classe pererrat :
 hinc Anaphen sibi iungit et Astypaleia regna, 461
 (promissis Anaphen, regna Astypaleia bello) ;
 hinc humilem Myconon cretosaque rura Cimoli
 florentemque thymo Syron planamque Seriphon
 marmoreamque Paron, quamque inopia prodidit Arne
 Sithonis : accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro 466
 mutata est in avem, quae nunc quoque diligit aurum,
 nigra pedes, nigris velata monedula pennis.

At non Oliaros Didymaeque et Tenos et Andros
 et Gyaros nitidaeque ferax Peparethos olivae 470
 Gnosiacas iuvere rates ; latere inde sinistro
 Oenopiam Minos petit, Aeacideia regna :
 Oenopiam veteres adpellavere, sed ipse
 Aeacus Aeginam genetricis nomine dixit.

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and sea denied a resting-place; but, long tossed about, it is said that in time they hardened into cliffs; and the cliffs still bear the name of Sciron. If we should wish to count your praises and your years, your deeds would exceed your years. For you, brave hero, we give public thanks and prayers, to you we drain our cups of wine." The palace resounds with the applause of the people and the prayers of the happy revellers; nowhere in the whole city is there any place for gloom.

And yet—so true it is that there is no pleasure unalloyed, and some care always comes to mar our joys—Aegeus' rejoicing over his son's return was not unmixed with care. Minos was threatening war. Strong in men and ships, he was yet most strong in fatherly resentment and with just arms was seeking to avenge the death of his son Androgeos. But first he sought for friendly aid for his warfare; and he scoured the sea in the swift fleet in which his chief strength lay. He joined to his cause Anaphe and Astypalaea, the first by promises, the second by threats of war; the low-lying Myconus and the chalky fields of Cimolus; Syros covered with wild thyme, level Seriphos, Paros of the marble cliffs, and that place which impious Sithonian Arne betrayed, and having received the gold which she in her greed had demanded, was changed into a bird which even now delights in gold, a black-footed, black-winged daw.

But Oliaros and Didymae, Tenos, Andros, Gyaros and Peparethos, rich in glossy olives, gave no aid to the Cretan fleet. Sailing thence to the left, Minos sought Oenopia, the realm of the Aeacidae. Men of old time had called the place Oenopia; but Aeacus himself styled it Aegina by his mother's name. At

OVID

turba ruit tantaeque virum cognoscere famae 475
 expetit ; occurrunt illi Telamonque minorque
 quam Telamon Peleus et proles tertia Phocus ;
 ipse quoque egreditur tardus gravitate senili
 Aeacus et, quae sit veniendi causa requirit.
 admonitus patrii luctus suspirat et illi 480
 dicta refert rector populorum talia centum :
 “ arma iuves oro pro gnato sumpta piaque
 pars sis militiae ; tumulo solacia posco.”
 huic Asopiades “ petis inrita ” dixit “ et urbi
 non facienda meae ; neque enim coniunctior ulla 485
 Cecropidis est hac tellus : ea foedera nobis.”
 tristis abit “ stabunt ” que “ tibi tua foedera magno ”
 dixit et utilius bellum putat esse minari
 quam gerere atque suas ibi praeconsumere vires.
 classis ab Oenopiis etiamnum Lyctia muris 490
 spectari poterat, cum pleno concita velo
 Attica puppis adest in portusque intrat amicos,
 quae Cephalum patriaeque simul mandata ferebat.
 Aeacidæ longo iuvenes post tempore visum
 agnovere tamen Cephalum dextrasque dedere 495
 inque patris duxere domum : spectabilis heros
 et veteris retinens etiamnum pignora formae
 ingreditur ramumque tenens popularis olivæ
 a dextra laevaue duos ætate minores
 maior habet, Clyton et Buten, Pallante creatos. 500
 Postquam congressus primi sua verba tulerunt,
 Cecropidæ Cephalus peragit mandata rogatque
 auxilium foedusque refert et iura parentum,
 imperiumque peti totius Achaidos addit.

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his approach a rabble rushed forth, eager to see and know so famous a man. Him Telamon met, and Peleus, younger than Telamon, and Phocus, third in age. Aeacus himself came also, slow with the weight of years, and asked him what was the cause of his coming. Reminded of his fatherly grief, the ruler of a hundred cities sighed and thus made answer: "I beg you aid the arms which for my son's sake I have taken up; and be a part of my pious warfare. Repose for the dead I ask." To him Aeacus replied: "You ask in vain that which my city cannot give; for no land is more closely linked to the Athenians than this: so strong are the treaties between us." The other, disappointed, turned away saying: "Your treaty shall cost you dear"; for he thought it were better to threaten war than to wage it and to waste his strength there untimely. Even now the Cretan fleet could be seen from the Oenopian walls, when driven on under full sail an Attic ship arrived and entered the friendly port, bringing Cephalus and his country's greetings. The men of the house of Aeacus, though it was long since they had seen Cephalus, yet knew him, grasped his hand, and brought him into their father's house. The hero advanced, the centre of all eyes, retaining even yet the traces of his old beauty and charm, bearing a branch of his country's olive, and, himself the elder, flanked on right and left by two of lesser age, Clytos and Butes, sons of Pallas.

After they had exchanged greetings, Cephalus delivered the message of the Athenians, asking for aid and quoting the ancestral league and treaty between their two nations. He added that not alone Athens but the sovereignty over all Greece was Minos' aim. When thus his eloquence had com-

sic ubi mandatam iuvit facundia causam, 505
 Aeacus, in capulo sceptri nitente sinistra,
 "ne petite auxilium, sed sumite" dixit, "Athenae,
 nec dubie vires, quas haec habet insula, vestras
 ducite et omnia, quae rerum status iste mearum . . .
 roborum non desunt; superat mihi miles et hosti; 510
 gratia dis, felix et inexcusabile tempus."
 "immo ita sit" Cephalus, "crescat tua civibus opto
 urbs" ait; "adveniens equidem modo gaudia cepi,
 cum tam pulchra mihi, tam par aetate iuventus
 obvia processit; multos tamen inde requiro, 515
 quos quondam vidi vestra prius urbe receptus,"
 Aeacus ingemuit tristisque ita voce locutus:
 "flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est;
 hanc utinam possem vobis memorare sine illo!
 ordine nunc repetam, neu longa ambage morer vos,
 ossa cinisque iacent, memori quos mente requiris, 521
 et quota pars illi rerum periire mearum!
 dira lues ira populis Iunonis iniquae
 incidit exosae dictas a paelice terras.
 dum visum mortale malum tantaeque latebat 525
 causa nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte medendi:
 exitium superabat opem, quae victa iacebat.
 principio caelum spissa caligine terras
 pressit et ignavos inclusit nubibus aestus;
 dumque quater iunctis explevit cornibus orbem 530
 Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,
 letiferis calidi spirarunt aestibus austri.
 constat et in fontis vitium venisse lacusque,
 miliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros
 errasse atque suis fluvios temerasse venenis. 535

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mended his cause, Aeacus, his left hand on the sceptre's gleaming hilt, exclaimed: "Ask not our aid, but take it, Athens; and boldly count your own the forces which this island holds, and all things which the state of my affairs supplies. Warlike strength is not lacking; I have soldiers enough for myself and for my enemy. Thanks to the gods, the times are happy, and without excuse for my refusal." "May it prove even so," said Cephalus, "and may your city multiply in men. In truth, as I came hither, I was rejoiced to meet youth so fair, so matched in age. And yet I miss many among them whom I saw before when last I visited your city." Aeacus groaned and with sad voice thus replied: "It was an unhappy beginning, but better fortune followed. Would that I could tell you the last without the first! Now I will take each in turn; and, not to delay you with long circumlocution, they are but bones and dust whom with kindly interest you ask for. And oh, how large a part of all my kingdom perished with them! A dire pestilence came on my people through angry Juno's wrath, who hated us for that our land was called by her rival's name. So long as the scourge seemed of mortal origin and the cause of the terrible plague was still unknown, we fought against it with the physician's art. But the power of destruction exceeded our resources, which were completely baffled. At first heaven rested down upon the earth in thick blackness, and held the sluggish heat confined in the clouds. And while the moon four times waxed to a full orb with horns complete, and four times waned from that full orb, hot south winds blew on us with pestilential breath. Consistently with this, the baleful infection reached our springs and pools; thousands of serpents crawled over our deserted fields and defiled

strage canum primo volucrumque oviumque boumque
 inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi.
 concidere infelix validos miratur arator
 inter opus tauros medioque recumbere sulco ;
 lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus aegros 540
 sponte sua lanaeque cadunt et corpora tabent ;
 acer equus quondam magnaeque in pulvere famae
 degenerat palmas veterumque oblitus honorum
 ad praesepe gemit leto moriturus inertii.
 non aper irasci meminit, non fidere cursu 545
 cerva nec armentis incurrere fortibus ursi.
 omnia languor habet : silvisque agrisque viisque
 corpora foeda iacent, vitiantur odoribus aurae.
 mira loquar : non illa canes avidaeque volucres,
 non cani tetigere lupi ; dilapsa liquescunt 550
 adflatuque nocent et agunt contagia late.

“ Pervenit ad miseros damno graviore colonos
 pestis et in magnae dominatur moenibus urbis.
 viscera torrentur primo, flammaeque latentis
 indicium rubor est et ductus anhelitus ; igni 555
 aspera lingua tumet, tepidisque arentia ventis
 ora patent, auraeque graves captantur hiatu.
 non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt,
 sed dura terra ponunt praecordia, nec fit
 corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet.
 nec moderator adest, inque ipsos saeva medentes 561
 erumpit clades, obsuntque auctoribus artes ;
 quo propior quisque est servitque fidelius aegro,
 in partem leti citius venit, utque salutis

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our rivers with their poison. At first the swift power of the disease was confined to the destruction of dogs and birds, sheep and cattle, or among the wild beasts. The luckless plowman marvels to see his strong bulls fall in the midst of their task and sink down in the furrow. The woolly flocks bleat feebly while their wool falls off of itself and their bodies pine away. The horse, once of high courage and of great renown on the race-course, has now lost his victorious spirit and, forgetting his former glory, groans in his stall, doomed to an inglorious death. The boar forgets his rage, the stag to trust his fleetness, the bears to attack the stronger herds. Lethargy holds all. In woods and fields and roads foul carcasses lie; and the air is defiled by the stench. And, strange to say, neither dogs nor ravenous birds nor grey wolves will touch them. The bodies lie rotting on the ground, blast with their stench, and spread the contagion far and near.

"At last, now grown stronger, the pestilence attacks the wretched countrymen, and lords it within the city's walls. As the first symptoms, the vitals are burnt up, and a sign of the lurking fire is a red flush and panting, feverish breath. The tongue is rough and swollen; the lips stand apart, parched with hot respiration, and catch gasping at the heavy air. The stricken can endure no bed, no covering of any kind, but throw themselves face down on the hard ground; but their bodies gain no coolness from the ground; rather is the ground heated by their bodies. No one can control the pest, but it fiercely breaks out upon the very physicians, and their arts do but injure those who use them. The nearer one is to the sick and the more faithfully he serves them, the more quickly is he himself stricken unto death. And as the hope of life

spes abiit finemque vident in funere morbi, 565
 indulgent animis et nulla, quid utile, cura est :
 utile enim nil est. passim positoque pudore
 fontibus et fluviis puteisque capacibus haerent,
 nec sitis est exstincta prius quam vita bibendo.
 inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere et ipsis 570
 immoriuntur aquis, aliquis tamen haurit et illas ;
 tantaque sunt miseris invisi taedia lecti,
 prosiliunt aut, si prohibent consistere vires,
 corpora devolvunt in humum fugiuntque penates
 quisque suos, sua cuique domus funesta videtur, 575
 et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine parvus.
 semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant,
 adspiceres, flentes alios terraque iacentes
 lassaque versantes supremo lumina motu ;
 membraque pendentis tendunt ad sidera caeli, 580
 hic illic, ubi mors deprnderat, exhalantes.

“ Quid mihi tunc animi fuit ? an, quod debuit esse,
 ut vitam odissem et cuperem pars esse meorum ?
 quo se cumque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
 vulgus erat stratum, veluti cum putria motis 585
 poma cadunt ramis agitataque ilice glandes.
 templa vides contra gradibus sublimia longis :
 Iuppiter illa tenet. quis non altaribus illis
 inrita tura dedit ? quotiens pro coniuge coniunx,
 pro gnato genitor dum verba precantia dicit, 590
 non exoratis animam finivit in aris,
 inque manu turis pars inconsumpta reperta est !
 admoti quotiens templis, dum vota sacerdos
 concipit et fundit durum inter cornua vinum,
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deserts them and they see the end of their malady only in death, they indulge their desires, and they have no care for what is best—for nothing is best. Everywhere, shameless they lie, in fountain-basins, in streams and roomy pits; nor by drinking is their thirst quenched so long as life remains. Many of these are too weak to rise, and die in the very water; and yet others drink even that water. To many poor wretches so great is the irksomeness of their hateful beds that they jump out, or, if they have not strength enough to stand, they roll out on the ground. They flee from their own homes: for each man's home seems a place of death to him. Since the cause of the disease is hidden, that small spot is held to blame. You might have seen them wandering half dead along the ways while they could keep on their feet, others lying on the ground and weeping bitterly, turning their dull eyes upward with a last weak effort, and stretching out their arms to the sky that hung over them like a pall—here, there, wherever death has caught them, breathing out their lives.

“What were my feelings then? Was it not natural that I should hate life and long to be with my friends? Wherever I turned my eyes there was a confused heap of dead, as mellow apples fall when the boughs are shaken, and acorns from the wind-tossed oak. You see a temple yonder, raised on high, approached by a long flight of steps. It is sacred to Jupiter. Who did not bear his fruitless offerings to those altars? How often a husband for his wife's sake, a father for his son, while still uttering his prayer, has died before the implacable altars, and in his hand a portion of the incense was unused! How often the sacrificial bulls brought to the temples, while yet the priest was praying and pouring pure wine between their

haud exspectato ceciderunt vulnere tauri ! 595
 ipse ego sacra Iovi pro me patriaque tribusque
 cum facerem natis, mugitus victima diros
 edidit et subito conlapsa sine ictibus ullis
 exiguo tinxit subiectos sanguine cultros.
 exta quoque aegra notas veri monitusque deorum 600
 perdiderant : tristes penetrant ad viscera morbi.
 ante sacros vidi proiecta cadavera postes,
 ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras.
 pars animam laqueo claudunt mortisque timorem
 morte fugant ultroque vocant venientia fata. 605
 corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur
 funeribus (neque enim capiebant funera portae) :
 aut inhumata premunt terras aut dantur in altos
 indotata rogos ; et iam reverentia nulla est,
 deque rogis pugnant alienisque ignibus ardent. 610
 qui lacrimant, desunt, indefletaeque vagantur
 matrumque nuruumque animae iuvenumque senum-
 que,
 nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.
 Attonitus tanto miserarum turbine rerum,
 ‘ Iuppiter o ! ’ dixi, ‘ si te non falsa loquuntur 615
 dicta sub amplexus Aeginae Asopidos isse,
 nec te, magne pater, nostri pudet esse parentem,
 aut mihi redde meos aut me quoque conde sepulcro ! ’
 ille notam fulgore dedit tonitruque secundo.
 ‘ accipio sintque ista precor felicia mentis 620
 signa tuae ! ’ dixi, ‘ quod das mihi, pigneror omen.’
 forte fuit iuxta patulis rarissima ramis
 sacra Iovi quercus de semine Dodonaeo ;
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horns, have fallen without waiting for the stroke ! While I myself was sacrificing to Jove on my own behalf and for my country and my three sons, the victim uttered dreadful bellowings and, suddenly falling without any stroke of mine, it barely stained the knife with its scanty blood ; the diseased entrails also had lost the marks of truth and the warnings of the gods : for to the very vitals does the grim pest go. Before the temple doors I saw the corpses piled high, nay, before the very altars, that their death might be even more odious. Some hung themselves, driving away the fear of death by death and going out to meet their approaching fate. The dead bodies were not borne out to burial in the accustomed way ; for the gates would not accommodate so many funerals. They either lie on the ground unburied, or else they are piled high on funeral pyres without honours. And by this time there is no reverence for the dead ; men fight for pyres, and with stolen flames they burn. There are none left to mourn the dead. Unwept they go wandering out, the souls of matrons and of brides, of men both young and old. There was no more space for graves, nor wood for fires.

“ Dazed by such an overwhelming flood of woe, I cried to Jove : ‘ O Jove, if it is not falsely said that thou didst love Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if thou, great father, art not ashamed to be our father, either give me back my people or consign me also to the tomb.’ He gave a sign with lightning and a peal of thunder after. ‘ I accept the sign,’ I said, ‘ and may those tokens of thy mind towards us be happy signs. The omen which thou givest me I take as pledge.’ It chanced there was an oak near by with branches unusually widespread, sacred to Jove and of Dodona’s stock. Here we spied a swarm of grain-gathering

OVID

hic nos frugilegas adspeximus agmine longo
 grande onus exiguo formicas ore gerentes 625
 rugosoque suum servantes cortice callem ;
 dum numerum miror, ' totidem, pater optime,' dixi,
 ' tu mihi da cives et iania moenia supple !'
 intremuit ramisque sonum sine flamine motis
 alta dedit quercus : pavido mihi membra timore 630
 horruerant, stabantque comae ; tamen oscula terrae
 roboribusque dedi, nec me sperare fatebar ;
 sperabam tamen atque animo mea vota fovebam.
 nox subit, et curis exercita corpora somnus
 occupat : ante oculos eadem mihi quercus adesse 635
 et ramis totidem totidemque animalia ramis
 ferre suis visa est pariterque tremescere motu
 graniferumque agmen subiectis spargere in arvis ;
 crescere quod subito et maius maiusque videri
 ac se tollere humo rectoque adsistere trunco 640
 et maciem numerumque pedum nigrumque colorem
 ponere et humanam membris inducere formam.
 somnus abit : damno vigilans mea visa queror
 in superis opis esse nihil ; at in aedibus ingens 644
 murmur erat, vocesque hominum exaudire videbar
 iam mihi desuetas ; dum suspicor has quoque somni
 esse, venit Telamon properus foribusque reclusis
 ' speque fideque, pater', dixit ' maiora videbis :
 egredere !' egredior, qualesque in imagine somni
 visus eram vidisse viros, ex ordine tales 650
 adspicio noscoque : adeunt regemque salutant.
 vota lovi solvo populisque recentibus urbem
 partior et vacuos priscis cultoribus agros,
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ants in a long column, bearing heavy loads with their tiny mouths, and keeping their own path along the wrinkled bark. Wondering at their numbers, I said : 'O most excellent father, grant thou me just as many subjects, and fill my empty walls.' The lofty oak trembled and moved its branches, rustling in the windless air. My limbs were horror-smit with quaking fear and my hair stood on end. Yet I kissed the earth and the oak-tree ; nor did I own my hopes to myself, and yet I did hope and I cherished my desires within my mind. Night came and sleep claimed our care-worn bodies. Before my eyes the same oak-tree seemed to stand, with just as many branches and with just as many creatures on its branches, to shake with the same motion, and to scatter the grain-bearing column on the ground below. These seemed suddenly to grow larger and ever larger, to raise themselves from the ground and stand with form erect, to throw off their leanness, their many feet, their black colour, and to take on human limbs and a human form. Then sleep departed. Once awake I thought lightly of my vision, bewailing that there was no help in the gods. But there was a great confused noise in the palace, and I seemed to hear the voices of men to which I was long unused. And while I half believed that this also was a trick of sleep, Telamon came running and, throwing open the door, exclaimed : 'O father, more than you believed or hoped for shall you see. Come out !' I went without, and there just such men as I had seen in my dream I now saw and recognized with my waking eyes. They approached and greeted me as king. I gave thanks to Jove, and to my new subjects I portioned out my city and my fields, forsaken by their former occupants ; and I called them

OVID

Myrmidonasque voco nec origine nomina fraudo.
 corpora vidisti; mores, quos ante gerebant, 655
 nunc quoque habent: parcum genus est patiensque
 laborum

quaesitique tenax, et qui quaesita reservent.
 hi te ad bella pares annis animisque sequentur,
 cum primum qui te feliciter attulit eurus"
 (eurus enim attulerat) "fuerit mutatus in austrum." 660

Talibus atque aliis longum sermonibus illi
 inplevere diem; lucis pars ultima mensae
 est data, nox somnis. iubar aureus extulerat Sol,
 flabat adhuc eurus redituraque vela tenebat:
 ad Cephalum Pallante sati, cui grandior aetas, 665
 ad regem Cephalus simul et Pallante creati
 conveniunt, sed adhuc regem sopor altus habebat.
 excipit Aeacides illos in limine Phocus;
 nam Telamon fraterque viros ad bella legebant.
 Phocus in interius spatium pulchrosque recessus 670
 Cecropidas ducit, cum quis simul ipse resedit.
 adspicit Aeoliden ignota ex arbore factum
 ferre manu iaculum, cuius fuit aurea cuspis.
 pauca prius mediis sermonibus ille locutus
 "sum nemorum studiosus" ait "caedisque ferinae;
 qua tamen e silva teneas hastile recisum, 676
 iamdudum dubito: certe si fraxinus esset,
 fulva colore foret; si cornus, nodus inesset.
 unde sit, ignoro, sed non formosius isto
 viderunt oculi telum iaculabile nostri." 680
 excipit Actaeis e fratribus alter et "usum
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Myrmidons,¹ nor did I cheat the name of its origin. You have seen their bodies; the habits which they had before they still keep, a thrifty race, inured to toil, keen in pursuit of gain and keeping what they get. These men will follow you to the wars well matched in years and courage, as soon as the east wind which brought you so fortunately hither"—for the east wind it was that brought him—"shall have changed to the south."

With such and other talk they filled the lingering day. The last hours of the day were given to feasting, the night to sleep. When the golden sun had shown his light, the east wind was still blowing and kept the sails from the homeward voyage. The sons of Pallas came to Cephalus, who was the older, and Cephalus with the sons of Pallas went together to the king. But deep sleep still held the king. Phocus, son of Aeacus, received them at the threshold; for Telamon and his brother were marshalling the men for war. Into the inner court and beautiful apartments Phocus conducted the Athenians, and there they sat them down together. There Phocus noticed that Cephalus carried in his hand a javelin with a golden head, and a shaft made of some strange wood. After some talk, he said abruptly: "I am devoted to the woods and the hunting of wild beasts. Still, I have for some time been wondering from what wood that weapon you hold is made. Surely if it were of ash it would be of deep yellow hue; if it were of cornel-wood there would be knots upon it. What wood it is made of I cannot tell; but my eyes have never seen a javelin for throwing more beautiful than that." And one of the Athenian brothers replied: "You will admire the weapon's use more

¹ Fancifully derived from *μύρμηξ*, an ant.

OVID

maiorem specie mirabere " dixit " in isto.
 consequitur, quodcumque petit, fortunaque missum
 non regit, et revolat nullo referente cruentum."
 tum vero iuvenis Nereius omnia quaerit, 685
 cur sit et unde datum, quis tanti muneris auctor.
 quae petit, ille refert, sed enim narrare pudori est,
 qua tulerit mercede ; silet tactusque dolore
 coniugis amissae lacrimis ita fatur obortis :
 " hoc me, nate dea, (quis possit credere ?) telum 690
 flere facit facietque diu, si vivere nobis
 fata diu dederint ; hoc me cum coniuge cara
 perdidit : hoc utinam caruissem munere semper !
 " Procris erat, si forte magis pervenit ad aures
 Orithyia tuas, raptae soror Orithyiae, 695
 si faciem moresque velis conferre duarum,
 dignior ipsa rapi ! pater hanc mihi iunxit Erechtheus,
 hanc mihi iunxit amor : felix dicebar eramque ;
 non ita dis visum est, aut nunc quoque forsitan essem.
 alter agebatur post sacra iugalia mensis, 700
 cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis
 vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti
 lutea mane videt pulsus Aurora tenebris
 invitumque rapit. liceat mihi vera referre
 pace deae : quod sit roseo spectabilis ore, 705
 quod teneat lucis, teneat confinia noctis,
 nectareis quod alatur aquis, ego Procrin amabam ;
 pectore Procris erat, Procris mihi semper in ore.
 sacra tori coitusque novos thalamosque recentes
 primaque deserti referebam foedera lecti : 710
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than its beauty; it goes straight to any mark, and chance does not guide its flight; and it flies back, all bloody, with no hand to bring it." Then indeed young Phocus was eager to know why it was so, and whence it came, who was the giver of so wonderful a gift. Cephalus told what the youth asked, but he was ashamed to tell at what price he gained it. He was silent; then, touched with grief for his lost wife, he burst into tears and said: "It is this weapon makes me weep, thou son of a goddess—who could believe it?—and long will it make me weep if the fates shall give me long life. This destroyed me and my dear wife together. And oh, that I had never had it! My wife was Procris, or, if by more likely chance the name of Orithyia has come to your ears, the sister of the ravished Orithyia. If you should compare the form and bearing of the two, Procris herself is the more worthy to be ravished away. It is she that her father, Erechtheus, joined to me; it is she that love joined to me. I was called happy, and happy I was. But the gods decreed it otherwise, or, perchance, I should be happy still. It was in the second month after our marriage rites. I was spreading my nets to catch the antlered deer, when from the top of ever-blooming Hymettus the golden goddess of the dawn, having put the shades to flight, beheld me and carried me away, against my will: may the goddess pardon me for telling the simple truth; but as truly as she shines with the blush of roses on her face, as truly as she holds the portals of the day and night, and drinks the juices of nectar, it was Procris I loved; Procris was in my heart, Procris was ever on my lips. I kept talking of my wedding and its fresh joys of love and the first union of my now deserted couch. The

mota dea est et 'siste tuas, ingrate, querellas ;
 Procrin habe !' dixit, 'quod si mea provida mens est,
 non habuisse voles.' meque illi irata remisit.
 cum redeo mecumque deae memorata retracto,
 esse metus coepit, ne iura iugalia coniunx 715
 non bene servasset : facies aetasque iubebat
 credere adulterium, prohibebant credere mores ;
 sed tamen afueram, sed et haec erat, unde redibam,
 criminis exemplum, sed cuncta timemus amantes.
 quaerere, quod doleam, statuo donisque pudicam 720
 sollicitare fidem ; favet huic Aurora timori
 inmutatque meam (videor sensisse) figuram.
 Palladias in eo non cognoscendus Athenas
 ingrediorque domum ; culpa domus ipsa carebat
 castaque signa dabat dominoque erat anxia raptō :
 vix aditus per mille dolos ad Erechthida factus. 726
 ut vidi, obstipui meditataque paene reliqui
 temptamenta fide ; male me, quin vera faterer,
 continui, male, quin, ut oportuit, oscula ferrem.
 tristis erat (sed nulla tamen formosior illa 730
 esse potest tristi) desiderioque dolebat
 coniugis abrepti : tu collige, qualis in illa,
 Phoece, decor fuerit, quam sic dolor ipse decebat !
 quid referam, quotiens temptamina nostra pudici
 reppulerint mores, quotiens 'ego' dixerit 'uni 735
 servor ; ubicumque est, uni mea gaudia servo.'
 cui non ista fide satis experientia sano
 magna foret ? non sum contentus et in mea pugno
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goddess was provoked and exclaimed: 'Cease your complaints, ungrateful boy; keep your Procris! but, if my mind can foresee at all, you will come to wish that you had never had her'; and in a rage she sent me back to her. As I was going home, and turned over in my mind the goddess' warning, I began to fear that my wife herself had not kept her marriage vows. Her beauty and her youth made me fear unfaithfulness; but her character forbade that fear. Still, I had been absent long, and she from whom I was returning was herself an example of unfaithfulness; and besides, we lovers fear everything. I decided to make a cause for grievance and to tempt her chaste faith by gifts. Aurora helped me in this jealous undertaking and changed my form; (I seemed to feel the change). And so, unrecognizable I entered Athens, Pallas' sacred city, and went into my house. The household itself was blameless, showed no sign of aught amiss, was only anxious for its lost lord. With much difficulty and by a thousand wiles I gained the presence of Erechtheus' daughter; and when I looked upon her my heart failed me and I almost abandoned the test of her fidelity which I had planned. I scarce kept from confessing the truth, from kissing her as was her due. She was sad; but no woman could be more beautiful than was she in her sadness. She seemed all on fire with longing for the husband who had been torn away from her. Imagine, Phocus, how beautiful she was, how that grief itself became her. Why should I tell how often her chastity repelled my temptations? To every plea she said: 'I serve one alone. Wherever he is I keep my love for one.' What husband in his senses would not have found that test of her fidelity enough? But I was not content and strove on to my own undoing!

OVID

vulnera ! cum census dare me pro nocte loquendo
muneraque augendo tandem dubitare coegi, 740
exclamo male victor : ' adest, mala, fictus adulter !
verus eram coniunx ! me, perfida, teste teneris.'
illa nihil ; tacito tantummodo victa pudore
insidiosa malo cum coniuge limina fugit ;
offensaue mei genus omne perosa virorum 745
montibus errabat, studiis operata Dianae.
tum mihi deserto violentior ignis ad ossa
pervenit : orabam veniam et peccasse fatebar
et potuisse datis simili succumbere culpae
me quoque muneribus, si munera tanta darentur. 750
hoc mihi confesso, laesum prius ultra pudorem,
redditur et dulces concorditer exigit annos ;
dat mihi praeterea, tamquam se parva dedisset
dona, canem munus ; quem cum sua traderet illi
Cynthia, ' currendo superabit' dixerat ' omnes.' 755
dat simul et iaculum, manibus quod, cernis, habemus.
muneris alterius quae sit fortuna, requiris ?
accipe mirandum : novitate movebere facti !

" Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum
solverat ingeniis, et praecipitata iacebat 760
inmemor ambagum vates obscura suarum :
protinus Aoniis inmittitur altera Thebis 763
(scilicet alma Themis nec talia linquit inulta !) 762
pestis, et exitio multi pecorumque suoque
rurigenae pavere feram ; vicina iuventus 765
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By promising to give fortunes for her favour, and at last, by adding to my promised gifts, I forced her to hesitate. Then, victor to my sorrow, I exclaimed: 'False one, he that is here is a feigned adulterer! I was really your husband! By my own witness, traitress, you are detected!' She, not a word. Only in silence, overwhelmed with shame, she fled her treacherous husband and his house. In hate for me, loathing the whole race of men, she wandered over the mountains, devoted to Diana's pursuits. Then in my loneliness the fire of love burned more fiercely, penetrating to the marrow. I craved pardon, owned that I had sinned, confessed that I too might have yielded in the same way under the temptation of gifts, if so great gifts were offered to me. When I had made this confession and she had sufficiently avenged her outraged feelings, she came back to me and we spent sweet years together in harmony. She gave me besides, as though she had given but small gifts in herself, a wonderful hound which her own Cynthia had given, and said as she gave: 'He will surpass all other hounds in speed.' She gave me a javelin also, this one which, as you see, I hold in my hands. Would you know the story of both gifts? Hear the wonderful story: you will be moved by the strangeness of the deed.

"Oedipus, the son of Laius, had solved the riddle which had been inscrutable to the understanding of all before; fallen headlong she lay, the dark prophet, forgetful of her own riddle. Straightway a second monster was sent against Aonian Thebes (and surely kind Themis does not let such things go unpunished!) and many country dwellers were in terror of the fierce creature, fearing both for their own and their flocks' destruction. We, the neighbouring youths,

OVID

venimus et latos indagine cinximus agros.
 illa levi velox superabat retia saltu
 summaque transibat positarum lina plagarum :
 copula detrahitur canibus, quos illa sequentes
 effugit et centum non segnior alite ludit. 770
 poscor et ipse meum consensu Laelapa magno
 (muneris hoc nomen) : iamdudum vincula pugnat
 exuere ipse sibi colloque morantia tendit.
 vix bene missus erat, nec iam poteramus, ubi esset,
 scire ; pedum calidus vestigia pulvis habebat, 775
 ipse oculis ereptus erat : non ocior illo
 hasta nec excussae contorto verbere glandes
 nec Gortyniaco calamus levis exit ab arcu.
 collis apex medii subiectis inminet arvis :
 tollor eo capioque novi spectacula cursus, 780
 quo modo deprendi, modo se subducere ab ipso
 vulnere visa fera est ; nec limite callida recto
 in spatiumque fugit, sed decipit ora sequentis
 et redit in gyrum, ne sit suus inpetus hosti :
 inminet hic sequiturque parem similisque tenenti
 non tenet et vanos exercet in aera morsus. 786
 ad iaculi vertebar opem ; quod dextera librat
 dum mea, dum digitos amentis addere tempto,
 lumina deflexi. revocataque rursus eodem
 rettuleram : et medio (mirum) duo marmora campo
 adspicio ; fugere hoc, illud captare putares. 791
 scilicet invictos ambo certamine cursus
 esse deus voluit, si quis deus adfuit illis."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

came and encircled the broad fields with our hunting-nets. But that swift beast leaped over the nets, over the very tops of the toils, which we had spread. Then we let slip our hounds from the leash; but she escaped their pursuit and mocked the hundred dogs with speed like any bird. Then all the hunters called upon me for my Laelaps (that is the name of the hound my wife had given me). Long since he had been struggling to get loose from the leash and straining his neck against the strap that held him. Scarce was he well released when we could not tell where he was. The warm dust kept the imprint of his feet, he himself had quite disappeared from sight. No spear is swifter than he, nor leaden bullets thrown by a whirled sling, or the light reed shot from a Gortynian bow. There was a high hill near by, whose top overlooked the surrounding plain. Thither I climbed and gained a view of that strange chase, in which the beast seemed now to be caught and now to slip from the dog's very teeth. Nor does the cunning creature flee in a straight course off into the distance, but it eludes the pursuer's jaws and wheels sharply round, so that its enemy may lose his spring. The dog presses him hard, follows him step for step, and, while he seems to hold him, does not hold, and snaps at the empty air. I turned to my javelin's aid. As my right hand was balancing it, while I was fitting my fingers into the loop, I turned my eyes aside for a single moment; and when I turned them back again to the same spot—oh, wonderful! I saw two marble images in the plain; the one you would think was fleeing, the other catching at the prey. Doubtless some god must have willed, if there was any god with them, that both should be unconquered in their race." Thus far he spoke and fell silent.

hactenus, et tacuit; "iaculo quod crimen in ipso est?"

Phocus ait; iaculi sic crimina reddidit ille: 795

"Gaudia principium nostri sunt, Phoece, doloris:
illa prius referam. iuvat o meminisse beati
temporis, Aeacida, quo primos rite per annos
coniuge eram felix, felix erat illa marito.

mutua cura duos et amor socialis habebat, 800

nec Iovis illa meo thalamos praeferret amori,
nec me quae caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret,
ulla erat; aequales urebant pectora flammae.

sole fere radiis feriente cacumina primis
venatum in silvas iuvenaliter ire solebam 805

nec mecum famuli nec equi nec naribus acres
ire canes nec lina sequi nodosa solebant:

tutus eram iaculo; sed cum satiata ferinae
dextera caedis erat, repetebam frigus et umbras
et quae de gelidis exhibat vallibus aura: 810

aura petebatur medio mihi lenis in aestu,
auram exspectabam, requies erat illa labori.

'aura' (recordor enim), 'venias' cantare solebam,
'meque iuves intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros,
utque facis, relevare velis, quibus urimur, aestus!'

forsitan addiderim (sic me mea fata trahebant), 816

blanditias plures et 'tu mihi magna voluptas'
dicere sim solitus, 'tu me reficisque fovesque,
tu facis, ut silvas, ut amem loca sola: meoque
spiritus iste tuus semper captatur ab ore.'

820

vocibus ambiguis deceptam praebuit aurem
nescio quis nomenque aurae tam saepe vocatum

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"But what charge have you to bring against the javelin itself?" asked Phocus. The other thus told what charge he had against the javelin :

"My joys, Phocus, were the beginning of my woe. These I will describe first. Oh, what a joy it is, son of Aeacus, to remember the blessed time when during those first years I was happy in my wife, as I should be, and she was happy in her husband. Mutual cares and mutual love bound us together. Not Jove's love would she have preferred to mine; nor was there any woman who could lure me away from her, no, not if Venus herself should come. An equal passion burned in both our two hearts. In the early morning, when the sun's first rays touched the tops of the hills, with a young man's eagerness I used to go hunting in the woods. Nor did I take attendants with me, or horses or keen-scented dogs or knotted nets. I was safe with my javelin. But when my hand had had its fill of slaughter of wild creatures, I would come back to the cool shade and the breeze that came forth from the cool valleys. I wooed the breeze, blowing gently on me in my heat; the breeze I waited for. She was my labour's rest. 'Come, Aura,' I remember I used to cry, 'come soothe me; come into my breast, most welcome one, and, as indeed you do, relieve the heat with which I burn.' Perhaps I would add, for so my fates drew me on, more endearments, and say: 'Thou art my greatest joy; thou dost refresh and comfort me; thou makest me to love the woods and solitary places. It is ever my joy to feel thy breath upon my face.' Some one overhearing these words was deceived by their double meaning; and, thinking that the word 'Aura' so often on my lips was a woman's name, was convinced that I was in love with

OVID

esse putat nymphae : nympham mihi credit amari.
 criminis extemplo ficti temerarius index
 Procrin adit linguaue refert audita susurra. 825
 credula res amor est : subito conlapsa dolore,
 ut mihi narratur, cecidit ; longoque refecta
 tempore se miseram, se fati dixit iniqui
 deque fide questa est et crimine concita vano,
 quod nil est, metuit, metuit sine corpore nomen 830
 et dolet infelix veluti de paelice vera.
 saepe tamen dubitat speratque miserrima falli
 indicioque fidem negat et, nisi viderit ipsa,
 damnatura sui non est delicta mariti.
 postera depulerant Aurorae lumina noctem : 835
 egredior silvamque peto victorque per herbas
 'aura, veni' dixi 'nostroque medere labori !'
 et subito gemitus inter mea verba videbar
 nescio quos audisse ; 'veni' tamen, 'optima !' dixi.
 fronde levem rursus strepitum faciente caduca 840
 sum ratus esse feram telumque volatile misi :
 Procris erat medioque tenens in pectore vulnus
 'ei mihi' conclamat ! vox est ubi cognita fidae
 coniugis, ad vocem praeceps amensque cucurri. 844
 semianimem et sparsas foedantem sanguine vestes
 et sua (me miserum !) de vulnere dona trahentem
 invenio corpusque meo mihi carius ulnis
 mollibus attollo scissaque a pectore veste
 vulnera saeva ligo conorque inhibere cruorem
 neu me morte sua sceleratum deserat, oro. 850
 400

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VII

some nymph. Straightway the rash tell-tale went to Procris with the story of my supposed unfaithfulness and reported in whispers what he had heard. A credulous thing is love. Smitten with sudden pain (as I heard the story), she fell down in a swoon. Reviving at last, she called herself wretched, victim of cruel fate; complained of my unfaithfulness, and, excited by an empty charge, she feared a mere nothing, feared an empty name and grieved, poor girl, as over a real rival. And yet she would often doubt and hope in her depth of misery that she was mistaken; she refused to believe the story she had heard, and, unless she saw it with her own eyes, would not think her husband guilty of such sin. The next morning, when the early dawn had banished night, I left the house and sought the woods; there, successful, as I lay on the grass, I cried: 'Come, Aura, come and soothe my toil'—and suddenly, while I was speaking, I thought I heard a groan. 'Come, dearest one,' I cried again. And as the fallen leaves made a slight rustling sound, I thought it was some beast and hurled my javelin at the place. It was Procris, and, clutching at the wound in her breast, she cried, 'Oh, woe is me.' When I recognized the voice of my faithful wife, I rushed headlong towards the sound, beside myself with horror. There I found her dying, her disordered garments stained with blood, and oh, the pity! trying to draw the very weapon she had given me from her wounded breast. With loving arms I raised her body, dearer to me than my own, tore open the garment from her breast and bound up the cruel wound, and tried to staunch the blood, praying that she would not leave me stained with her death. She, though strength failed her, with a

OVID

viribus illa carens et iam moribunda coegit
 haec se pauca loqui : ‘ per nostri foedera lecti
 perque deos supplex oro superosque meosque,
 per si quid merui de te bene perque manentem
 nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis amorem,
 ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere nostris !’ 856
 dixit, et errorem tum denique nominis esse
 et sensi et docui. sed quid docuisse iuvabat ?
 labitur, et parvae fugiunt cum sanguine vires,
 dumque aliquid spectare potest, me spectat et in me
 infelicem animam nostroque exhalat in ore ; 861
 sed vultu meliore mori secura videtur.”

Flentibus haec lacrimans heros memorabat, et ecce
 Aeacus ingreditur duplici cum prole novoque
 mliite ; quem Cephalus cum fortibus accipit armis. 865

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dying effort forced herself to say these few words :
' By the union of our love, by the gods above and my own gods, by all that I have done for you, and by the love that still I bear you in my dying hour, the cause of my own death, I beg you, do not let this Aura take my place.' And then I knew at last that it was a mistake in the name, and I told her the truth. But what availed then the telling ? She fell back in my arms and her last faint strength fled with her blood. So long as she could look at anything she looked at me and breathed out her unhappy spirit on my lips. But she seemed to die content and with a happy look upon her face."

This story the hero told with many tears. And now Aeacus came in with his two sons and his new levied band of soldiers, which Cephalus received with their valiant arms.

LIBRARY

BOOK VIII

LIBER VIII

IAM nitidum retegente diem noctisque fugante
tempora Lucifero cadit Eurus, et umida surgunt
nubila: dant placidi cursum redeuntibus Austri
Aeacidis Cephaloque; quibus feliciter acti
ante exspectatum portus tenuere petitos. 5
interea Minos Lelegeia litora vastat
praetemptatque sui vires Mavortis in urbe
Alcathoi, quam Nisus habet, cui splendidus ostro
inter honoratos medioque in vertice canos
crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni. 10

Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lunae,
et pendebat adhuc belli fortuna, diuque
inter utrumque volat dubiis Victoria pennis.
regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris,
in quibus auratam proles Letoia fertur 15
deposuisse lyram: saxo sonus eius inhaesit.
saepe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi
et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo,
tum cum pax esset; bello quoque saepe solebat
spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis, 20
iamque mora belli procerum quoque nomina norat
armaque equosque habitusque Cydonaeasque
pharetras;

BOOK VIII

Now when Lucifer had banished night and ushered in the shining day, the east wind fell and moist clouds arose. The peaceful south wind offered a safe return to Cephalus and the mustered troops of Aeacus, and, speeding their voyage, brought them, sooner than they had hoped, to their desired haven. Meanwhile King Minos was laying waste the coast of Megara, and was trying his martial strength against the city of Alcathoüs,¹ where Nisus reigned. This Nisus had growing on his head, amidst his locks of honoured grey, a brilliant purple lock on whose preservation rested the safety of his throne.

Six times had the new moon shown her horns, and still the fate of war hung in the balance; so long did Victory hover on doubtful wings between the two. There was a royal tower reared on the tuneful walls where Latona's son was said to have laid down his golden lyre, whose music still lingered in the stones. Often to this tower the daughter of King Nisus used to climb and set the rocks resounding with a pebble, in the day when peace was. Also after the war began she would often look out from this place upon the rough martial combats. And now, as the war dragged on, she had come to know even the names of the warring chieftains, their arms, their horses, their dress, their Cretan quivers. And

¹ *i.e.* Megara.

OVID

noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europaei,
 plus etiam, quam nosse sat est : hac iudice Minos,
 seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis, 25
 in galea formosus erat ; seu sumpserat aere
 fulgentem clipeum, clipeum sumpsisse decebat ;
 torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis :
 laudabat virgo iunctam cum viribus artem ;
 inposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus : 30
 sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis ;
 cum vero faciem dempto nudaverat aere
 purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis
 terga premebat equi spumantiaque ora regebat,
 vix sua, vix sanae virgo Niseia compos 35
 mentis erat : felix iaculum, quod tangeret ille,
 quaeque manu premeret, felicia frena vocabat.
 impetus est illi, liceat modo, ferre per agmen
 virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi
 turribus e summis in Gnosia mittere corpus 40
 castra vel aeratas hosti recludere portas,
 vel siquid Minos aliud velit. utque sedebat
 candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis,
 “laeter,” ait “doleamne geri lacrimabile bellum,
 in dubio est ; doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est. 45
 sed nisi bella forent, numquam mihi cognitus esset !
 me tamen accepta poterat deponere bellum
 obside : me comitem, me pacis pignus haberet.
 si quae te peperit, talis, pulcherrime rerum,
 qualis es, ipsa fuit, merito deus arsit in illa. 50
 o ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras
 Gnosiaci possem castris insistere regis
 fassaue me flammasque meas, qua dote, rogarem,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

above all others did she know the face of their leader, Europa's son, yes, better than she should. If he had hidden his head in a crested casque, Minos in a helmet was lovely to her eyes : or if he carried his shining golden shield, the shield became him well. Did he hurl his tough spear with tense muscles, the girl admired the strength and the skill he showed. Did he bend the wide-curving bow with arrow fitted to the string, thus she would swear that Phoebus stood with arrows in his hand. But when unhelmed he showed his face, when clad in purple he bestrode his milk-white steed gorgeous with brodered trappings, and managed the foaming bit, then was Nisus' daughter hardly her own, hardly mistress of a sane mind. Happy the javelin which he touched and happy the reins which he held in his hand, she thought. She longed, were it but allowed, to speed her maiden steps through the foemen's line ; she longed to leap down from her lofty tower into the Cretan camp, to open the city's bronze-bound gates to the enemy, to do any other thing which Minos might desire. And, as she sat gazing at the white tents of the Cretan king, she said : " Whether I should rejoice or grieve at this woeful war, I cannot tell. I grieve because Minos is the foe of her who loves him ; but if there were no war, he would never have been known to me. Suppose he had me as a hostage, then he could give up the war ; I should be in his company, should be a pledge of peace. If she who bore you, O loveliest of all the world, was such as you are, good reason was it that the god burned for her. Oh, thrice happy should I be, if only I might fly through the air and stand within the camp of the Cretan king, and confess my love, and ask what dower he would wish to be paid for me. Only let him not ask my

vellet emi, tantum patrias ne posceret arces !
 nam pereant potius sperata cubilia, quam sim 55
 prodicione potens !—quamvis saepe utile vinci
 victoris placidi fecit clementia multis.
 iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto :
 et causaque valet causamque tenentibus armis,
 et, puto, vincemur ; qui si manet exitus urbem, 60
 cur suus haec illi reseret mea moenia Mavors
 et non noster amor ? melius sine caede moraque
 impensaque sui poterit superare cruoris.
 non metuam certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos,
 vulneret imprudens : quis enim tam durus, ut in te 65
 dirigere inमितem non inscius audeat hastam ? ”
 coepta placent, et stat sententia tradere secum
 dotalem patriam finemque inponere bello ;
 verum velle parum est ! “aditus custodia servat,
 claustraque portarum genitor tenet : hunc ego solum
 infelix timeo, solus mea vota moratur. 71
 di facerent, sine patre forem ! sibi quisque profecto
 est deus : ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnat.
 altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto
 perdere gauderet, quodcumque obstaret amori. 75
 et cur ulla foret me fortior ? ire per ignes
 et gladios ausim ; nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis
 aut gladiis opus est, opus est mihi crine paterno.
 illa mihi est auro pretiosior, illa beatam
 purpura me votique mei factura potentem.” 80

Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix
 nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit.
 prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

country's citadel. For may all my hopes of wedlock perish ere I gain it by treachery. And yet oft-times many have found it good to be overcome, when an appeased victor has been merciful. Surely he wages a just war for his murdered son; and he is strong both in his cause and in the arms that defend his cause. We shall be conquered, I am sure. How? If doom awaits our city, why shall his warrior hand unbar these walls of ours, and not my love? Far better will it be without massacre and suspense and the cost of his own blood for him to conquer. In that case truly I should not fear lest someone should pierce your breast unwittingly, dear Minos; for, if not unwitting, who so cruel that he could bring himself to throw his pitiless spear at you?" She likes the plan, and decides to give up herself with her country as her dowry, and so to end the war. But merely to will is not enough. "A watch guards the entry; my father holds the keys of the city gates. Him only do I fear, unhappy! Only he delays the wish of my heart. Would to God I had no father! But surely everyone is his own god; Fortune resists half-hearted prayers. Another girl in my place, fired with so great a love, would long since have destroyed, and that with joy, whatever stood in the way of her love. And why should another be braver than I? Through fire and sword would I dare go. And yet here there is no need of fire or sword. I need but my father's lock of hair. That is to me more precious than gold; that purple lock will make me blest, will give me my heart's desire."

While she thus spoke night came on, most potent healer of our cares; and with the darkness her boldness grew. The first rest had come, when sleep

OVID

pectora somnus habet : thalamos taciturna paternos
 intrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem 85
 crine suum spoliât praedaeque potita nefanda
 per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est) 88
 pervenit ad regem ; quem sic adfata paventem est :
 "suasit amor facinus : proles ego regia Nisi 90
 Scylla tibi trado patriaeque meosque penates ;
 praemia nulla peto nisi te : cape pignus amoris
 purpureum crinem nec me nunc tradere crinem,
 sed patrium tibi crede caput !" scelerataque dextra
 munera porrexit ; Minos porrecta refugit 95
 turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti :
 "di te summoveant, o nostri infamia saeculi,
 orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur !
 certe ego non patiar Iovis incunabula, Creten,
 qui meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum." 100
 Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor
 hostibus inposuit, classis retinacula solvi
 iussit et aeratas impleri remige puppes.
 Scylla freto postquam deductas nare carinas
 nec praestare ducem sceleris sibi praemia vidit, 105
 consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram
 intendensque manus passis furibunda capillis
 "quo fugis " exclamat " meritorum auctore relicta,
 o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti ?
 quo fugis, inmitis, cuius victoria nostrum 110
 et scelus et meritum est ? nec te data munera, nec te
 noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum

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holds the heart weary with the cares of day: the daughter steals silently into her father's chamber, and—oh, the horrid crime!—she despoils him of the tress where his life lay. With this cursed prize, through the midst of her foes, so sure is she of a welcome for her deed, she goes straight to the king; and thus she addresses him, startled at her presence: “Love has led me to this deed. I, Scylla, daughter of King Nisus, do here deliver to your hands my country and my house. I ask no reward save only you. Take as the pledge of my love this purple lock, and know that I am giving to you not a lock, but my father's life.” And in her sin-stained hand she held out the prize to him. Minos recoiled from the proffered gift, and, in horror at the sight of so unnatural an act, he replied: “May the gods banish you from their world, O foul disgrace of our age! May both land and sea be denied to you! Be sure that I shall not permit so vile a monster to set foot on Crete, my world, the cradle of Jove's infancy.”

He spoke; and when this most upright lawgiver had imposed laws upon his conquered foes, he bade loose the hawsers of the fleet, and the rowers to man the bronze-bound ships. When Scylla saw that the ships were launched and afloat, and that the king refused her the reward of her sin, having prayed until she could pray no more, she became violently enraged, and stretching out her hands, with streaming hair and mad with passion, she exclaimed: “Whither do you flee, abandoning the giver of your success, O you whom I put before my fatherland, before my father? Whither do you flee, you cruel man, whose victory is my sin, 'tis true, but is my merit also? Does not the gift I gave move you, do not my love and

OVID

te mea congesta est? nam quo deserta revertar?
 in patriam? superata iacet! sed finge manere:
 proditiōe mea clausa est mihi! patris ad ora? 115
 quem tibi donavi! cives odere merentem,
 finitimi exemplum metuunt: exponimur orbe
 terrarum, nobis ut Crete sola pateret.
 hac quoque si prohibes et nos, ingrate, relinquis,
 non genetrix Europa tibi est, sed inhospita Syrtis, 120
 Armeniae tigres austroque agitata Charybdis.
 Nec Iove tu natus, nec mater imagine tauri
 ducta tua est: generis falsa est ea fabula! verus
 et ferus et captus nullius amore iuvencae,
 qui te progenuit, taurus fuit. exige poenas, 125
 Nise pater! gaudete malis modo prodita nostris
 moenia! nam, fateor, merui et sum digna perire.
 sed tamen ex illis aliquis, quos impia faesi,
 me perimat! cur, qui vicisti crimine nostro,
 insequeris crimen? scelus hoc patriaeque patrique,
 officium tibi sit! te vere coniuge digna est, 131
 quae torvum ligno decepit adultera taurum
 discordemque utero fetum tulit. ecquid ad aures
 perveniunt mea dicta tuas, an inania venti
 verba ferunt idemque tuas, ingrate, carinas? 135
 iam iam Pasiphaen non est mirabile taurum
 praeposuisse tibi: tu plus feritatis habebas.
 me miseram! properare iubet! divulsaque remis
 unda sonat, mecumque simul mea terra recedit.
 414

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all my hopes built on you alone? Deserted, whither shall I go? Back to my fatherland? It lies overthrown. But suppose it still remained: it is closed to me by my treachery. To my father's presence? him whom I betrayed to you? My countrymen hate me, and with just cause; the neighbouring peoples fear my example. I am banished from all the world, that Crete alone might be open to me. And if you forbid me Crete as well, and, O ungrateful, leave me here, Europa is not your mother, but the inhospitable Syrtis, the Armenian tigress and storm-tossed Charybdis. You are no son of Jove, nor was your mother tricked by the false semblance of a bull. That story of your birth is a lie: it was a real bull that begot you, a fierce, wild thing that loved no heifer. Inflict my punishment, O Nisus, my father! Rejoice in my woes, O ye walls that I have but now betrayed! For I confess I have merited your hate and I deserve to die. But let some one of those whom I have foully injured slay me. Why should you, who have triumphed through my sin, punish my sin? Let this act which was a crime against my country and my father be but a service in your eyes. She is a true mate¹ for you who with unnatural passion deceived the savage bull by that shape of wood and bore a hybrid offspring in her womb. Does my voice reach your ears? Or do the same winds blow away my words to emptiness that fill your sails, you ingrate? Now, now I do not wonder that Pasiphaë preferred the bull to you, for you were a more savage beast than he. Alas for me! He orders his men to haste away! and the waves resound as the oars dash into them, and I and my land are both fading from his sight. But it

¹ Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos and mother of the Minotaur.

OVID

nil agis, o frustra meritorum oblite meorum : 140
 insequar invitum puppimque amplexa recurvam
 per freta longa trahar." Vix dixerat, insilit undis
 consequiturque rates faciente cupidine vires
 Gnosiacaque haeret comes invidiosa carinae.
 quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura 145
 et modo factus erat fulvis haliaeetus alis),
 ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco ;
 illa metu puppim dimisit, et aura cadentem
 sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est.
 pluma fuit : plumis in avem mutata vocatur 150
 Ciris et a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo,
 Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum
 solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curetida terram
 contigit, et spoliis decorata est regia fixis.
 creverat obprobrium generis, foedumque patebat 155
 matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis ;
 destinat hunc Minos thalamo remove pudorem
 multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis.
 Daedalus ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis
 ponit opus turbatque notas et lumina flexu 160
 ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.
 non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Maeandrus in arvis
 iudit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque
 occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas
 et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum 165
 incertas exercet aquas, ita Daedalus implet
 416

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is in vain; you have forgotten my deserts in vain; I shall follow you against your will, and clinging to the curving stern, I shall be drawn over the long reaches of the sea." Scarce had she spoken when she leaped into the water, swam after the ship, her passion giving strength, and clung, hateful and unwelcome, to the Cretan boat. When her father saw her—for he was hovering in the air, having but now been changed into an osprey with tawny wings—he came on that he might tear her, as she clung there, with his hooked beak. In terror she let go her hold upon the boat, and as she fell the light air seemed to hold her up and keep her from touching the water. She was like a feather! Changed to a feathered bird, she is called Ciris, and takes this name from the shorn lock of hair.¹

Minos duly paid his vows to Jove, a hundred bulls, when he disembarked upon the Cretan strand; and he hung up his spoils of war to adorn his palace. But now his family's disgrace had grown big, and the queen's foul adultery was revealed to all by her strange hybrid monster-child. Minos planned to remove this shame from his house and to hide it away in a labyrinthine enclosure with blind passages. Daedalus, a man famous for his skill in the builder's art, planned and performed the work. He confused the usual passages and deceived the eye by a conflicting maze of divers winding paths. Just as the watery Maeander plays in the Phrygian fields, flows back and forth in doubtful course and, turning back on itself, beholds its own waves coming on their way, and sends its uncertain waters now towards their source and now towards the open sea: so Daedalus made those innumerable winding passages, and was

¹ Ciris, as if from *κείρω*, "I cut."

innumeras errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram
clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum 170
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum
ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Diam
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo 175
litore destituit; desertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tulit utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in ignes 180
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui medius Nixique genu est Anguemque tenentis.

Daedalus interea Creten longumque perosus
exilium tactusque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. "terras licet" inquit "et undas
obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac: 186
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos."
dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturamque novat. nam ponit in ordine pennas
a minima coeptas, longam brevior sequenti, 190
ut clivo crevisse putes: sic rustica quondam
fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita conpositas parvo curvamine flectit,

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himself scarce able to find his way back to the place of entry, so deceptive was the enclosure he had built.

In this labyrinth Minos shut up the monster of the bull-man form and twice he fed him on Athenian blood; but the third tribute, demanded after each nine years, brought the creature's overthrow. And when, by the virgin Ariadne's help, the difficult entrance, which no former adventurer had ever reached again, was found by winding up the thread, straightway the son of Aegeus, taking Minos' daughter, spread his sails for Dia; and on that shore he cruelly abandoned his companion. To her, deserted and bewailing bitterly, Bacchus brought love and help. And, that she might shine among the deathless stars, he sent the crown she wore up to the skies. Through the thin air it flew; and as it flew its gems were changed to gleaming fires and, still keeping the appearance of a crown, it took its place between the Kneeler¹ and the Serpent-holder.²

Meanwhile Daedalus, hating Crete and his long exile, and longing to see his native land, was shut in by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of nature. For he lays feathers in order, beginning at the smallest, short next to long, so that you would think they had grown upon a slope. Just so the old-fashioned rustic pan-pipes with their unequal reeds rise one above another. Then he fastened the feathers together with twine and wax at the middle and bottom; and, thus arranged, he bent them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like

¹ The constellation of Hercules.

² Ophiuchus.

innumeras errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram
clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum
ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides raptâ Minoide Diam
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo
litore destituit; desertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tulit utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in igne
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui medius Nixique genu est Anguemque tener

Daedalus interea Creten longumque perosus
exilium tactusque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. "terras licet" inquit "et
obstruat: et caelum certe patet; ibimus illac:
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos."
dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturamque novat. nam ponit in ordine peni-
a minima coeptas, longam brevior sequenti,
ut clivo crevisse putes: sic rustica quondam
fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita compositas parvo curvamine flectit,

led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold on the air. His lips, calling to the last upon his father's name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: "Icarus, Icarus, where are you? In what place shall I seek you? Icarus," he called again; and then he spied the wings floating on the deep, and cursed his skill. He buried the body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of the buried boy.

As he was consigning the body of his ill-fated son to the tomb, a chattering lapwing looked out from a muddy ditch and clapped her wings uttering a joyful note. She was at that time a strange bird, of a kind never seen before, and but lately made a bird; a lasting reproach to you, Daedalus. For the man's sister, ignorant of the fates, had sent him her son, a boy twelve years of age, to be trained in the teachings of his well-stored mind. This boy, moreover, observed the backbone of a fish and, taking it as a model, cut a row of teeth in a thin strip of iron and thus invented the saw. He also was the first to bind two arms of iron together at a joint, so that, while the arms kept the same distance apart, one might stand still while the other should trace a circle. Daedalus envied the lad and thrust him down headlong from the sacred citadel of Minerva, with a lying tale that the boy had fallen. But Pallas, who favours the quick of wit, caught him up and made him a bird, and clothed him with feathers in mid-air. His old quickness of wit passed

OVID

deseruitque ducem caelique cupidine tractus
 altius egit iter. rapidi vicinia solis 225
 mollit odoratas, pennarum vincula, ceras;
 tabuerant cerae: nudos quatit ille lacertos,
 remigioque carens non ullas percipit auras,
 oraque caerulea patrium clamantia nomen
 excipiuntur aqua, quae nomen traxit ab illo. 230
 at pater infelix, nec iam pater, "Icare," dixit,
 "Icare," dixit "ubi es? qua te regione requiram?"
 "Icare" dicebat: pennas aspexit in undis
 devovitque suas artes corpusque sepulcro
 condidit, et tellus a nomine dicta sepulti. 235
 Hunc miseri tumulo ponentem corpora nati
 garrula limoso prospexit ab elice perdix
 et plausit pennis testataque gaudia cantu est,
 unica tunc volucris nec visa prioribus annis,
 factaque nuper avis longum tibi, Daedale, crimen. 240
 namque huic tradiderat, fatorum ignara, docendam
 progeniem germana suam, natalibus actis
 bis puerum senis, animi ad praecepta capaxis;
 ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas
 traxit in exemplum ferroque incidit acuto 245
 perpetuos dentes et serrae repperit usum;
 primus et ex uno duo ferrea brachia nodo
 vinxit, ut aequali spatio distantibus illis
 altera pars staret, pars altera duceret orbem.
 Daedalus invidit sacraque ex arce Minervae 250
 praecipitem misit, lapsum mentitus; at illum,
 quae favet ingeniis, excepit Pallas avemque
 reddidit et medio velavit in aere pennis,

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led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold on the air. His lips, calling to the last upon his father's name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: "Icarus, Icarus, where are you? In what place shall I seek you? Icarus," he called again; and then he spied the wings floating on the deep, and cursed his skill. He buried the body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of the buried boy.

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OVID

sed vigor ingenii quondam velocis in alas
 inque pedes abiit; nomen, quod et ante, remansit.
 non tamen haec alte volucris sua corpora tollit, 256
 nec facit in ramis altoque cacumine nidos :
 propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova
 antiquique memor metuit sublimia casus.

Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat 260
 Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis
 mitis habebatur; iam lamentabile Athenae
 pendere desierant Thesea laude tributum :
 templa coronantur, bellatricemque Minervam
 cum Iove disque vocant aliis, quos sanguine voto 265
 muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant;
 sparserat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes
 Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit,
 huius opem magnis inploravere periclis,
 huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet,
 sollicita supplex petiit prece : causa petendi 271
 sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae.
 Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni
 primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo,
 Palladios flavae latices libasse Minervae; 275
 coeptus ab agricolis superos pervenit ad omnes
 ambitiosus honor : solas sine ture relictas
 praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras.
 tangit et ira deos. "at non inpune feremus,
 quaeque inhonoratae, non et dicemur inultae" 280
 inquit, et Oeneos ultorem spreta per agros

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into his wings and legs, but he kept the name which he had before. Still the bird does not lift her body high in flight nor build her nest on trees or on high points of rock ; but she flutters along near the ground and lays her eggs in hedgerows ; and, remembering that old fall, she is ever fearful of lofty places.

Now the land of Aetna received the weary Daedalus, where King Cocalus took up arms in the suppliant's defence and was esteemed most kind.¹ Now also Athens, thanks to Theseus, had ceased to pay her doleful tribute. The temple is wreathed with flowers, the people call on Minerva, goddess of battles, with Jove and the other gods, whom they worship with sacrificial blood, with gifts and burning incense. Quick-flying fame had spread the name of Theseus through all the towns of Greece, and all the peoples of rich Achaia prayed his help in their own great perils. Suppliant Calydon sought his help with anxious prayers, although she had her Meleager. The cause of seeking was a monster boar, the servant and avenger of outraged Diana. For they say that Oeneus, king of Calydon, in thanksgiving for a bounteous harvest-time, paid the first-fruits of the grain to Ceres, paid his wine to Bacchus, and her own flowing oil to golden-haired Minerva. Beginning with the rural deities, the honour they craved was paid to all the gods of heaven ; only Diana's altar was passed by (they say) and left without its tribute. Anger also can move the gods. " But we shall not bear this without vengeance," she said ; " and though unhonoured, it shall not be said that we are unavenged." And the scorned goddess sent over Oeneus' fields an avenging boar, as great as

¹ This phrase has no point, and there seems to be something wrong with the text.

OVID

misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros non habet Epiros, sed habent Sicula arva minores : sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget ardua cervix, et setae similes rigidis hastilibus horrent : ¹	285
fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos	287
spuma fluit, dentes aequantur dentibus Indis, fulmen ab ore venit, frondes afflatibus ardent. is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba,	290
nunc matura metit fleturi vota coloni et Cererem in spicis intercipit : area frustra et frustra exspectant promissas horrea messes. sternuntur gravidi longo cum palmite fetus bacaque cum ramis semper frondentis olivae.	295
saevit et in pecudes : non has pastorge canisve, non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri. diffugiunt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis esse putant tutos, donec Meleagros et una lecta manus iuvenum coiere cupidine laudis :	300
Tyndaridae gemini, spectatus caestibus alter, alter equo, primaeque ratis molitor Iason, et cum Pirithoo, felix concordia, Theseus, et duo Thestiadae prolesque Aphareia, Lynceus et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus,	305
Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acastus Hippothousque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyleus. nec Telamon aberat magnique creator Achillis cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao	310

¹ *Ehwald omits, as well as line 288 :*

stantque velut vallum, velut alta hastilia setae.

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the bulls which feed on grassy Epirus, and greater than those of Sicily. His eyes glowed with blood and fire; his neck was stiff and high; his bristles stood up like lines of stiff spear-shafts; amidst deep, hoarse grunts the hot foam flecked his broad shoulders; his tusks were long as the Indian elephant's, lightning flashed from his mouth, the herbage shrivelled beneath his breath. Now he trampled down the young corn in the blade, and now he laid waste the full-grown crops of some farmer who was doomed to mourn, and cut off the ripe grain in the ear. In vain the threshing-floor, in vain the granary awaited the promised harvests. The heavy bunches of grapes with their trailing vines were cast down, and berry and branch of the olive whose leaf never withers. He vents his rage on the cattle, too. Neither herdsmen nor dogs can protect them, nor can the fierce bulls defend their herds. The people flee in all directions, nor do they count themselves safe until protected by a city's walls. Then at last Meleager and a picked band of youths assembled, fired with the love of glory: the twin sons of Leda, wife of Tyndarus, one famous for boxing, the other for horsemanship; Jason, the first ship's builder; Theseus and Pirithöus, inseparable friends; the two sons of Thestius¹; Lynceus and swift-footed Idas, sons of Aphareus; Caeneus,² no longer a woman; warlike Leucippus and Acastus, famed for his javelin; Hippothöus and Dryas; Phoenix, the son of Amyntor; Actor's two sons³ and Elean Phyleus. Telamon was also there, and the father of great Achilles; and, along with the son of Pheres⁴ and Boeotian Iolaüs,

¹ Plexippus and Toxeus, brothers of Althaea, the mother of Meleager.

² See XII. 189 ff. ³ Eurytus and Cleatus. ⁴ Admetus.

OVID

inpiger Eurytion et cursu invictus Echion
 Naryciusque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque
 Hippasus et primis etiamnum Nestor in annis,
 et quos Hippocoon antiquis misit Amyclis,
 Penelopaeque socer cum Parrhasio Ancaeo, 315
 Ampycidesque sagax et adhuc a coniuge tutus
 Oeclides nemorisque decus Tegeaea Lycaei :
 rasilis huic summam mordebat fibula vestem,
 crinis erat simplex, nodum conlectus in unum,
 ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea laevo 320
 telorum custos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat ;
 talis erat cultu, facies, quam dicere vere
 virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine possis.
 hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros
 optavit renuente deo flammasque latentes 325
 hausit et "o felix, siquem dignabitur" inquit
 "ista virum !" nec plura sinit tempusque pudorque
 dicere : maius opus magni certaminis arguet.

Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ceciderat aetas,
 incipit a plano devexaque prospicit arva : 330
 quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt,
 vincula pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur
 signa pedum, cupiuntque suum reperire periculum.
 concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
 adsuerunt pluvialis aquae ; tenet ima lacunae 335
 lenta salix ulvaeque leves iuncique palustres
 viminaeque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae :

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were Eurytion, quick in action, and Echion, of unconquered speed ; Locrian Lelex, Panopeus, Hyleus and Hippasus, keen for the fray ; Nestor, then in the prime of his years ; and those whom Hippocoön sent from ancient Amyclæ ; the father-in-law of Penelope,¹ and Arcadian Ancaeus ; Ampycus' prophetic son,² and the son³ of Oecleus, who had not yet been ruined by his wife ; and Atalanta of Tegea, the pride of the Arcadian woods. A polished buckle clasped her robe at the neck ; her hair, plainly dressed, was caught up in one knot. From her left shoulder hung an ivory quiver, resounding as she moved, with its shafts, and her left hand held a bow. Such was she in dress. As for her face, it was one which you could truly say was maidenly for a boy or boyish for a maiden. As soon as his eyes fell on her, the Calydonian hero straightway longed for her (but God forbade) ; he felt the flames of love steal through his heart ; and " O happy man," he said, " if ever that maiden shall deem any man worthy to be hers." Neither the occasion nor his own modesty permitted him more words ; the greater task of the mighty conflict urged him to action.

There was a dense forest, that past ages had never touched with the axe, rising from the plain and looking out on the downward-sloping fields. When the heroes came to this, some stretched the hunting-nets, some slipped the leashes from the dogs, some followed the well-marked trail as they longed to come at their dangerous enemy. There was a deep dell, where the rain-water from above drained down ; the lowest part of this marshy spot was covered with a growth of pliant willows, sedge-grass and swamp-rushes, osiers and tall bulrushes, with an under-

¹ Laërtes.

² Mopsus.

³ Amphiaraus.

OVID

hinc aper excitus medios violentus in hostes
fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes.
sternitur incursu nemus, et propulsa fragorem 340
silva dat: exclamant iuvenes praetentaque forti
tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro.
ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti
obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.
cuspis Echionio primum contorta lacerto 345
vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno;
proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa
non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito:
longius it; auctor teli Pagasaeus Jason.
"Phoebe," ait Ampycides, "si te coluique colloque,
da mihi, quod petitur, certo contingere telo!" 351
qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est,
sed sine vulnere aper: ferrum Diana volanti
abstulerat iaculo; lignum sine acumine venit.
ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit: 355
emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma,
utque volat moles adducto concita nervo,
cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite turres,
in iuvenes certo sic impete vulnificus sus
fertur et Eupalamon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes 360
cornua, prosternit: socii rapuere iacentes;
at non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus
Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem
vertere succisso liquerunt poplite nervi.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

growth of small reeds. From this covert the boar was roused and launched himself with a mad rush against his foes, like lightning struck out from the clashing clouds. The grove is laid low by his onrush, and the trees crash as he knocks against them. The heroes raise a halloo and with unflinching hands hold their spears poised with the broad iron heads well forward. The boar comes rushing on, scatters the dogs one after another as they strive to stop his mad rush, and thrusts off the baying pack with his deadly sidelong stroke. The first spear, thrown by Echion's arm, missed its aim and struck glancing on the trunk of a maple-tree. The next, if it had not been thrown with too much force, seemed sure of transfixing the back where it was aimed. It went too far. Jason of Pagasae was the marksman. Then Mopsus cried: "O Phoebus, if I have ever worshipped and do still worship thee, grant me with unerring spear to reach my mark." So far as possible the god heard his prayer. His spear did strike the boar, but without injury; for Diana had wrenched the iron point from the javelin as it sped, and pointless the wooden shaft struck home. But the beast's savage anger was roused, and it burned hotter than the lightning. Fire gleamed from his eyes, seemed to breathe from his throat. And, as a huge rock, shot from a catapult sling, flies through the air against walls or turrets filled with soldiery; so with irresistible and death-dealing force the beast rushed on the youths, and overbore Eupalamus and Pelagon, who were stationed on the extreme right. Their comrades caught them up as they lay. But Enaesimus, the son of Hippocoön, did not escape the boar's fatal stroke. As he in fear was just turning to run he was hamstrung and his muscles gave way beneath him. Pylian

OVID

forsitan et Pylius citra Troiana perisset 365
tempora, sed sumpto posita conamine ab hasta
arboris insiluit, quae stabat proxima, ramis
despexitque, loco tutus, quem fugerat, hostem.
dentibus ille ferox in querno stipite tritis
inminet exitio fidensque recentibus armis 370
Eurytidae magni rostro femur hausit adunco.
at gemini, nondum caelestia sidera, fratres,
ambo conspicui, nive candidioribus ambo
vectabantur equis, ambo vibrata per auras
hastarum tremulo quatiebant spicula motu. 375
vulnera fecissent, nisi saetiger inter opacas
nec iaculis isset nec equo loca pervia silvas.
persequitur Telamon studioque incautus eundi
pronus ab arborea cecidit radice retentus.
dum levat hunc Peleus, celerem Tegéaea sagittam
inposuit nervo sinuatoque expulit arcu : 381
fixa sub aure feri summum destrinxit harundo
corpus et exiguo rubefecit sanguine saetas ;
nec tamen illa sui successu laetior ictus
quam Meleagros erat : primus vidisse putatur 385
et primus sociis visum ostendisse cruorem
et " meritum " dixisse " feres virtutis honorem."
erubuere viri seque exhortantur et addunt
cum clamore animos iaciuntque sine ordine tela :
turba nocet iactis et, quos petit, impedit ictus. 390
ecce furens contra sua fata bipennifer Arcas

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

Nestor came near perishing before he ever went to the Trojan War; but, putting forth all his strength, he leaped by his spear-pole into the branches of a tree which stood near by, and from this place of safety he looked down upon the foe he had escaped. The raging beast whetted his tusks on an oak-tree's trunk; and, threatening destruction and emboldened by his freshly sharpened tusks, ripped up the thigh of the mighty Hippiasus with one sweeping blow. But now the twin brothers,¹ not yet set in the starry heavens, came riding up, both conspicuous among the rest, both on horses whiter than snow, both poising their spears, which they threw quivering through the air. And they would have struck the boar had not the bristly monster taken refuge in the dense woods, whither neither spear nor horse could follow him. Telamon did attempt to follow, and in his eagerness, careless where he went, he fell prone on the ground, caught by a projecting root. While Peleus was helping him to rise, Atalanta notched a swift arrow on the cord and sent it speeding from her bent bow. The arrow just grazed the top of the boar's back and remained stuck beneath his ear, staining the bristles with a trickle of blood. Nor did she show more joy over the success of her own stroke than Meleager. He was the first to see the blood, the first to point it out to his companions, and to say: "Due honour shall your brave deed receive." The men, flushed with shame, spurred each other on, gaining courage as they cried out, hurling their spears in disorder. The mass of missiles made them of no effect, and kept them from striking as they were meant to do. Then Ancaeus, the Arcadian, armed with a two-headed axe raging to meet his fate, cried out:

¹ Castor and Pollux.

OVID

"discite, femineis quid tela virilia praestent,
 o iuvenes, operique meo concedite!" dixit.
 "ipsa suis licet hunc Latonia protegat armis,
 invita tamen hunc perimet mea dextra Diana." 395
 talia magniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore
 ancipitemque manu tollens utraque securim
 institerat digitis pronus suspensus in ictus:
 occupat audentem, quaque est via proxima leto,
 summa ferus geminos direxit ad inguina dentes. 400
 concidit Ancaeus glomerataque sanguine multo
 viscera lapsa fluunt: madefacta est terra cruore.
 ibat in adversum proles Ixionis hostem
 Pirithous valida quatiens venabula dextra;
 cui "procul" Aegides "o me mihi carior" inquit 405
 "pars animae consiste meae! licet eminus esse
 fortibus: Ancaeo nocuit temeraria virtus."
 dixit et aerata torsit grave cuspide cornum;
 quo bene librato votique potente futuro
 obstitit aesculea frondosus ab arbore ramus. 410
 misit et Aesonides iaculum: quod casus ab illo
 vertit in inmeriti fatum latrantis et inter
 ilia coniectum tellure per ilia fixum est.
 at manus Oenidae variat, missisque duabus
 hasta prior terra, medio stetit altera tergo. 415
 nec mora, dum saevit, dum corpora versat in orbem
 stridentemque novo spumam cum sanguine fundit,
 vulneris auctor adest hostemque inritat ad iram
 splendidaque adversos venabula condit in armos.
 434

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

"Learn now, O youths, how far a man's weapons surpass a girl's; and leave this task to me. Though Latona's daughter herself shield this boar with her own arrows, in spite of Diana shall my good right arm destroy him." So, swollen with pride and with boastful lips, he spoke: and, heaving up in both hands his two-edged axe, he stood on tiptoe, poised to strike. The boar made in upon his bold enemy, and, as the nearest point for death, he fiercely struck at the upper part of the groins with his two tusks. Ancaeus fell; his entrails poured out amid streams of blood and the ground was soaked with gore. Then Ixion's son, Pirithoüs, advanced against the foe, brandishing a hunting-spear in his strong right hand. To him Theseus cried out in alarm: "Keep away, O dearer to me than my own self, my soul's other half; it is no shame for brave men to fight at long range. Ancaeus' rash valour has proved his bane." He spoke and hurled his own heavy shaft with its sharp bronze point. Though this was well aimed and seemed sure to reach the mark, a leafy branch of an oak-tree turned it aside. Then the son of Aeson hurled his javelin, which chance caused to swerve from its aim and fatally wound an innocent dog, passing clear through his flanks and pinning him to the ground. But the hand of Meleager had a different fortune: he threw two spears, the first of which stood in the earth, but the second stuck squarely in the middle of the creature's back. Straightway, while the boar rages and whirls round and round, spouting forth foam and fresh blood in a hissing stream, the giver of the wound presses his advantage, pricks his enemy on to madness, and at last plunges his gleaming hunting-spear right through the shoulder. The others vent their joy by wild

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gaudia testantur socii clamore secundo 420
 victricemque petunt dextrae coniungere dextram
 inmanemque ferum multa tellure iacentem
 mirantes spectant neque adhuc contingere tutum
 esse putant, sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentat.

Ipse pede inposito caput exitiabile pressit 425
 atque ita "sume mei spoliū, Nonacria, iuris,"
 dixit "et in partem veniat mea gloria tecum."

protinus exuvias rigidis horrentia saetis
 terga dat et magnis insignia dentibus ora.
 illi laetitiae est cum munere muneris auctor; 430
 invidere alii, totoque erat agmine murmur.

e quibus ingenti tendentes bracchia voce
 "pone age nec titulos intercipe, femina, nostros,"
 Thestiadae clamant, "nec te fiducia formae
 decipiat, ne sit longe tibi captus amore 435
 auctor," et huic adimunt munus, ius muneris illi.

non tulit et tumida frendens Mavortius ira
 "discite, raptōres alieni" dixit "honoris,
 facta minis quantum distent," hausitque nefando
 pectora Plexippi nil tale timentia ferro. 440

Toxea, quid faciat, dubium pariterque volentem
 uleisci fratrem fraternaue fata timentem
 haud patitur dubitare diu calidumque priori
 caede recalfecit consorti sanguine telum.

Dona deum templis nato victore ferebat, 445
 cum videt extinctos fratres Althaea referri.
 quae plangore dato maestis clamoribus urbem
 436

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

shouts of applause and crowd around to press the victor's hand. They gaze in wonder at the huge beast lying stretched out over so much ground, and still think it hardly safe to touch him. But each dips his spear in the blood.

Then Meleager, standing with his foot upon that death-dealing head, spoke thus to Atalanta: "Take thou the prize that is of my right, O fair Arcadian, and let my glory be shared with thee." And therewith he presented her with the spoils: the skin with its bristling spikes, and the head remarkable for its huge tusks. She rejoiced in the gift and no less in the giver; but the others begrudged it, and an angry murmur rose through the whole company. Then two, the sons of Thestius, stretching out their arms, cried with a loud voice: "Let be, girl, and do not usurp our honours. And be not deceived by trusting in your beauty, lest this lovesick giver be far from helping you." And they took from her the gift, and from him the right of giving. This was more than that son of Mars could bear, and, gnashing his teeth with rage, he cried: "Learn then, you that plunder another's rights, the difference between deeds and threats," and plunged his impious steel deep in Plexippus' heart, who was taken off his guard. Then, as Toxeus stood hesitating what to do, wishing to avenge his brother, but at the same time fearing to share his fate, Meleager gave him scant time to hesitate, but, while his spear was still warm with its first victim's slaughter, he warmed it again in his comrade's blood.

Althaea in the temple of the gods was offering thanksgiving for her son's victory, when she saw the corpses of her brothers carried in. She beat her breast and filled the city with woeful lamentation,

OVID

inplet et auratis mutavit vestibus atras;
 at simul est auctor necis editus, excidit omnis
 luctus et a lacrimis in poenae versus amorem est. 450

Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa iaceret
 Thestias, in flammam triplices posuere sorores
 staminaque inpresso fatalia pollice nentes
 "tempora" dixerunt "eadem lignoque tibi que,
 o modo nate, damus." quo postquam carmine dicto
 excessere deae, flagrantem mater ab igne 456

eripuit ramum sparsitque liquentibus undis.
 ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis
 servatusque tuos, iuvenis, servaveret annos.
 protulit hunc genetrix taedasque et fragmina poni
 imperat et positis inimicos admovet ignes. 461

tum conata quater flammis inponere ramum
 coepta quater tenuit: pugnat materque sororque,
 et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.
 saepe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri, 465

saepe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem,
 et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti
 vultus erat, modo quem misereri credere posses;
 cumque ferus lacrimas animi siccaverat ardor,
 inveniebantur lacrimae tamen, utque carina, 470

quam ventus ventoque rapit contrarius aestus,
 vim geminam sentit paretque incerta duobus,
 Thestias haud aliter dubiis affectibus errat
 inque vices ponit positamque resuscitat iram.
 incipit esse tamen melior germana parente 475

et consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras,
 impietate pia est. nam postquam pestifer ignis
 438

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and changed her gold-spangled robes for black. But when she learned who was their murderer, her grief all fell away and was changed from tears to the passion for vengeance.

There was a billet of wood which, when the daughter of Thestius lay in childbirth, the three sisters threw into the fire and, spinning the threads of life with firm-pressed thumb, they sang: "An equal span of life we give to thee and to this wood, O babe new-born." When the three goddesses had sung this prophecy and vanished, the mother snatched the blazing brand from the fire, and quenched it in water. Long had it lain hidden away in a secret place and, guarded safe, had safeguarded your life, O youth. And now the mother brought out this billet and bade her servants make a heap of pine-knots and fine kindling, and lit the pile with cruel flame. Then four times she made to throw the billet in the flames and four times she held her hand. Mother and sister strove in her, and the two names tore her heart this way and that. Often her cheeks grew pale with fear of the impious thing she planned; as often blazing wrath gave its own colour to her eyes. Now she looked like one threatening some cruel deed, and now you would think her pitiful. And when the fierce anger of her heart had dried up her tears, still tears would come again. And as a ship, driven by the wind, and against the wind by the tide, feels the double force and yields uncertainly to both, so Thestius' daughter wavered betwixt opposing passions; now quenched her wrath and now fanned it again. At last the sister in her overcomes the mother and, that she may appease her brothers' shades with blood, she is pious in impiety. For when the devouring flames grow hot, she cries: "Be that

OVID

convaluit, "rogus iste cremet mea viscera" dixit,
 utque manu dira lignum fatale tenebat,
 ante sepulcrales infelix adstitit aras 480
 "poenarum" que "deae triplices, furialibus," inquit
 "Eumenides, sacris vultus advertite vestros!
 ulciscor facioque nefas; mors morte pianda est,
 in scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus:
 per coacervatos pereat domus in pia luctus! 485
 an felix Oeneus nato victore fruetur,
 Thestius orbus erit? melius lugebitis ambo.
 vos modo, fraterni manes animaeque recentes,
 officium sentite meum magnoque paratas
 accipite inferias, uteri mala pignora nostri! 490
 ei mihi! quo rapior? fratres, ignoscite matri!
 deficiunt ad coepta manus: meruisse fatemur
 illum, cur pereat; mortis mihi displicet auctor.
 ergo inpune feret vivusque et victor et ipso
 successu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit, 495
 vos cinis exiguus gelidaeque iacebitis umbrae?
 haud equidem patiar: pereat sceleratus et ille
 spemque patris regnumque trahat patriaeque ruinam!
 mens ubi materna est? ubi sunt pia iura parentum
 et quos sustinui bis mensum quinque labores? 500
 o utinam primis arsissem ignibus infans,
 idque ego passa forem! vixisti munere nostro;
 nunc merito moriere tuo! cape praemia facti
 bisque datam, primum partu, mox stipite raptu,
 redde animam vel me fraternis adde sepulcris! 505
 et cupio et nequeo. quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum
 ante oculos mihi sunt et tantae caedis imago,
 440

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

the funeral pyre of my own flesh." And, as she held the fateful billet in her relentless hand and stood, unhappy wretch, before the sepulchral fires, she said: "O ye triple goddesses of vengeance, Eumenides, behold these fearful rites. I avenge and I do a wicked deed: death must be atoned by death; to crime must crime be added, death to death. Through woes on woes heaped up let this accursed house go on to ruin! Shall happy Oeneus rejoice in his victorious son and Thestius be childless? 'Twill be better for you both to grieve. Only do you, my brothers' manes, fresh-made ghosts, appreciate my service, and accept the sacrifice I offer at so heavy cost, the baleful tribute of my womb. Ah me, whither am I hurrying? Brothers, forgive a mother's heart! My hands refuse to finish what they began. I confess that he deserves to die; but that I should be the agent of his death, I cannot bear. And shall he go scathless then? Shall he live, victorious and puffed up with his own success, and lord it in Calydon, while you are naught but a handful of ashes, shivering ghosts? I will not suffer it. Let the wretch die and drag to ruin with him his father's hopes, his kingdom and his fatherland! Where is my mother-love? Where are parents' pious cares? Where are those pangs which ten long months I bore? O that you had perished in your infancy by those first fires, and I had suffered it! You lived by my gift; now you shall die by your own desert; pay the price of your deed. Give back the life I twice gave you, once at your birth, once when I saved the brand; or else add me to my brothers' pyre. I both desire to act, and cannot. Oh, what shall I do? Now I can see only my brothers' wounds, the sight of that deed of blood: and now

OVID

nunc animum pietas maternaque nomina frangunt.
 me miseram ! male vincetis, sed vincite, fratres,
 dummodo, quae dederō vobis, solacia vosque 510
 ipsa sequar ! " dixit dextraque aversa trementi
 funereum torrem medios coniecit in ignes :
 aut dedit aut visus gemitus est ipse dedisse
 stipes, ut invitis conreptus ab ignibus arsit.

Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros ab illa 515
 uritur et caecis torreri viscera sentit
 ignibus ac magnos superat virtute dolores.
 quod tamen ignavo cadat et sine sanguine leto,
 maeret et Ancaei felicia vulnera dicit
 grandaevumque patrem fratresque piasque sorores
 cum gemitu sociamque tori vocat ore supremo, 521
 forsitan et matrem. crescunt ignisque dolorque
 languescuntque iterum ; simul est extinctus uterque,
 inque leves abiit paulatim spiritus auras
 paulatim cana prunam velante favilla. 525

Alta iacet Calydon : lugent iuvenesque senesque,
 vulgusque proceresque gemunt, scissaeque capillos
 planguntur matres Calydonides Eueninae ;
 pulvere canitiem genitor vultusque seniles
 foedat humi fusus spatiosumque increpat aevum. 530
 nam de matre manus diri sibi conscia facti
 exegit poenas acto per viscera ferro.
 non mihi si centum deus ora sonantia linguis
 ingeniumque capax totumque Heliconā dedisset,
 tristia persequerer miserarum dicta sororum. 535
 inmemores decoris liventia pectora tundunt,
 dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque foveantque,
 442

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

love and the name of mother break me down. Woe is me, my brothers ! It is ill that you should win, but win you shall ; only let me have the solace that I grant to you, and let me follow you ! ” She spoke, and turning away her face, with trembling hand she threw the fatal billet into the flames. The brand either gave or seemed to give a groan as it was caught and consumed by the unwilling fire.

Unconscious, far away, Meleager burns with those flames ; he feels his vitals scorching with hidden fire, and bears the great pain with fortitude. But yet he grieves that he must die a cowardly and bloodless death, and he calls Ancaeus happy for the wounds he suffered. With groans of pain he calls with his dying breath on his aged father, his brothers and loving sisters and his wife, perchance also upon his mother. The fire and his pains increase, and then die down. Both fire and pain go out together ; his spirit gradually slips away into the thin air as white ashes gradually overspread the glowing coals.

Lofty Calydon is brought low. Young men and old, chieftains and commons, lament and groan ; and the Calydonian women, dwellers by Euenus' stream, tear their hair and beat their breasts. The father, prone on the ground, defiles his white hair and his aged head with dust, and laments that he has lived too long. For the mother, now knowing her awful deed, has punished herself, driving a dagger through her heart. Not if some god had given me a hundred mouths each with its tongue, a master's genius, and all Helicon's inspiration, could I describe the piteous prayers of those poor sisters. Careless of decency, they beat and bruise their breasts ; and, while their brother's corpse remains, they caress it over and

OVID

oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto.
 post cinerem cineres haustos ad pectora pressant
 adfusaeque iacent tumulo signataque saxo 540
 nomina complexae lacrimas in nomina fundunt.
 quas Parthaoniae tandem Latonia clade
 exsatiata domus praeter Gorgenque nurumque
 nobilis Alcmenae natis in corpore pennis
 adlevat et longas per brachia porrigit alas 545
 corneaue ora facit versasque per aera mittit.

Interea Theseus sociati parte laboris
 functus Erechtheas Tritonidos ibat ad arces.
 clausit iter fecitque moras Achelous eunti
 imbre tumens: "succede meis," ait "inclite, tectis,
 Cecropida, nec te committe rapacibus undis: 551
 ferre trabes solidas obliquaque volvere magno
 murmure saxa solent. vidi contermina ripae
 cum gregibus stabula alta trahi; nec fortibus illic
 profuit armentis nec equis velocibus esse. 555
 multa quoque hic torrens nivibus de monte solutis
 corpora turbineo iuvenalia flumine mersit.
 tutior est requies, solito dum flumina currant
 limite, dum tenues capiat suus alveus undas."
 adruit Aegides "utar," que "Acheloë, domoque 560
 consilioque tuo" respondit; et usus utroque est.
 pumice multicavo nec levibus atria tophis
 structa subit: molli tellus erat umida musco,

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over, kiss him and kiss the bier as it stands before them. And, when he is ashes, they gather the ashes and press them to their hearts, throw themselves on his tomb in abandonment of grief and, clasping the stone on which his name has been carved, they drench the name with their tears. At length Diana, satisfied with the destruction of Parthaon's house, made feathers spring on their bodies—all save Gorge and great Alcmena's daughter-in-law¹—stretched out long wings over their arms, gave them a horny beak, and sent them transfigured into the air.²

Meanwhile Theseus, having done his part in the confederate task, was on his way back to Tritonia's city where Erechtheus ruled. But Acheloüs, swollen with rain, blocked his way and delayed his journey. "Enter my house, illustrious hero of Athens," said the river-god, "and do not entrust yourself to my greedy waters. The current is wont to sweep down solid trunks of trees and huge boulders in zig-zag course with crash and roar. I have seen great stables that stood near by the bank swept away, cattle and all, and in that current neither strength availed the ox nor speed, the horse. Many a strong man also has been overwhelmed in its whirling pools when swollen by melting snows from the mountain-sides. It is safer for you to rest until the waters shall run within their accustomed bounds, until its own bed shall hold the slender stream." The son of Aegeus replied: "I will use both your house, Acheloüs, and your advice." And he did use them both. He entered the river-god's dark dwelling, built of porous pumice and rough tufa; the floor was damp with soft

¹ Deianira, the wife of Hercules.

² These birds were called *Meleagrides*, guinea-hens.

OVID

summa lacunabant alterno murice conchae.
 iamque duas lucis partes Hyperione menso 565
 discubuerunt toris Theseus comitesque laborum,
 hac Ixionides, illa Troezenius heros
 parte Lelex, raris iam sparsus tempora canis,
 quosque alios parili fuerat dignatus honore
 Amnis Acarnanum, laetissimus hospite tanto. 570
 protinus adpositas nudae vestigia nymphae
 instruxere epulis mensas dapibusque remotis
 in gemma posuere merum. tum maximus heros,
 aequora prospiciens oculis subiecta, "quis" inquit
 "ille locus?" (digitoque ostendit) "et insula
 nomen 575
 quod gerit illa, doce, quamquam non una videtur!"
 Amnis ad haec "non est" inquit "quod cernitis
 unum :
 quinque iacent terrae ; spatium discrimina fallit.
 quoque minus spretae factum mirere Dianae,
 naides hae fuerant, quae cum bis quinque iuvenco
 mactassent rurisque deos ad sacra vocassent, 581
 inmemores nostri festas duxere choreas.
 intumui, quantusque feror, cum plurimus umquam,
 tantus eram, pariterque animis inmanis et undis
 a silvis silvas et ab arvis arva revulsi 585
 cumque loco nymphas, memores tum denique nostri,
 in freta provolvi. fluctus nosterque marisque
 continuam diduxit humum partesque resolvit
 in totidem, mediis quot cernis Echinadas undis.
 ut tamen ipse vides, procul, en procul una recessit
 insula, grata mihi ; Perimelen navita dicit : 591
 446

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moss, conchs and purple-shells panelled the ceiling. Now had the blazing sun traversed two-thirds of his daily course, when Theseus and his comrades of the chase disposed themselves upon the couches. Ixion's son ¹ lay here, and there Lelex, the hero of Troezen, took his place, his temples already sprinkled with grey; and others who had been deemed worthy of equal honour by the Acarnanian river-god, who was filled with joy in his noble guest. Without delay barefoot nymphs set the feast upon the tables, and then when the food had been removed, they set out the wine in jewelled cups. Then the noble hero, looking forth upon the wide water spread before his eyes, pointed with his finger and said: "What place is that? Tell me the name which that island bears. And yet it seems not to be one island." The river-god replied: "No, what you see is not one island. There are five islands lying there together; but the distance hides their divisions. And, that you may wonder the less at what Diana did when she was slighted, those islands once were nymphs, who, when they had slaughtered ten bullocks and had invited all the other rural gods to their sacred feast, forgot me as they led the festal dance. I swelled with rage, as full as when my flood flows at the fullest; and so, terrible in wrath, terrible in flood, I tore forests from forests, fields from fields; and with the place they stood on, I swept the nymphs away, who at last remembered me then, into the sea. There my flood and the sea, united, cleft the undivided ground into as many parts as now you see the Echinades yonder amid the waves. But, as you yourself see, away, look, far away beyond the others is one island that I love: the sailors call it Perimele.

¹ Pirithoüs.

OVID

huic ego virgineum dilectae nomen ademi ;
quod pater Hippodamas aegre tulit inque profun-
dum

propulit e scopulo periturae corpora natae.
excepi nantemque ferens ' o proxima mundi
regna vagae ' dixi ' sortite, Tridentifer, undae, 596
adfer opem mersaeque, precor, feritate paterna ; 601
da, Neptune, locum ; vel sit locus ipsa licebit ! '
dum loquor, amplexa est artus nova terra natantes 609
et gravis increvit mutatis insula membris." 610

Amnis ab his tacuit. factum mirabile cunctos
moverat : inridet credentes, utque deorum
spretor erat mentisque ferox, Ixione natus
" ficta refers nimiumque putas, Acheloe, potentes
esse deos," dixit " si dant adimuntque figuras." 615
obstipuerunt omnes nec talia dicta probarunt,
ante omnesque Lelex animo maturus et aevo,
sic ait : " inmensa est finemque potentia caeli
non habet, et quicquid superi voluere, peractum est,
quoque minus dubites, tilae contermina quercus 620
collibus est Phrygiis modico circumdata muro :
ipse locum vidi ; nam me Pelopeia Pittheus
misit in arva suo quondam regnata parenti.
haud procul hinc stagnum est, tellus habitabilis olim,
nunc celebres mergis fulicisque palustribus undae ;
Iuppiter huc specie mortali cumque parente 626
venit Atlantiades positus caducifer alis.
mille domos adiere locum requiemque petentes,
mille domos clausere serae ; tamen una recepit,
448

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She was beloved by me, and from her I took the name of maiden. Her father, Hippodamas, was enraged with this, and he hurled his daughter to her death down from a high cliff into the deep. I caught her, and supporting her as she swam, I cried: 'O thou god of the trident, to whom the lot gave the kingdom next to the world, even the wandering waves, bring aid, I pray, to one drowned by a father's cruelty; give her a place, O Neptune, or else let her become a place herself.' While I prayed a new land embraced her floating form and a solid island grew from her transformed shape."

With these words the river was silent. The story of the miracle had moved the hearts of all. But one mocked at their credulity, a scoffer at the gods, one reckless in spirit, Ixion's son, Pirithoüs. "These are but fairy-tales you tell, Achelöus," he said, "and you concede too much power to the gods, if they give and take away the forms of things." All the rest were shocked and disapproved such words, and especially Lelex, ripe both in mind and years, who replied: "The power of heaven is indeed immeasurable and has no bounds; and whatever the gods decree is done. And, that you may believe it, there stand in the Phrygian hill-country an oak and a linden-tree side by side, surrounded by a low wall. I have myself seen the spot; for Pittheus sent me to Phrygia, where his father once ruled. Not far from the place I speak of is a marsh, once a habitable land, but now water, the haunt of divers and coots. Hither came Jupiter in the guise of a mortal, and with his father came Atlas' grandson, he that bears the caduceus, his wings laid aside. To a thousand homes they came, seeking a place for rest; a thousand homes were barred against them. Still one house

OVID

parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri, 630
 sed pia Baucis anus parilique aetate Philemon
 illa sunt annis iuncti iuvenalibus, illa
 consenuere casa paupertatemque fatendo
 effecere levem nec iniqua mente ferendo;
 nec rêfert, dominos illic famulosne requiras: 635
 tota domus duo sunt, îdem parentque iubentque.
 ergo ubi caelicolae parvos tetigere penates
 summissoque humiles intrarunt, vertice postes,
 membra senex posito iussit relevare sedili;
 quo superiniecit textum rude sedula Baucis 640
 inque foco tepidum cinerem dimovit et ignes
 suscitât hesternos foliisque et cortice sicco
 nutrit et ad flammâs anima producit anili
 multifidasque faces ramaliaque arida tecto
 detulit et minuit parvoque admovit aeno, 645
 quodque suus coniunx riguo conlegerat horto,
 truncat holus foliis; furca levât ille bicorni
 sordida terga suis nigro pendentia tigno
 servatoque diu resecat de tergore partem
 exiguam sectamque domat ferventibus undis. 650
 interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas¹
 * * * * torus de molli fluminis ulva 655
 inpositus lecto sponda pedibusque salignis.
 vestibus hunc velant, quas non nisi tempore festo
 sternere consuerant, sed et haec vilisque vetusque
 vestis erat, lecto non indignanda saligno.
 adcubuerè dei. mensam succincta tremensque 660

¹ *The following lines are omitted by Ehwald:*

sentirique moram prohibent. erat alveus illic
 fagineus, dura clavo suspensus ab ansa:
 is tepidis impletur aquis artusque fovendos
 accipit, in medio torus est de mollibus ulvis.

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received them, humble indeed, thatched with straw and reeds from the marsh; but pious old Baucis and Philemon, of equal age, were in that cottage wedded in their youth, and in that cottage had grown old together; there they made their poverty light by owning it, and by bearing it in a contented spirit. It was of no use to ask for masters or for servants in that house; they two were the whole household, together they served and ruled. And so when the heavenly ones came to this humble home and, stooping, entered in at the lowly door, the old man set out a bench and bade them rest their limbs, while over this bench busy Baucis threw a rough covering. Then she raked aside the warm ashes on the hearth and fanned yesterday's coals to life, which she fed with leaves and dry bark, blowing them into flame with the breath of her old body. Then she took down from the roof some fine-split wood and dry twigs, broke them up and placed them under the little copper kettle. And she took the cabbage which her husband had brought in from the well-watered garden and lopped off the outside leaves. Meanwhile the old man with a forked stick reached down a chine of smoked bacon, which was hanging from a blackened beam and, cutting off a little piece of the long-cherished pork, he put it to cook in the boiling water. Meanwhile they beguiled the time with their talk * * * * a mattress of soft sedge-grass was placed on a couch with frame and feet of willow. They threw drapery over this, which they were not accustomed to bring out except on festal days; but even this was a cheap thing and well-worn, a very good match for the willow couch. The gods reclined. The old woman, with her skirts tucked up, with trembling hands set out the table.

OVID

ponit anus, mensae sed erat pes tertius inpar :
 testa parem fecit ; quae postquam subdita clivum
 sustulit, aequatam mentae tersere virentes.
 ponitur hic bicolor sinceræ baca Minervæ
 conditaque in liquida corna autumnalia faece 665
 intibaque et radix et lactis massa coacti
 ovaque non acri leviter versata favilla,
 omnia fictilibus. post hæc caelatus eodem
 sistitur argento crater fabricataque fago
 pocula, qua cava sunt, flaventibus inlita ceris ; 670
 parva mora est, epulasque foci misere calentes,
 nec longæ rursus referuntur vina senectæ
 dantque locum mensis paulum seducta secundis :
 hic nux, hic mixta est rugosis carica palmis
 prunaque et in patulis redolentia mala canistris 675
 et de purpureis conlectæ vitibus uvæ,
 candidus in medio favus est ; super omnia vultus
 accessere boni nec iners pauperque voluntas.

“ Interea totiens haustum cratera repleri
 sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina : 680
 attoniti novitate pavent manibusque supinis
 concipiunt Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon
 et veniam dapibus nullisque paratibus orant.
 unicus anser erat, minimæ custodia villæ :
 quem dis hospitibus domini mactare parabant ; 685
 ille celer penna tardos ætate fatigat
 eluditque diu tandemque est visus ad ipsos
 confugisse deos : superi vetuere necari.

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But one of its three legs was too short; so she propped it up with a potsherd. When this had levelled the slope, she wiped it clean with a handful of green mint. Next she placed on the board some olives, green and ripe, truthful Minerva's berries, and some autumnal cornel-cherries pickled in the lees of wine; endives and radishes, cream cheese and eggs, lightly roasted in the warm ashes, all served in earthen dishes. After these viands, an embossed mixing-bowl of the same costly ware was set on together with cups of beechwood coated on the inside with yellow wax. A moment and the hearth sent its steaming viands on, and wine of no great age was brought out, which was then pushed aside to give a small space for the second course. Here were nuts and figs, with dried dates, plums and fragrant apples in broad baskets, and purple grapes just picked from the vines; in the centre of the table was a comb of clear white honey. Besides all this, pleasant faces were at the board and lively and abounding goodwill.

"Meanwhile they saw that the mixing-bowl, as often as it was drained, kept filling of its own accord, and that the wine welled up of itself. The two old people saw this strange sight with amaze and fear, and with upturned hands they both uttered a prayer, Baucis and the trembling old Philemon, and they craved indulgence for their fare and meagre entertainment. They had one goose, the guardian of their tiny estate; and him the hosts were preparing to kill for their divine guests. But the goose was swift of wing, and quite wore the slow old people out in their efforts to catch him. He eluded their grasp for a long time, and finally seemed to flee for refuge to the gods themselves. Then the gods told them not

OVID

'dique sumus, meritasque luet vicinia poenas
 inpia' dixerunt; 'vobis immunibus huius 690
 esse mali dabitur; modo vestra relinquitte tecta
 ac nostros comitate gradus et in ardua montis
 ite simul!' parent ambo baculisque levati
 nituntur longo vestigia ponere clivo.
 tantum aberant summo, quantum semel ire sagitta 695
 missa potest: flexere oculos et mersa palude
 cetera prospiciunt, tantum sua tecta manere,
 dumque ea mirantur, dum deflent fata suorum,
 illa vetus dominis etiam casa parva duobus
 vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnae, 700
 stramina flavescent aurataque tecta videntur
 caelataeque fores adopertaque marmore tellus.
 talia tum placido Saturnius edidit ore:
 'dicite, iuste senex et femina coniuge iusto
 digna, quid optetis.' cum Baucide pauca locutus 705
 iudicium superis aperit commune Philemon:
 'esse sacerdotes delubraque vestra tueri
 poscimus, et quoniam concordēs egimus annos,
 auferat hora duos eadem, nec coniugis umquam
 busta meae videam, neu sim tumulandus ab illa.' 710
 vota fides sequitur: templi tutela fuere,
 donec vita data est; annis aevoque soluti
 ante gradus sacros cum starent forte locique
 narrarent casus, frondere Philemona Baucis,
 Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon. 715
 iamque super geminos crescente cacumine vultus
 mutua, dum licuit, reddebant dicta 'vale' que
 'o coniunx' dixere simul, simul abdita texit
 454

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to kill the goose. 'We are gods,' they said, 'and this wicked neighbourhood shall be punished as it deserves; but to you shall be given exemption from this punishment. Leave now your dwelling and come with us to that tall mountain yonder.' They both obeyed and, propped on their staves, they struggled up the long slope. When they were a bowshot distant from the top, they looked back and saw the whole country-side covered with water, only their own house remaining. And, while they wondered at this, while they wept for the fate of their neighbours, that old house of theirs, which had been small even for its two occupants, was changed into a temple. Marble columns took the place of the forked wooden supports; the straw grew yellow and became a golden roof; there were gates richly carved, a marble pavement covered the ground. Then calmly the son of Saturn spoke: 'Now ask of us, thou good old man, and thou wife, worthy of thy good husband, any boon you will.' When he had spoken a word with Baucis, Philemon announced their joint decision to the gods: 'We ask that we may be your priests, and guard your temple; and, since we have spent our lives in constant company, we pray that the same hour may bring death to both of us—that I may never see my wife's tomb, nor be buried by her.' Their request was granted. They had the care of the temple as long as they lived. And at last, when, spent with extreme old age, they chanced to stand before the sacred edifice talking of old times, Baucis saw Philemon putting forth leaves, Philemon saw Baucis; and as the tree-top formed over their two faces, while still they could they cried with the same words: 'Farewell, dear mate,' just as the bark closed over and hid

OVID

ora frutex : ostendit adhuc Thyneius illic
 incola de gemino vicinos corpore truncos. 720
 haec mihi non vani (neque erat, cur fallere vellent)
 narravere senes ; equidem pendentia vidi
 serta super ramos ponensque recentia dixi
 ‘ cura deum di sunt, et, qui coluere, colantur.’ ”

Desierat, cunctosque et res et moverat auctor, 725
 Thesea praecipue ; quem facta audire volentem
 mira deum innixus cubito Calydonius amnis
 talibus adloquitur : “ sunt, o fortissime, quorum
 forma semel mota est et in hoc renovamine mansit ;
 sunt, quibus in plures ius est transire figuras, 730
 ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu.
 nam modo te iuvenem, modo te videre leonem,
 nunc violentus aper, nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
 anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum ;
 saepe lapis poteras, arbor quoque saepe videri, 735
 interdum, faciem liquidarum imitatus aquarum,
 flumen eras, interdum undis contrarius ignis.

“ Nec minus Autolyçi coniunx, Erysichthone nata,
 iuris habet : pater huius erat, qui numina divum
 sperneret et nullos aris adoleret odores ; 740
 ille etiam Cereale nemus violasse securi
 dicitur et lucos ferro temerasse vetustos.
 stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus,
 una nemus ; vittae mediam memoresque tabellae
 sartaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis. 745

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their lips. Even to this day the Bithynian peasant in that region points out two trees standing close together, and growing from one double trunk. These things were told me by staid old men who could have had no reason to deceive. With my own eyes I saw votive wreaths hanging from the boughs, and placing fresh wreaths there myself, I said: 'Those whom the gods care for are gods; let those who have worshipped be worshipped.'"

Lelex made an end; both the tale and the teller had moved them all; Theseus especially. When he would hear more of the wonderful doings of the gods, the Calydonian river-god, propped upon his elbow, thus addressed him: "Some there are, bravest of heroes, whose form has been once changed and remained in its new state. To others the power is given to assume many forms, as to thee, Proteus, dweller in the earth-embracing sea. For now men saw thee as a youth, now as a lion; now thou wast a raging boar, now a serpent whom men would fear to touch; now horns made thee a bull; often thou couldst appear as a stone, often, again, a tree; sometimes, assuming the form of flowing water, thou wast a stream, and sometimes a flame, the water's enemy.

"No less power had the wife of Autolycus, Erysichthon's daughter. This Erysichthon was a man who scorned the gods and burnt no sacrifice on their altars. He, so the story goes, once violated the sacred grove of Ceres with the axe and profaned those ancient trees with steel. There stood among these a mighty oak with strength matured by centuries of growth, itself a grove. Round about it hung woollen fillets, votive tablets, and wreaths of flowers, witnesses of granted prayers. Often beneath

OVID

saepe sub hac dryades festas duxere choreas,
 saepe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci
 circuire modum, mensuraque roboris ulnas
 quinque ter inplebat, nec non et cetera tantum
 silva sub hac, silva quantum fuit herba sub omni. 750
 non tamen idcirco ferrum Triopeius illa
 abstinuit famulosque iubet succidere sacrum
 robur, et ut iussos cunctari vidit, ab uno
 edidit haec rapta sceleratus verba securi :
 ' non dilecta deae solum, sed et ipsa licebit 755
 sit dea, iam tanget frondente cacumine terram.'
 dixit, et obliquos dum telum librat in ictus,
 contremuit gemitumque dedit Deoia quercus,
 et pariter frondes, pariter pallescere glandes
 coepere ac longi pallorem ducere rami. 760
 cuius ut in trunco fecit manus in pia vulnus,
 haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis,
 quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus
 concidit, abrupta cruor e cervice profundi.
 obstipuere omnes, aliquisque ex omnibus audet
 detertere nefas saevamque inhibere bipennem : 766
 aspicit hunc ' mentis ' que ' piae cape praemia ! ' dixit
 Thessalus inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum
 detruncatque caput repetitaque robora caedit,
 redditus et medio sonus est de robore talis : 770
 ' nympa sub hoc ego sum Cereri gratissima ligno,
 quae tibi factorum poenas instare tuorum
 vaticinor moriens, nostri solacia leti.'
 persequitur scelus ille suum, labefactaque tandem
 ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor 775
 corrui et multam prostravit pondere silvam.

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this tree dryads held their festival dances; often with hand linked to hand in line they would encircle the great tree whose mighty girth was full fifteen ells. It towered as high above other trees as they were higher than the grass that grew beneath. Yet not for this did Triopas' son¹ withhold his axe, as he bade his slaves cut down the sacred oak. But when he saw that they shrank back, the wretch snatched an axe from one of them and said: 'Though this be not only the tree that the goddess loves, but even the goddess herself, now shall its leafy top touch the ground.' He spoke; and while he poised his axe for the slanting stroke, the oak of Deo² trembled and gave forth a groan; at the same time its leaves and its acorns grew pale, its long branches took on a pallid hue. But when that impious stroke cut into the trunk, blood came streaming forth from the severed bark, even as when a huge sacrificial bull has fallen at the altar, and from his smitten neck the blood pours forth. All were astonished, and one, bolder than the rest, tried to stop his wicked deed and stay his cruel axe. But the Thessalian looked at him and said: 'Take that to pay you for your pious thought!' and, turning the axe from the tree against the man, lopped off his head. Then, as he struck the oak blow after blow, from within the tree a voice was heard: 'I, a nymph most dear to Ceres, dwell within this wood, and I prophesy with my dying breath, and find my death's solace in it, that punishment is at hand for what you do.' But he accomplished his crime; and at length the tree, weakened by countless blows and drawn down by ropes, fell and with its weight laid low a wide stretch of woods around.

¹ Erysichthon.

² i.e. Ceres.

"Attonitae dryades damno nemorumque suoque,
 omnes germanae, Cererem cum vestibus atris
 maerentes adeunt poenamque Erysichthonis orant.
 adnuit his capitisque sui pulcherrima motu 780
 concussit gravidis oneratos messibus agros,
 moliturque genus poenae miserabile, si non
 ille suis esset nulli miserabilis actis,
 pestifera lacerare Fame, quae quatenus ipsi
 non adeunda deae est (neque enim Cereremque Fa-
 memque 785
 fata coire sinunt), montani numinis unam
 talibus agrestem compellat oreada dictis :
 'est locus extremis Scythiae glacialis in oris,
 triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore tellus ;
 Frigus iners illic habitant Pallorque Tremorque 790
 et ieiuna Fames : ea se in praecordia condant
 sacrilegi scelerata, iube, nec copia rerum
 vincat eam superetque meas certamine vires,
 neve viae spatium te terreat, accipe currus,
 accipe, quos frenis alte moderere, dracones !' 795
 et dedit ; illa dato subvecta per aera curru
 devenit in Scythiam : rigidique cacumine montis
 (Caucason appellant) serpentum colla levavit
 quaesitamque Famem lapidoso vidit in agro
 unguibus et raras vellentem dentibus herbas. 800
 hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore,
 labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces,
 dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent ;
 ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis,
 ventris erat pro ventre locus ; pendere putares 805
 pectus et a spinae tantummodo crate teneri.

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"All the dryad sisters were stupefied at their own and their forest's loss and, mourning, clad in black robes, they went to Ceres and prayed her to punish Erysichthon. The beautiful goddess consented, and with a nod of her head shook the fields heavy with ripening grain. She planned in her mind a punishment that might make men pity (but that no man could pity him for such deeds), to rack him with dreadful Famine. But, since the goddess herself could not go to her (for the fates do not permit Ceres and Famine to come together), she summoned one of the mountain deities, a rustic oread, and thus addressed her: 'There is a place on the farthest border of icy Scythia, a gloomy and barren soil, a land without corn, without trees. Sluggish Cold dwells there and Pallor, Fear, and gaunt Famine. So, bid Famine hide herself in the sinful stomach of that impious wretch. Let no abundance satisfy her, and let her overcome my utmost power to feed. And, that the vast journey may not daunt you, take my chariot and my winged dragons and guide them aloft.' And she gave the reins into her hands. The nymph, borne through the air in her borrowed chariot, came to Scythia, and on a bleak mountain-top which men call Caucasus, unyoked her dragon steeds. Seeking out Famine, she saw her in a stony field, plucking with nails and teeth at the scanty herbage. Her hair hung in matted locks, her eyes were sunken, her face ghastly pale; her lips were wan and foul, her throat rough with scurf; her skin was hard and dry so that the entrails could be seen through it; her skinny hip-bones bulged out beneath her hollow loins, and her belly was but a belly's place; her breast seemed to be hanging free and just to be held by the framework of the spine;

auxerat articulos macies, genuumque tumebat
orbis, et inmodico prodibant tubere tali.

“Hanc procul ut vidit, (neque enim est accedere
iuxta
ausa) refert mandata deae paulumque morata, 810
quamquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat
illuc,

visa tamen sensisse famem retroque dracones
egit in Haemoniam versis sublimis habenis.

“Dicta Fames Cereris, quamvis contraria semper
illius est operi, peragit perque aera vento 815
ad iussam delata domum est, et protinus intrat
sacrilegi thalamos altoque sopore solutum
(noctis enim tempus) geminis amplectitur ulnis,
seque viro inspirat, faucesque et pectus et ora
adflat et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis; 820
functaque mandato fecundum deserit orbem
inque domos inopes adsueta revertitur antra.

“Lenis adhuc Somnus placidis Erysichthona pennis
mulcebat: petit ille dapes sub imagine somni,
oraeque vana movet dentemque in dente fatigat, 825
exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani
proque epulis tenues nequiquam devorat auras;
ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi
perque avidas fauces incensaque viscera regnat.
nec mora; quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aer,
poscit et adpositis queritur ieiunia mensis 831
inque epulis epulas quaerit; quodque urbibus esse,
quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni,
plusque cupit, quo plura suam demittit in alvum.
utque fretum recipit de tota flumina terra 835

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

her thinness made her joints seem large, her knees were swollen, and her ankles were great bulging lumps.

“When the nymph saw her in the distance (for she did not dare approach her), she delivered to her the goddess’ commands. And, though she tarried but a little while, though she kept far from her and had but now arrived, still she seemed to feel the famine. Then, mounting high in air, she turned her course and drove the dragons back to Thessaly.

“Famine did the bidding of Ceres, although their tasks are ever opposite, and flew through the air on the wings of the wind to the appointed mansion. Straight she entered the chamber of the impious king, who was sunk in deep slumber (for it was night); there she wrapped her skinny arms about him and filled him with herself, breathing upon his throat and breast and lips; and in his hollow veins she planted hunger. When her duty was done, she left the fertile world, and returned to the homes of want and her familiar caverns.

“Still gentle sleep, hovering on peaceful wings, soothes Erysichthon. And in his sleep he dreams of feasting, champs his jaws on nothing, wearies tooth upon tooth, cheats his gullet with fancied food; for his banquet is nothing but empty air. But when he awakes, a wild craving for food lords it in his ravenous jaws and in his burning stomach. Straightway he calls for all that sea and land and air can furnish; with loaded tables before him, he complains still of hunger; in the midst of feasts seeks other feasts. What would be enough for whole cities, enough for a whole nation, is not enough for one. The more he sends down into his maw the more he wants. And as the ocean receives the streams from a whole land

OVID

nec satiatur aquis peregrinosque ebibit amnes,
 utque rapax ignis non umquam alimenta recusat
 innumerasque faces cremat et, quo copia maior
 est data, plura petit turbaque voracior ipsa est :
 sic epulas omnes Erysichthonis ora profani 840
 accipiunt poscuntque simul. cibus omnis in illo
 causa cibi est, semperque locus fit inanis edendo.

“ Iamque fame patrias altaque voragine ventris
 attenuarat opes, sed inattenuata manebat
 tum quoque dira fames, inplacataeque vigebat 845
 flamma gulae. tandem, demisso in viscera censu,
 filia restabat, non illo digna parente.

hanc quoque vendit inops : dominum generosa recusat
 et vicina suas tendens super aequora palmas
 ‘ eripe me domino, qui raptae praemia nobis 850
 virginitatis habes ! ’ ait : haec Neptunus habebat ;
 qui prece non spreta, quamvis modo visa sequenti
 esset ero, formamque novat vultumque virilem
 induit et cultus pisces capientibus aptos.

hanc dominus spectans ‘ o qui pendentia parvo 855
 aera cibo celas, moderator harundinis, ’ inquit
 ‘ sic mare conpositum, sic sit tibi piscis in unda
 credulus et nullos, nisi fixus, sentiat hamos :
 quae modo cum vili turbatis veste capillis 859

litore in hoc steterat (nam stantem in litore vidi),
 dic, ubi sit : neque enim vestigia longius exstant. ’
 illa dei munus bene cedere sensit et a se
 se quaeri gaudens his est resecuta rogantem :
 ‘ quisquis es, ignoscas ; in nullam lumina partem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

and is not filled with his waters, but swallows up the streams that come to it from afar; and as the all-devouring fire never refuses fuel, but burns countless logs, seeks ever more as more is given it, and is more greedy than a whole multitude: so do the lips of impious Erysichthon receive all those banquets, and ask for more. All food in him is but the cause of food, and ever does he become empty by eating.

“And now famine and his belly’s deep abyss had exhausted his ancestral stores; but even then ravenous Famine remained unexhausted and his raging greed was still unappeased. At last, when all his fortunes had been swallowed up, there remained only his daughter, worthy of a better father. Penniless, he sold even her. The high-spirited girl refused a master, and stretching out her hands over the neighbouring waves, she cried: ‘Save me from slavery, O thou who hast already stolen my virginity.’ This Neptune had taken; he did not refuse her prayer; and though her master following her had seen her but now, the god changed her form, gave her the features of a man and garments proper to a fisherman. Her master, looking at this person, said: ‘Ho, you who conceal the dangling hook in a little bait, you that handle the rod; so may the sea be calm, so be the fish trustful in the wave for your catching, and feel no hook until you strike: where is she, tell me, who but now stood on this shore with mean garments and disordered hair, for I saw her standing upon the shore, and her tracks go no farther!’ She perceived by this that the god’s gift was working well, and, delighted that one asked her of herself, answered his question in these words: ‘Whoever you are, excuse me, sir; I have not taken my eyes from this pool to look in any direction. I

OVID

gurgite ab hoc flexi studioque operatus inhaesi, 865
 quoque minus dubites, sic has deus aequoris artes
 adiuvet, ut nemo iamdudum litore in isto,
 me tamen excepto, nec femina constitit ulla.
 credidit et verso dominus pede pressit harenam
 elususque abiit : illi sua reddita forma est. 870
 ast ubi habere suam transformia corpora sensit,
 saepe pater dominis Triopeida tradit, at illa
 nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat
 praebebatque avido non iusta alimenta parenti.
 vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpserat omnem
 materiam dederatque gravi nova pabula morbo, 876
 ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu
 coepit et infelix minuendo corpus alebat.—

“ Quid moror externis ? etiam mihi nempe novandi
 est
 corporis, o iuvenis, numero finita, potestas. 880
 nam modo, qui nunc sum, videor, modo flector in
 anguem,
 armenti modo dux vires in cornua sumo,—
 cornua, dum potui. nunc pars caret altera telo
 frontis, ut ipse vides.” gemitus sunt verba secuti.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

have been altogether bent on my fishing. And that you may believe me, so may the god of the sea assist this art of mine, as it is true that for a long time back no one has stood upon this shore except myself, and no woman, either.' Her master believed, and turning upon the sands, he left the spot, completely deceived. Then her former shape was given back to her. But when her father perceived that his daughter had the power to change her form, he sold her often and to many masters. But now in the form of a mare, now bird, now cow, now deer, away she went, and so found food, though not fairly, for her greedy father. At last, when the strength of the plague had consumed all these provisions, and but added to his fatal malady, the wretched man began to tear his own flesh with his greedy teeth and, by consuming his own body, fed himself.

"But why do I dwell on tales of others? I myself, young sirs, have often changed my form; but my power is limited in its range. For sometimes I appear as you see me now; sometimes I change to a serpent; again I am leader of a herd and put my strength into my horns—horns, I say, so long as I could. But now one of the weapons of my forehead is gone, as you yourself can see." He ended with a groan.

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