The person charging this material is responsible for its return on or before the Latest Date stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

AUG 26 1972
JUL 30 1972
APR 25 1978
MAY 24 1978
MAY 26 1978
NOV 06 1979
OCT 18 1979
OCT 02 1990
JAN 28 1991
OCT 25 1993
OCT 26 1993

L161—O.1096
The Golden Ass
Of Apuleius
APULEII
MADAURENSIS PLATONICI
METAMORPHOSEOS
SIVE
LUSUS ASINI
The
Golden Ass
OF APULEIUS

Newly Translated
With Introduction and Notes

By
FRANCIS D. BYRNE
(Honours B.A. Lond.)

The Imperial Press,
10, Essex Street, Strand, London.
INTRODUCTION

Apuleius, the most brilliant man of letters in Europe during the Second Century, may be fairly considered the Boccaccio of our earliest literature, and in "The Golden Ass" he has presented us with an unstudied Decameron, upon which succeeding writers have been glad to draw. Like Boccaccio, he was eminently the man of his age, first and foremost, replete with its spirit, expressive of its influence, impenetrably surrounded by its atmosphere, and like him, he was over and above all that a great literary artist and a most accomplished story-teller.

He lost nothing in literary power from his inability to look ahead of his times: his phi-
losophy may have been vague, his religion an indistinct and cultured yearning towards the *Anima Mundi*: but his gain as a writer was unquestionable. He dealt with matters that lay beneath his touch, and he had enough of the magic literary gift to turn into gold whatever his fingers fell upon, and present it to our gaze all tinselled and illumined in the transforming glamour of poetry.

He was the great magician of his age in the best sense. For we must not read his legend with the eyes of an Augustine or a Lactantius. He was no thaumaturgus like Apollonius of Tyana: the marvels he wrought were all in the realm of fancy, and exhibited only on the rough papyrus sheet that his incisive reed knew so well how to trace with indelible characters. His theme was life, but life transfigured by its legend. It was that which he depicted in such bold master-strokes, that none could fail to acknowledge its reality. But behind and around those self-same life-facts his subtle art infused an incommunicable charm of his own, the *aura* that betokens the presence of great genius; so that we see the facts irradiated
by his light, under the direction of his fancy, subject to the illusion he chooses to create; and that is the work of art.

Like others of his rank he has been much misunderstood.

"The evil that men do lives after them: The good is oft interred with their bones."

Apuleius deserved ill of nascent Christianity; for he was a hard-headed product of his time, and, though his fancy inclined him to the mysticism of the East, his practical religious sense found virtue enough in the pagan world for all who chose to grasp it. Its saints were living then, and were enthroned as well; for the Emperors who were Apuleius' contemporaries were Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. Still even such virtue as theirs was buried in the ruin of the times, and their adherents could scarcely hope to secure a better fate. The old Gods were doomed, and all their gilded palaces, their shrine in art and fable and poet's song passed away, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision left not a rack behind." Apuleius was only remembered for the rival miracles he had dealt in; he was
abhorred as a necromancer, and in time forgotten, while his parchments mouldered in the library of forbidden books.

Genius however is a soul that pervades the universe, and only waits one sympathetic touch to arise in an after age. The man that breathed upon these dry bones and bid them live for us was William Adlington in the 16th Century, and, since his famous translation in quaint old Tudor English, interest in the magician of Madaura has not been altogether dormant. It cannot be said however that Apuleius' gaily pictured work has ever yet been adequately presented to English readers. Is it possible to do so?

Dr. Johnson has proposed a high ideal for the translator, which from certain points of view must necessarily be impossible of achievement. "The translator," says the great conversationalist, "is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress as the author would have given them, had his language been English."

It is easy to remark in the first place that, had the author known twentieth century English, he would never have written the book.
As it was, he had an absolutely different set of readers in view from those which his translator must necessarily have at the present day. His ideas and his whole presentment would have been different, and it is precisely this presentment which gives its tone to the entire work. English the general presentment of the book, and the whole of its illusion is destroyed. What is a French play on the English stage, when the names of all the characters are changed, the bye-incidents denationalised, the scene laid north of the Channel, and the atmosphere metamorphosed to a London fog? The essence, you will say, remains. Yes, but art does not deal with essentials: its success depends altogether upon its treatment of accidentals.

It is hard then to accept the Johnsonian canon to the letter, at least in the case of a literature so many centuries old. We must not destroy the illusion: we must not denationalise the work. We must mould the English words upon a Latin frame of thought; and the distinctive art of the translator must be shown by achieving this in such a way that
the stubborn English material is impressed by the Latin form without giving offence to an English ear. If the translator succeeds in being inoffensive, and has at the same time presented the original in every detail, in its every suggestion, then he has succeeded. And his success, be it well observed, does not lie in having elaborated a work of English prose; it lies in having enabled an Englishman to appreciate a Latin work through the translator’s eyes and in the translator’s spirit.

This is a delicate art and a very high one, in some points even exceeding the art of original composition in nobility, as it certainly does in difficulty. Besides the perfect knowledge of two languages, something more subtle is needed, the gift of sympathy; something higher, constructive ability; and that with building material which is supplied, not selected. This is no doubt why so many great literary artists have exercised themselves in this genre. Goethe translated Voltaire; Victor Hugo, Shakespeare; Moore, Anacreon; Longfellow, Dante. And, on an equally brilliant and exalted plane, Sir Richard F. Burton,
"The Thousand Nights and A Night." It is scarcely possible that a perfect translator could be an inferior writer; while there are many writers who have soared in their native prose, but have proved perfectly execrable translators.

William Adlington must be regarded one of these, as Mr. Charles Whibley has shown in his preface to David Nutt's reprint, 1893, of Adlington's black letter edition of 1639. With strict accuracy, he points out that Adlington's latinity was an insufficient equipment for his task as translator, but that viewed as a piece of Tudor prose his work was well-nigh perfect.

Mr. Whibley shows great admiration for Apuleius's work, and this emboldens me to join friendly issue with him on some points, which, as he propounds them, are, I think, apt to obscure our author's identity and merit.

"It is among the marvels of history," he says in the opening of his preface, "that an alien of twenty-five — and Apuleius was no more when he wrote his Metamorphoses — should have revolutionised a language not his own, and bequeathed us a freedom, which, a thousand times abused, has never since been taken away."
This seems to me a hastily written sentence; and I am prepared to maintain that it contains four mistakes in as many lines. Apuleius was not an alien: he wrote his Metamorphoses, since called "The Golden Ass," at an advanced age: he did not revolutionise the Latin language, but exhibited it at the stage in which he found it: lastly, Latin was his native tongue, as much as English is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's.

Apuleius, philosopher, rhetorician, poet, disciple in fact of all the nine Muses, was born A.D. 114, towards the end of Trajan's reign, at Madaura, a Roman colony in Africa. He tells us these facts himself in his famous Apologia. He belonged to an old Italian family; there are tribunes and consuls of his name, who figure in Roman history. The name Apuleius is probably connected originally with the Italian district of Apulia, the ter-

1. A town in Numidia, south-west of Carthage; the modern Madara, a Tunisian village.
2. See Bosscha, de Vita Apuleii, init. (Oudendorp, III., p. 505.)
mination-eius being Latin as well as Greek, and noticeable in many proper names, such as Velleius, Seius, Cocceius, Veii, Aquileia, Tarpeia and others. His father left Italy along with a colony of veterans and established himself at Madaura: he passed through all the honours of this new town, and even became duumvir.

The young Apuleius showed great talent, and was sent to Carthage to be educated at the public schools, as he tells us in his *Florides*. At his father's death, he inherited a large fortune, and spent it in completing his education in the East, in Greece, and in Italy. He tells us in his Apology that his favourite studies were those of comparative religion; and that he had had himself initiated in various *Mysteries* "for love of the truth and to fulfil his duty towards the Gods." He became the interpreter and apostle of the Platonic philosophy in Africa. He tells us also in his Apology where he speaks unmistakably for his true self, and not, as in "*The Golden Ass,*" in the person of a hero of romance, that he devoted considerable attention to magic, witchcraft and en-
chantments: just as the great Goethe did in our day, and no doubt in much the same spirit.

Yet Mr. Whibley writes of this highly cultured, studious and even learned young Roman:

“A barbarian born, a Greek by education, Apuleius only acquired the Latin tongue by painful effort!”

It would be just as accurate to write of Mr Kipling: “A Hindoo by birth, a cosmopolitan by education, Kipling only acquired the English language under the birch.”

At the age of twenty-five, Apuleius settled down in his native city after the completion of his travels, pleaded at the bar and entered political life. Saint Augustine writing to Marcellinus tells us that he did not attain to the duumvirate, as his father had done before him, nor even to any judicial function, and leaves us to suppose that he occupied most of his time in literature and scientific pursuits. He tells us himself in his “Apology” that, despite his diminished fortune, he still spent it in multiplied researches, especially in natural history, and that he made frequent excursions into
neighbouring countries in the interests of science.

It was while paying a visit to the famous library of Alexandria that he was forced through fatigue and stress of weather to disembark at Cēa, a town on the African coast. Here he was left an inheritance under somewhat romantic circumstances; which led however to other expectant heirs impeaching him for magic, seduction, and corruption of public morals. This trial gave occasion to perhaps the finest effort of his pen, his Apology, which was actually delivered in open court and secured him a triumphant acquittal. It is well worth reading.

He established himself after that at Carthage, where his success as an orator at the bar and professor of rhetoric in the schools was enormous. He was entrusted with important sacerdotal functions and created a priest of Æsculapius. Saint Augustine (ad Marcel, V.) speaks of him being charged under some circumstances with the celebration of the
public games. In fine, the senate of Carthage decreed him a statue, as he tells us, *Florides III*.

The last public act recorded of him was an address delivered before the Proconsul Scipio Orphitus in 174, when he was sixty years of age.

As for the date at which the *Metamorphoses* were composed, — the name of "The Golden Ass" was a title conferred by the admiration of a later epoch, just as Jacobus de Voragine's work became known as "The Golden Legend," — the following arguments seem to me conclusive.

The book could not have been written before 146, the date of the trial at or near Cæa, or it would have been included amongst the licentious works he was charged with, and the Apology would have contained some defence of it, as it does of other works to which exception could be, and was, taken.

At the commencement of Chap. I., Lucius, the hero of the romance, glories in his descent from Plutarch, and Plutarch's nephew, the philosopher Sextus. Now we know from other sources that Sextus was alive in 161, and
gave lessons in philosophy, then in his seventieth year, to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. If we suppose him to have died almost immediately after that, we must still allow a certain time to elapse before he could be fairly referred to as an ancestor. Twenty years seems scarcely too long for this; but even with an allowance of only ten, the date would still be brought up to A. D. 171, and Apuleius, who was born in 114, would then be fifty-seven years of age. The well-informed and painfully scrupulous Professor Bétolaud considers the work to have been written between 185 and 190, making Apuleius between seventy-one and seventy-six at the time.

It is well to note that we have no good authority to attribute the name of Lucius to our author. His romance is told of course in the first person, and it would be bold indeed to maintain that his real personality has not crept through into the story in some instances at least; but further than that we cannot go.

No ancient writer gives Apuleius the prænomen Lucius: it does not appear on any of the Apuleius medals: nor on any of the MSS.,
except that of the *Dogma Platonis*. As to the carelessness, or even incompetence of biographers in the tradition of facts, the case of Moréri and Sabbathier may serve as an example. Misunderstanding a little phrase made use of by Saint Fulgentins in a passing way — "quia hoc saturantius Apuleius enarraverit," "as Apuleius has given us a more copious account of this," — they gravely call the great African LUCIUS SATURANTIUS APULEIUS, and the only wonder is we have no English commentator calling him Lucius Morcopius Apuleius!

I can now deal with the statement that Apuleius revolutionised the Latin language. Mr. Whibley is supported by other authors, who speak more or less directly in his sense. Professor Ramsay, quoted in Bohn's Edition 1869, speaking of Apuleius' style, says:

"It is in the highest degree unnatural, both in its general tone and in the phraseology employed. The former is disfigured by the constant recurrence of ingenious but forced and learned conceits and studied prettinesses, while the latter is remarkable for the multitude of obsolete words ostentatiously paraded in almost every sentence."
Professor Bétolaud, Docteur ès Lettres de la Faculté de Paris, and author of an admirable French edition, passes the following judgment, p. xxxv:

"Le latin d'Apulée présente tous les défauts de l'époque où la dégradation fut si rapide... Enfin le rhéteur carthaginois, loin d'ètre pur et châtié, offre de fréquentes et grossières incorrections. Il est impossible que l'on oublie et son origine étrangère et son séjour constant en Afrique."

And he quotes Schœll's History of Roman Litterature:

"Son style est affecté, précieux, rempli de mots barbares."

Oudendorp says in his Preface:

"His prose is laboriously elegant, and he has bestrewn it, not so much with the flowers, as with the thorns of the Latin writers of comedy."

The truth is that all these judgments are founded more or less on the fact that Apuleius' Latin is a very different thing from that of Marcus Tullius Cicero, whom he must nevertheless have studied at school. It was perfectly right that it should be so. The Latin tongue had moved steadily towards the formation of the modern Romance languages during the
two hundred years that had elapsed since Cicero's time, and Apuleius' style presents many of the features of what is known to modern philology as Popular Latin.

Apuleius is an invaluable author to Romance philologists, as in "The Golden Ass" he has necessarily to treat of the affairs of practical life, and shows us how a thousand popular words and constructions had at this date fixed themselves firmly in the language. In short, the language is ceasing to be synthetic and is becoming analytic, and Apuleius but exhibits to us certain phenomena, which science knows from induction to have been necessarily occurring at the time, however much the conservatism and pedantry of authors may have concealed the process.

No one man can revolutionise a language: it takes a people; and such a revolution is being insensibly effected every day around us. If any man, through any combination of accidents, ever came near to revolutionising a language, that man was Martin Luther with his popular Bible, and its wonderful effect in enlarging the sphere of what we know as the German Schrift-
sprache. But he did not create his language himself: he found it ready to his hand in the High German used in the Saxon Chancery, as he tells us himself.

If we should wish to characterise Apuleius' style in a few brief sentences, then among the commentators I have read, — and I believe I have consulted nearly all, — no one portrays it better than Mr. Whibley in the following remarks, which I extract however from others which I consider exaggerated. The following is most just, and neatly expressed:

"One quality only was distasteful to him: the common-place. He is ever the literary fop, conscious of his trappings and assured of a handsome effect. In brief, he belonged to the African school, for which elaboration was the first and last law of taste. He may even have been a pupil of Fronto, the prime champion of the elocutio novella, the rhetorician who condemned Cicero in that he was not scrupulous in his search for effect, and urged upon his pupils the use of inspirata atque inopinata verba."

It is just to add that throughout his work Apuleius obtains the effect he strove after. He
is a word-painter, and abounds in charming touches. He enters upon descriptions of scenery and picturesque interiors, which are ingenious and striking; though, as is to be expected, they are lacking in that intimate and loving appreciation of Nature, which is the privilege of modern writers. He engages in psychological analysis, and indicates human character, motive, passion and casually careless conduct with absolute fidelity to life. He shows a most whimsical fancy in the creation of incident, and has a constant eye to theatrical effect. He gives us a better idea of the manner and custom of his time, as exhibited in the ordinary lives of provincials in the great Roman world, than perhaps any other writer. Suetonius and Juvenal deal more with high life: Apuleius gives us a good look at the people. The eleventh chapter in which he describes the Procession of Isis, with numerous prayers of his own to the divinities, and their celestial responses, is a fine example of majestic, sonorous latinity, abounding in accurate antitheses and finely rounded periods, which are never marred by any syntactical complications. But such excellencies as these are to be found
by the lover of language dispersed all through the work.

It has been almost traditional with translators and commentators to attribute a high moral purpose to "The Golden Ass," and Adlington's quaint rendering of this view may be quoted as a fair exposition of it, as well as an example of his own pithy eloquence:

"The argument of the book," he says, "is, how Lucius Apuleius the Author himselfe travelled into Thessaly, being a region in Greece, where all the women for the most part bee such wonderfull Witches, that they can transforme men into the figure of brute beasts: Where after he had continued a few dayes, by the mighty force of a violent confection hee was changed into a miserable Asse, and nothing might reduce him to his wonted shape but the eating of a Rose, which after the indurance of infinite sorrow, at length he obtained by prayer. Verily under the wrap of this transformation is taxed the life of mortall men, when as we suffer our mindes so to be drowned in the sensual lusts of the flesh, and the beastly pleasure thereof (which aptly may be called the violent confection of Witches) that we lose wholly the use of reason and vertue, which properly should be in man, and play the parts of brute and savage beasts. By like occasion we reade, how divers of the companions of Ulysses
were turned by the marvellous power of Circe into swine. And finde we not in Scripture, that Nabuchadnezzar the ninth King of Babylon, by reason of his great dominions and realmes, fell into such exceeding pride, that he was suddenly transformed of Almighty God into an horrible monster having the head of an Oxe, the feet of a Beare, and the taile of Lion, and did eat hay as a Beast. But as Lucius Apuleius was changed into his humane shape by a Rose, the companions of Ulysses by great intercession, and Nabuchadnezzar by the continual prayers of Daniel, whereby they knew themselves, and lived after a good and vertuous life: so can we never bee restored to the right figure of ourselves, except we taste and eat the sweet Rose of reason and vertue, which the rather by mediation of prayer we may assuredly attaine. Againe, may not the meaning of this worke be altered and turned in this sort: A man desirous to apply his minde to some excellent art, or given to the study of any of the sciences, at the first appeareth to himselfe an asse without wit, without knowledge, and not much unlike a brute beast, till such time as by much paine and travell he hath atchieved to the perfectnesse of the same, and tasting the sweet floure and fruit of his studies, doth thinke himselfe well brought to the right and very shape of a man."

In my view, however, the purpose of the work is none other than that indicated by the author
himself in the opening lines of his first Chapter, viz: to entertain. The tale is a "Milesian" one,\(^1\) neither more nor less, and on that footing it must be judged. For those who have ears to hear, it is true, the writer's philosophy and moral teaching resound throughout his discourse. They could scarcely fail to do so. But they only play a subsidiary part: they underlie the narrative. Their function is merely to satisfy the feeling that only the virtuous and wise have a right to laugh.

The cardinal point of action in the story, viz., the transformation of a man into an ass, a form he has to sustain throughout a variety of adventures, was probably suggested to Apuleius by a lost Greek work entitled the Metamorphoses of Lucius of Patras. This was a work in several chapters, replete, as the learned Photius tells us, "with portents, enchantments, metamorphoses of men into beasts and other like follies of the ancient fables, just as in the Latin writer." Lucian, the author of the famous satirical dialogues, has also produced a work of the same nature entitled "Lucius or Ass," Λουκιος

---

1. See note to Chapter I on the Milesian tales.
Ovo, a much shorter lucubration, which may very well be due to the same source. How far Apuleius adhered to his original, it is of course difficult to determine: Photius has recorded that in many places — a sufficiently meaningless phrase — he adhered to it with literal fidelity.

In its turn the book has been drawn upon by succeeding romancers. Lesage seems to have derived his incident of the robbers’ cave, with its dame Leonarda, its captive damsel and her escape with the hero, and the stories told by the robbers, from Chapters IV-VII. The words of the priest in Chap. XI referring to Fortune: *Eat nunc et summo furore saviat et crudelitati suæ materiam quærat aliam*,

“Let her go now and rage with all her fury and seek some new object for her cruelty,”

may very well have suggested the lines inscribed by Gil Blas over the door of his house on his retirement:

*Inveni portum; spes et fortuna, valete!*  
*Sat me lusistis: ludite nunc alios.*

“I have found a haven of rest; Hope and Fortune, good-bye! You have sported with me enough: sport with others now!”
Boccaccio has drawn upon "The Golden Ass" too. In the Giornata Quinta, Novella Decima, of the Decameron, will be found his version of the Story of the Baker's Wife in Chap. IX, which in my opinion falls short of the verve of the Latin text. And Giorn.VII, Nov. II, is to be found the Tale of a Tub which occurs at the beginning of the same chapter.

The jewel of the book is no doubt the famous "Tale of Cupid and Psyche," told by the old hag in the robbers' cave. There are many monuments of antique art, engravings on jewels, cameos, etc., which exhibit Cupid and Psyche together; but Apuleius is absolutely the only ancient writer who has told us the story. It would be quite out of place here to discuss the opinions of various commentators as to the philosophical meaning, if any, hidden in this charming fairy tale. A sane conclusion would seem to be that it is on a par with the rest of the book, being written merely to entertain without any definite didactic purpose, but that Apuleius could not possibly be supposed forgetful of the fact, that the butterfly, psyche, was a recognised em-
blem of the human soul, and that he kept before his mind, during the progress of his story, its immortal destiny and emancipation through the Heavenly Love. There is a part of our nature too fine and subtle, too nobly beautiful in fact, to be the fit object of earthly, carnal desire; consequently Psyche is represented as abandoned by all earthly lovers, who feel that she is above them. She idealises the highest, finest aspirations of our nature, which are not frustrated in the end of time, but are enabled to repose upon a Divine Centre in an Olympus far removed from our present imaginings. Meantime she suffers severely upon earth, as all do whose susceptibilities are of the finer sort, or whose tendencies have anything of the ethereal about them. Further than that, however, I do not think we may justly philosophise.

A few words here as to certain other English versions of Apuleius' masterpiece. The first English translation published was, as has been already noted, that of William Adlington, printed by H. Dykes in 1566, and dedicated by
its author to the Earl of Surrey. It is an unreliable translation, though a fine specimen of the English prose of that period. Adlington seems to have possessed an insufficient knowledge of Latin, or to have been absolutely careless as to any strict adherence to his original. He followed existing foreign translators, whose mistakes he reproduces, and in his Introduction he even urges the slipshod practice of others as an excuse for his own inexactitude. Still his work is such a remarkably fine and picturesque piece of Elizabethan prose, that it certainly deserves to live and be conned by cultured English readers of the present day.

It has been reprinted by David Nutt, London, 1893, as a volume of his "Tudor Press Series," without commentary of any sort, but preceded by a brilliant, though hastily conceived and misleading introduction by Charles Whibley. This edition was exhausted, and I hear that it commands am arket-price of several times the value it was issued at, a fact which proves that students still delight in treasures of quaint English speech. The firm of George Bell & Sons, London, is also preparing
a reprint of Adlington's version, as I am informed, to be issued in the same naked and unadorned style. This I believe to be a great mistake: the public have a right to be guided in the selection of their mental pabulum, and aided in digesting what is set before them. They should know how far Adlington's version really does represent the Golden Ass of Apuleius, and how far he falls short of and even stultifies his author. It is very well to admire Adlington, but we must be just to Apuleius.

Under these circumstances I have been engaged by the publisher of the present edition to prepare Adlington's version for the press as well, adding a running commentary of notes, which will make it clear to the reader where the translator's brilliancy reposes on a solid base of accuracy, and where it is the product of his own unrestrained fancy: where he has garbled the text, where added to it: where obscured a latent beauty, where grafted an incoherency. In this way, it is hoped that the present edition, supplemented later by a carefully commentated Adlington, will put
the public in possession of every fact of interest connected with "The Golden Ass," and enable anyone who has perused the two volumes to feel that he has acquainted himself thoroughly with his subject.

It may not be out of place to mention also that the curious old French edition of Montlyard, Paris, 1623, will shortly appear in a modern reprint, with Introduction by M. Jules de Marthold, already well-known for his able monographies on François Villon and "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles."

Its original title is:

"Les Métamorphoses, ou l'Asne d'or de l'Apulée philosophe platonique, Œuvre d'excellente invention et singulière doctrine. A Paris. Chez Samuel Thiboust au Palais en la Galerie des Prisonniers."

It is a close translation of the original text, in the delightful old French of Brantôme, and I am told it will appear in a sumptuous édition de luxe with initial letters and head- and tail-pieces in colours.
They are only three other prose versions which have as yet engaged the attention of the English public, that by Thomas Taylor, sold by Robert Triphook, 23, Old Bond St., and Thomas Rodd, 17, Little Newport St., London, 1822, re-issued by W. J. Cosby, Birmingham, 600 copies only; that by Sir George Head, published by Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1851; and that published by Bell & Daldy, 1869, as part of a volume of Apuleius' Works in Bohn's Classical Library. A few words as to each.

Thomas Taylor's edition is furnished with an Introduction and Notes: his translation is very literal and directly from the Latin; passages judged possibly offensive are omitted, and the reader is warned of the fact in the Preface. This is an edition which must command our respect. Thomas Taylor is a scholar of the first order and an authority on the Platonic philosophy: but the English of his translation is so stiff and restrained, so wooden a reproduction of the Latin, if I may be allowed the simile,—and I am afraid I must also say, so
pedantic,—that it makes somewhat disagreeable reading. Taylor abounds in good sense as well as learning. As his book is rare, I shall transcribe a specimen of his wisdom here, though I cannot agree with him in regarding the "Ass" as a philosophical work worthy of the name.

"What then," he says, Preface, p. xiii, "was the real design of Apuleius in composing this work? Shall we say with Macrobius (Saturnalia, lib. 1, cap. 2) that Apuleius sometimes diverted himself with the tales of love, and that this is a kind of fable which professes only to please the ear, and which wisdom banishes from her temple to the cradles of nurses? This however is by no means consistent with that dignity and elevation of mind which are essential to the character of a Platonic philosopher. Is it not therefore most probable that the intention of the author in this work was to show that the man who gives himself to a voluptuous life, becomes a beast, and that it is only by becoming virtuous and religious, that he can divest himself of the brutal nature and be again a man? For this is the rose by eating which Apuleius was restored to the human and cast off the brutal form; and like the moly of Hermes, preserved him in future from the dire enchantments of Circe, the goddess of sense. (See my explanation of the Wanderings of Ulysses, in the notes accompanying the translation
XXXVI  THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS

of Porphyry de Antro Nympharum, in my Proclus on Euclid. Taylor).

... On the supposition that these tales were devised to show the folly and danger of lasciviousness, and that the man who indulges in it brutalises his nature, the details of those circumstances through which he became an ass, are not to be considered in the light of a lascivious description, because they are not written with a libidinous intention; for every work is characterized by its ultimate design. Not only Apuleius, but Plato also, will be accused of obscenity, by those who overlook the intention of the ancient philosophers in some of their writings, and who measure the masculine vigour of the minds of these heroes by the effeminacy of their own...

Hence what Jamblichus says (De Mysterii, sect. I, cap. XI, pp. 53, 54, my translation. Taylor) respecting the consecration of the phalli among the ancients in the spring, and the obscene language which was then employed. may be said in defence of these passages in the Metamorphoses, viz., "The powers of the human passions that are in us when they are entirely restrained become more vehement; but when they are called forth into energy, and commensurately, they rejoice in being moderately gratified and are satisfied; and from hence becoming purified, they are rendered tractable, and are vanquished without violence...

"On this account also, they are very properly called by Heraclitus remedies (i.e. the obscenities
of the sacred ceremonies. Byrne), as healing things of a dreadful nature and saving souls from the calamities with which the realms of generation are replete. ” Notwithstanding, however, there is no real lasciviousness in these passages; yet, as the generality of readers in the present age would, on the perusal of them, fancy that there is, they are not published in the following translation of this work.

I trust that English readers have become wiser since Taylor’s time, and, for my part, I have translated everything for the present edition.

It is perfectly bewildering to find Sir George Head’s rendering referred to at the end of an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica on Apuleius as a good English version! This evinces an ultra-benevolence of literary criticism, which seems to me most reprehensible, especially in such a reputable storehouse of learning as the Encyclopædia.

To begin with, the book is emasculated, and not only that, but the operation has been performed very unskilfully; disproportioned stumps have been left behind, which should have disappeared, had any such mutilation been really necessary. The result is an absurd stultification
of the author. Many of his passing remarks and characterisations lose their point, and worst of all, the motive of the action in many places remains quite unapparent. Anyone who judged Apuleius on this version might perhaps consider his morals unexceptionable, but could not possibly think the great rhetorician's reputation as a skilful littérateur in any way justified. Then lastly, like Adlington, Sir George Head has either misunderstood the Latin in many places, or else he has shirked an expression of its exact meaning. It does not much matter which: ignorance and indifference in a translator are equally culpable.

But, the original should not have been expurgated at all. Books which describe life as it really is should be kept altogether from any young persons, whom it may be deemed desirable to keep in ignorance of the part played by sexual desire in the general scheme of life. There is an abundance of other literature for them to form their taste upon. Let them study such poets and writers of fancy as are suited to the early stages of life. And let them have no Gil Blas, no Tom Jones, no Tristram
Shandy, no Golden Ass, and of course, no Old Testament.

But imagine the folly of handing these books to the unwise in such truncated and mutilated form that their motive is obscured and their language pointless, at the same time representing them as the productions of genius! What is the result of such commendation to the young mind? A feeling of utter bewilderment in the first place, and then, as knowledge arrives, a sense of indignation at the unworthy trick which has been played at their expense by those who are older, and should have been wiser, than themselves.

As my charge against Sir George Head, — and incidentally against all who follow in his footsteps, — is somewhat grave, I must bear it out by particular instances.

In the second Book, or Chapter, as I have called it, Lucius hears casually that Pamphila is a witch. He resolves at once to corrupt her maid, Fotis by name, in order to obtain access to her mistress's school of magic. In Head's version, as soon as he begins to pay her his addresses, down shoot the inevitable stars upon
the page, and the naughty imagination is left to infer the improprieties that follow. In point of fact they make an assignation for the night. Then Head goes on at once to describe the arrival of Byrrhena’s hamper of provisions, which is only of significance in the original as a providential subministration of the gifts of Ceres and Bacchus, to fit them for the venereal engagements of the night, and gives rise to suitable comment and arrangements on Lucius’ part. In Head’s version it has no significance at all, and we wonder why it has been mentioned.

All mention of the long liaison described as existing between Lucius and Fotis is omitted; but later on, without any adequate reason, the girl is represented as being terribly anxious when Lucius gets an invitation to dine out, and Lucius himself has to go to her and ask for leave of absence. This seems quite inexplicable conduct; though the young person may guess it is somehow or other connected with the stars. After observing their last point of conjunction, the young person is ready to imagine anything.
Quite in the same spirit and with the same clumsy result, the Ass's disgust at the obscenity of the priests of Cybele in Chap. VIII and his attempt to cry out _Porro Quirites_, is made to simulate a disgust at the priests' wine-bibbing propensities! Now I maintain that it is comforting to the modern conscience to find that unnatural lust of the kind really described did excite disgust and was reprobated in the ancient world, as it is in our own day. But that useful piece of information is entirely burked, while the Ass is turned into a ridiculous temperance advocate.

To show that I do Head no injustice, and do not fail to take into account the convenient, but inefficacious, little phrase he has slipped in, to save his conscience in the matter of truth and accuracy, I transcribe his words and leave the reader to judge of the impression they produce.

"They roasted the ram for supper, and having all ate most gluttonously began to pledge one another in cups of wine without any moderation. Indeed, their potations were carried to such unlimited excess, and their hypocrisy was so thoroughly exposed during the protracted period of their orgies,
that at last, unable to tolerate the scene any longer, I was seized with an uncontrollable inclination to express in audible terms my abomination of the mockery."

(Head's Metamorphoses of Apuleius, p. 288.)

Now would it be believed that in the original there is not a word as to gluttony: that the name of wine is not so much as mentioned; and that it is expressly stated that they had only touched a few of the herbs, which were served as the preliminary of the meal, when they proceeded to the gratification of their lust? And yet so it is. I subjoin the Latin, to constitute a curiosity in the history of the literary conscience.

"A quodam colono, ficto vaticinationis mendacio, pinguissimum deposcunt arietem... ac dehinc... quemdam fortissimum rusticanum... comitem cæne secum adducunt, paucisque admodum praegustatis olusculis ante ipsam mensam spurcissima illa propudia... nudatum supinatumque juvenem... flagitabant.

"Nec diu tale facinus oculis meis tolerantibus Porro Quirites proclamare gestivi."

"They trump up a lying prophecy and demand a very fat ram from a certain farmer, and then take a certain right lusty countryfellow with them to share their dinner, and when they had but tasted
a few of the preliminary herbs those filthy monsters of shame laid the young man naked on his back and provoked him to lust.

"My eyes could no longer endure such a crime, and I made an effort to shout out: 'Ho citizens!'"

What I have exposed in the above passage, is in my opinion nothing more nor less than a literary fraud, though no doubt quite an unconscious one, and it only wants Sir George Head's own words in his Preface to make it complete:

"I have therefore, in the first place, divested it (i.e. Apuleius' work) of every syllable calculated to give offence to the most scrupulous reader; and in the next, have endeavoured to place the composition in the perspicuous form necessary to its perfect elucidation(!) Rendering into English, with strict fidelity, every thought and image emanating from the mind of the author(!), and giving the value and true signification of his words(!) — not less anxious at the same time, to preserve and develop the full scope and character of his performance — I have called it in my title-page, in addition to its original designation, "A Romance of the Second Century."

As examples of Sir George's latinity, take the following examples, pitched upon quite at random as I open his book. Book XI, p. 382,
he translates: "Moreover upon their backs lustrous mirrors were suspended, that with reverent fidelity reflected the figure of the deity." The text means that the mirrors reflected those who walked in the procession behind the mirror-bearers, so that they seemed to be advancing to meet the goddess. — "Aliæ, quæ nitentibus speculis pone tergum reversis venienti Deæ obvium commonstrarent obsequium."

It would have been no particular homage to Isis to have let her see her own face in the mirrors. What was attempted was to show a crowd of worshippers who seemed to face her. It is true they might have achieved their purpose better, and given her a real crowd of adoring worshippers in front, by simply walking backwards; but they seem to have deemed that expedient too troublesome even for a goddess's sake, and left it to the flunkeyism of Western Europe in a later age.

Head, in short, has missed the whole force of the word obvium, and that in the description of a little incident so familiar to Apu-
leius's fancy, that it has appeared twice already in his descriptions, first, in the case of the Diana group in Byrrhena's house, Chapter II, and then in that of the wild animals chased in silver on the walls of Cupid's Palace, Chapter V, which seem to advance to meet those who enter.

Taking the trouble to consult Head's rendering of the latter passage, I find him guilty of a gross error in construing the intransitive participle of an Ablative Absolute clause in agreement with the Nominative of the principal sentence.

*Parietes omnes argenteo celamine conteguntur, bestiis et id genus pecudibus occur rentibus ob os introeuntium* he translates: "The walls that met the eye of the spectator coming within were incrusted with silver, whereon in bas relief, or chased engraving, were wild beasts and various domestic cattle." He was no doubt deceived by the fact that the transitive participles may, by a justifiable license, be translated into English *as if* they were so construed; e. g. *his cognitis, Caesar aciem instruxit*, may very reasonably be rendered
when Cæsar had learnt this, he drew up his line. Not so, however, the intransitive participles.

I trust this pursuit of my subject into elementary syntax may not be found too petty: but those who make indictments are bound to prove their charges to the last tittle.

One more instance of our author's verve, and I am done. Opening his book towards the beginning, I read (Book I, p. 20): "Behold yon rivulet: its waters are bright as the Milky Way; go drink thy fill." This is comical enough. The Latin is: "En, inquam, explere latice fontis lacteo." (See, said I, take your fill of the milky water of the brook.) Lacteo is a bold African simile, which need not surprise any student of Second Century latinity: it evidently refers to the soft quality of the water.

This must suffice for Sir George Head. He is unreliable, is quite unjustifiably recommended by the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and does not treat Apuleius fairly.

It is something of a relief to turn to the Bohn translation. Bohn is always good and
scholarly, but he is scarcely readable in the best sense of the word. He is too heavy, too stiff, reminding one too forcibly of one's written exercises at school. Passages judged licentious he prints only in the Latin original. There are notes—a great matter—and good ones as far as they go: but they scarcely go far enough for the casual reader. The book, as well as being marked out into the original chapters, is divided into a number of "episodes" as well, which seems to me uncalled for and of questionable utility. These divisions occur in Sir George Head's version, from which the idea may have been taken: they certainly do not occur in the original, any more than my own chapter summaries and page headlines.

In short, Bohn's Translation may, no doubt, be a useful help for the preliminary study of the Latin text, but is unfitted for scholars and cultured men of the world.

As a novel in the modern sense, "The Golden Ass" escapes criticism; for it is only a step in the direction of so modern a product.
The reader will not be troubled then by any sustained plot: a chapter selected at random makes delightful reading. Let him banish all thoughts of solemn purpose from his mind, and prepare it merely for the random entertainment the author supplies. *Fabulam græcanicam incipimus: lector, intende, lætaberis!* It is only a merry Greek invention, fit for pleasure-loving Milesians: if you are in want of entertainment, hear it! Such is the keynote of the book; and, with this repetition of the author’s own introduction, we may very well abstain from further prelude, and hand the volume over to the reader’s enjoyment.

As to the present edition, I find it necessary to state that the translation is absolutely complete and literally faithful, as it is entirely original. It has been made directly from the Latin, and not a single phrase or even word of that text has been consciously passed over, shirked, or deflected in any way from its genuine meaning. Though I have not had the cooperation of any scholar in my work, nor help of any kind from any living person, I hope that the extra labour this has entailed has been repaid by greater unity.
and solidity in the construction of both text and commentary. I have directed the latter to the elucidation of such points of interest in the text as are not at once obvious to the educated reader, and have made an effort to render it suggestive as well as explanatory. In short, I have endeavoured to carry out the publisher's intention that the edition should be one for the man of the world *par excellence*, to whose final judgement all points, both in the text and arising out of it, have been submitted with the most absolute fidelity.

It is hoped that from the literary point of view the translation may be judged inoffensive, and contain no phrase or expression distasteful to an English ear. If that prove to be the case, a great triumph will have been achieved; as no absolutely complete, and at the same time absolutely readable, version of "The Golden Ass" has as yet appeared in English.

F. D. Byrne.

Paris, March 1904.
The Golden Ass

OF APULEIUS
« Loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là,
Me moquant des sots,
Bravant les méchants,
Je me hâte de rire de tout...
De peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer. »

Beaumarchais.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
LUCIUS APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE FIRST


I purpose to weave a number of different stories together in your favourite Milesian style, to soothe your kind attention by the gentle breeze of wit, and — if you will only condescend to inspect this Egyptian papyrus, all traced with the sharp Nile bulrush — to arouse your wonder by the transformation of human beings and human avocations into other phenomena of life, and by
the subsequent restoration of these again to their respective identities.

A few words as to my hero. My ancient race is Hymettos of Attica, Ephyra the isthmus, and Tænaros of Sparta: those blessed clods of earth, which are made for ever interesting by books that are still more blest! There the Attic tongue was the reward of my first childish efforts: it was afterwards as a stranger in the City of Latium that I attacked the idiom proper to Roman studies, cultivating it with toil and trouble, and without any master to guide me.

Note well then that, should I prove an unpenned speaker and give offence by some foreign or legal expression, I claim your pardon in advance. Though such corruptions in speech would harmonise with the unmethodical style of art I am now practising. The story I relate is modelled on the Greek, gentle reader: listen and be delighted!

I was making for Thessaly on business, Thessaly, where I boast that the foundations of my mother's family were laid by the illustrious Plutarch, and after him by his nephew, the philosopher Sextus.

I had travelled over mountain heights and easy
valleys, over dewy sod and crumbling plain, mounted on one of the white horses of the country, and, as he had become very fagged, down I jump to my feet, to wear off saddle-soreness by a little walking exercise. I wipe his foam off carefully with some leaves, smooth his ears, take out his bit and walk him slowly along at a gentle pace, till the customary natural remedy of draining the bladder brings him some relief in his weariness. Then, while he bends his muzzle sideways to the ground and takes a snack from the meadows as he walks, I join a couple of companions who had happened to get a little ahead.

I endeavour to catch the subject of their discussion: when one of them bursts out laughing and says: "Oh, stop your absurd talk and nonsensical lies!" As soon as I hear that, my usual thirst for information is excited: "Oh, but..." I break in, "do let me hear what you are talking about! Not that I'm curious. I only like to hear everything — or at least most of what's going on. And besides, you see, a story that has some wit and charm will smooth over the roughness of this acclivity, which we are now mounting."
"I believe you!" said the one who had spoken. "It's just as true a lie as saying that you can turn back rivers in their course by muttering a spell, or bind the sea to a calm, or deprive the winds of their breath, or stop the sun, or skim the moon, or pick out the stars, or take away the day, or delay the night!"

On that, I adopt a more confident tone. "Ho there!" I said. "Don't be ashamed, you who spoke first, or think it too much trouble to go through the rest of it." And turning to the other, I said: "As for you, you are dull of hearing and hard of heart to reject information which is possibly true. You are scarcely in your senses, by Hercules, if you are so fixed in prejudice as to call everything a lie which seems unusual to your eye, discordant to your ear, or, it may be raised above the level of your understanding. While, if you only look into the matter with a little more care, you will find it not only evident from experience, but even easy of accomplishment. Why, the other evening I myself... I was competing with the others at table, and was a bit too hasty in swallowing down a mouthful of barley-cheese porridge, which was bigger than it should have been."
The soft glutinous stuff stuck in my jaws and cut off my breath below the gullet. I was within less than an ace of dying!... But then, only a short time after that, I was in front of the Painted Portico at Athens and saw a juggler with my own two eyes swallow a keen-edged cavalry sabre with its point downwards. After that, just for the sake of some tiny recompense, the fellow went on to bury a hunting spear, with the end that threatened death downwards, deep into his bowels! And all at once, a boy, tricked out voluptuously, got up on the lance near the iron handle, just where the shaft of the reversed weapon came out of the man's interior and slanted behind his head. There he gave a performance, dancing as if he had neither bone nor sinew, and twisting himself about in circles, to the great admiration of all of us who were present. You would have thought it was the noble serpent adhering with slippery coils to the knotted, half-pruned staff borne by the God of medicine!

But now, if you please, will you be kind enough to go over the story again, you who were telling it? I'll be your true believer myself instead of that man, and the first inn we go into,
I'll share my meal with you. I plank that down as your reward."

"I am much obliged to you", said he, "for your kind promise: but I'll begin the story I had begun to tell from the beginning again. However, I first call upon that Sun, the God who sees us, to witness that I only relate what I have really experienced. And if you go as far as the next city in Thessaly, you'll have no further doubt about it; these are things that have happened quite openly, and they are the talk of the people everywhere. However, just listen and learn who I am, what part of the country I come from, and what my business here is...

I am an Æginetan, and I go all over Thessaly, Ætolia and Bœotia, from one side of the country to the other, with Ætna honey, cheese and goods of that sort for the public inns. Well, I found out that there was some fresh cheese of a correct flavour to be sold in lots at Hypata, the very best town in all Thessaly, and I made for the spot in haste to buy it all up. But as often happens, I had put my left foot foremost, and was deceived in my hopes of a bargain: a wholesale dealer called Lupus had bought it all
up the day before. So just as evening was coming on I went off to the baths; for I had tired myself out with all my hurry for nothing.

Lo and behold! There I saw my old mate Socrates! He was sitting on the ground, half covered with a beastly pallium all in rags, and looking almost like a different person, from the way that he was altered by paleness and emaciation. He was just like one of the outcasts of fortune that beg for alms in the streets.

I approached him rather dubiously, considering the state he was in; though he was a relative of my own and I knew him as well as could be. "Hallo, Socrates!" I said. "What is all this? What a figure you cut! What a shame! Why, you have been mourned for at home and given up for dead! Your children have been made over to guardians by a judicial decree of the provincial. Your wife went through the formalities of your funeral, — and quite lost her looks too, with her constant mourning and weeping. She cried her eyes away so, that they were nearly shut up for ever; — but her relatives made her enliven her sad home with the joys of a second wedding. And here
you are the image of a ghost, and I ashamed to be seen in your compaigny!"

"Aristomenes," said he, "you don't know the slippery turns of fortune! You don't know how she makes a sudden onset on a man, and reverses his whole condition for weal or woe!"

As he spoke, he hid his face, which was all red from shame, with his patched-up rags, and thereby disclosed the rest of his body from navel to pubis. Still, I couldn't bear the sight of such deplorable misery and gave him my hand to help him up. But he kept his face covered, and told me to 'let Fortune, yes, let her gloat still longer over the trophy she had set up in him!'

I got him to follow me, took off one of my two garments to clothe him with in all haste — to hide him with, perhaps I ought to say — and straightway consigned him to the bath. I supplied him myself with everything necessary for anointing him and rubbing him down, and with a deal of trouble I managed to get his terrible coat of dirt rubbed off. Then, when he had been properly looked after, I brought him on to my inn, sustaining his weary weight with the utmost difficulty; for I was
tired myself. I made him cosy on his couch, sated him with food, humanised him with drink, soothed him with anecdote.

The gusto we took in our conversation and our exchange of quips was at its height: we were scoffing in our most knowing way and chattering like magpies: when suddenly the fellow heaved a sigh of pain from the depths of his breast and, bringing his right hand against his forehead with a cruel smack, "Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, "for falling into this deplorable state, running after the pleasure of a gladiators’ show that people happened to talk about!... You know right well that I set out for business interests in the Macedonian: I stayed there for ten months and came back more moneyed than before: but a short time before coming to Larissa I made a detour for the purpose of seeing this show, and when I had got into an out-of-the-way, breakneck sort of valley, was set upon by an outrageous crew of robbers. I got off at last, but with the loss of all I possessed, and in the extremity of my need I made my way to a certain woman of the name of Meroe, who keeps an inn — an old woman, but a charming one — and gave her
the whole account of my long peregrination, my anxious home-coming and my being robbed by daylight.

"Well, wretch that I am, when I told her all I have mentioned to you, she at once began to treat me with all possible kindness, brought me down to a nice supper, which I hadn't to pay for; and after that, when lust got the better of her, admitted me to her own bed. Oh, wretch that I am! So soon as I lay down to rest with her, from my culpable relations with her, I contracted this old woman as a sort of disease, and I gave her the very clothes which the robbers had been humane enough to allow me for my covering, and also the small earnings I gained as a common porter, as long as I had the strength! This went on, till through a good wife and an evil destiny I was brought to the plight you saw me in a short while ago."

"And, by Pollux! You deserve to suffer the extremest tortures, if there be any extremer than the cruellest, for preferring the pleasures of venery and a corrupted harlot to your home and your children!" . . . .

But up to his lip went the finger next his thumb, and he ejaculated in a daze of astonish-
ment: "Be quiet, be quiet!" Then he looked round to make sure that talking was safe, and went on: "Don't interfere with a woman, when she's a sorceress, or your intemperate tongue may get you into trouble."

"Why, what do you say?" said I. "This mighty queen of the tavern—what sort of woman may she be?"

"She is a magician," he said, "and a diviner, able to bring down the sky, to suspend the earth in mid air, to dry up wells and wash away mountains, to call the manes up, and the Gods down, to quench the light of constellations and to illumine Tartarus itself!"

"Come, come!" I said. "Draw your tragic curtain aside: roll up your drop-scene: and speak in ordinary language."

"Would you like", said he, "to hear one or two, or a number, of the things she has done? Why, to her art it is only a trifle, a mere nothing, to have all the people of the place madly in love with her, and not only them, but even Indians, and the inhabitants of the two Ethiopias, and of the opposite part of the earth itself!

Just listen to what she has accomplished before the eyes of a great number of people.
There was a lover of hers who ravished another woman, and with one single word she turned him into a beaver of the woods. The beaver, you know, when it is in fear of captivity, saves itself from the hunters by cutting off its genitals. It was to make the same thing happen to him, for having lusted after another woman.

There was an inn-keeper too in the neighbourhood, and consequently a rival of hers, whom she turned into a frog. The old fellow is now swimming about in a cask of his own wine, and pays his respects to his old customers in a hoarse croak, that comes up from the very depths of the lees.

There was another man, from the law-courts, and she turned him into a ram, because he had spoken ill of her: he directs cases to this day under the form of a ram.

There was the wife of one of her lovers, who had gossiped in some way against her. Her womb happened to be charged with the burden of pregnancy. This woman retarded the foetus, and condemned her to a pregnancy that was perpetual. And the poor thing has been swollen out with her burden for the past eight years,
as everybody reckons it, and looks as if she were going to be brought to bed of an elephant.

Now, when a great many other persons as well as she were suffering, public indignation grew apace, and it was resolved to punish her with the utmost severity next day by stoning. She anticipated their design however, and brought it to naught by the power of her incantations. Just as the famous Medea, by obtaining one short day's truce from Creon, burnt down house and daughter and the old man himself by the flames that sprang from the crown, so this woman, by the aid of certain charnel-house rites performed above a grave,—as she told me herself a short time ago when she was drunk,—shut every man of them up, each in his own house, through the secret power of her divinities; so that for two days not a lock could be broken, nor a door pulled down, nor even a hole bored through the wall! At last after mutual exhortation they all cried out with one voice, taking the most sacred oaths, that they would move no hand against her; and that if others thought to do so they would lend her salutary aid. She was appeased then, and set the whole city at liberty.
However, as for the man who called the public meeting, she carried him off at dead of night, along with his whole house, that is to say, the walls and the ground itself with the entire foundations, locked up as it was, to another city a hundred miles away, which was situated on the very top of a rugged mountain and of course unsupplied with water of any sort. And, as the houses of the inhabitants were packed so closely together that there was no room for the new-comer, she pitched the house down before the city gate and went off."

"My dear Socrates," I said, "what you tell me is wonderful and no less terrible. You have even filled me with anxiety of no small order, not to say terror: it is not a mere pebble you have set beneath my foot, but a spear-head: to think that your old woman may make use of her divine power in the same way, and learn what we have been talking about! Let us take our repose early and get rid of our fatigue by sleep; so that at the first glimpse of dawn we may get as far away from here as possible."

Just as I was urging this, the dear Socrates emitted the deep snore of a slumberer, in-
fluenced no doubt by his unwonted indulgence in wine on top of the long fatigues he had endured. I pulled the door to and secured the bolts, even setting a bedstead across the hinges, and when I had made it up properly I got in to it. I was a bit wakeful at first through fear, but about the third watch I began to blink.

I had just got off to sleep, when suddenly, with a greater noise than thieves would make, the doors were unlocked, nay, thrown down, while the hinges were broken and wrenched from their sockets. The bed, which was somewhat short and rather rotten, with one foot off, was thrown down by the violence of the shock; and, as I rolled heavily on to the floor, it fell upon me in a heap and hid me in its coverings.

Then, true to nature, I experienced the occurrence of certain contrary affections. Tears are often shed through joy, and in that extreme terror I could not refrain from laughing, to find myself changed from Aristomenes into a tortoise.

I waited for some time there on the ground under the protection so thoughtfully afforded me by the bed, and, taking a glance sideways
to see how matters stood, I observed two women, somewhat advanced in years. One of them held a lighted lantern and the other a sponge and a naked sword, and in this guise they stood on each side of Socrates, who lay perfectly still.

Then began the one with the sword: “Sister Panthia, this is my dear Endymion, my catamite, who has disported himself with the bloom of my years by day and by night. It is he who first gained my love and then defamed me with insult and took to flight. While I, deserted as I am by a crafty Ulysses, must bewail like Calypso an eternal solitude.” And, stretching out her right hand to point me out to her Panthia: “This man,” she says, “is Aristomenes, his trusty counsellor, the author of his flight, who has now come nigh his end, and lies prostrate here on the ground beneath this bed. He is observing everything, and fancies he can retail insults uttered against me with impunity. But late though it be — nay, even now — nay, this very moment — I shall make him repent of his loquacity in the past and his present curiosity.”

As soon as I heard this, my wretched frame
was bathed in a cold sweat and I felt my very vitals quake with terror: I even shook the bed and made it dance with troubled palpitations upon my back.

Then said the gentle Panthia: "Why not then, sister, at once tear him asunder in our fury, or bind his limbs and shorten him of his virility?" Meroe replied — and I perceived now that her name corresponded in reality with Socrates' account of her: — "No; let him survive, just to bury this wretch's corpse in a handful of earth!" Then she moved Socrates' head on one side, and buried the whole length of her sword in his left jugular vein up to the hilt. The blood gushed forth, but she caught it carefully in a small leather bottle: so that not a single drop remained to be seen anywhere. I saw it with my own eyes!

And further, not to fail, as I fancy, in any particular of the sacrificial rite, the gentle Meroe put her right hand in through the wound deep down to his viscera, drew forth my wretched comrade's heart, and devoured it with her looks. He then yielded up his voice through the wound with a quavering sound, just where his gullet was cut through by the stab of the
weapon, and his last breath bubbled out. Panthia, with the sponge, stuffed up the wound where it gaped the widest. "Ho there, sponge!" said she. "Born in the ocean, see that thou cross no river!"

When all this had been transacted, they righted the bed again, squatted astride over my face and discharged their bladders; so that I was soaked and drenched through with their most filthy contents.

In a moment they were past the threshold: the doors stood intact in their former condition: the hinges are back again in their sockets: the door-posts return to the bars: the bolts run back to the locks.

But I, in the condition I was then in, pitched out upon the ground, breathless, naked, cold and drenched for all the world as if I had but just emerged into life, in very truth my own survivor, living posthumously as it were, and yet a candidate for the gallows of the most unmistakable brand — "Whatever," I exclaim, "will become of me, when they see this man in the morning with his throat cut? Who will fancy my words even to resemble the truth, though what I speak be truth itself?
'You should have called for help at least, if a big fellow like you were unable to resist a woman!' 'A man's throat is cut under your very eyes, and you are silent?' 'Why were you not killed yourself, if brigandage of that sort was going on?' 'Why should ferocity of that heinous character spare a witness of the crime, when he might prove an accuser?' 'Well, since you have escaped death, go back to it!' I bandied all these objections in my own mind over and over again: and so the night wore into day.

Well, I thought it was best to get off stealthily just before day-break and take to the road, though it might be with trembling gait. I take up my traps, set the key in the lock and shoot back the bolts. But those upright, faithful doors, which had unlocked of their own accord during the night, will scarcely come open at all, and then with the greatest difficulty, though I put the key in over and over again!

"Hallo! Where are you?" I said. "Open the doors of the inn! I want to go off before daybreak."

The porter was lying on the ground near the front door, still half asleep.

"What do you want," he said, "taking
a night journey like that? Don't you know the roads are infested by robbers?... Humph! If you have some crime on your conscience and want to die... all right! Other people haven't got pumpkins for heads, to die for you!"

"It's not long before the light;" said I, "and for the matter of that, what can robbers take from a traveller who's as wretchedly poor as I am? Don't you know, you idiot, that ten prize-fighters couldn't strip a naked man?"

But his eyes were dead and half drunk with sleep, and he turned over on to his other side. "How do I know", he muttered, "that you haven't murdered that fellow traveller of yours, you came with here to-night, and that you're not running away to save yourself?"

I remember how that moment the earth gaped before my imagination and I saw the very bottom of hell, with Cerberus the hound hungering for me.

It was then I realised the fact that it was in no mercy that the gentle Meroe had refrained from my jugular, but that in her cruelty she was reserving me for the gallows. I went
back accordingly to the room and deliberated as to the manner of my suicide. Fortune however supplied me with no death-dealing weapon but the bed, and I addressed myself to it with the words; "Now, now, thou dearest bed of my heart, thou who hast worried through such griefs along with me, thou conscious arbiter of the deeds that have been done by night, thou only witness of my innocence whom I can call into court, supply me thou with the weapon of salvation as I haste to Hades!" And as I spoke, I began to undo the cord that was plaited beneath it. I threw one end of the rope over a beam that was let into the window-frame and projected into the room and fastened it there: then I mounted the bed and on that fatal height arranged a noose and slipped my head through the halter. But as I kicked away the support beneath me with one foot, so as to tighten the rope with my weight about my neck and cut off the ministrations of my breath, suddenly the rotten old cord breaks into two pieces. Down I tumble in a heap upon Socrates who was lying beneath me and roll with him upon the ground.
In a moment the porter rushed in, vociferating aloud: "Where are you, you fellow, who were hurrying off in that fashion in the dead of night? And now you are snoring in your bed-clothes!" Socrates was first upon his feet, whether it was my mishap or this man's dissonant clamour that aroused him: "People who stay at inns" he said, "are right enough in hating the proprietors. I was dead in the very depths of sleep, and here this inquisitive fellow comes rushing in at the wrong moment, — in the hopes of stealing something I expect, — and wakes me up with his awful row!" I come briskly and gaily to the front, all radiant with unlooked for joy: "Look here, my trusty porter," say I, "upon my comrade and parent and brother, whom you said I murdered during the night, with your drunken accusations!" And, as I spoke, I threw my arms round Socrates and kissed him. He was at once penetrated with the stench of the liquid. — filthy enough I admit, — in which those ghouls of the night had steeped me, and spurned me with vehemence. "Phew!" he said, "a stench like the bottom of a privy!" — and began to
make polite enquiries as to the cause of the smell. But I felt so wretched that I trumped up some absurd joke on the spur of the moment, and diverted his attention afresh by speaking of some other matter. Then said I, placing my arm through his: "Let us be off and enjoy the freshness of a morning walk." I pick up my traps, pay the inn-keeper's account for our stay, and we take to the road.

We had got a little bit on our way and everything was now lit up with the rising sunshine: when I began to observe my comrade's neck with some curiosity on the side I had seen the sword sink in. "You are mad," I said to myself, "for dreaming such terrors when overcome by your wine-cups. There is Socrates for you intact, and well, and unharmed! Where is the wound? The sponge, oh, where? And above all, that wound, so deep, and so fresh?" So I said to him: "Doctors of good standing are quite right when they give it as their opinion that people dream dire and terrible things when they are distended with food and wine. I wasn't particularly temperate in my cups yesterday evening and I have had a terrible night, that brought all sorts of ill-
omened and blood-thirsty imaginings before me. I can fancy myself at this very moment all covered and defiled with human gore."

"No," he said, with a grin, "not blood, but urine. All the same, during my sleep I fancied that I had my throat cut. I felt a regular pain in my throat here, and thought that my heart was being pulled out: even now I feel a weakness in my breath; my knees are giving way, and I totter as I walk. I should like something to eat, just to put some spirit into me."

"Here you are:" I said, "your breakfast's ready," taking my knapsack off my shoulders as I spoke, and making haste to hand him out some bread and cheese, "Let us sit down," I said, "near that plane-tree." We did so, and I got out something for myself.

I watched him for some time rather keenly, and saw that he was eating with avidity, but that he was as pale as box-wood. In fact the tint of life was so changed upon his cheeks, that as I kept thinking in my terror of those Furies of the night, the morsel of bread I had first taken, small though it was, stuck midway in my throat and could neither move up nor down.
The frequented state of the high-road itself added to my fears. Who would believe in the violent death of one of two travelling-companions without guilt on the part of the other?

He had champed down enough food however now, and began to suffer from thirst. He had devoured the best part of the good cheese with avidity, and there was a gentle river not far from the roots of the plane tree, flowing lazily like a quiet pond, and shining like gold or silver. "There you are;" I said, "fill yourself with the milky tide of the fountain."

He got up, and after waiting a bit near the edge of the bank, went down on his knees and bent down to the water with a gesture of avidity. He had scarcely touched the vapour of the surface with the tip of his lips, when his neck gaped with a wound both broad and deep: the sponge suddenly rolled out and a very small quantity of blood along with it. In fact his bloodless body would have gone headlong into the river, had I not seized hold of one of his feet and with the greatest difficulty dragged him on top of the bank. There I mourned my poor, dear comrade for a while,
and covered him with the sandy soil that lay in
the eternal confines of the stream.

As for myself, I fled away in trepidation and
the greatest terror on my own account, through
different lonely parts of the country. I have felt
almost conscious of human slaughter, and have
left my fatherland and home to embrace a vo-
luntary exile, and at present, as I have married
again, I live in Ætolia.” Thus far Aristo-
menes.

His companion, who had refused him all
hearing from the very beginning with obstinate
incredulity, here remarked: “No story could be
more of a story than yours, and no lie more
absurd!” Then turning to me, he asked: “But
do you, a man of liberal education, as your
dress and manners show, lend your authority to
such a story?”

“Oh,” said I, “I think nothing is im-
possible, and that all things happen to mortals
just as the fates decree. A great many
wonders have happened both to me and
to you and to all mankind, things almost
without example, which would fail to find
credence if related to the ignorant. Certainly
I believe this gentleman, and I am very grateful
to him indeed for distracting our attention with his pleasant and witty story: I have got over this rough and tedious road without trouble or weariness. And I think my steed also has been glad to profit by it; for I have been carried to the gate of this city without any fatigue on his part, not on his back, but on my own ears."

This put an end to our conversation and companionship in travel; for my two acquaintances went off together to the neighbouring villas on the left. I went up to the first inn I saw on entering and enquired of an old woman who was the proprietress: "Is this city Hypata?" She nodded.

"Do you know a man called Milo, one of the leading men." She smiled.

"It's true," she said, "you can call him a leading man; for he lives outside the whole city in the suburb."

"Jokes apart, mother dear," I said, "tell me what sort of man he is, and where his house is."

"Do you see," she said, "those windows last of all, looking out on to the street, and the door on the other side looking into the lane close by? Your Milo lives there, a very
wealthy man with any amount of coin: but he's notorious for his awful avarice and sor-did way of living. He is perpetually practising usury on the security of gold and silver: he lives in a tiny way of housekeeping and thinks of nothing but dirty money. He has a wife too living with him, to share his evil lot. He only keeps a single maid-servant and always goes about dressed like a beggar."

Here I broke in with a laugh: "Well, my friend Demeas has taken very kind and provident care of me, introducing me to a man on my travels, who'll give me no reason to fear being choked by smoke or the smell of roast meat in his house." As I spoke I went on a little and approached the door, and as it was firmly locked I began to knock and call out. A girl came out at last: "Hallo there", she said "you man knocking there so loudly at the door, what specie do you want to borrow on? Are you the only man in the world who doesn't know that we only receive gold and silver pledges?"

"Heaven preserve me," I said, "from all that! But just tell me whether I can hit upon your master inside here."
"To be sure", she said. "But what is the reason of your question?"

"I am bringing him a letter from Demeas at Corinth."

"You can wait for me here", she said, "while I am giving the message."

And bolting up the door again as she spoke, she took herself inside. After a bit she returned and opened the doors wide.

"If you please, Sir, he says."

In I went and find him reclining on a very small couch and just beginning dinner. His wife was seated at his feet, and there was a bare table placed there: "My hospitality," he said, with a sweep of his hand towards it. "'Much obliged," I said, and at once handed him Demeas' letter. He read it hastily and then said: "It is nice of Demeas introducing such a guest to me."

And as he speaks, he orders his wife to go away and bids me take my seat in her place, and when I hesitate at that and show some embarrassment, he takes hold of my cloak and tugs it on one side; "Sit down there;" he says, "we have no seats for fear of robbers: we can't even keep ourselves in necessary furniture."
Then he went on: "I should be right in guessing from your handsome personal appearance and quite maidenly bashfulness that you are come of a good family; but my friend De-mea tells me all that beforehand in his letter. Please don't look down on the small dimensions of this little cabin of ours. You shall have that sleeping apartment next to this for your use, a very proper little repair. Abide with us willingly: your condescension will increase the dignity of the house: and you will attain a glorious reputation, if you are content with a tiny home, in emulation of the virtues of Theseus, whose name your father bears, and who did not despise the slender hospitality of the good wife Hecale."

Then he called the maid. "Fotis," he said, "take our guest's baggage and place it safely in that chamber. And go to the cupboard at the same time and get out oil for anointing and linen for drying and everything else for the same purpose, and take off my guest here to the nearest baths. He is tired enough with his long and difficult journey."

When I heard this, I turned over Milo's character for miserliness in my own mind, and
thought I had better enter more closely into his favour. "I don't need," I said, "any of the things you mention: I take them with me as a matter of course wherever I travel: and as for the baths I'll soon find them out. But what is really a matter of the greatest moment to me, — Fotis, just take this money and buy some hay and barley for the horse who has carried me so bravely."

This was all arranged and my things stored up in the bed-chamber, and I went off to the baths; making first for the provision market, so as to provide myself with some food. I saw a splendid lot of fish for sale, and on asking the price, ended up by buying for twenty coppers what the man had scornfully valued at two hundred drachmæ. Just as I was leaving, I hit upon Pytheas, my old fellow-student at Athens in Attica, who after a moment's hesitation recognised me with affectionate onset, fell upon my neck and kissed me in the most friendly way. "Lucius!" he said. "By Pollux, what a time since I saw you! By Hercules, not since we had the cunning to get away from our professor. Now what's the reason for your journey?"

"I'll tell you to morrow," I said. "But
what is all this? My hopes are fulfilled: for here I see you with sutlers, and lictors, and the costume proper to a magistrate!"

"Yes," he said, "I'm in charge over the provender, and do the edile business. If you're on the look out for some nice relish, we can let you have it."

I said no; because I had already secured a very good dinner with my fish.

Pytheas, however, caught sight of the basket and tossed the fish up to have a better look at them.

"And how much have you given for this rubbish?" he asked.

"I could scarcely get the fishmonger to take twenty coppers for them."

As soon as he heard this he seized hold of my hand and took me back once more into the provision market.

"And from whom did you buy those hum-bugging things of yours?"

I pointed out the old man sitting in one corner, and at once he attacked him in the harshest tones and in his most magisterial manner:

"So, that's your way, is it? No pity on
our friends, or our guests from anywhere, putting up this ridiculous fish at prices like that, and making the flower of all Thessaly like a barren rock of the wilderness with your dear comestibles! But you'll not do it with impunity; I'll let you see how evil-doers shall be coerced while I am magistrate."

He threw the contents of the basket out on the ground, and ordered one of his officials to stand upon the fish and crush them all beneath his feet. My Pytheas was then content with this vindication of strict morality, and said to me with the evident intention of getting rid of me: "I am contented, Lucius, to bring open disgrace on the old man in this way."

Dumbfounded in consternation I went on to the baths, deprived at one stroke of both money and dinner by the strenuous counsel of my sage fellow-student; and when I had washed, I took myself back again to Milo's hospitable roof, and so to bed.

In at once comes Fotis, the maid: "Your host," she says, "wants to see you." But as I was now thoroughly acquainted with Milo's temperance, I excused myself politely, alleging that it was better to get rid of the fatigue of my
journey by sleep rather than by food. On receiv-
ing this message in he comes himself and, lay-
ing hands on me, begins to draw me politely
away, and when I hesitate and offer a bashful
resistance "'I shall not go away,'" he says,
"'till you follow me.'" And, as he followed up
his words with an oath, he succeeded in making
me yield to his obstinacy with an ill grace and
in dragging me to his couch. Then, as I sat
down, "'How is my friend Demeas' health?'" he
said. "'And his wife's? And his chil-
dren's? And his domestics?'" I inform him
on every point.

He also anxiously enquires the reasons of my
journey, and when I had set them forth in due
order, he subjected me to the most scrupulous
investigations as to my native city, its leading
men and finally its governor. It was only
when he perceived that my fatigue was due to
his long string of talk as well as to anything
else, that I was making sleepy halts in the
middle of my words, and was so worn out
that I was talking at random and dropping
uncouth phrases of no particular meaning,
that he at length allowed me to get off to bed.
Thus at last I escaped from the hungry dinner
of words to which the old hunks had invited me, heavy with sleep and not with food, after a meal of talk and nothing else. Once back in my room I gave myself up to the sleep I had longed for.
Chapter: the Books of the ancients are really only equivalent to our Chapters, being usually a comparatively short division of a treatise on one subject.

Milesian: the Ionic Greeks were famous for a species of composition, which was extremely popular in its day and holds a somewhat important position in the history of general literature as the first step towards the modern novel. Aristides of Miletus was the most famous author in this genre; a fact which possibly accounts for the name by which these compositions came to be known. Miletus, however, the chief town in Lesbos, with its heavenly and enervating climate, blue sky and sea, and air that intoxicated like the charm of voluptuous verse, may have been accepted in this case as a type, and have given its name to these compositions as an indication of their contents. They were essentially light in their nature, framed for pastime, redolent of joke both coarse and fine, much occupied with the theme
of sexual passion, ingenious in their plot, distinct in every device which might tickle the voluptuous fancy of the reader, and like Boccaccio's Decameron secured variety by the introduction of stories told by different personages. They may fairly be regarded as the prototype of the Italian *novelle* and the Old French and Provençal *fabliaux*.

As to their erotic license, a passage of Ovid (*Tristia*, II, 443-4) is to the point. He had really been relegated to Pontus for immoral commerce with an august member of the imperial family; but in his whining poems, sent to Rome from his unpleasant place of exile, he affects to believe that his *written* works were his main offence. Hence he argues (*loco cit.*):

Vertit Aristiden Sisenna, nec obfuit illi
Historiae turpes inseruisse jocos.

"Sisenna published a version of Aristides [of Miletus] and came to no harm for having inserted filthy jokes in his narrative."

Apuleius is not filthy; though here and there may he discovered a trace of that particular form of realism which deformed many of the clever works of the late Émile Zola.

**Isto...** favourite : notice exact use of *iste* = that of yours. Apuleius wishes to point to the popularity of these kind of tales among the general reading public.

**Sharp Nile bulrush:** or, point of the Nile reed. *Argutia*
means 1) *point*, 2) *wit*; and translators who adopt the second meaning can scarcely be blamed. Our author's style is high-flown to the highest extent, and it is often difficult to know when to understand him literally and when figuratively. A safe rule when dealing with this type of literary artist is I think to understand both senses; which were certainly present to the keen and versatile brain of the author as he wrote.

As to the wit of the Egyptians — (we must not fail to remember our author is himself an African by birth) — I transcribe a note from the good old edition of J. Montlyard, Paris, 1616: "On parle ordinairement des Egyptiens comme de gens mols, festards, desbauchez, faisans profession de rire et gaudir par epigrammes et chansons lascives. Quintilian taxe les delices d'Alexandrie en Egypte, comme les plus molles de toutes." See Adriaan Beverland too (*De Stolatæ Virginitatis Jure*), who quotes Juvenal on this point, and recall the wondrously lascivious exhibition in the public theatre at Alexandria described by Kingsley in "Hypatia".

**Quis ille**: as to my hero. Let us remember Apuleius is first and foremost a literary artist, and not at all the naive exponent of his private history that commentators seem to have imagined. He was an African, a Roman citizen of Roman parentage: his very name, Apuleius (from Apulia, probably) was Roman: history puts all that beyond a doubt. He cannot now be speaking of himself: he is
speaking of the hero of his story; who, according to prevailing fashion, has to relate it in the first person, as many a hero or heroine of awkward novel has had to do since. The reason of the method is obvious: it saves the writer a world of trouble; and will always be a form of composition held in high honour by writers who have to turn out the largest number of short stories at the lowest possible price.

It is true the transition is awkward. The first paragraph constitutes the author's preface to the reader, and straightway in the second the hero begins to speak. But we must remember it is Egyptian papyrus, not the tastefully arranged product of modern typography.

**Hymettos**: the mountain of Attica, famed to the contractors for marble, and to the poets for honey.

**Ephyra**: Ἔφυρη (etym. uncertain) is an old name for Corinth: it occurs *Iliad*, VI, 152.

**Tænaros**: a promontory in the south of Laconia.

Here we see the hero of the story indicates Greece as the land of his origin in the most general way. Attica lying towards the north and east, Corinth being the central point, and Tænaros in the extreme south.

**My ancient race**: *prosapia*: it sounds strange to modern ears to hear a *land* spoken of as a *nation*: not so to the ancients. The Athenians prided themselves on being *αὐτόγθνοις*, *autochthonous*, or
sprung from the soil, and Isocrates develops this claim of theirs to glory at great length in his famous Panegyric. The Latin form of the word is *terri-genus*, earthborn; for it., and the idea attached, see Lucretius, V, 1410; Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, III, 18; and Valerius Flaccus, II, 18.

**Attic tongue**: the text has *attidem*, as if from a nominative *attis*. This should surely be corrected to *Atticam*, or else considered as a *hapax legomenon* in Latin. It must be remembered that a Greek adjective, of feminine form only, exists — ἀτθίς, ἀτθίδος, η, which is coupled with χώρα, country, in Eurip, I. A, 247; with γυνή, woman, Sappho, 43; and finally, our case here, with γλῶττα, dialect, in Strabo, 333. No doubt Apuleius has imported this rather rare word into Latin, modifying the impossible τθ to *t*.

**City of Latium**: the City *par excellence* of course, i. e. Rome. It seems strange that our Roman Apuleius should add the specification of *Latin* Rome. It seems a little affectation of his own: he afterwards talks of Attic Athens, as if people were unaware it was in Attica.

**Desultoriae scientiae** : unmethodical style of art.

The *desultores* in the Roman circus, as the name implies, leaped from one horse to another during their performance. Apuleius wishes to imply that the Milesian style of writing was marked by
frequent digressions, the one object constantly sought after being the reader's entertainment.

**Arcessimus**: I am practising. Arcessere = 1) to summon.

The word does not here convey the idea of *far-fetched* or *forced*, as in Cicero, *De Oratore*, II, 63, 256: "Cavendum est, ne arcessitum dictum putetur", "care must be taken that an expression may not appear far-fetched"; but rather that of being *obtained from a foreign source*, as in Petronius, a contemporary writer, *Satire*, 37, "longe arcessere fabulas ceipi", "I began to requisition foreign novels". That this is the meaning is made certain by the use of the following adjective.

**Græcanicam**: from the Greek origin. The force of this adjectiveal termination is made clear by Varro, *L. L.* 10, 3, 178 § 80: "alia [verba] Græca, alia Græcanica," "some words are Greek, others derived from the Greek." And that Apuleius refers here to the *origin* of his tale, and not to the *style* in which he composed it, is evident from his use of the adjective *græcatus* in his Apology, 329, — *græcatior epistola* — to mean something composed in the Greek style.

In point of fact, as to the origin of the work, the learned Photius tells us that Apuleius got the main idea of his work from the Metamorphoses of Lucius of Patras, a Greek writer who preceded
him, and that he amplified considerably what he found already to his hand. (See Preface). As to style, Apuleius' is all his own, commended by no classic graces of either Greek or Latin, but chiefly distinguished by his fine aperçus as a cultured observer and his complacent irony as a philosopher of everyday life.

Plutarch... Sextus: Sextus the philosopher, as we know from other sources, gave lessons to Marcus Aurelius the emperor. The latter assumed imperial power in A. D. 161, and Sextus was then seventy years of age.

For Sextus to have been mentioned casually in a novel as the hero’s ancestor, a considerable number of years must have elapsed after his death; and this fact enables us to make an approximation as to Apuleius’ age when he wrote the Golden Ass. If we suppose Sextus to have died at 75 years of age, and then allow 10 years for his memory to hallow in respectability, we arrive at the date A. D. 176. Apuleius was undoubtedly born in A. D. 114; consequently he must have been some sixty two years of age by this reckoning when he indited his famous "Ass." Dr Bétolaud, of the Faculty of Letters of Paris, in his careful edition (Panckoucke), 1825, concludes that the Metamorphoses (as the book seems originally to have been called) were composed about 184, and that Apuleius died between 185 and 190 A. D., at between seventy one and seventy six years of age.
Vegetatione: exercise. Vigère in Latin = to be lively or vigorous, to flourish. Vegère = act. to move, or excite, pass. to be lively, active. Vegetare, the frequentative = to arouse, animate, invigorate. Vigour, and vegetable are the two forms that have passed into English. The transition from e to i, when two e’s we found in the same word, is a frequent phenomenon in all languages, due to human frailty, the vocal organs finding it tiresome to pronounce two open e’s in succession. Vegetable is commonly pronounced by the lower orders in England as “vegitible”.

Exserto cachinno: bursts out laughing.

We have the word insert in English, but not its opposite exsert, which means to put out, thrust forth, just as insert means to put or thrust in. It is primarily used in Latin to indicate parts of the body which emerge from the clothing; as in Cæsar, Bello Gallico, VII: “dextris humeris exsertis,” “with their right shoulders uncovered.” Then of anything that is open, conspicuous, as Stat. S. v. 2, 39: “exserto bello,” “open warfare.” Lastly here of unconcealed or unrestrained laughter.

Velim scire vel cuncta vel certe plurima: I like to hear everything or at least most of what’s going on (but I’m not curious). Here we get a little further back into the antiquity of the joke: “I’m not greedy, but I like a lot.”
Lunam despumari: skim the moon.

The idea was that the moon distilled a venomous dew, which sorcerers could gather by their enchantments, when they had drawn the moon near enough to earth—lunam deducere—and so add to the poison of their noxious herbs a maddening power. See Horace, Epodes, re Canidia. And Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 5—the Heath—loquitur Hecate to the three witches:

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.

This idea of a noxious power in the moon seems more familiar to Romance than to Teutonic thought. Mondsucht in German means somnambulism just as much as lunacy, and there seems to me no equivalent in the language for the English moon-struck, a word which may well have been derived from Latin sources. Lunaticus=insane, but with lucid intervals; an idea no doubt derived in the course of what anthropologists know as "sympathetic magic" from the changing phases of the moon. It is noteworthy that such a student of the Black Art as Goethe makes no mention of this idea amidst all his witchcraft machinery in Faust, Part I; on the
contrary he makes Faust in his magnificent opening soliloquy apostrophise the moonlight as a source of health:

O sähst du, voller Mondenschein,
Zum letztenmal auf meine Pein,
Den ich so manche Mitternacht
An diesem Pult herangewacht!
Dann über Büchern und Papier,
Trübsel'ger Freund, erscheinst du mir!

Then note what the wearied magician wishes for

Ach, könnt ich doch auf Bergeshöhn
In deinem lieben Lichte gehn,
Um Bergeshöhe mit Geistern schweben,
Auf Wiesen in deinem Dämmer weben,
Von allem Wissensqualm entladen,
In deinem Tau gesund mich baden!

To bathe myself healthy in thy dew!
The exact opposite of the old Latin superstition. And in the Walpurgisnacht on the Brocken there in no moonlight: the two choirs of witches sing together:

Es schweigt der Wind, es flieht der Stern,
Der trübe Mond verbirt sich gern.

The moon is glad to hide his face before such devilry: he reserves himself in German thought to irradiate the romance of lovers.

Der Mond ist aufgegangen
Und überstrahlt die Welln;
Ich halte mein Lieben umfangen,
Und unsre Herzen schwelln.

(Heinrich Heine: Die Heimkehr, 9).
Ante pœcilem Porticum: the Painted Portico
Literally variegated Portico (ποικίλη). It was
adorned with numerous pictures by Polygnotus
and Mycon, in which the battle of Marathon was
conspicuous.

It is possible that, in describing the wondrous
endurance of the sword-swallower, Apuleius is
having a sly hit at the Stoics; for their school was
on this spot and is indeed often referred to in his-
tories of philosophy simply as The Portico.

Semiamputatis nodosum: knotted, halfpruned staff.
The knots seem to have been left on the staff of
Æsculapius as emblematic of the difficulties to be
met with in the study of medicine.

stabulum: inn. That is, a stopping place—for man as
well as for beast. (Stabulum).

Posita: planked down. Of course ironical, as the
reward was necessarily in prospect. And Aristo-
menes replies in the same strain: æqui bonique
facio—I hold it as right and good, a formula mean-
ing "I agree, acquiesce, put up with it."

cujatis: what part of the country I am from.

The current nominative form in Apuleius' time
was of course cujas. Cujatis as a nominative was
quite obsolete, and this is only one example of his
many affectations.

Sinistro pede: left foot foremost.

The converse of this superstitious expression (the
left being ill, as the right was well omened) sur-
vives with us in the expression *to put one's right (best) foot foremost* = to do one's best, to make a great effort.

**Lupus**: the commentators who ascribe a moral purpose to Apuleius draw attention to the name of this wholesale dealer—Wolf—a man converted by his voracity of gain into a beast. We can at any rate see a slightly humorous stroke in the selection of his name, Lykos, common enough in Greek.

**Larvale**: ghost-like.

Larva = 1) ghost, spectre, 2) mask, 3) a skeleton. For an example of the first meaning see Plautus, Captivi, 3, 4, 66 “Larvae stimulant virum”, “the man is haunted by ghosts”. The word is most likely derived from lar, the household god, probably an ancestor, whose spirit might naturally be supposed to be about the house. The use of the word in the third sense is rare; but occurs Petron, 34, 8. I have no doubt that the word is used here in its first and geniiue sense, though not perhaps literally. We say in English figuratively that a man is looking *the ghost of his former self*.

**Poculo mitigo**: humanise with wine. Or, make mellow with wine. *Mitis* has the secondary meaning of *tame* or *gentle*, as opposed to wild and savage. I trust I have not spoiled the wit of this sentence by too strained an effort of exposition. But the other inefficient translations I have read, “comfort,” “fortify” “cheer” with wine, or “give him to
drink," absolutely nullify the point of the phrase. It is precisely this carelessness in rendering words exactly, which minimises the worth of a writer like Apuleius before the modern reader. It must be continually held in mind that his merit does not consist, like that of the classical writers, in the elegant construction of periods, but almost altogether in the apt and witty choice of words and the originality of his expressions. Banal phraseology is consequently absolutely out of place here, if we are to do justice to our author.

No translator can be pardoned for not knowing that the primary and fundamental meaning of mitigare in Latin is to render mellow or soft, as the sun mellows fruit, or as boiling softens food. See Ausonius Idyll. 8 "mitiget autumnus quod maturaverit aestas," "let autumn mellow what summer has advanced;" Cicero, De Nat. Deor., II, 60 "mitigare cibum", "to soften food", "to make food tender", by cooking. Or, if the translator has the advantage of such information, he is guilty of the grossest injustice towards his author, whose brilliant word-painting he has washed with his own neutral tint.

Dicacitas tinnula: Chatter of magpies, lit. tinkling raillery.

Annosam ac pestilentem contraho: I contract an old and pestilent woman. A bold zeugma, for "I contract the pestilence of this old woman",
which contains the still bolder figure of an old harlot's companionship, from which one cannot break away, conceived as a kind of fatal and incurable disease.

**Saga**: Magician; lit. presager, prophetess. Cicero, *Div.* 1, 31, and Festus (s. v. *sagaces*) consider the word related to *sagire*, *sagax*, etc. Cicero's words are interesting: "Sagire," he says, "means to perceive acutely: hence the old women are called *sagæ*, because they desire to know many things, and dogs are called sagacious. Consequently he who perceives thing acutely before they are present is said to preperceivo (*praesagire*), i. e. to perceive the future beforehand."

The word I should say is Germanic in origin, and none other than the well known OHG *sagen* (*saghen*, *saken*) = to tell, announce: Engl. *say*: OHG *forasagen* = to foretell, Scand. *förtala*.

**Tragic curtain... drop-scene**: The curtain (*aulæum*) was divided vertically and pulled to right and left when it was opened. The drop-scene (*siparium*) was hauled up from the ground to cover the actors, and depressed to reveal them. By *dimoveto* Ap. need not mean: *open* your tragic curtain; he probably means: Away with it!

**Genitals**: This story about the beaver seems to have arisen from a mistaken notion that the scent (prized as *castoreum*) was contained in the testicles. It seems, as far as I can ascertain, to be contained in
one, or sometimes a pair of, follicles or little sacs in the vicinity of the urino-genital organs. Naturalistae viderint!

**Ronghis**: A strange word in Latin. In Greek there is ἁρμακίες = ἀρμάκι = a snoring sound, stertorous breathing. Apuleius may have referred to some well known old Boniface who addressed his customers in a wheezing voice.

**Aries**: Ram. Of course, some blockhead of the courts is intended.

**Elephantum**: Elephants were supposed by the ancients — Pliny seems to have expressed this opinion — to be borne after the enormous period of gestation of 10 years. There is an old French proverb: Plutost enfantera l’elephant: *The elephant will bring forth first* — with the meaning that something or other is very remote.

**Flammis coronalibus**: The flames that sprang from the crown. Medea’s lover having espoused the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, she sent her rival a present of a crown or garland composed of inflammable materials, which set fire to the king’s palace and caused a general conflagration.

**Tertiam vigiliam**: The third watch. The Roman night was divided into four watches of equal length, 6-9, 9-12, 12-3, 3-6. The beginning of the third watch consequently would be midnight.
Catamite: According to Sextus Pompeius Festus, the celebrated grammarian of the 4th century, this was the old Roman form for the word Ganymede: no doubt a popular error in pronunciation at first. In later times however it simply = scortum masculinum, a male whore.

Fabulis convenire... Meroe: Merum of course = pure wine. Apuleius hints that her name is derived from her habit of drinking wine neat, which no respectable person did in ancient society. Decius Magnus Ausonius, the poet, who lived 200 years later, wrote an epigram (Epigr. xix) on this little joke:

Et tu sic Meroe: non quod sic atra colore
Ut quæ Niliaca nascitur in Meroe;
Infusum sed quod vinum non diluis undis,
Potare immixtum sueta merumque merum.

Parva humo: handful of earth. Another point in which modern sentiment has veered to the pole opposite to that of the ancients. With them an inefficient burial, which entailed the least danger of exposure to dogs or birds, was looked upon as the most awful of human calamities, and something entailing incalculable woe in the after existence of Hades. With us, to pray that the earth may lie lightly on the bones of another, is a good wish that many poets have indulged in.

Restim qua erat intextus: The cord that was plaited beneath it. This went from side to side of the
wooden frame of the bedstead, and from end to end, to form a springy support for the bed clothes.

Emergo laetus: I come gaily to the front: literally, come gaily to the top; the metaphor being from water.

Lamiae: Ghouls of the night.

Lamia is a Greek word, Λάμια, and may very likely be akin etymologically to λαμός, the gullet, taken in a secondary meaning, like the Latin gula, to signify gluttony. The lamiae were spirits of the night who fed on human flesh; they were strongly inclined to sexual passion and preyed by preference on the most comely, inducing them first to lascivious actions and then devouring them.

The word may no doubt be Eastern, but there is no doubt a substratum of truth in the fable quite applicable to the West. We have our De Sades and quite a numerous brood of monsters in the lower ranks of society who love to preface murder by debauch.

Làtrinæ: Privy. Contracted, according to Varro, L. L., 5, 25, 34, § 118 Müll., from lavatrina = 1) a bath 2) a privy 3) a brothel.

Manticam: Knapsack; lit. handbag, derived from manus, a hand. It is evident however from numerous contexts that it was always carried on the back. Cp. Catullus, 22, 21: “sed non videmus, manticæ quid in tergo est,” “but we don’t see the
pack we have upon our back" i. e. "we don't learn to know ourselves."

**Cernuat**: bends down.

We read in Nonius Marcellus, the grammarian, who quotes Varro, 21, 6-8, that there was a public festival, *Cernualia*, at which it was customary to dance upon skins smeared with oil; which often occasioned falls. Here we have the kernel of the very interesting word *cernuus*. "Pelles oleo perfusas", says Varro, "percurrebant ibique cernuabant." *Cernuare* is found with the meaning: to throw, or fall, forward. The rare adjective *cernuus* is to be found occasionally in the poets, meaning *headlong*, *with the face towards the earth*; e. g. Verg., *Aeneid*, X, 894: "ejectoque incumbit cernuus armo," "fell forward headlong on his shoulder, spraining it." In Lucilius, the Satirist, 1st Century, *cernuus* = a tumbler or mountebank. Finally in the famous church hymn of Thomas Aquinas we have: Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur cernui, i. e. falling in adoration.

**Pulsare vocaliter**: knock and call out: lit. knock vocally. A rather venturesome figure of speech and not a particularly felicitous one.

**Meliora ominare**: Heaven preserve me! Lit. Give better omens!

**Gurgustioli**: little cabin. The word *gurgustium* is akin to *gurgulio*, the throat (mod. gargoyl), perhaps with reference to its narrowness.
Hecale: Hecale was an old woman who offered hospitality to Theseus and promised to sacrifice herself to Jupiter if the hero returned victorious. Death prevented her accomplishing her vow—(though no doubt the pious thought that the god had anticipated her act of devotion himself by taking her)—and Theseus instituted a feast in honour of the Hecalian Zeus.

Nummis... denariis: drachmæ... coppers.

The Greek *drachma*, generally known to the Romans at this period as *nummus*, equalled two small copper coins or farthings. *Denarius* also must mean here a small copper coin: though it had various other values. The ratio then will be about 200 to 20 or ten times the value the fish was actually sold for.

Coenatus solis fabulis: after a meal of talk and nothing more. There is a pun here. *Fabulae* (dimin. of *fabae*), also meant *beans*, a common repast among the people in Southern Europe,—but such hospitality as one would receive in the houses of the poorest.
As soon as the sun had scattered the cloud of night and established day once more, I sprang at once from sleep and bed, aroused by my characteristic anxiety and overweening curiosity to know of everything rare or marvellous. Here I was, I reflected, in the midst of Thessaly, the country where
the magical enchantments native to the soil had gained a celebrity throughout the entire world, as everyone admitted; and with my attention further excited by the story, which the excellent Aristomenes had told on our journey, as having happened in this very city, I scrutinised everything with hopeful and painstaking curiosity.

There was not a single thing I saw in the city which I believed to be what it really was: everything seemed to me transformed by some fateful spell into another shape. The stones I stumbled over were to my belief but human indurations: the birds I heard singing were feathered from the same source: the trees around the suburbs were in human leaf: and the water of the brooks had its origin in the bodies of mankind. Statues and images seemed ready to walk and walls to speak, oxen and other cattle to utter predictions: oracles seemed ready to start from the very sky and solar orb.

In this astonishment, nay, unconsciousness almost, from the keen torment of my desires, I made my rounds everywhere, but failed to find so much as the first beginning or last trace of what I sought for so eagerly. At last, while reviewing everything from door to door, with
the wandering gait of a drunkard when revelling in a debauch, I found all of a sudden, that without knowing it I had entered the provision market.

I hurried my pace; when all at once I noticed a woman walking there, who was surrounded by a crowd of attendants. It was quite clear from the gold that clung to her cheeks and was interwoven in her dress that she was a lady. There was an old man close beside her, who seemed to feel the weight of years; and as soon as he saw me, he said: "Why, by Hercules it's Lucius!" and professing me a kiss, at once murmured something or other I could not make out in the lady's ear.

"Come here," he said, "do, and pay your respects to your kinswoman!"

"I have too much respect," I said, "for a lady whom I don't know;" and I got red at once, and stood there with my head held back.

Then said she, turning her glance towards me: "There he is for you, the true, modest son of his dear, good mother, Salvia! It is extraordinary how every part of his person conforms to her type: tall without being enormous, slen-
der and still plump, fresh complexioned without being too red: fair hair dressed without affectation: eyes a bluish gray, but alert, and piercing in their glance like an eagle's, and turning brightly in every direction: while his manner is excellent and free from self-consciousness..... Lucius, I have brought you up with my own hands,” she added; “And no wonder! I was not only related to your mother by blood, but was nursed along with her: we were both born in the Plutarch family, nourished by the same nurse, and grew up together in the bonds of relationship. There is no difference between us but social rank; as she married into a distinguished family and I into a private one. I am the Byrrhena, whom you must remember your tutors’ mentioning by name pretty often. Come under my roof with confidence; it is really your own home.”

I had got rid of my blushing while she continued to speak, and answered: “I am not the man to turn my back on my host Milo, without having any cause of complaint against him; but whatever can be managed without failing in my duty towards him, that I shall take good care to do. As often as I have occasion to take
this journey, I shall not fail to stay at your house."

While exchanging this conversation and more of the same sort, we went on just a few paces and arrived at Byrrhena's home. There was a most beautiful vestibule receding before our gaze, with columns standing in each of its four corners, which supported statues of the Goddess of Victory. The figures could turn in every direction, being mounted with outstretched wings on revolving globes, which they did not stand upon, but merely grazed with the aerial touch of flying feet; so that they did not seem to be stationary, but actually in flight.

Then my gaze is arrested by a Diana worked in Parian marble, placed in the exact centre of the whole space, an image of perfect light, with vesture blown against her form, coursing headlong to meet those who enter the house, but commanding respect by a godlike majesty. On each side are hounds to guard their divine mistress, and they too are in marble. Their eyes seem to threaten: their ears are pricked: their nostrils dilate: their jaws gape cruelly. When any barking is heard in the neighbourhood, it seems to come from their marble throats. And
as a proof of consummate skill in his work, the illustrious sculptor has represented the hounds leaping high in air, their hind feet on the ground to support them, and their forefeet in active motion.

Behind the goddess there is a raised work of stone formed like a cavern, with moss and grass and creepers, and here and there trailing vines and flowering shrubs worked in stone. The shade occasioned by the recess in this work is relieved to a great extent by the polish on its surface. Just at the edge of the rocky border there are apples and grapes hanging, executed with the highest finish, which art here displays in rivalry of nature, with an exactitude that vies with the truth: they look as if some could be gathered for eating, as soon as must-bringing autumn induces the bloom of maturity. And if you bend down and look into the fountains, that run from the goddess' feet in gently swelling waves, you will fancy that among other illusions that of motion is present, and that the bunches of grapes are swinging as they hang from the vine. Amid the leaves is to be seen a figure of Actæon in stone, bending forward to cast a curious glance upon the goddess, and
already changing into the wild nature of the stag, as he waits to see Diana bathe in the fountain of her grotto.

While I was surveying it all over and over again, to my immense delight, "Everything you see," said Byrrhena, "is your own." And as she spoke, she gave orders in an undertone to the others to withdraw. When they had all been got rid of, she said: "My dear Lucius, — before this Goddess, — how anxiously I fear for you, and what foresight do I not wish to employ in protecting you! For, you know, you are a pledge entrusted to me. Take good heed to yourself, and above all take good heed of the wicked arts and criminal snares of that Pamphila, who is married to your host Milo, as you tell me. She is believed to be a sorceress of the first rank, and a past mistress in all necromancy: one who, by breathing on twigs and pebbles and rubbish of that sort, can plunge all the light of the world of stars above into the depths of Tartarus and primeval chaos. My reason is, that when she sees any young man of a handsome figure, she is smitten by his beauty, and straightway with one sidelong glance sends her heart out to him. She strews his path with
 Cajoleries; she besets his very breath: she binds him to herself with the everlasting fetters of profound affection. But then, as to those who fail to respond to her advances, she holds them as vile, and in her disgust turns them into stones and cattle and beasts of all kinds in a moment: some she simply wipes out of existence! I am terrified at all this, and think you should be on your guard; for she is in one continual rut, and you are suitable for her both in age and good looks."

Byrrhena seemed very anxious, as she told me all this. But owing to my natural curiosity, as soon as I heard the much wished for name of magic, I was so far from being reached by Pamphila's warning, that I was simply yearning to bind myself over as an apprentice to the art at a high premium, and to leap with one sudden bound into the very abyss. In my hasty and frantic disposition of mind at the time, I disembarrass myself of her hand, as if it were some chain to bind me, and with a hasty goodbye fly off home to my host Milo, as fast as my legs will carry me. And while I hurry my pace like a madman, "Come, Lucius," I say to myself, "wake up and keep your wits about you!"
Now you have the opportunity you have wished for: now you will be able to satisfy your heart with the wondrous things you have heard told and wished for so long. Away with childish apprehensions: come to close quarters with the affair and attack it like a man! Refrain of course from any venereal tie with your hostess, and hold the marriage-bed of the virtuous Milo in religious respect...

"But ah, Fotis the maid! Make for her with energy! She is pretty to look at, playful in her ways, and as piquant a little thing as you could wish. Last night too when you were going to sleep, she led you off politely to your bed-room, and put you gently to bed, and covered you up lovingly enough: then she kissed your head and showed by her looks how unwilling she was to leave you; yes, and many a time she stood still and looked back behind her! Now may it be good and fortunate and propitious! — even if healthful it be not; — that Fotis shall be attempted!"

As I am holding this debate with myself, I approach Milo's door, and, as they say, go over to my opinion in act overt. For it is not
Milo I fall in with at the house, nor his wife, but only my dear Fotis who was preparing tripe, cut up into sausage-meat, and other meat cut up small in a pot, to concoct a luscious feed; and indeed I already divined through the medium of my nose that it was a most delicious haggis. She herself was neatly clad in a linen tunic, and girt up nicely, pretty high, just under the very breasts, with a bright red bosom-band, and she was turning the vessel which held the food round in a circle between her little pink palms: and, as she kept shaking it up, while she twirled it round and round, she gave her body a soft motion of the most provocative nature, and swayed most becomingly to and fro, while her loins slowly quivered and her lithe waist moved in gentle convulsions.

I remained rooted to the ground in amazement at the sight, and stood still to admire steterunt et membra quæ jacebant ante. At last I said to her: "How prettily, how charmingly, my Fotis, you turn that pot around, and your buttocks at the same time! What a delicious relish you prepare! Happy and more than blessed is the man whom you allow to dip a finger into that!"
"Be off," replied the girl, who was by nature of a witty and bantering disposition, "be off, you poor fellow, and get as far as you can from my fire-place: if the tiniest little spark from my fire blow on to you, you'll get burnt through, and there will be no one to quench your heat but myself; for I know how to shake up a bed as well as a saucepan, when I'm getting ready something nice." She looked back at me, as she said this, and gave me a smile.

I did not leave the place till I had investigated all her personal charms. But why should I speak of the rest, when it has always been my one care to concentrate my attention first of all in public on the head and hair, and afterwards to enjoy the same in private. I have a certain determinate reason for forming this judgment; because it is the principal part of the body, which is set in an open and conspicuous position and is the first to meet the eye; and then, the effect produced in other parts of the body by the gay colours of ornamental clothing is achieved in the case of the head by its own native lustre. Finally, it is the rule with women, when they want to exhibit the
graces of their person, to take off all outer garments and lay aside their inner, and make haste to display their beauty in its nakedness, confident of pleasing more by the roseate colour of their skin than by the elaborate hues of their garments. But if — though it is a crime to say it, and may no such terrible instance ever occur! — if the head of any woman renowned for exquisite beauty be despoiled of its hair and her face denuded of its natural adornment: though, I say, she be Venus herself, supported by all the choir of the Graces and accompanied by the whole population of the Loves, begirt with her belt, breathing of cinnamon and diffusing balsam, still if she appear abroad with a bald head, she would not find favour even with her own Vulcan.

Ah, when hair is resplendent with its beauty of colour and its glossy lustre, and is one live glow or calm reflection in the sunbeams, or when it varies its shades from one beauty to another! Now the glittering gold is shaded down to the soft hue of honey, now black as the raven's wing it rivals the azure bloom which adorns the neck of the dove! Or again, when glossed with Arabian perfume, parted with the
fine tooth of the penetrating comb, brought back upon the head to meet the lover’s eye, to be his mirror, to cast back his image in more graceful guise! Ah, when it piles its thick growth in masses on the crown, or extends itself in long array to flow all down the back! In fine, the dignity of woman’s hair is such, that though she walk forth adorned in gold, in vesture, in gems and all the rest, unless she enhance the adornment of her hair she cannot be considered dressed.

In the case of my Fotis, it was no elaborate adornment which added to her graces, but one that was quite unstudied. Her luxuriant locks fell in soft puffs to the back of her neck, were parted on each side of her throat, and gradually settling on the upper bay of her tunic, were straightway coiled round to finish in a ball, which was held fast by a knot on the summit of her crown. I could no longer endure the torment of such exquisite pleasure, but straight-way imprinted the most delicious of kisses on her person, just where the hair commenced to ascend her brow.

She turned her neck around, and gave me a sidelong ogling glance: “Aha, my scholar!”
she said, "you are snatching a kiss that has both bitter and sweet! Take care the honey is not too sweet for you, and you do not contract a long attack of bitter biliousness!"

"Why should you say that, my joy," I said, "when I am ready to be stretched out and roasted over that fire of yours; provided I have now and then the refreshment of one little kiss?" And I strained her more closely in my embrace as I spoke, and began to kiss her.

Soon her lust rose up in rivalry with mine and she grew akin to me with a love that resembled my own: and soon with headlong desire she began to gratify my passion with the fragrant breath of her parted lips and the nectar of her tongue, which met my own in contact. "I am done for!" I exclaimed; "It's all over with me long ago, unless you have pity on me."

To this she said, with another good kiss: "Cheer up: I'm your slave in this; for I share your desire. And our pleasure shall not be delayed any further; I shall come to your bedroom at early torchlight. Go now then and prepare; for I shall give battle to you the whole night long with strength and courage."

When we had exchanged this conversation and
more of the same sort in an excited undertone, we parted.

Midday had just arrived, when a gift of welcome comes to me from Byrrhena, a fat pig and five chickens, as well as a cask of costly old wine. I called Fotis and said: "Look! Bacchus comes of his own accord to encourage Venus and supply her with his arms. Let us drink every drop of that wine to-day: it will destroy the inactivity of bashfulness within us, and imbue us with necessary vigour and agility. This is all the provision that the bark of Venus needs for her voyage: abundance of oil for the lamp and wine for the cup, when the night is passed without slumber!"

I spent the rest of the day in the bath and then at supper; for at the good Milo's request I had reclined at his skilfully prepared little repast, keeping myself as safe as possible from the glances of his wife. I had remembered Byrrhena's warning, and in my terror would as soon have allowed my eyes to rest upon her face as upon the lake of Avernus. But I kept my eyes upon Fotis at her ministrations, and derived refreshment to my soul.
When evening had quite come on, Pamphila looked into the lamp: "What an abundant rain," she said, "we shall have to-morrow!" And when her husband asked her how she had found that out, she answered that the lamp was her prophet. Milo met her words with a laugh: "We are supporting a great Sibyl," he said, "in that lamp: it contemplates all the affairs of heaven and the sun itself from its observatory on the bracket!"

Here I dropped in: "The primary experiments in divination," I said, "are of that sort. And it's no wonder that this little light, though it's only a small one, and made by the labour of man's hands, should nevertheless be in touch with that greater and heavenly light, as with its own parent, and should know by divine presage, and announce to us what he is about to do in the summit of the æther. Why, there's a Chaldean stranger at present going about among us everywhere, and putting the whole city in commotion with his responses and the public way he makes known the mysteries of fate, for the sake of earning a living. He tells the right day for strengthening the nuptial tie, for perpetuating the foundations of city walls, which is
most profitable for a merchant, which will bring an escort of fellow-travellers, which it is right to sail on: in point of fact I enquired myself of him as to the result of this peregrination of mine, and he answered a number of things, and those too of a very wondrous, and pretty varied nature: that now I am going to make my reputation more or less illustrious, to make history on a large scale, stories incredible..... books!...."

"What's your Chaldaean like?" said Milo with a grin. "What sort of bodily appearance is he blessed with, or what name is he called by?"

"He's a tall man", I said, "and rather dark. His name's Diophanes."

"That's the man", he says, "and nobody else. He was here among us, with his many oracles for the many. And it was no small earnings that he made; he obtained very rich rewards; until the wretch fell upon bad, or shall I say, cruel fortune. He was one day hedged round with a crowd of people and was untying the knot of fate for the benefit of the ring of bystanders, when a man of business called Cerdo came up to him, as he was desirous
of knowing a good day for commencing a tour. He had chosen one out and assigned it to him, and the man had set down his purse and poured out the coin, and had already counted out a hundred pieces for him to carry off as the guerdon of his prophecy, when a young fellow, one of the nobles, crept near him from behind, caught hold of him by the cloak, embraced him as he turned round, and kissed him in the most friendly way.

Now our friend, as soon as he was kissed, made the other sit down beside him, and was quite dazed with astonishment at his sudden appearance; so that quite forgetful of the business he was engaged on, he asked: "How long ago is it since you arrived for our gratification?"

The other man answered: "Just as evening began. But do you, brother, tell in your turn how you have managed to sail here so promptly, from such a distance as the island of Eubœa, and how you have accomplished your journey over sea and land."

To this the excellent Chaldean Diophanes, bereft of sense and not yet himself replied: "May foes of the state," he said, "and all our enemies happen on so dire, so Ulyssean a pere-
grination! The ship itself that carried us was battered about by continual storms and tempests, lost both her rudders and was driven by the gale on to the beach of the opposite coast, where she went down to the bottom. We lost everything we had, and were scarcely able to swim ashore. Anything we managed to get possessed of through the pity of strangers or the benevolence of friends, was carried off by the hands of robbers; and my only brother,—Arisuatus was his name — was murdered by them before my eyes, the poor fellow, when he made a show of resistance to their villainy!"

As he was still in the midst of his sorrowful narration, Cerdo, the merchant I spoke of, snatched up the money he had destined as the reward of the divination, and fled off on the spot. And then, but not till then, did Diophanes come to his senses, and see the unwary slip he had made, as all of us who were standing right round him burst out into peals of laughter. — But as for you, Master Lucius, no doubt the Chaldean has spoken truth to you alone among mankind, and I wish you good fortune and a prosperous journey!"

While Milo was holding forth at this length, I
kept inwardly groaning, and was in no small rage with myself, for having been the one to give rise to this farrago of impertinent talk, and lose a good part of the evening with the grateful fruit it brought me. At length however I swallow down all shame and say to Milo: "Let Diophanes live under his evil fortune and bestow the wealth of nations once more upon sea and land: as for me, I am still sore with yesterday's fatigue, and I must ask you to excuse me going to bed rather early." And retiring as I spoke, I hastened to my bedroom, where I found a very nicely arranged supper. A bed had been made up for my servant on the ground at a considerable distance from my door; I suppose to keep him from hearing our murmurs of love during the night; and there was a table standing by my bed, which sustained a very good share of the things left from dinner. There was a cup for each of us, already poured half full of wine, and ready for dilution, and hard by there stood a pitcher with a wide orifice that gaped gradually, so as to be easily drawn from. Hors d'oeuvres fit for the lust of a gladiator!

I had just lain down, when in comes my
Fotis, who had now put her mistress to bed, and throws me a garland of roses as she draws near, while I perceive a single rose filling her bosom with its bloom. She strains me to her with a kiss, and after weaving me a crown and strewing me with flowers, takes the cup and fills it up with hot water. Then she gives me a drink from it, but only a small one. Before I have swallowed it all, she mildly intervenes, and sips sweetly at the quantity I have left, diminishing it gradually by the action of her lips, while keeping her eyes fixed upon me. Another cup, and a third one after that, passes between us in frequent interchange.

Soon I am well soaked in wine and restlessly eager for pleasure, not only in mind but also in body; etiam saucius paulisper inguinum, sane lacinia remota impatien tiam Veneris Fotidi meæ monstrans, "Have pity on me," I say, "and come to my help quickly! As you see, the war you declared against me without diplomatic intervention is now at hand; and, in my tremendous eagerness for the strife, so soon as I received grim Cupid's arrow, which sped into the depths of my heart, arcum meum en!
ipse vigor attendit, and I fear very much that its string may break with too much tension! But if you want to humour me still more, let your hair down loose, and give me your dear embraces with tresses flowing in waves about you!

She pauses not: she whisks away the service that has ministered to our repast: she strips herself of every rag, and with hair unbound for joyous lasciviousness, stands transformed to the fair image of Venus as she walks the ocean waves. For a moment she places one rosy palm upon glabellum feminale... potius obumbrans de industriâ, quam tegens verecundiâ: and "Fight!" she says. "And give me battle bravely! I shall not yield to you, nor turn my back. Cominus in aspectum, si vir es! Come smartly up and strike a deadly blow, if you have to die for it! Our fight to-day is to a finish!"

Hæc simul dicens, inscenso grabbatulo, super me cossim residens, ac crebra subsiliens, lubri-cisque gestibus mobilem spinam quatiens, pendulæ fructu me satiavit; till with no more stomach for the
fight and limbs dead beat, we fell together in a heap and breathed our souls out in a mutual embrace. In conflicts such as these we kept our vigils till the verge of dawn, while with repeated cups we cheered fatigue and whipped up lust and gave new life to our enjoyment. And many another night we modelled upon this!

It happened that one day Byrrhena made a great effort to secure me for a dinner at her house, and, though I took pains to excuse myself, she would hear of nothing. Fotis consequently had to be seen, and counsel sought from her behest, as one would consult an augur. Though she was unwilling that I should part from her by so much as a finger's breadth, still she benignly granted me a short furlough from my amatory campaign.

"But, look you," she said, "take care to come back from the dinner pretty early; there's a senseless faction among the young noblemen at present, which has invaded the public peace. You can see the men who have been killed lying about everywhere in the public squares. The governor's auxiliaries are too far off to free the city from such a pest. And
your distinguished position in society, and contemnpt for a stranger too, might expose you to some ambush."

"Don't be anxious," I said, "Fotis mine! For besides preferring my pleasures to dining out. I shall free you of that fear by hurrying home soon. I won't go unaccompanied however; for I'll wear my trusty sword round my waist, and so carry my safeguard close by my side." And with this provision, I entrust myself to the dinner.

There were a number of guests at the banquet: — as you would expect at the house of a lady in the first rank of society, — the very flower of the city. The fare was sumptuous, the couches shining with ivory and covered with golden drapery, the cups of great size, varied in beauty, but all of the same costliness. Here was to be seen glass with chased designs, and there crystal without flaw: in another place the purity of silver and the sheen of gold, with amber wondrously hollowed into goblets to drink from: all the impossible in art was represented. There were a large number of cupbearers in splendid liveries, girls serving up the abundant dishes with grace, and boys
with curls in ringlets and pretty attire continually presenting goblets set with gems and full of old wine.

And now the lights were brought in and convivial talk became general: laughter welled up, with gentlemanly quips and raillery on all sides. Then began Byrrhena, addressing herself to me: "What a short time you are here in our country! As far as I know, we are long before all other cities as to temples and baths and other public buildings: and besides all that we are well supplied with the commodities of life. For one who has nothing to do, there is certainly liberty here; and for a stranger who comes here on business, there is a population like that of Rome; while for the guest of moderate means there is the quiet of our villas: in short, we afford a pleasurable sojourn to the entire province."

Here I interposed: "What you say is true, and I do not think I have ever been freer in any part of the world than in this spot. But I am in considerable dread of the secret and unavoidable snares set by the art of magic. Why, not even the tombs of the dead are said to be safe, and relics and pieces cut away from corpses are taken
from tombs and funeral pyres to be used against the well-being of those who are still alive. And the old women with their enchantments are quick as a flash to prevent burial in another place, by coming in while the very preparations are being made for the funeral."

Someone else added his remark to mine: "As far as that goes, they don’t even spare people while they are alive. I know a man who went through that sort of thing, and had his face truncated and deformed all over in all sorts of ways.” As he said this, the whole banquetting hall was filled with an unrestrained outburst of laughter, and everyone’s face and looks were turned towards a man who was reclining apart in one corner. He was confused at the general persistency, and tried to rise to his feet with a murmur of indignation. "Do, my Telephron," said Byrrhena, "stand up for a short while, and go over that wonderful story of yours with your accustomed kindness; so that my son Lucius here can hear your witty tale and enjoy something of your good fellowship."

"You are always the same, my lady," he said, "in the discharge of your sacred duties of benignity: but the insolence of some people is
not to be borne!" He said it with some heat.

But the persistence of Byrrhena, who ad-
jured him by his salvation, constrained his
will, and forced him to speak, though much
against his grain. He piled the coverings of
his couch in a heap and propped himself up on
one elbow: then, half rising on the couch, he
extended his right hand with an orator's turn
of the wrist: he locked his two lowest fingers and
held the others on high: while with menacing
thumb he rose up benignly to the effort and thus
began.

"I was still in my tutelage, when I set out
from Miletus to the Olympian games; and as
I also wished to see this part of the famous pro-
vince, I traversed all Thessaly, and with birds
hovering darkly overhead came to Larissa.
I had reduced my provision for the journey con-
siderably, and as I wandered through every
place in search of some alleviation of my po-
verty, I saw an old nobleman mounted on a
stone in the middle of the market-place, and
heard him proclaiming with a loud voice: 'If
anyone is willing to guard a corpse, the price
will be agreed on.'
I said to one of the passers-by: "What's this I come across? Do the dead run away in this country?"

"Be quiet!" he answered, "You must be a child and strange enough to the place, not to know that you're here in the midst of Thessaly, where the sorceresses nip pieces away from dead men's faces, in every part, to use them as magical appliances!"

Then said I again: "And tell me, please, how is this guarding of corpses done?"

"First of all", he answered, "you must keep up the closest watch all night long, and keep your eyes open without a blink and fixed every moment on the corpse. You mustn't divert your gaze anywhere, not even look sideways; for these villainous turncoats creep up on the sly by changing their shape into all kinds of animals; so that the very eyes of the Sun, or of Justice itself, would be frustrated with ease. They take the shape of birds, bears, dogs and mice, and sometimes even flies. Then with their terrible enchantments they bury the watchers in sleep. No one can he perfectly aware what tricks these abominable women invent for
the gratification of their lust. And yet there is no better wages offered for this damnable employment than four, or perhaps six, gold pieces! Ah, yes!... what I had almost forgotten to say, — any watchman who does not restore the corpse in the morning in its entirety, will be compelled to make good everything that has been snatched or taken away from it, by cuttings from his own face.”

When I heard this, I plucked up the courage of a man and went straight up to the crier. “Stop shouting,” I said, “here’s a watchman ready for you. The reward, please?”

“A thousand gold pieces,” he said, “will be laid down as your stake. But look here, youngster! Take care that you guard this corpse properly from these harpies of ill; for it’s the son of a leading man of this city.”

“You are only talking nonsense to me,” I said, “and mere rubbish! You’re looking on a man of iron, who doesn’t sleep... one sharper than Lynceus or Argus himself... eyes all over!”

I had scarcely finished, when off he took me to a certain house, and, as the doors were shut up, he brought me inside by a small back-door,
and showed me into a dark inner room, where the lights were all veiled, and a lady clad in dark garments was weeping. He sat down beside her and said: "This man has been authorised to watch over your husband, and undertakes the task with confidence."

She removed the tresses that hung before her face to one side and the other, and, showing me a countenance that was beautiful even in grief, looked at me and said: "Pray, see that you perform your task with the utmost vigilance."

"Have no anxiety about that," I said, "provided that you give me a proper tip."

She agreed to that, got up quickly, and led me into another bedroom, where the corpse was lying, covered with draperies of shining linen.

After bringing in some seven witnesses, she uncovered it with her own hand. When she had wept over the sight, she pledged all present by oath, and then pointed anxiously to every part of the body, while one of the company noted them all carefully down on his tablets as intact. "See," she said, "the nose entire, the eyes uninjured, the ears safe, the lips untouched, the chin solid! Bear witness here, good citizens, in this affair."
When she had finished speaking and the tablets were signed, she made as if to go away. But said I: "Have the things that are necessary for my use, lady, brought out for me!"

"And what," said she, "are those?"

"A very large lamp," I said, "and oil sufficient to keep it alight till daytime; hot water: with the wine jars: and a cup: and a trencher, garnished with the things you have left at dinner."

She shook her head. "Be off, you fool!" she said. "Looking for dinners and morsels in a house of mourning! Where there has not been the sight of smoke for all these days past! Do you fancy you are coming here for a wine party? No: begin to mourn and weep, as you should do, in a place like this!"

As she said this, she glanced at her maid and said: "Myrrhina, give him a lamp and some oil at once. Lock the watchman in and leave the room immediately."

There I was left alone, for the sake of indemnifying a corpse! But I rubbed my eyes and set them on the watch, while I soothed my mind by singing. It was soon twilight: then night well on: then deeper still into the night: then
high time for bed: and now it was midnight! I must say, my terror was just at its height, when suddenly a weasel came creeping in, and stood there facing me. It let fly such a piercing look in my direction, that the little bit of an animal quite upset my mind with so much self-assurance. At last I addressed it. "Be off with you," I said, "you filthy vermin and bury yourself away with other mice like yourself, before you feel the strength that's ready for you in this arm! Off you go!" It turned its back, and disappeared from the room on the instant.

There wasn't a moment's delay before a profound sleep suddenly plunged me into the depths of the abyss; so that not even the God of Delphi himself would have found it easy to tell which of the two sleepers was the deader man. I was almost lifeless and in need of a watchman on my own account.....

The crowing of the crested regiment suddenly sang out truce to the night, when up at last I wake, and in an agony of fear run up to the body. I held up the light to it, uncovered the face, and examined every part closely: all was correct.
... Then in comes the poor little wife in tears, forcing the door in her anxiety, accompanied by her witnesses of yesterday. At once she is bending over the body and kissing it well and long, while she reviews every part under the witness of the daylight. Then, turning round, she summons her steward Philodespotus, and orders him to pay the good watchman his reward without delay. It was offered me at once, and then said she: "We owe you the greatest thanks, young man; and, by Hercules, as you have served us so well in this, we shall account you henceforth as one of our own family."

I beamed with joy at this unexpected lucre, and with a glance of awkward astonishment at the shining gold pieces, which I was chinking in my hand, I exclaimed: "Nay, lady, consider me as one of your servants: and whenever you are in want of work from us, you can trust us to carry out your orders."

I had scarcely spoken when the servants all fell upon me in deprecation of the outrageously evil omen, snatching up weapons of all sorts. One punched my cheeks with his fists: another dug his elbows into my shoulder blades: ano-
ther grubbed my ribs with his clenched knuckles: they insulted me with kicks, tore my hair, rent my apparel out. And thus lacerated and pulled to pieces, like the superb youth Adonis, or the son of the Muse of Pim-pla, I was thrust forth from the house. But in the nearest square, where I stopped to regain my breath, I recalled my unfortunate and most imprudent remark, alas! too late, to mind, and confessed that I really deserved a greater beating than I had received.

The dead man was now brought forth in procession, after he had been mourned for and summoned by name: and, according to the custom of the country, the funeral procession was a public one and went through the market place, as he was one of the nobles. An old man, whose grief was expressed by the tears he shed and the amount of grey hair he pulled out, came up beside the body and, laying hold of the bier with both hands, addressed the people in a loud voice, interrupted every now and then by sobs.

"I call upon your good faith, O citizens!" he said, "and upon your devotion to the public weal! Come to the aid of your fellow
townsman who has been murdered: and punish that criminal and wicked woman severely, for this worst of all crimes. She it is, and no one else, who has killed my poor son, my daughter's child, for the sake of an adulterer and to gain an inheritance, and has carried him off by poison!"

The old gentleman went on sobbing vociferously and bringing forward his lamentable grievances, and in a short time the crowd began to rage; as, owing to the likelihood of the facts, they felt compelled to believe a crime had been committed. They call out for fire: they shout for stones: they egg on the small boys to do for the woman. But, with well-rehearsed tears, she called on all the divinities as religiously as she was able, and denied the commission of such a crime.

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "let us trust the witness of the truth to Divine Providence! Here is Zachlas the Egyptian, a prophet of the first rank, who has already agreed with me for a considerable reward to recall the spirit for a time from the grave, and to animate that corpse by a return from the realms of death." And as he spoke he led a young man into the
midst, who was dressed in linen garments, with his feet shod in palm leaf and his head completely shaved.

He kissed the prophet's hands for a long time and even laid hold of his knees. "Have pity on me, O priest;" he said, "have pity on me by the stars of heaven and by the gods below, by the elements of nature and the silence of the night, by the Coptic dikes and by the risings of the Nile, by the mysteries of Memphis and the rattles of Pharos! Grant a brief use of the sunshine and infuse a little light into eyes that are closed for ever! We do not fail in resignation or deny the earth her due; we only pray for a brief moment of life, in order to obtain the consolation of revenge."

Thus was the prophet made propitious, and thrice upon the face of the corpse he imposed a certain herb, and another upon the breast. Then turning towards the East in silent prayer to the rising glory of the sun, he formed the central figure of an imposing scene, which attuned the sentiments of the crowd to the great miracle that was about to be wrought.

I mingle with the people and take my stand near the bier itself on a stone raised a little above
the level, observing everything with a curious gaze. And now the chest of the corpse rises and expands: its veins pulsate as in health: it is filled with the breath of life: the body rises up: and the young man speaks. "Oh, why do you bring me back to play a moment's part in life, when I have drunk my draught of Lethe and am floating now upon the Stygian lake? Cease, thou, I pray thee, cease, and allow me back to my repose!"

Such were the words the body was heard to speak! But quoth the prophet with rising emotion: "Nay, tell thy whole story to the people, and reveal the mystery of thy death! Dost thou forget that my prayers can rouse the Furies? That they can bring tortures to thy wearied frame?"

Straightway the one upon the bier makes answer, and addresses the people with a hollow groan: "I was carried off by the wicked arts of my bride, condemned to a poisoned cup, and gave up my marriage-bed warm to an adulterer."

His excellent wife has the presence of mind to show a bold front, and with sacrilegious intent bandies words with her husband in denial of his
accusations. The populace is seething with excitement and carried to opposite extremes of opinion: some say that the villainous female should at once be buried alive with her husband's body: others, that credence should not be given to the corpse's lies.

But this contention was set at rest by the following words of the young man. With another deep groan he said: "I shall give you... ah, yes, I shall give you a clear proof of the inviolable truth! I shall lay my finger on something, which has never before come to the knowledge of man!" Then be pointed me out: "When this most sagacious of watchmen was holding sleepless vigil by my body, the old witches hovered over my remains with their enchantments, and many a form they assumed for their purpose in vain. At last they threw a cloud of sleep about him, and when he was buried in profound repose, did not cease evoking me by name, till my senseless frame and limbs, chilled in death, endeavoured to respond to the magic by ineffective movements. Hereupon, this man, who was of course alive, and only in the death of sleep, rose up mechanically to answer to the name, which happens to be his
as well as mine. He walked forward of his own accord like a lifeless shade to the doors of the chamber; and, though they were carefully bolted, still, through a crevice that was there, his nose first of all, and then his ears, were cut off, and so he was mutilated in my place. And to complete their illusion, they fixed wax models of the ears they had cut off with the greatest exactitude to the proper spot, and the same with regard to his nose.

There stands the poor fellow with the reward he has gained, not for his diligence, but for the maiming he has received!"

Terrified at what he said, I begin to tempt Fortune. I put my hand up to my nose and take hold of it: it comes off! I handle my ears: down they fall! The fingers of all are pointed at me: I am a butt for the nods and winks of every one present: laughter begins to bubble up, and I save myself, tripping over the bystanders’ feet as I run, with a cold sweat pouring down my body.

I was unable afterwards, in my ridiculous, mutilated condition, to return to my ancestral home, and I have had to train my hair in long bands on each side to conceal my wounded ear-
holes; while, as for my nasal deformity, I have had to contrive a decent covering for it by the linen arrangement you see there glued tightly over it."

As soon as Telephron had delivered himself of his story, the guests, who were now deep in wine, renewed their laughter once more. The champion topers demanded the dues of Risus, [God of laughter,] and Byrrhena explained to me: "To-morrow is a day which has been kept with solemnity from the first cradle of this city's foundation, and on that day we are the only mortals who propitiate the most sacred divinity of Laughter with gay and gladsome rite. Your presence will make the day more pleasant to us still this time; and I should be very glad if you would invent some pleasantry, anything inspired by your own wit, to enable us to offer a better and fuller sacrifice to so great a Godhead."

"Very good," I replied, "it shall be as you ask. And I should be very glad, by Hercules, to discover some subject, to which the great God would lend his affluence."

Immediately after this I get up to go, at the warning of my servant who was there to
tell me the hour, and indeed I am pretty well filled with wine in all conscience. I take a hasty leave of Byrrhena and start on my homeward way with tottering steps. As soon as we arrive at the first square, out goes the light that is so needful to us through a gust of wind; so that we had the utmost difficulty in extricating ourselves from this unforeseen night of darkness and getting back home, quite tired out, and with our toes all barked against the stones.

And now, as we are getting near, linked arm in arm, suddenly three fellows with great active frames make an onset on our portal with all their force; and, as they were not a whit abashed at our presence, but revelled in insult and redoubled their efforts more and more, it was no wonder that they seemed to us, and to me especially, to be robbers, and that of the most desperate type.

On the instant then I freed my sword from the loop, where it had lain hidden under my garments; as this was just the emergency I had brought it with me for. I charged the robbers without pause, and plunged it to the hilt in each of my opponents as I encountered
him in the fight; till they gave up their last breath at my feet, pierced with many a cruel wound. Fotis was aroused by the tumultuous battle and threw open the doors, through which I crept in, all out of breath and bathed in perspiration. Straightway, exhausted as much by the slaughter of the pugnacious thieves as if I had slain some Geryon, I plunged into bed and sleep simultaneously.
NOTES TO CHAPTER II

Thessaly: According to Pliny, magic owes its origin to Zoroaster, and passed from Persia into Thessaly. This propagation of the doctrines of Zoroaster by the Magi may possibly account in some way for the evil reputation held by the latter country. It is certain that both in Menander and Plautus the word Thessalian is used as synonymous with witch.

In luxu nepotali: In furious debauch. Nepos = 1) grandson 2) nephew 3) spendthrift, prodigal. How the third meaning of the word was developed we can only guess from the fact that the nephew is the natural heir of the childless old uncle, as well as of his own father, and has often a great deal of superfluous property at his disposal.

Oculi cæsii: Eyes a bluish gray. The eyes of the clairvoyant, as we read in spiritualistic works. The commentators generally seem to consider that this description of Lucius is really to be referred to Apuleius himself: in which case the mention of this particular colour will not be without significance. The etymology of the word is
unascertained. Dark blue is *caeruleus* (Gr. χαλυσεος); and the corresponding Greek adj. for *caesius* is γλαυκος, latinised *glaucus*. It will be remembered that this colour is attributed by Homer to Pallas Athene — γλαυκωφ Αθηνη — the goddess who communicates divine impressions to inventors and craftsmen.

**Palmaris deae**: The goddess of victory. Lit. the palm-bearing goddess. As to the palm as an emblem of victory, there is a very interesting little note in Livy X, 47: “eodem anno (461 A. U. C.) palmæ primum, translato e Græcia more, victori-bus date” — “this year for the first time palms were given to the conquerors, a custom borrowed from Greece”. And Greece must have borrowed the custom from the East, the home of the palm-tree. Cp. their spontaneous use by the people at Christ’s entry into Jerusalem.

**Maga primi nominis**: A sorceress of the first rank. Μαγος, as we head in Herodotus, I, 101, was the name of a Median tribe, and later on (Herod. VII, 37) was used to signify the caste of Priests or wise men in Persia, who interpreted dreams. The root of the word signifies *power*. It belongs of course to the Indo-European family, and is found in Latin, mag-nus, mag-is, mag-ister; Greek μεγας; Goth. mik-ils : OHG magan, makan, mugan = mod. Germ. vermögen : Ang. Sax. megin-craft = power.

**Barathrum**: The abyss. Gr. βαραθρον, a gulf, pit,
esp. at Athens a yawning cleft beyond the Acropolis, into which criminals were thrown, like the Spartan xaiadας. See Herod. VII, 133. The root appears in βιβρώσκω = devour, Lat. vor-are, by metathesis.

**Tecum esto** : Be with yourself, i. e. let your mind be present in your body. Cp. the phrase later on p. 50: "Chaldæus egregius, mente viduus, nec-dum suus" = "not yet his own property i. e. master of himself."

**Pedibus in sententiam vado** : Go over to my opinion in act overt, lit. walk over to my opinion. What we would call a parliamentary expression, taken from the procedure in the Roman Senate. When a senator had moved a resolution, and it had either been fully debated or time had failed for every one to express his opinion personally, the speaker made use of the formula: "Quibus hæc salutaria videntur, agitedum, in dextram partem pedibus transite" — "Those who think this desirable, please walk over to the right."

**Inordinatus ornatus** : An unstudied adornment.

If I am not mistaken, it would be impossible to parallel in any literature up to this date such an elaborate and enthusiastic description of woman's hair as this, a brilliant passage of over thirty lines. This is one of the many striking instances in which Apuleius anticipates modern romantic sentiment, and prepares the way for such masterly
poetry in prose, as we see for instance in George Meredith’s description of the *chevelure* gloated over by The Egoist.

**Xeniola**: Gift of welcome. This is a Latin dimin. formed on the Attic Greek τὰ ξένια, friendly gifts, chiefly of meat and drink given by the host, (ξένος), to his guest (ξένος). The word throws a light on the character of the hospitality on which the ancients (or at any rate, the Greeks and Romans) piqued themselves so much. The guest was in point of fact only bidden to his host’s board on the day of his arrival: the second day *xenia* of food and drink were sent to him in his room; and the third and subsequent days he rejoiced in what is know in London as “furnished apartments” only. These no doubt were rent free. Still this was a great deal, when we consider the paucity of hotels, and the practice of merchants and others to form foreign acquaintance in various towns abroad, men of their own class, with whom they exchanged hospitalities of this sort, in lieu of trusting themselves to the brigandage of inn-keepers.

The pure Latin word for *xenia* is *lautia* (old form dautia, according to Festus, no doubt from dare, to give); but the *lautia* were really public entertainments given to foreign ambassadors and other distinguished guests, as we see from Livy, e. g., XXVII, 38; XXX, 17, et alibi; and no doubt there was room for the foreign word in the language to express this private exchange of courtesy.
Memorem illius majoris: In touch with the greater.

Apuleius seems here to touch the Platonic doctrine of sympathy between the lower and higher elements of the universe; though the Lychnomancy (lamp divination) of the Greeks had its origin no doubt in purely natural observation. This becomes evident if we consider its interpretation of signs, e.g. a thick formation smouldering round the wick meant wet weather, the flame veering round or sparks flying out meant wind, etc.

Lucius gives the conversation this philosophic turn to lend colour to the marvels he was about to relate concerning the Chaldean soothsayer.

scaevam an sævam: bad or shall I say, cruel Fortune.

A pun in the text, which howeuen throws no light on the pronunciation of sc (s, sh, sk,); the Romans bening easily rejoiced at any play on words, however inexact. See Cicero's forensic speeches passim, and consult the progress, or stationary condition, of the pun in Italian literature and popular use. Sinistra being the pure Latin for left or ill-omened, and σκαῖός being Greek, the c probably was pronounced hard at this epoch. The Sanscrit is sav-ya, left. and the English is skew, oblique.

Frater: brother.

Professor Bétolaud, who is always keen to scent out incoherencies in Apuleius, stumbles over the employment of this particular mode of address, and
the unexplained familiarity between the Chaldean mountebank and the young aristocrat. He suspects the presence of one of the ancient secret societies to explain such levelling up and down of social position.

Apuleius however is a raconteur of the first rank, and it is part of his art to add little unexplained circumstantialities to give a verisimilitude to his story. The late judge Keogh — very late now: *floruit in Hibernia circa 1850*— contrasted the typical lying witness of the North of Ireland with his brother in the South: the former he described as a literal, dogged liar, who irritated the judge, and the latter as an artistic, picturesque liar, who soothed him. As an example of the former kind, he instanced a Northern deacon who travelled in the same railway carriage with him to the Assizes, ‘to help a neighbour of his own ’ he said, in the course of conversation, ‘ who was laying claim to some property to which he hadn’t a tittle of a title: but he didn’t mind going into the witness-box for a friend’. We can imagine the hypocritical look of outraged piety, with which Keogh elevated his eyebrows and expressed his horror at such an infraction of the Decalogue! But the deacon was equal to the occasion. “My friend,” he said, “Moses wrote: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. Mark the words! He said nothing about false witness for the neighbour.”

Let our criterion for judging Apuleius be that
he is an artist, and is always picturesque and circumstantial.

"Frater!" was a common term of address among friends, and to judge from what Horace tells us, many of the Romans were as ready to use the word as a latter-day German is to say Bruder! or a Swede to propose brorskål (brother's health), to free himself from the cumbrous use of titles of address. The passage in Horace is Ep., I, 6, 54:

Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque facetus adopta.

"Show your wit by adopting people as: Father, or: Brother, according to their age!"

Tibi soli omnium: to you alone of all.

It seems marvellous, how after all the contempt for magic and soothsaying expressed by Apuleius here, as all through the book, he nevertheless obtained a worldwide fame as a magician after his death, and became a stumbling-block even to Saint Augustine (obiit A. D. 430), who found it difficult to refute the sure way in which the inhabited globe had judged in this matter, and the fixed opinion it had formed as to his having really and truly metamorphosed himself into an ass.

It is a striking study in the growth of myth and of the uselessness of Augustine's adage: Securus judicat orbis terrarum.

See Aurelius Augustinus, ad Macellin. Ep., V; De Civitate Dei, IV, 2; VIII, 12, 19; X, 27; XII, 10. Com-
pare Jerome, on Psalm LXXXI; who as well as Marcellinus, Augustine's correspondent, admits the miracles of Apuleius, but denies that they surpassed those of Christ.

**Glabellum feminal**: the *pudendum muliebre* shaved. This custom of shaving the *p. m.*, common enough among Roman courtesans, is said to be common among Turkish ladies at the present day. See Paolo Mantegazza: *Fisiologia della Donna*. The male dandies of Rome seem to have used a very drastic decapillatory on their legs as well. "Eviratio pilorum" 'hair castration', Pliny calls it (29, 1, 1, 8 *ad fin.*). It was no doubt a step in the direction of statuesque beauty, and cleared the outline from the reproach of simian ancestry.

**Contemptus peregrinationis**, *not* peregrini. Here we see the more modern use of abstracts creeping into the language.

**Succinum cavatum in capides**: amber hollowed into goblets.

The *capis* (to which I have corrected the *lapis* of Bétolauds text) was an earthen vessel used in sacrifices. For the shape, see Smith's Antiquities, p. 179.

**Diribitores**: cupbearers, lit. distributors, an after meaning from that of scrutineers or tellers of votes. *Diribere* meant to separate or sort the voting tablets, when taken out of the *cistæ*, or ballot boxes. The formation of the word is interesting
philologically; from dis-habeo like dirimo from dis-emo. The h disappears, as in praebeo from prae-habeo.

**Infit Telephron**: Thus began [Telephron].

This description of an oratorical attitude seems to be an effort at getting a little fun out of Quintilian’s precepts for arranging the fingers and thumb of the right hand. He recommends a junction of the thumb with the middle finger, or the two middle fingers, for the *exordium* and *narratio*, and in the excitement of invective and menace to close the three lower fingers on the thumb and use the index, a gesture used with effect by the great Crassus, as we learn from Cicero.

Telephron’s gesture however does not seem to be included among these highly recommended formations, and to be even ludicrous according to our ideas; though the ancient orators used the thumb (pollex, from pollere, *to be chief or mighty*) more than we do in gesture.

**Deponentur tibi**: will be laid down as a stake.

*Deponere quicquam* is the regular Latin expression for *to lay a wager*, and reminds us of the force of our own word *lay*. The necessity of *planking down* the stake, of whatever nature it was, was obvious from the most primitive times. Recall Vergil’s Eclogue (Bucol. III): Damætus “Ego hanc vitulam depono — I bet this calf;” Menalcas in reply “De grege non ausim quic-
quam deponere tecum; verum pocula ponam fagina" — I wouldn't make so bold as to bet you anything out of the herd, but I'll set these beechen cups,..." where the stake is clearly neither money, nor the promise of money, but an object of some sort set down close to the wagerer's grasp. Recall the sarcasm which Lucius indulges in in the first chapter, when he invites Aristomenes to dinner, and says he planks down the invitation as a stake. We have the same good old expression in our language: Money down; though it is fading before the shop-keeper's: Cash. It seems a pity; for the other principal Romance and Teutonic languages have ceased to be heirs to the picturesque phrase. Germ. Bares Geld: Fr. Argent comptant; Ital. Contante, and Span. also. Our dying Irish language however still maintains its inheritance, and to-day among the Galway dealers may be heard the cry of: Airgiod sios! (Money down!) frequently enough.

**Septem testibus**: The number of wituesses fixed by Roman Law for witnessing a will. Quirites: lit. Romans: here citizens in general. Though, as the province of Macedonia, (refered to by Aristomenes as the Macedonian, and by Telephron as this province) enjoyed full Roman citizenship at this date (jus Quiritium), Apuleius is quite right in addressing Greeks as Quirites. The word always referred to civil rights, and dated, it will be remembered, from the early union of the Sabine inhabitants of
NOTES TO CHAPTER II

Cures, the Quirites, with the Romans. As to military and political rights the name Romanus was retained. Hence it was an insult to address soldiers as Quirites; see Tacitus, Annals I, 42; Sueton. Cæs. 70.

Philodespotus: = of course in Greek attached to his master or mistress.

Adonis: was torn in the groin by a boar.

Son of the Muse of Pimpla: the Muse of Pimpla was no other than Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, who with Apollo gave birth to Orpheus; who, as might be expected, was famed for both verse and song. After losing Eurydice he wandered over the mountains in great grief, solacing himself with the melodious numbers he addressed to her. In this condition, he strayed across some Bacchantes, who invited him to join their revels, and on his refusal tore him limb from limb. If this fable personifies some truth, I suppose it must mean that art consoles better than wine, or that drunkenness murders harmony.

Per adoperta Coptica: By the dikes of Coptos.

Pliny (x, 33 says: "In Egypt there is an island near the city of Coptos consecrated to Isis; and, to preserve it from the ravages of the Nile, the swallows, as soon as the river begins to rise, construct a dike with straw and litter bound together by mud, They work at it for three nights together and with such energy that many of them die at
their work. They recommence this task every year.” No wonder it was held peculiarly sacred.

**Zachlas**: Pliny the Elder speaks of a Babylonian magician of this name, who had dedicated a book to Mithridates, treating of the sympathy between human destiny and precious gems. The costume described here by Apuleius was that in use among Egyptian priests, *linen*, and *palmleaf*, which did not necessitate the loss of life to any animal, and *shaving*, in mourning for the death of the ox Apis.

**Risus**: God of Laughter.

Grave authors like Pausanias and Plutarch both mention this cult, and Thomas Taylor (Ed. Apul.) has a most excellent note on it. “Every providential energy of Deity about a sensible nature was said by ancient theologists and philosophers, to be the *sport* of divinity... So that, as Proclus well observes (in Plat. *Polit.*) we must define the laughter of the Gods to be their *exuberant energy in the universe and the cause of the gladness of all mundane natures.*: And, as this energy is never-failing, the laughter of the Gods is very properly said by Homer to be *unextinguished.*”

**Geryon**: A trimorphous monster, slain by Hercules as his tenth labour. There seems to have been an ancient ruler of this name over the three islands of Majorca, Minorca and Iviça. Hence the fable.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
LUCIUS APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE THIRD


AURORA with her crimson-harnessed steeds had just surmounted the heavens and shaken one rosy arm upon the night, to tear me from his secure embrace and deliver me up to the day. A tempest took possession of my heart as I thought on the crime of the preceding evening.
I sat down astride my couch with my feet locked together, and my hands, with fingers inter-twined, meeting over my knees, and shed floods of tears. I was beset by imaginations, now of the forum and the judge, now of the sentence, now of the executioner himself. "Could I hope," I asked myself, "to hit upon any judge so mild and benevolent, as to pronounce me innocent when I am stained with the gore of the three victims I have massacred and am plunged in the blood of so many citizens. Was this the glorious journey that Diophanes the Chaldean predicted for me with such persistence?" I wailed my fate, and turned my thoughts about on this one perpetual pivot.

As I thought on, the outer doors were shaken and an unceasing clamour made the portico reecho. In a moment the house was burst open by an immense inrush of people, and every hole and corner in it filled by the magistrates and their attendants together with a miscellaneous crowd. Two lictors received orders from the magistrates to arrest me, and commenced to drag me off, though indeed I offered no resistance. We were only in the first alley, when the whole city poured out to a man, and fol-
lowed us in a wonderfully dense crowd. And though I went sadly along with my face fixed upon the ground, or rather upon the grave itself, still, as I turned my look to one side I observed something that filled me with the greatest wonder; amongst so many thousands of people who hemmed us in on all sides, there was not one who was not ready to burst himself with laughing.

At length we had traversed all the public squares, round all four sides of which I had been taken, like the victim which is led around to avert the menace of some portent in lustral atonement, and I arrived in the forum, where I was brought up before the judgment-seat. The magistrates had already taken their seat on the elevated platform, and the public crier had called for silence, when suddenly a universal demand is unanimously made, that on account of the immense throng, which caused a dangerous pressure by its excessive density, this important trial should be moved on to the theatre.

No time was lost, and the people hurried off in all directions and filled the whole enclosure of the pit with wonderful despatch: they even choked up all the approaches and packed them-
selves on to the roof. Many of them swarmed up the pillars: others clung on to the statues: others were to be seen in the dim distance through windows and ventilators: they all agreed in neglecting their personal safety through their amazing keenness to witness the event.

The public officials led me down through the proscenium as if I had been a victim for sacrifice, and stationed me in the centre of the orchestra. The crier bawled his loud-mouthed summons once more, and the senior prosecutor rose up. A vessel like a cullender, bored with tiny holes, through which the water it was filled with exuded drop by drop, was set to mark the time, and then he adressed the people in the following words:

"It is no small business, most respected citizens, which is now being transacted, but one which has a most special bearing upon the peace of the entire city, and which is likely to set a serious and beneficial precedent. It is therefore all the more incumbent on you, both generally and particularly, to look well to the vindication of the public dignity, and not to per-
mit this nefarious homicide to escape unscathed, after the butchery of so many citizens, who have fallen to his bloodstained hand. Think not that I am urged by private quarrel, or rendered furious by personal hatred. I am the prefect of the night watch: and I claim that up to this day no one can attach blame to my vigilance and zeal.

I shall just go on to give a trustworthy account of the affair itself, and of the doings of the past night. As I was going on my rounds at about the third watch, passing every door in the city and observing everything with scrupulous attention, I saw this ferocious young man with his sword drawn and dealing death about him on every side: three in all had already perished before his fury, and were breathing their last out at his feet, with their bodies weltering in a pool of blood. He was very properly affected by his consciousness of so great a crime and took to flight at once, and slipping away through the darkness under cover of a certain house he lay hidden there during the whole of the night. But by the providence of the Gods, which permits no impunity to wrong-doers, before he slipped away on a clandestine journey, I was
there to anticipate him in the morning, and took means to bring him before the cognizance of your august tribunal.

In the accused then you have a man stained by a manifold murder, a man taken in the very act, and last of all a foreigner. Have sufficient firmness then to sentence this alien, for a crime which you punish with severity in the case of your own citizens."

So the acrid prosecutor delivered himself, and at last hushed his savage accents to silence. At once the crier bade me commence, if I had any reply that I might wish to make. But at that instant I could do nothing more than weep; not so much I swear out of regard for the truculent accusation, as out of regard for my own conscience. But at last my courage rose under the stimulus of a secret power, and I made answer as follows.

"I am well aware how difficult it is, when the dead bodies of three citizens are exposed, for one who is accused of the murder, even though he tell the truth and willingly admit the fact, to persuade so great a multitude of his innocence.
But if in your humanity you will grant me a public hearing for a little space, I shall easily make you see that I am not on trial for my life through my own deserts, but that I am only causelessly subjected to this invidious charge through the fortuitous event of a reasonable indignation.

I was returning rather late from dinner, and was rather intoxicated at that, — a crime, of which I admit I was really guilty, — and as I arrived before my host's doors—(I am staying at the house of your good fellow-citizen, Milo),— I saw a number of ferocious robbers making an attempt upon the entrance, and trying to force the doors of the house, by wrenching them away from their hinges. They forced all the bolts, which had been set with the utmost accuracy, and wrenched them away, and then began to hold counsel among themselves as to destroying the inmates. One of them who was prompter of action and larger of frame than his comrades addressed the others and urged them on by words like these. "Come on, boys," he said, "let's pluck up the heart of men and get to work at once and attack them while they're asleep. Just banish all hesitation and cowardice
from your minds, and let Slaughter stalk through the entire house with his point unsheathed! If they are unconscious in sleep, butcher them; if they try resistance, strike them down! We shall get off alive ourselves, if we leave no one alive in the house."

I confess, citizens, that in the face of robbers of this outrageous type, and when I had most particular reason to fear for the safety of my hosts and for my own, I thought it the duty of a good citizen to attack them with the shortsword I always carry about me for defence in emergencies of this sort, and endeavour to rout them with sudden panic.

But they were a wild and savage type of men and refused to fly, and, though they saw my weapon very well, they had still the audacity to resist. They made for me in serried ranks. The leader himself who served as standard-bearer to the rest, made at me with a violent effort, and seized me by the hair with both hands: he bore my head backwards and tried to smash it with a stone; but while he was shouting to them to hand him one I struck him a well-directed blow and was happy enough to level him. Another of them clung to my feet
with his teeth; but I dealt him one between the shoulder-blades; and as the third dashed incautiously upon me, I met him full in the chest, and did for him.

I thought I should have deserved some public laudation, let alone impunity, for having maintained the pace and protected my host's household as well as the common weal. I was never accused before of one tittle of crime, but always maintained a good reputation in my own home and regarded freedom from moral guilt as the greatest of all goods. Nor can I understand why I should have to meet this present charge, on account of the just indignation which I exercised against these worst of brigands; especially as no one can show that there were ever any private grudges between us, or that indeed the brigands were ever known to me at all. Or let my accuser point to any booty, which could possibly be believed to have inveigled me into such a crime."

My tears rushed up once more with my discourse, and with my hands stretched out in prayer I mournfully implored now these, now those, in the name of public commiseration, in the name of their dear pledges, to absolve me.
And when I fancied they were all sufficiently subdued to the touch of nature and moved to pity by my tears, while I called the eyes of Day and Justice to witness on my behalf and commended my present hap to the Providence of the Gods, I raised my eyes a little higher, and saw the whole people convulsed with bursts of laughter, and my good host and excellent relative, Milo, just as bad as the others himself, and rent with a mighty guffaw.

"Oh!" I said to myself in silence. "There is good-faith! There is conscience for you! To save my host, I become a homicide, and am indicted for my life: and he is not even content with refusing to stand by me for my consolation, but shrieks with laughter over my downfall!"

Meanwhile, a woman came running down the central passage of the theatre with a young child at her breast: she was all in black, and wept and melted into tears. Behind her came an old woman, covered with horrid rags and matching the other one for mourning and weeping. They both shook olive-branches, and throwing themselves upon the bier, where the bodies of the slain men were lying under
coverings, they raised their keen, and sent forth a lugubrious wail:

"Now, by the public compassion, by the common rights of humanity, pity the youths who have been so undeservedly slain, and console our widowhood and loneliness by avenging them! Succour this child, who is thus abandoned by fortune in the dawn of life, and offer a libation with this brigand's blood to your laws and public morality!"

Thereat up rose the senior magistrate and thus to the people:

"As to this crime, which shall be severely punished, the man himself who has committed it can make no denial. But there is one solicitude which remains behind to us, and that is to enquire as to the accomplices of this terrible deed; for it is not likely that one man should have slain three strong young men like that single-handed. The truth then must be rooted out by torture; for the boy who was with him has taken secretly to flight, and the matter has come to this: that be must point out the partners of his guilt by enduring the question. In that way all apprehension of so formidable a gang will be removed."
In a twinkling the fire and the wheel are brought forth according to the custom of the Greeks, and all sorts of scourges as well; to the increase, nay, the redoubling of my grief; as now I might not even die without mutilation. But cries out the old woman — the one who had set everything wrong already by her lamentations: —

"First of all, good citizens, before crucifying that brigand, who has destroyed these wretched pledges of my affection, permit the bodies of the slain to be uncovered. Thus will your righteous indignation rise more and more, and urge you to a severity proportionate to the offence, when you gaze upon their youth and beauty."

Her words found applause, and straightway the magistrate orders me to uncover the bodies, as they lay upon the bier, with my own hand. I struggle long and obstinately against this renewal of the crime I have already committed by a fresh parade of it; but the lictors force me to it with the utmost insistency at the magistrates' orders: they take my hand, force it away from my side, and hold it out to its destruction over the very corpses. Overcome at
last I yield to necessity and, snatching off the pall, uncover the corpses.

Good Gods! What an appearance is presented! What a portent! What sudden change of my ill-fortune! But now the property of Proserpine, and accounted among the household of Orcus: and now I am rooted with amazement at the contrary phenomenon, and can give no clear account of the metamorphosis by any fitting words! The corpses of murdered men were nothing more nor less than three inflated wine-skins, which had been cut open in various places; and, as I recalled the evening's conflict to mind, I noticed that they gaped in the very spots in which I had wounded the robbers!

And now the laughter, which had been sily repressed by some, burst forth freely among the people. Some, in the excess of their delight, proffered congratulations to me: others assuaged their pain, by pressing their hands upon their stomachs: all were steeped in jollity and left the theatre with their eyes fixed upon me.

But I, as soon as I had laid hold of that cloth, I had stood transfixed like some cold stone,
and presented an appearance that differed in nothing from the other pillars and statues in the theatre. I did not return from the grave till Milo my host came up, and laying his hand upon me, drew me along beside him with merciful violence; though I resisted and sobbed amain, while my tears started forth once more. He took the streets which seemed the quietest, and led me by a roundabout way to his house; while all the while he endeavoured by his words to soothe the grief and terror, which was still present to me. But he was quite unable to assuage my indignation at the outrage, which had sunk deep and permanently into my breast.

Straightway, in come the magistrates with their insignia into our house, and endeavour to appease me with the following words:

"We are not unaware, Sir Lucius, of your dignity, nor of your family descent; for the noble standing of your celebrated house is common knowledge to the whole province. So what you are now deploring so deeply has not been inflicted upon you as an insult. Remove your present sadness then from your heart, and banish all anguish of mind. That sport, of
which you have been the object, and which we celebrate in solemn and public rite on every anniversary to the most gladsome God of Laughter, renews its bloom perpetually through novelty of invention. That God will be always propitious to its deviser and will accompany him everywhere: He will never permit you grief of mind, but will constantly gladden your brow with a serene grace. On its part, the state will offer you distinguished honours for your services: it has inscribed you as its patron and decreed that your image shall stand in bronze.''

After these words I fulfilled my part in the conversation as follows:

"To thee, most splendid and unique of Thessalian cities, for honours such as these I return appropriate thanks. But I recommend thee to keep thy statues and monuments for worthier and better men than me."

With this modest speech, I give my polite salutations to the magistrates as they retire, furbishing up a brief hilarity to my countenance, and reassuming the appearance of a tolerably happy individual as well as I am able.
Hereupon a servant comes running in with the message: "Your kinswoman, Byrrhena, asks after you, and reminds you of the approach of the banquet you promised yourself for this evening." In my terror, and absolute horror of her very house, I sent back word: "How much I should like, my dear kinswoman, to lend my compliance to your fair behests, if honour would permit me to do so. My host Milo adjured me by the divinity, who has manifested himself so familiarly this day, and succeeded in pledging me to dine with him to-night: he will not depart, nor permit me to recede a step, from this. So let us extend the bail with regard to the dinner."

While I was still speaking, Milo laid his hand firmly upon me, and after ordering the bathing materials to be sent on after us, led the way to the nearest baths. I walked along beside him concealing myself behind his form, avoiding the eyes of all and warding off the laughter I had myself manufactured. And as to how I washed, or dried myself, or returned home, I could not say from sheer shame: I was so beside myself and dazed with being the butt
of everyone's eyes and nods and even finger-pointings.

When I had done my duty then to Milo's poor little supper and the things were swept away, I complained of a severe headache, which my prolonged weeping had occasioned, and obtaining an easy permission retired to my chamber. I flung myself upon my bed away from all the world, and turned over the whole history glumly in my mind; till at length my Fotis had attended to her mistress' retiring and came in, looking very unlike herself. It was not with a merry face or bantering talk: she had given an air of gravity to her brow with the lines that rose upon it.

At last after a deal of timidity and hesitation, she came out with the words: "I confess of my own accord: it was I who caused this trouble to you." As she spoke she took a lash of some sort out of her bosom and handed it to me. "Take vengeance, please," she said, "on a perfidious woman. In fact, give me any punishment you like greater than that. Still, don't think, please, that I planned all your trouble willingly. May the Gods deal more kindly with me, than to let you suffer the least
tittle of uneasiness on my account. And if any adversity confronts you, I pray that it may be at once expiated in my blood. But it was through some evil fortune of my own, that what I was ordered to do for quite another affair redounded to your injury."

Then at the beck of my familiar, whose name is curiosity, and eager for a revelation of the secret cause of what had happened, I broke in: "May the most wicked and audacious lash, which you have destined for your own flagellation, be torn to pieces itself and lacerated and destroyed at my hands, sooner than touch your downy, creamy cuticle! But, pray, tell me faithfully what stroke of ill luck could have followed on your deed and turned it to my ruin. For I swear by your dear head that I would believe: no one in the world, not even yourself, if you were to assert it, that you could contrive anything tending to my destruction. And no uncertain hap, or even envious stroke of fortune can impeach a blameless intention of crime."

As I concluded my discourse in this way I noticed that my Fotis' eyes were moist and tremulous, and languishing under the onset of
her lust: I sipped the half opened lids with passionate kisses to slake my burning thirst. The delight refreshed her. "Let me first, please, close up the doors of the room carefully," she said, "or I might commit a great sin, by being so forward and profane as to let any talk on the subject slip out of my mouth."

She shot the bolts as she spoke, and set the holdfast firmly in its socket; then she turned round to me and putting both arms round my neck lowered her voice to a tiny whisper and said: "I am in terror and solid fear of uncovering all that is hidden up in this house, and revealing the mysterious secrets known to my mistress. But I have more confidence in you, and in the knowledge you have acquired; because, quite apart from the dignity of your noble birth, and apart from your sublime genius, you have been initiated into a great many of the Mysteries and are acquainted with the sanctity of silent faith. Anything then that I commit to the depths of your conscientious mind I pray you always to keep guarded within its enclosure, and thus reward the simplicity of my communication by the tenacity of your silence. It is the strength of the love
which binds me to you that does violence to me and forces me to reveal matters, which are known to no other mortal but myself.

You must know now the whole state of our household: you must know my mistress' wonderful secrets, by which the spirits of the dead are forced to hear her the stars are disarranged, the divinities suffer violence, and the powers of nature are her slaves. And she never places greater reliance on this art of hers, than when she has looked with desire on some young man of a charming appearance; a thing which often happens with her. She is at this moment dying with love for a certain young gentleman of Bœotia who is extremely handsome, and she is exhausting every resource and machinery of her art to satisfy her desire. I heard yesterday evening... yes, heard it with my two ears... that, unless the sun went more quickly down the sky, and gave place earlier to night for the practice of her craft, she threatened to hide it in a cloud and darken it for ever!

Well, yesterday, as she was coming from the baths, she happened to see this young gentleman sitting down in a hair-dresser's, and she
ordered me to get hold quietly of some of his hair, which had been cut off by the scissors and was lying on the ground, and to carry it off. The hairdresser caught me gathering them up quietly and carefully, and as we are already quite infamous before the public for witchcraft, he seized hold of me and began to reproach me without mercy: "So you won't give over, won't you, pilfering bits of hair from the young men you fancy? If you don't put a stop to crime of that sort, I won't hesitate a moment to bring you before the magistrates!"

He followed up his words with deeds, and put his hand in between my breasts and rummaged about in a rage, till he had pulled out the hair I had hidden there.

I was seriously affected by all that; as I knew my lady's ways very well, and that it was her habit to be thrown into a virulent rage over a disappointment of that sort and to give me a most cruel whipping. I began to think of taking to flight; but when you came before my mind, I rejected that plan at once. Still, as I was walking away sadly from the spot, I did not wish to return home empty-handed, and I saw a man shearing some winebags made
of goat-skin. I noticed how nicely tied up they were at one end, and filled with air, and hanging up, with their fair hair lying on the ground just like the young Bœotian gentleman's, and I took away a quantity of it and gave it to my lady, and said nothing about the truth of the matter. Well, as soon as night fell, and before you came back from dinner, my mistress Pamphila was all afire in her mind, and went up to the shingled verandah, which owing to the space left by the buildings at that point is open to the winds on both sides, and is exposed to the east and all the other points of the horizon, and so presents singular advantages for the practice of her secret art.

First of all, she set up a regular witch's kitchen with its ordinary furniture, all kinds of perfumes, metal plates covered over with letters that no one could read, rusty nails still in preservation, which had been in vessels that had been wrecked and mourned for, and a great many pieces from bodies that had been in the grave. Here were the noses and fingers of men that had been crucified, and there the nails with flesh still adhering to them: in another place the gore that had been preserved from murdered
men, and skulls, half gnawed through, that had been wrested from the tusks of wild beasts. Then, while the entrails palpitate beneath her incantations, she offers libations of various fluids, now with water from the brook, now with cows' milk, now with mountain honey, and she makes libations with hydromel too.

After that she plaits the hair into a twist and knots it, and then puts it on live coals to be burnt with a variety of perfumes. Straightway, by the irresistible power of witchcraft, and by a force which the divinities exercise blindly under compulsion, the bodies, which had owned the hair that is now crackling and smoking, are endued with human breath: they feel: they hear: they walk: they approach the spot, to which they are guided by the smell of their roasting spoils, and, endeavouring to force an entrance in place of the Boeotian youth, they hurl themselves against the doors. When up you come, soaked through with wine, and draw your sword, under the delusion caused you by the darkness of the night! Why, you were in arms like any raging Ajax; but you didn't show your hostility against live cattle, as he did, and mangle whole herds of
them! No, you were far braver than that, and deprived three goat-skin winebags of the life they were so puffed up with! You laid your enemies low without shedding a drop of their blood; so I haven't a homicide in my arms now, but a bagicide!"

I answered Fotis' witty talk in the same strain of banter. "Well, I can lay claim to this as the first proof of my valour, and walk in Hercules' steps, with his twelve labours! The wine-bags I have slain are equal in number to the triple form of Geryon, or the treble-bodied Cerberus! But, if you wish me to grant you a willing forgiveness of your sin against me, which has involved you in so much sorrow, do something for me now, which I ask of you with the very keenest anticipation. Let me see your lady invoking the Gods, when she practises her art of divination in any way. I should like to see her change her shape! I have the keenest of desires to get an intimate knowledge of magic: though, as far as I can see, you yourself are not rude and ignorant in these matters. I know it and feel it! I used always to despise the embraces of ladies of quality: and look at the way you keep me as your slave and hold me in
Our hero tries his hand

Willing servitude by those flashing eyes of yours, and glowing cheeks, and glistening hair, and sweet-smelling bosom and frank-lipped kisses! I don't feel in want of my home now, and don't make any preparations for going back, and there is nothing which I like better than the happiness of this night.

"How I should like, Lucius," she said, "to give you what you desire! But she's of such a grudging disposition, and always goes through her secret rites by herself, and retires into solitude, and gets rid of everybody's presence as if she were a widow. But I'll set your request before my own risk, and manage anything I can by taking a good opportunity. Only, as I said in the beginning, give me your word of honour that you will treat such an important matter with silence."

Then mutual passion seizes on us amid our confidential whispers, and raising our spirits, incites us to renewed ardour. We sought no longer to conceal or repress our desires, but inspired with Bacchanalian frenzy, threw ourselves into each other's arms and sacrificed to Venus. Then, when I began to feel fatigue, Fotis, out of pure generosity, offered me still
greater caresses and endearments. And now the light went forth our eyes from the labour of our vigils: sleep fell upon us, and held us in its embrace till the day was far advanced.

A few delightful nights had passed in this fashion, when one day Fotis came running to me in great excitement, and considerable fear as well, and told me that her mistress was going to assume the feathers, and nature, of a bird next evening; as she could not advance her suit by other arts, and intended to fly to her beloved in this guise: I was to prepare myself cautiously to witness the great event.....

And now it was about the first watch of the night, and she went before me herself with halting and noiseless footstep to the upper chamber she had spoken of, and bade me take my observations through a chink between the doors. What I saw was as follows.

Pamphila first of all divested herself of every rag of clothing, and, unlocking a casket, took out a number of little boxes. She opened the lid of one of these and took out the ointment it contained, which she rubbed for a long time between her palms. She then smeared herself with it all over, from the tips of her toe-nails to the hair on the top of her head, and after
holding a lengthened colloquy in secret with her lamp, she imparts a succession of tremulous movements to her limbs. While they are in this gentle motion, the small soft feathers stand out upon them; her pinions grow strongly out: her nose is hardened into a curve: her nails are drawn into hooked talons: Pamphila is an owl! She gave a querulous screech, and hopped a little off the earth to try her flight: presently she raised herself aloft and flew away with the full power of her wings.

She no doubt passed voluntarily through this change induced by her great art; but I, who had been enchanted by no spell, was so rooted in amazement at what had taken place that I might have been taken for anything else rather than Lucius. I was so beside myself, so stricken with alienation of mind, that my waking seemed a dream, and I kept rubbing my eyelids to make sure I was not asleep. At length I returned to a sense of what was going on about me, took hold of Fotis' hand and set it before my gaze: "Allow me," I said, "I implore you, while the opportunity suggests it, to enjoy a great and special mark of your favour. Give me some of that ointment,
my honey, by those dear eyes of yours, and bind your slave to you in that way for ever by a benefit, which can never be returned! Let this be the finishing touch, that I may light upon my Venus as a Cupid with wings!"

"Has my love become a fox?" she asked. "And does he make me drop the axe upon my legs myself! Am I to keep my Lucius that way for the enjoyment of all the girls in Thessaly? Where shall I look for you when you have got wings? When shall I see you?"

"May those who dwell in heaven remove such guilt from me!" I said, "So that, though the whole sky lie open to me, as I wing the lofty flight of the eagle himself, as the sure messenger of Jove or the glad bearer of his weapons, still shall I ever and anon return in flight to my pretty nest after my dignified career through the air. I swear to you by that sweet knot of hair of yours, with which you have bound my life, that I prefer no other to my Fotis! It occurs to my mind too, that when I shall have been changed into a bird with that ointment, I shall have to keep far away from all houses. What a pretty and enjoyable paramour the ladies would find
in an owl! Why, when those birds of night get into any house, they are always carefully caught and nailed to the doors, so as to expiate with their own tortures the destruction they have brought to the household with their inauspicious flight. But tell me—I had almost forgotten to ask—what must I say or do to get rid of my wings again, and return to myself as Lucius once more?"

"Cheer up, as for as that's concerned!" she said. "My lady has shown me all the means for changing these forms back again to the human shape. Don't think she did it out of any kindness on her part: it was only to enable me to give her salutary aid on her return. Just fancy what miserable and useless little herbs it takes to bring about such a result! A little aniseed mixed with laurel leaves, and given as a lotion and a draught in spring water."

She repeated her assertions, and then crept into the chamber in the greatest trepidation, and took the little box out of the casket. I kissed and hugged her first and asked her good wishes for a prosperous flight. Then I hastily threw off all my garments, plunged my fingers in
eagerly and taking out a good quantity of the ointment, rubbed it into every portion of my body, and balancing my arms on both sides endeavoured to wave myself into the form of a bird by my gestures. But never a downy plume and nowhere a pen feather! Every hair on my body thickened into a bristle: my soft skin became as hard as leather: and all distinction vanished from the extremities of my hands, as the fingers became bound together into a hoof: while a great tail grew out of the end of my backbone. My face became enormous: my jaws were lengthened out: my nostrils gaped and my underlip hung down: my ears stood up in horror with immoderate growth. I saw no element of consolation in my miserable transformation, save that, though I was no longer able to lay hold of my Fotis, still my nature had grown great. Destitute of all help, I surveyed every part of my body, and see that I have become no bird, but only an ass. I tried to call Fotis to account for what she had done, but found myself deprived of both human voice and gesture: all that I could do was to hang my underlip still lower, and by looking at her athwart with moistening
orbs to convey my silent expostulation.

As soon as she saw me in this guise, she turned her hands against herself and smote her face, and "Oh! Wretch! I am undone!" she exclaimed. "I mistook in my hurry and fear: I was deceived by the likeness between the boxes. But 'tis well that we have a very easy remedy for this transformation at hand. For as soon as you have crunched up some roses, you will put off the ass, and become my Lucius once more by lawful return to your own rights. I wish I had had some garlands ready for this evening, as I had always had before, and you would not have had to suffer the delay of a single evening. But your remedy shall be brought to you in haste at the first break of dawn."

So she grieved over me: as for me, though I was a perfect ass, in whom Lucius had given place to the beast of burden, I still retained my human sentiments. I debated with myself much and long as to whether I should not smite that villainous and crime-laden female with volleys of kicks, attack her with my jaws and bite her to death. But better counsel withdrew me from any such rash undertaking, for fear
that, when Fotis had been punished by death, I should have removed every salutary assistance from my reach.

So down went my head from side to side, and with many an inner murmur over my temporary degradation, I abided by my most rigorous mishap, and went down to the stable, to that most trusty steed of mine, who was my constant carrier. I found another ass installed there as well, who belonged to Milo, my quondam host. Now, I thought, if there be any tacit, natural understanding which binds dumb animals mysteriously together, my horse would surely be moved to know and pity me, to give me hospitality, room and entertainment. But ah! thou Jupiter of hospitality! Ah! mysterious deities of good faith! That magnificent steed of mine and that ass there put their heads together, and straightway conspired for my destruction. In apprehension for their provender, they fly into a fury with down-set ears as soon as they see me approach their manger. They pursue me with their punishing hoofs, and I see myself driven as far as may be from the barley, which I had placed with my own
hands that evening before these very grateful servants.

After this sort of treatment and solitary banishment, I had retired to a corner of the stable. There I think over my colleagues' insolence, and meditate vengeance on my perfidious horse in the light of my becoming Lucius on the morrow through the help of the roses. Looking halfway up the pillar, which sustained the rafters of the stable, I see in the very midst almost a shrine of the goddess Epona presiding over the building, and observe that it has been adorned with garlands of roses, and quite fresh ones too. Recognising my healthful remedy in a moment, I fling myself headlong on my hope, and mount up energetically as far as I can by throwing the weight of my body on to my hind-feet, and with my neck lengthened out and my lips stretched forward prodigiously, I had at the garlands with all the effort of which I was capable.

As I was struggling in this way with my evil lot, my servant, who always had the care of the horse entrusted to him, suddenly saw me, and rose up in his indignation: "How long is that sorry brute to be allowed," he said, "to attack the mangers of our beasts, as he did a
minute ago, and now the shrines of the Gods themselves? By Jove, I'll soon lame him and halt him, the sacrilegious brute!" And casting about for a weapon of offence, he hit upon a bundle of faggots that chanced to have been placed there, and, searching out a knotted cudgel huger than the rest, he laid on to my miserable frame, till suddenly the gates are smashed in with a resounding noise that crashes in every direction, and, with a frightened cry of "Robbers!" raised somewhere in the neighbourhood, he rushes off in terror.

In a twinkling, the house is forced open and a gang of robbers takes possession of everything, while every point of the house is surrounded by an armed band. Help pours in from every side, but the enemy maintains his stand at every point. Everyone is armed with sword or torch to glitter in the darkness: fire and steel set up a gleam like that of the rising sun. They set upon a granary, which stood in the midst of the house and was guarded and locked with an ample supply of bolts; this was all full of Milo's treasure, and they split a way into it with great hatchets. When it was quite thrown open, they brought out all the wealth, which they
hastily tied up in bundles and shared out among them. They were reduced to their last expedients by the excess of this abundant wealth: they led out my horse from the stable, as well as us two asses, and loaded as many of the heavier packs upon us as they could, and drove us forth from the now empty house with uplifted sticks. They left one of their comrades behind to spy upon any enquiry which might be made into the crime, and hurried us off through a lonely part of the hills with a prodigality of thwacks.

Through the weight of such important matters, and the height of the mountain range, and the length of the journey, I was little better than a dead one. But at long and last, and with perfect earnestness too, the idea came to me to resort to my title of citizenship, and to deliver myself from such sorrows by the interposition of the majestic name of the Emperor. So at last when daylight was now well advanced, and we were passing a well-filled town where the people were all celebrating a fair, I endeavoured, amidst all these bustling Greeks, to call upon the august name of Cæsar in the speech that was now natural to me. As
far as the O went, I gave it forth with eloquence and power: but as for the rest of Cæsar’s name, I could not articulate it. The robbers made game of my discordant clamour, and slashed my wretched hide this way and that, till it wasn’t even fit for a sieve.

But Jupiter on high at last proffered me an unexpected salvation. We were passing some villas and noble country houses; and a most lovely garden rose upon my view. It had beautiful plants in abundance, but above all some roses in early bloom and dripping in the dew of morning. I approached them open-mouthed, with all the gay alacrity which my hopes of salvation lent me. But even as I strained my curling lips towards them, a more wholesome counsel gained possession of me. If I threw the ass aside and came forth again as Lucius, I should be sure to meet my fate at the hands of the robbers. They would take me for a wizard, or else see an informer in me, who might bring them to trial. So I was compelled to refrain from roses for the moment. I endured my present hap, and champed my ass’s bit.
Hostiis circumforaneis: victims led round in a circuit.

A reference of some interest to anthropologists and students of comparative religion, as there seems little doubt that the Rogation Days with their processional observances in the Roman Catholic Church are derived from this ancient rite. It was founded on the idea of the scapegoat, the victim being in early instances human. A man of a deformed nature was usually chosen as a victim, when some public calamity was to be averted. As a sort of rude recompense for his fate, he was first maintained for a lengthened period in luxury: but when his fatal day approached, he was led round the territory for which it was desired to secure the favour of the Gods. All manner of curses were then heaped upon his head, and his body was cast into the sea, with the view of getting completely rid of all the ill luck attached to the spot. The ambarvalia in Italy, from which the Rogation Processions seem to have been more immediately derived, were instituted in favour of the fruits of the earth, to obtain greater fertility. See Smith’s Antiquities, p. 138, and Frazer’s Golden Bough.

Proscenium: The scena, or stage, of the Roman theatre consisted of three parts, 1) the prosenium, or
part nearest the audience, on which the actors appeared; 2) the *scena*, properly so called, corresponding to our *scenery*; it was in many cases a building of magnificent structure, or a view of the houses in some town; 3) the *proscenium*, or part behind the scenery, where the actors made up for their parts and waited for their time to appear on the stage — the modern *coulisses*.

The *orchestra* consisted of the semi circular ground floor in front of the stage, corresponding to our *stalls* in England. It was reserved exclusively to the Senatorial order.

Behind the orchestra rose the *gradus*, or steps. The lower portion of these was reserved to the Equites or Knights — the moneyed class: and the ordinary populace filled the upper places.

It is difficult to form an idea of the magnificence of these theatres from their dismantled ruins to be seen in Italy and elsewhere. We must have recourse to contemporary records. Pliny for instance (**xxxvi, 15**), gives an account of the one built at Rome by Marcus Scaurus during his Edileship, which may serve as a specimen of ancient Roman glories. It could hold 80,000 persons, and contained 360 columns in its several tiers. Those of the lower part of the building were in marble and 38 feet high; those of the second tier were of crystal (!) and those of the third were gilt (probably on a bronze foundation). The house contained 3,000 bronze statues and an immense number of rich paintings.
Vasculo quodam in vicem coli: a vessel like a cullender.

This was the famous clepsydra (κλέπτω. steal, ὕδωρ, water), the Greek water-clock adopted by the Romans. The water took a quarter of an hour to trickle through. In the practice of the law-courts, the accused was allowed a greater number of clepsydrae, or quarter-hours, than the prosecutor, on the supposition that it was easier to make accusations than to repel them.

Ritu graerciens... rota: the wheel, as used among the Greeks.

A little remark, which shows that Apuleius clearly addressed himself to a Roman public. As to the Greek origin of the προχός, cp. the fable of Ixion, and what Cicero says Tusc. v, 9: "in rotam, id est, genus quoddam tormenti apud Graecos, beatam vitam non escendere." The wheel was of course used as a rack.

The very spots in which had wounded the robbers.

It need not be asserted that Cervantes took his comical episode of the wine-skins in Don Quixote from Apuleius. But the presence of the wine in the skins (Don Quix. iv, 35) lends an additional effect to the story there. "'May I be hanged,' cried the host, 'if Don Quixote, or Don Diavolo, has not given a sword-thrust through one of the skins of red wine, that were quite full when they were ranged at the head of his bed. It's the wine flowing from it that the good man must have taken for blood.'"
Nam et patronum scripsit: It has taken you for its patron.

This was something more than our modern giving the freedom of a city. The *patronus* or patron, was a man politically distinguished and influential, and was expected to use his influence on behalf of the state which honoured him. Lacedaemon placed itself in this way under the patronage of the Claudians; Boulogne in Gaul had the Antonies for protectors; Sicily conferred the honour on Cicero.

**Splendissima et unica Thessaliae civitas**: most splendid and unique of Thessalian cities.

Hypata is probably a city, or the title of a city, due to Apuleius’ fancy. Solinus, the grammarian, (ob. A. D. 238) enumerates the cities of Thessaly, but does not mention Hypata.

**Convivii appropinquantis admonet**: Reminds you of the approach of the banquet.

This was no display of anxiety by Byrrhena. The despatch of a reminder was the usual procedure in the case of Roman invitations to dinner, and no doubt had its advantages. See Terence: Heautontimoroumenos. Chremes:

```
Sed, ut dixi, tempus est
Monere oportet me tunc vicinum Phaniam
Ad coenam ut veniat. Ibo ut visam si domi est.
Nil opus fuit monitore; jam dudum domi
Præsto apud me esse aiunt. Egomet convivas moror.'
```

‘But, as I said, it’s time for me to give word to
neighbour Phanias to come on to dinner. I'll go and see if he's at home. There was no need of a notice-bearer: they tell me he's already at my house awaiting me. I'm keeping the guests waiting myself."

**Mulsa**: Hydromel, the *eau sucrée* of the ancients. This was a concoction made of water boiled with honey, and enjoyed a considerable reputation as a wholesome draught. Augustus once asked Pollio, who was nearly a hundred years old, how he had preserved his vigour of mind and body. He answered: "With hydromel inside and oil outside." But he may have meant *temperance* and *exercise.*

**Cum lucerna secreto collocuta**: A secret colloquy with her lamp.

The lamp was an emblem of discretion, because it sees everything, and lets nothing of its own interior be seen.

**Sponte asciam... illidere**: Drop the axe of my own accord; i.e. injure myself by my own clumsiness, a metaphor taken from carpentry.

**Lupis Thessalis**: Thessalian girls, i.e. *filles de joie*; *lupa* (lit. = wolf) meaning also *prostitute*, as in modern Italian.

**Epona**: Or Hippona, Goddess of horses.

**Interposito principis nomine**: Appealing to the name of the emperor, or *princeps*, as the lawyers call him.

This was a right which could be exercised by
any citizen, and entailed a trial before the supreme court. So Saint Paul before Festus, Acts xxv, 11, 12: "Festus, when he had conferred with the council answered: 'Thou hast appealed to Caesar? To Caesar shalt thou go.'"

O; O; not aw (to imitate the sound of the vowel contained in an ass's bray); a pronunciation I cannot think to have existed at the time for long close ô, either in Greece or Italy, in spite of the interchange of vowel sound in Clodius, Claudius, etc. I should be very glad however to find the commentator who makes the suggestion approved by modern philology.

Rosae virgines: Virgin roses, i.e. not fully blown, budding roses.
CHAPTER THE FOURTH

Our Hero's Search for Roses. — The Robbers’s Cave. — Their Feast and Table Talk. — Adventure of Lamachus. — Adventure of Alcimus. — Adventure of Thrasyleon. — A Damsel in Distress. — The Old Woman’s Story of Cupid and Psyche: — Psyche’s Rivalry of Venus. — Indignation of the Goddess. — Cupid’s Commission. — The Oracle on Psyche’s Destiny. — She is exposed to her Fate. — Wafted by Zephyr to a happy Valley.

We arrived about midday, when the sun was beaming in its full ardour, at a certain village, and stopped at a house kept by some old men, who were on quite familiar terms with the robbers. The way in which they approached one another,
their prolonged conversation, and mutual salutations made that perfectly clear, even to an ass. They took some things off my back as presents for them, and seemed to hint in an undertone that they were the proceeds of highway robbery. In a little while we were relieved of all our packs, and turned out to graze where we would in some meadow-land in the neighbourhood.

Grazing in the company of my horse and the ass was as yet a thing not to be thought of; especially as I was unaccustomed to make a meal off grass. But just behind the inn I spied out a garden, and made boldly into it; I was raging with hunger; and, though it was only with raw vegetables, still I filled my inside abundantly. With my heart uplifted in prayer to all the Gods, I looked about me on all sides, yearning to find a rosebush by some happy chance in the neighbouring gardens. The very solitude of the spot added to the confidence I felt that, if I found my remedy in this out of the way spot under the concealment of the fruit trees, I should rise up from the ambling gait of a quadruped to the erect stature of a man, with no one to watch me.
While still eddying on the current of this thought, I saw a shady valley a little further off covered with a thick wood; where, amongst plants of other kinds and lustrous foliage, the crimson hue of roses in full bloom was conspicuous. It seemed to my mind, which had not yet become altogether beastly, the very grove of Venus and the Graces, with the royal bloom of the noble flower shining in mysterious thickets. I call upon Event, the prosperous and joyful, and hurry my pace to a headlong course; so that, by Hercules, I felt no more an ass, but a carriage-horse endowed with express speed.

But my noble effort of agility was unable to obviate the unpropitiousness of Fortune. When I got close to the spot, I saw no tender, lovely rose-blooms, wet with divine dew and nectar, the growth of happy thorns and blessed briars, but — not even a valley anywhere: only the margin of some flowing water hedged in with a thicket of trees. The trees had long leaves like the laurel, and produced inodorous flowers of an erect, cup-like shape, slightly tinged with red. They had no fragrance at all, and were what the ignorant country folk call
laurel roses, which are deadly food to all kinds of cattle.

Enveloped in the toils of Fate, I disregarded my own safety, and, making up my mind, plunged forward to absorb the rosy poison. But while I approached to pluck it tentatively, a young fellow who seemed to be the gardner, and whose vegetables I had wrought such havoc among, ran up in a rage on recognising the loss he had sustained, with a great stick in his hand. He seized hold of me and bruised me all over with his blows, and would have endangered my life had I not retained enough common sense to come to my own assistance. I flung my hocks into the air and dashed my hind hoofs against him repeatedly, till he had been punished severely and lay prostrate on the ground: when I freed myself by taking to flight up a steep ascent, which lay immediately before me.

But a woman who was standing on a higher ground — his wife it was — had seen him lying there half dead, and ran up to him screaming and crying: so that through her compassion for him she made my destruction imminent. All the country folk were roused by
her lamentations and called to their dogs forthwith, urging them to attack me furiously and tear me in pieces. I was beyond a doubt nigh to death at that moment, and saw the dogs coming on, great beasts — and great in number too — and quite fit to cope with lions or bears. I took counsel on this emergency and stayed my flight: then with careering hoof I made once more for the inn where we had stopped.

They called in the dogs with some difficulty, tied me up to a staple in the wall, and would have finished me off altogether by scourging me with a great lash, had not my belly been contracted with the pain of the blows and, owing also to the raw vegetables with which it was filled, given way to a slippery flux. My dung gushed out by the tubeful, bathing some of them with the vile liquid, and driving away the others from my broken shoulder-blades by the stench of the fetid effluvium.

There was no further delay: the sun was now standing in the middle sky: and the robbers brought us forth again from the inn.
loaded with our packs, the heaviest one of all being placed upon my back.

We had now accomplished a good part of our journey and I was overcome by the length of the road, weighed down by the weight of my pack, and worn out by blows from their cudgels. My very hoofs were beginning to crumble and I was lame and tottering. We had come close to a stream of water which meandered gently along, and happily furnished me with a subtle excuse: I thought of casting myself prone upon the earth at full length, with my legs twisted cunningly beneath me. I was obstinate in my determination not to get up and go on for any amount of blows: indeed I was ready to die under a sword-thrust, let alone fearing a cudgel. I thought that in my weak and half dead condition I fully deserved to be legitimately retired from service: that the robbers, partly through impatience at the delay, partly through desire to hurry on their flight, would distribute the pack I carried on my back between the other two beasts, and would spare themselves the trouble of inflicting a more exquisite punishment by leaving me to become the prey of the wolves and vultures.
But this magnificent plan was frustrated by my wretched ill fortune. The other ass seem to have divined my thought and put it into execution before me. He at once feigned fatigue and fell to the earth with all the things tumbling about him. He lay like one dead, and would not attempt to get up for cudgels or goads, and though they lifted up his tail and ears and legs and hauled them in different directions. At length they grew tired of all hopes of his resurrection and confabulated together: they decided not to delay their flight for an ass who had been so long dead and was now quite turned to stone; so they shared out his baggage between me and the horse, and cut away his hamstrings, severing them completely, with a drawn sword. They dragged him a little way off the road, and hurled him over a steep precipice, while he was still breathing, into the neighbouring valley.

I reflected upon my wretched comrade’s fate, and determined to abjure all fraud and guile and let my masters see that I was an honest ass. In fact I had heard them talking to each other about the dwelling we were to enjoy very shortly, and the quiet in which we were to end
our days: that was their habitation and resting-place. We at last crossed a gentle slope and arrived upon the destined ground. Here all the things were taken off and packed away within; and, once relieved of my load, I began to get rid of my fatigue by rolling in the dust for a bath.

The importance of the matter and the opportunity I enjoy at present demand that I should give a description of the place and the cave which the robbers dwelt in. It will be a trial of my mental capabilities at the same time, and I shall let you judge whether I was an ass in mind and feeling as well as in body.

It was a dreadful mountain, shaded with forest foliage and towering above the others: adown its slanting spurs, where it was begirt by precipitous and consequently insurmountable rocks, there were deep and breakneck ravines, choked up with thorny growths, which slanted in all directions and supplied a natural line of defence on every side. From the topmost peak there was a great watershed foaming in a mighty torrent, and vomiting forth floods of silver as it dashed down the steeps. Presently it was dispersed into a number of streams,
which watered the valleys all round in stagnant floods, and erected a permanent barrier of water, like some landlocked sea or lazy river. Just where the mountains terminate on the edge of the precipice there is a high tower standing over the cavern, and a strongly built sheep-fold extending its solidly wattled fences in every direction for the housing of the flocks. Before the mouth of the cave there are a few branches disposed to serve instead of a wall: I would lay a wager that as soon as you saw it you would say it was a robbers' den. There was nothing in the vicinity but a poor hut rudely roofed in with canes: as I learnt afterwards, scouts, who were chosen by lot every night from the robber band, held their vigils there.

When they had all crept in and packed themselves together, — we had been hobbled with a strong leather rope before the entrance, — they began to vent their rage on an old woman, quite bowed under her weight of years, and who seemed to have the charge of attending to the well-being of all that number of young men. "You old corpse of the grave! You old shame of this life and disgust
of the next! Is that the way you idle here at home and amuse yourself? When are you going to give us our meal — isn’t it late enough? — and let us have some consolation after our labours and toils and the dangers we have run? Guzzling away as usual day and night, and nothing but wine drunk neat is good enough for your raging belly!”

The old woman turned pale and answered in a quavering, tremulous tone: “No, gallant young gentlemen, who watch over me so faithfully! Your meat is ready, and plenty of it, and it’s all well cooked, and so tasty! There are any number of loaves, and wine in floods, and I’ve polished up the cups beautifully and poured it out, and, just as I always do, I have hot water ready for you to tumble into your bath.” When she had come to the end of her speech, they stripped off their clothes straightway, and when then had relieved themselves by standing naked before the heat of a generous fire and pouring hot water over their bodies, they rubbed in oil all over, and reclined before the tables spread broadly to the banquet.
They had just lain down, when up come an even more numerous company of young fellows, whom you would not hesitate to class as robbers at the first glance; for they were carrying their own booty of gold and silver coin and plate, and robes of silk and gold brocade. They cheered themselves with the bath like the rest, and took their places with their comrades on the couches. The waiting at table was arranged by lot. Then eating and drinking sets rudely in: the dishes are piled in heaps and the loaves of bread in hillocks, while the cups are brought on in battalions. They shout and jest, they roar and sing in snatches, their wit takes the form of abuse: in fact they are like a set of half bestial Theban Lapithæ or Centaurs.

Then says one, who was ahead of his fellows in strength: "We have shown our courage by storming Milo's house in Hypata. Besides getting hold of such a vast fortune through our valour we have got back to our camp in undiminished numbers, and for the matter of that we are more numerous by eight feet on our return. As for you who've been attacking the cities in Boeotia, you've lost
your gallant leader Lamachus and come back reduced to quite a feeble number: I'd certainly have preferred his safety to all the baggage you've brought back. It was his own excessive valour which caused the gallant fellow's death: the memory of a hero like him will be celebrated among famous kings and generals: while you honest thieves give yourselves up to mean, petty larceny, sneaking timidly about baths and old women's chambers for whatever you can filch."

One of the latter band took him up: "Are you the only man in the world then, who doesn't know that the larger the house, the easier, and far the easier, the attack? There may be a great number of domestics in a big mansion; but everyone looks more to his own safety than to his master's wealth. But frugal men who live in solitude with a small fortune, or even a pretty big one, which they are cunning enough to keep in the background, those are the fellows who defend it desperately and at the cost of their blood! What I say is borne out by the fact.

We had scarcely got to Thebes with its seven gates, when we put in practice the first
rudiments of our art and made diligent enquiries as to the possessions of the people there. We unearthed a certain money-lender called Chryseros, the lord of an abundance of coin. He showed the greatest craft in dissembling his wealth, through fear of being named to public appointments and the entertainments they entailed. He lived quite solitary and alone, contented with a little bit of a house, which was well enough protected however. Why, the man used to go about in rags and dirt, but he slept on sacks of gold!

We resolved then to make our first approaches upon this fellow, quite despising all ideas of a fight with one man, and expecting to enter into easy possession of all his resources without any trouble at all. We lost no time, but as soon as night came on were in attendance at his doors: we didn't like to heave them off their hinges or pull them apart or even make a hole in them; as the noise these folding-doors make would have brought all the neighbourhood about our ears. Then our noble standard-bearer Lamachus, in the confidence inspired by his well-proved valour, gradually introduced his hand into the hole
where the key was put through and tried to pull out the bolt.

But that most rascally of all bipeds, Chryséros, was wide awake and knew all that was going on! He crept up gradually with silent steps and observing the most deadly silence, then suddenly with one great effort fixed our leader's hand with a huge nail into the plank of the door. He left him gibbeted in this awful fix and went up on to the roof of his wretched little dwelling, where he bawled out at the top of his voice to his neighbours, calling on each of them by name and reminding him it was a question of the common weal and giving it out that his house had suddenly taken fire. Everyone was of course alarmed by the close proximity of the danger and ran down anxiously to give assistance.

We were now in a dangerous dilemma: either we should be overpowered, or we should have to abandon our comrade. However we hit upon a violent remedy for the matter, of which he approved. We cut off the part of our leader's limb which joins the hand to the upper arm, by driving a cut right through the joint. We left the forearm there,
and covered up the wound with a lot of cloths, to prevent the blood dripping from it and betraying our track: then we picked up the bit of Lamachus that remained, and carried him off.

We were all in trepidation, as we were threatened by a serious rising in the district, and were beginning to take to flight in our fear of so imminent a danger. As for him, he could not follow us quickly enough, and could not remain behind with any safety. Then the noble-souled fellow was moved by his consummate courage to address us over and over again and exhort us by the most moving entreaties, by the right hand of Mars, by our fidelity to our oath, to deliver a good comrade from torture as well as imprisonment. "Why should a brave robber", he said, "survive a hand, which was the only part of him able to rob and murder? He was happy enough, to be able to fall voluntarily by his other hand!" When he could persuade none of us to accept his invitation to a voluntary parricide, he took hold of his sword with his other hand, and, after kissing it for a long time, drove it with one vigorous blow through his chest. In
veneration of the hardihood displayed in this way by our high-souled leader, we carefully wrapped his remains in a linen cloth and committed it to the secret care of the ocean. So our Lamachus is lying now with the wide element for his tomb, after putting an end to his life that was worthy of its virtues.

Why, look at Alcimus! With all his clever enterprises, he could not frustrate the nod of unpropitious Fortune. He had broken into a little house belonging to an old woman, while she was asleep, and had mounted to the upper chamber; when instead of scragging her off-hand, as he ought, and getting rid of her, he preferred to take up all the things in the room and pitch them out through a window, which was set rather high in the wall, down to us to carry off. He had made short work of everything and didn't wish to leave the bed the old thing was lying on; so he rolled her out of her couch, pulled off the bed-clothes and was intending to throw them out in the same way, when the wicked old thing flung herself at his knees and implored him: "What is the use, my son, of making presents of a miserable old woman's poor and ragged things to her rich neighbours
here? It is their house which is below that window?""

Alcimus was taken in by her cunning speech and believed what she said was true. He was afraid of course that what he had thrown through already and what he might throw through afterwards would not reach his comrades, but would fly at random into some other house, he could not tell which. So he hung himself out of the window, to have a sagacious peep at everything, especially the house next door that she spoke of, and to consider the position of affairs generally. Suddenly up gets the sinful old jade when she sees him making this strenuous and somewhat reckless attempt, and with an unexpected shove, — which came to him quite as a surprise as he was tottering and trying to balance himself, and was quite off his guard too from what he saw below, — she sent him flying down headlong. The enormous height was bad enough, but he fell besides on a huge stone that was lying below, and broke the whole framework of his ribs to pieces, vomited up rivers of blood, and, as soon as he had told us what had happened, slipped out of life, and only endured a short
period of torture. We followed the precedent of the other burial, and sent Lamachus' faithful follower on after him.

When we had been afflicted with this second widowhood, we gave up all Theban undertakings and went up to the neighbouring city of Platea. There we ascertained that a certain gentleman known to fame as Demochares was going to give a show of gladiators: as you might expect, he was a man of the first rank in society, of great wealth and singular liberality, and was arranging an entertainment for the public worthy of his splendid estate. Who could have genius or eloquence enough to set forth the various sights afforded by all the complicated preparations in words befitting the occasion? The gladiators renowned for their dexterity! The hunters of well-proved endurance! The criminals, to whom all hope of safety was lost, and who supplied the banquet to fatten up the beasts! There were structures turning on a pivot, with towers formed of several storeys, just like perambulating houses, brilliant with decoration, and forming a splendid repair for the hunting that was to come off. Then as to the number of
the beasts! And all their different kinds! For that highborn perdition of convicts had shown especial care in bringing them even from foreign parts.

However, in addition to all other properties for his splendid show, he had exhausted all the resources of his patrimony in buying up an immense number of specimens of the savage bear! For besides those he had had caught in the chase at home, and those which were the result of his openhanded purchase, he had others which his friends had vied with each other in presenting to him, and he reared these carefully with the most sumptuous arrangements for their keep.

Well, all this splendid and striking preparation for public pleasure did not escape the baleful regard of envious fortune. Some of the bears were worn out with their long captivity, as well as being reduced to skin and bone by the glare of summer; they got languid too with their dull inactivity, and were struck by a sudden pest, till their numbers were reduced almost to nothing. You could see the bodies of these animals lying about everywhere in the public squares, half alive, the very ship-
wrecks of wild beasts! Then the vulgar herd, who were prevented by ragged poverty from being nice in their eating, and were compelled by the contraction of their bellies to rake up any filthy gratuitous food for a stopgap, ran up from all sides to the feast that lay before them.

In this emergency of affairs, Babulus there and myself hit upon a plan. We took a bear that had more flesh on its body than the rest and carried it off to our lodgings, as though to prepare it for food. We cleared its hide thoroughly of the flesh and kept its claws carefully: we also left its head solid down as far where it was joined by the neck. Then we took the hide and carefully scraped and thinned it down, sprinkling it with fine cinders and setting it to dry in the sun. Then while it was losing its juices under the flame of the heavenly furnace, we fed valiantly upon its flesh, and proposed the oath of the coming campaign as follows. One of our number, who exceeded the rest in courage, but not necessarily in bodily strength, and of course quite of his own accord, should get into the skin and support the figure of a bear, and then,
when we had introduced him into the house of Demochares at a suitable hour of the night, when all was still, should open the gates and allow us an easy entrance.

The cleverness of this masquerade stimulated more than a few of us to play the part suggested by our gallant colleague. Thrasyleon was preferred before the others by the choice of the band and trusted his luck to the hazardous contrivance. As soon as the hide was manageable and soft enough to obey the touch, he retired behind the countenance of the beast. We then put the edges together and sewed them up with a fine seam, and, though the defect at the line of junction was very slight, still we trained the thick hair over it in waves. We got Thrasyleon's head into the region of the gullet, where the neck of the carcase had been cut out, and after arranging small breathing-holes near the nose and eyes, we put our plucky colleague, who was now quite turned into a beast, into a cage that we had bought for a small sum: up he got himself and with an effort of perseverance crawled his way into it.

The first steps had now been taken: so on we go with the rest of our fake. We made
enquiries and got the name of a certain Nicanor, who was a Thracian by blood, and cultivated the closest friendship rights with Demochares. We forged a letter, making out that this good friend of his was dedicating his first bag in the hunting field to enhance the splendour of the forthcoming Games. When evening was well on we made an evil use of the favour of darkness and brought on Thrasyleon's cage to Demochares, and presented it to him along with the counterfeit letter. He admired the size of the beast, and in his delight at his friend's opportune generosity, ordered ten gold pieces, just as he happened to have them, to he counted out of his cash-box for us on the spot, as we were the messengers of glad tidings to him.

You know how any novelty turns people's minds to go off on the spur of the moment to see some sight. Well, quite a marvellous number of people came to see the beast, and our Thrasyleon was astute enough to check their curious gaze by coming forward several times with a threatening look. The fortunate and blessed Demochares was congratulated over and over again by the unanimous voice of his fellow townsmen, for having been able by this-
now provision to maintain a front against evil fortune, which had caused him the loss of so many beasts.

In fact he ordered the animal off at once to his meadow lands: he ordered him to be transported with the utmost diligence: but I broke in: "Take care, sir", I said, "not to allow the beast, who is already fatigued by the glare of the sun and the length of the journey, to mix with the other collection of beasts, many of whom, I hear, are not in proper health. The best thing would be for you to provide some open, well-ventilated spot in your own house, near a piece of water if possible, which would give him some sort of refreshment. I am sure you know that these kind of animals always make their home in thick forests and dripping caves and beautiful hills and cool fountains."

Democharus got quite alarmed as I went on with my admonitions, and, thinking over the number of bears he had lost, gave his consent without much difficulty, and allowed us to place the cage in any place we liked, quite falling in with our views. "Why," I said, "we are quite ready to stay up all night here in front of the cage and give the animal his
food at the right moment, and the drink he is used to; for he is quite worn out with the heat and the worrying he has had."
"We don't want you to trouble yourselves as to that," he replied. "All my servants are well practised in feeding bears, and have been used to it every day." After that I said good-bye, and off we went.

When we had got outside the city gate we spied a tomb some way off the high road, situated in a remote spot, which was well hidden. There we opened up some graves, which were already gaping with decay and old age, and where the dead inhabitants were nothing but dust and ashes, to serve as receptacles for the loot we were going to carry off. Then, true to the discipline of our sect, we observed the moonless hour of night, when sleep makes its first onset on the hearts of mortals and oppresses them with its heaviest invasion. At that hour we stationed our cohort armed with swords before Demochares' very doors, as prompt for pillage as though we were answering to our bail.

And in no other wise Thrasyleon too hit exactly upon the burgling hour of the night
and crept out of his cage. In a moment, he settled all the guards who were in a dead sleep close by with his sword, and the porter after them, and, taking away his key, threw open the folding-doors of the house. We flocked in promptly, and when once in the interior of the house he pointed a granary out to us, where he had been smart enough to have seen a quantity of money stowed away the evening before. We broke into it at once by setting our whole strength together, and I ordered each man of the band to carry off as much gold or silver as he was able and hide it with haste in those abodes of the trusty dead: to run back at once at the top of their speed and repeat their burdens: while I, as a matter of common utility, would remain alone before the threshold of the house and keep a careful eye on everything till they came back.

I thought that the apparition of the bear running about through the house would come in usefully to terrify any of the family who might happen to be awake. Where was the man, as brave and intrepid as you like, who wouldn't take to flight at once if he caught sight of the monstrous form of a great beast
like that, and especially at night? Who would not keep his room in fear and trembling, if that room were not guarded by a bolt? Well, though I had arranged all these matters with salutary counsel, an unfortunate event took place.

While I was awaiting our comrades' return in some suspense, a servant lad, whom some meddling divinity had made uneasy over the noise, crept quietly forward, and, when he saw the animal wandering freely about and passing up and down the whole house, kept a deadly silence and returned to where he had come from. Once there, he did his best to let everyone in the house know what he had seen.

In a twinkling the whole house was filled with servants, who came crowding in in all their numbers: the darkness was lit up with torches, lamps, candles and dips, and every other means of artificial light. There was not a man of all the host who had not an arm of some sort in his hand: they barred every approach with clubs and levelled spears and drawn swords. They set on the hounds too, those long-eared bristly fellows they use for hunting, to worry the animal.
As the mob came on I gradually slunk backwards and fled the house. Still I lurked near the door, and got a sight of Thrasyleon making a wonderful resistance to the hounds. He had got to the last turning point of life no doubt, but he was not forgetful of what he owed himself and us and his valorous reputation, and struggled in the very jaws of the gaping Cerberus. He clung on to the part he had elected to play while life remained, and now by flight and now by resistance, with many a posture and movement of his body, contrived to slip out of the house. Still, though he was now at large on the highway, he was unable to seek safety in flight. All the dogs from the lane hard by, savage and numerous enough, swarmed in to join the hunters, who had just emerged from the house to follow up the chase. I had to look upon a miserable and wretched sight, Thrasyleon of ours surrounded and beset by packs of raging dogs and all torn in pieces by their bites.

I couldn't contain my grief any longer and mingled with the people who were flocking in groups to the spot. As it was the only way in which I could secretly lend assistance to my
good comrade, I addressed myself in words of remonstrance to those who were directing the chase. "Oh, what an awful sin!" I said. "Here we are ruining this fine animal, which costs so much money!" But no crafty words of mine availed the unfortunate young fellow. A tall brawny fellow ran out from the house with a spear and without a pause thrust it straight into the bear's vitals: another one did the same: then a lot of others, when they had nothing to fear, vied with each other in digging in their swords at close quarters. But Thrasyleon, noble ornament of our band, though his spirit, so worthy of immortality, was now carried by storm, showed forth his fidelity to his oath with something more than patience, without a cry, without a howl even: but when he had been torn with bites and butchered by the steel he gave a deadly bellow and shook himself like a beast, and in high-bred, manly tolerance of his mishap, piled up glory to himself and yielded his life to Fate.

So great was the terror and apprehension with which he had inspired that mob, that until daybreak, nay, until day was well advanced, no one dared to touch the beast,
prostrate as he was, by so much as a finger: till at last a butcher, who gained a little more confidence, slowly and fearfully cut open the beast’s belly and revealed the glorious robber within the bear.

And so Thrasyleon perished to us: but he perished not to glory. We immediately made up all the packs, which those trusty dead had kept in safety for us, and left the Platean frontier at the top of our speed; while we turned over the fact in our minds, that it was not strange that fidelity should no more be found in life, as, through hatred of our perfidy, it had migrated to the manes and the dead.

We were quite worn out with the weight of what we had to carry and the difficulties of the road, and, as three of our comrades were missing, we brought back the loot you see there."

At the termination of this discourse, they poured out libations of wine unmixed from golden cups to the memory of their dead comrades: after that, they soothed the God of war with certain hymns and gradually got off to rest. The old woman had given us an
unmeasured abundance of barley, so that my horse was left in possession of such a quantity, and all to himself too, that he might have fancied himself dining at a Salian dinner. As for me, though it's true I had always eaten barley crushed up fine every day in my soup, still I found out a corner where the remains of the bread left by the whole company had been thrown, and there I set my jaws in violent exercise, after their long soreness and cob-webbed neglect in the matter of food.

When night was well advanced, the robbers suddenly got up and moved their quarters: they assumed various equipments: some armed themselves with swords, others masked themselves as ghosts: off they went in the greatest hurry. But no imminence of sleep could prevent me from feeding with persistance and courage. When I was Lucius, I used to retire quite contentedly from table after a loaf or two; but now I was enslaved to so deep a belly, that I kept on grubbing into about my third basketful. The light of day fell upon me as I was engaged on this work. Then at length I was influenced by a donkeyish shame for what I had done, dragged myself away
with difficulty, and slaked my thirst in a brook hard by.

Before very long the robbers came back, and they looked quite anxious and solicitous. They were carrying no pack with them, in fact not so much as a rag; but, with all their swords and so many men, in fact the entire force of the band, they were conveying a single young maid, who had an air of high breeding, and as her lady’s dress indicated, a noble of the district, a girl in fact — Hercules help me — fit to be desired even by an ass such as I was, all in grief, and tearing her hair and her garments.

When they had got her inside the cave, they addressed some words to her to lessen the grief she was enduring: "You are secure as to your life and your modesty: have patience for a short while, till we make our earnings; for you know it is only poverty which has driven us to form this band. Your parents will never delay to produce enough from their great pile of wealth, though they are niggardly enough with it, to ransom their own blood." Still with all their blather of this sort, the girl’s grief was not assuaged. No wonder! She placed her head between her knees and wept unmeasuredly.
They called in the old woman and ordered her to sit down kindly by the girl and talk to her and console her as far as she could: then they betook themselves to their professional avocations. The girl however could not be recalled from the tears she had once bade flow by any discourse of the little old hag: she wailed more loudly still, and convulsed her sides with repeated sobbings, till she drew tears even from me. "How can I stop crying?" She said. "How can I live at all in this misery, without my home, and such a family as mine is, such good parents, and such good servants, abandoned here as the booty of wretched robbers, treated like a piece of goods, shut up like a slave in this stone prison, deprived of all the luxuries I was born and bred among, uncertain as to my life, with executioners to butcher me, among a herd of robbers like these, a horrid people made up of gladiators?"

So she lamented, and worn out by her grief of soul and the swelling in her throat, as well as by bodily fatigue, she gave up her fainting eyes to sleep. She had just begun to close them, when sleep was suddenly cast off in rite lymphatic, and she began to afflict herself still
more energetically, turning her hands against herself to beat her breast and smite a face that shone in loveliness. The little old hag made most sympathetic enquiries as to the cause of this fresh renewal of her grief, when she heaved a great sigh and said: "Alas! Now I am certainly undone! I have perished and have no hope left at all! I must have a halter without a doubt, or a sword, or some precipice!"

The old woman began to get angry at that, and told her with a sour face to say what she had to cry about! Why was she rubbing up all her naughty lamentations again, and fancying she had the right to wake up after being once sunk in sleep? "Ah, you want to do my young men out of all the earnings they would make by your ransom, do you? If you go on any more, I'll just take care that in spite of your tears — and robbers don't think much of them — you'll be burnt alive!"

The girl was terrified at that sort of talk, and began to kiss her hand. "Oh! Don't, mother!" she said. "Help me a bit in my terribly hard case, and have some human feeling! I don't fancy that with your long experience of
life and those dear grey hairs of yours your sympathy has altogether dried up. Just look at what a picture my calamity presents!

A handsome young man, the first of his family, adopted by the whole city as everyone's child, and my own cousin too, scarcely three years older than me, reared with me and grown up beside me from my childhood, pledged to share my dwelling in person, nay, even my bed and couch, by the sacred endearments of mutual affection, already bound to me by the marriage vows and the nuptial contract, advertised on the public registers as my husband by my parents' consent, accompanied to the wedding by a dutiful crowd of relatives and connexions, immolating his victims in the public fanes and temples! The house was all decked with laurel, and lit up with torches, while the bridal song was resounding.

My mother in her sorrow was holding me to her bosom and decking me out becomingly with the wedding ornaments. She imprinted many a sweet kiss upon me, and, with her hopes for my children that were to be, already saw herself in the ardour of her desires as the mother of a coming race; when, there was a
sudden rush of swordsmen, who made a savage attack that had all the appearance of war, with their drawn weapons flashing naked in the air! They set no hand to slaughter or rapine, but formed themselves into one dense squad and made straight for my bridal-chamber. There was not one of my friends who gave them battle, or made the tiniest resistance. They dragged me from my trembling mother's breast, in the greatest woe and half dead with fear and panic. Thus was my wedding despised and thrown into confusion, like that of Protosilaos or the daughter of Athrax!

A moment ago my misfortune was renewed, or rather increased, by a terrible dream. I thought that I was torn violently away from my home, my bridal apartment, my alcove, my very bed; and that I was calling on the name of my most unfortunate husband through the loneliness of a desert land; and that he was following up my track as I fled before him, carried on the feet of others. He seemed in just the same guise as when first widowed of my embrace, still bedewed with unguents and garlanded with flowers. And as he was raising a great cry of complaint that his beautiful wife
had been carried off, and was appealing to the people for their help, one of the robbers was
roused to wrath at being pursued so persistently and, snatching up a great stone that lay
at his feet, struck my poor young husband with it and killed him. I was terror stricken at such
an atrocious sight, and started in fear from such ill-omened sleep."

The old woman answered her tears with a sigh, and began to say: "Be of good heart,
mistress, and don't be frightened by dreams: they are only empty inventions. We know
that whatever day-dreams say is untrue, and then even what you see in the night sometimes
foretells the opposite of what really happens. And to cap all, crying and being beaten, some-
times even being murdered, foretells something advantageous and prosperous; while on the
other hand to laugh, to fill oneself with honey and sweetmeats, or to be united in venereal
pleasure, predict that one is going to be troubled with sadness of mind, weariness of body or
losses of other kinds... But I'll distract your mind altogether with some witty tales, some
old woman's story of my own."

So she began.
There was once a king and a queen in a certain city, and they had three daughters who were strikingly beautiful. As for the two elder daughters, though their appearance was most charming, still it was believed that human praise was equal to its celebration; while the beauty of the younger girl was so eminent and surpassing that it could not even be expressed, let alone sufficiently praised, by the poverty of human speech. In fine, many of the citizens, and crowds of strangers, who had been got together in eager crowds by the rumour of what there was to be seen, were lost in admiration of such peerless comeliness, and, advancing their right hand to their lips, with the index finger resting on the thumb erect, worshipped her in religious adoration as the very Goddess of Love herself.

Already fame had whispered to the neighbouring states and districts round about them, that the Goddess born of the blue ocean depths and reared upon the dew of foaming billows had deigned to give free access to her divinity and bestow her conversation upon the crowd;
or that at least, by some new germination of the stars in heaven, a second Venus, dowered with the bloom of maidenhood, had budded forth from land, and not this time from sea. So the feelings of men in her regard rolled on each day to the infinite, and the rumour was carried abroad to the nearest islands, and further again on land, and so to all the provinces. While crowds of mortals undertook long journeys by land, and rounded the deepest bays of ocean, flocking to see the sight that was the glory of their age.

No one now went to Gnidus in ships, and none to Paphos, nor even to Cythera itself, to stand before the face of the Goddess Venus. The cult of her divinity was deserted: her temples became dilapidated, their cushions threadbare, their ceremonies neglected: her images remained uncrowned, and her deserted altars endured the defilement of cold ashes. It was to our maiden that supplications were made, and the great Goddess' divinity was appeased beneath a human countenance. When the virgin walked forth in the morning, the godhead of the absent Venus was propitiated by victims and feastings: as she paced up and
down in the public squares, the people paid her assiduous worship with flowers blooming singly and in garlands.

The excess shown in this transference of celestial honours to the worship of a mortal girl fired the wrath of the true Venus exceedingly; and, unable to contain her anger, she tossed her head with a cry of rage, and then took counsel with her thoughts.

"Here am I, the parent of antiquity to the whole world of nature! The first beginning and origin of all the elements! The Venus of fertility to the whole globe! And I am to be made to share the honour due to my majesty with a mortal girl? While my name that is held by the depths of the firmament is to be profaned by earthly soil! I am forsooth to put up with a doubtful, vicarious worship, and a form of sacrifice offered to both of us in common, while a girl who bears the seed of death is to masquerade in my effigy? 'Twas in vain then that the shepherd of story, whose justice and good faith great Jupiter approved, preferred me before such Goddesses for my matchless beauty! But, whoever she may be, she shall find little plea-
sure in usurping my honours. I shall take care to make her repent of this improper comeliness of hers."

She called at once for her boy, that little saucy fellow with wings, whose evil practices set forth his contempt of all convention, as he arms himself with his flaming arrows and runs about at night among other people's houses, corrupting the wedlock of the community, committing so many crimes with impunity and doing no good at all. He was already forward enough by natural lawlessness, but she spurred him on further still by her words. She brought him to the city and showed Psyche to him — that was the name the girl was called by — and, coming out with the whole story of their rivalry in beauty, and moaning and raging with indignation, "I entreat thee", she said, "by the love with which thou art plighted to thy mother, by the sweet wounds of thy arrow, by the honeyed sting of its flame, give thy parent her revenge and give it her in full. Show thy respect for her, by punishing such contumacy of beauty. And be so good as to ensure one thing, and one only before all
others: let that virgin be seized with the most burning love for the last of all mankind, one blasted by fortune in dignity, wealth and health, and such an outcast, that his like for misery is not to be found on the face of the earth."

So she spake, and having embraced her son long and earnestly with full-lipped kisses, she made for the neighbouring marge of the tide-swept beach, and trod the topmost spray of the quivering billows with rosy footprint. Then behold, she takes her seat upon the watery summit of deep ocean, and at the very inception of her wish, as though her behest had run before, the homage of the sea delays not. The daughters of Nereus are there, singing in choir, and Portunus, hirsute with deep blue beard: then Salacia, with her robe weighed down by the fish she carries, and the small dolphin’s charioteer, Palæmon. Now everywhere the ocean is alive with the Tritons, who disport themselves in troops, one softly blowing into a sonorous shell, another with a silken canopy to guard her from the attack of the glaring sun, another to hold a mirror beneath his lady’s eyes, and others to swim beneath
the yoke and draw the car along. Such is the host escorting Venus when she goes forth upon the ocean.

Psyche meantime, with all her conspicuous beauty, reaped no advantage from her loveliness. She is looked upon by all and praised by all, and not one of them, neither king, nor prince, nor any man of the people approaches in eager suit for her espousals. They admire her godlike form, it is true; but they only admire her as a polished statue from the sculptor's hand. Her two elder sisters, whose moderate charms no peoples had celebrated, had long ago been espoused to royal suitors and were now happily married; while maiden Psyche keeps widowhood at home, and mourns her desertion and solitude, sick at heart and wounded in spirit, and, though she has gained the favour of all the nations, she hates her beauty and herself.

The most wretched father of this most unfortunate child, suspecting the envy of heaven and fearing the anger of the gods, consults a most ancient oracle of the God of Miletus, and with prayers and victims begs from the great deity a husband to marry the daughter, who has
failed so signally to please. Apollo's answer was as follows:

Set the maid upon the mountain's topmost peak, robed and adorned for a marriage with the tomb. Look for no son-in-law of the created race of mortals, but one who is wild and savage and a viper of wickedness; who flies above the æther with his wings, but is a load to all, and brings all things to wreck with flame and steel; whom Jove himself must fear, of whom the deities are in terror, and the dark Stygian floods.

The king had once been happy; but after receiving these words from the sacred oracle, he retired homewards sad and slow, and expounded the behest of ill-omened fate to his consort. There is mourning and weeping and lamentation for several days: but soon the terrible outcome of so direful a destiny is at hand. The preparations for the funeral nuptials of the most miserable maid are set on foot: the lurid glare of the torch smoulders in sooty ash: the sound of the marriage flute is changed to a
piteous Lydian mode, and the glad song of Hymen dies away in a mournful moan: while the maid herself wipes her tears away with her bridal veil. The whole city united in bewailing the sad fate which had fallen upon this house; and in view of the public mourning a suspension of all business was very properly decreed.

Nothing short of the necessity of obedience to the admonitions of heaven urged on the exposure of poor little Psyche to the appointed penalty. Accordingly, after the rites of funereal wedlock had been solemnised amid the greatest grief, she is brought out alive for burial: Psyche walks all in tears, not in her wedding, but her funeral procession.

The sorrowing parents, who had been stricken with such an evil blow, hesitated to consummate the abominable deed; when their daughter exhorted them to it herself in the following words.

"Why torment your unhappy old age with lasting grief? Why wear out your life, which is better than mine, with moan upon moan? Why mark by ineffectual tears faces that I adore? Why wound my sight by your looks? Why tear your grey locks? Why beat your
breast, your chaste bosom? This is to be the glorious prize awarded to you for my surpassing beauty. You see now, only too late, that you are struck by the deadly wound which evil-minded jealousy inflicts. When nations and people celebrated me with divine honours, and united in calling me the second Venus, it was then you should have grieved and wept and mourned for me as one already cut off! Now I feel, now I see that the mere name of Venus has been my destruction.

Take me away and set me on the crag appointed by the fates: I am eager to go through my happy nuptial rites: I am eager to see this hightborn husband of mine. Why should I put things off? Why should I withdraw before the approach of one who has been born for the destruction of the entire world?"

So spake the maid and held her peace: then, with a firm step, she took her place in the procession of the people who accompanied her.

The appointed peak of the lofty mountain is reached, and on its highest point they all abandon the maid to her destiny: there they leave the wedding torches, which had lit her on her way, extinguished now by their tears:
the rites are consummated: they hang their heads and commence their homeward path. The wretched parents sank completely beneath the blow that had fallen with such weight upon them: they barred their dwelling, and, retiring into the darkness, gave themselves up to perpetual night.

But as Psyche wept in fear and tremour on the very summit of the crag, the gentle breath of the soft western breeze fluttered her garments here and there, and blew them gradually out, and raised her up, and carried her upon its tranquil spirit, wafted her by degrees down the deep vale beneath, and lowered her in soft repose upon the bosom of the flowering turf.
NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

Nec me cum asino vel equo meo compascuus cœtus attinere potuit: Grazing in the company of my horse and the ass was as yet a thing not to be thought of.

A strange piece of latinity, best explained by remembering the phrase Quid ad me attinet? Or in later African Latin, Quid me attinet? How does that concern me! Then compascuus cœtus, by a strange inversion, of a sort that is constantly occurring in Apuleius, does not mean a grazing company, but company a grazing, i.e. fellowship in the meadow. The whole phrase then means: It was not suited to me to graze in the company of the horse and the ass, etc.

invocato Eventu: I call upon Event (i.e. Happy Chance).

Eventus, or Good Event, was one of the twelve Gods known by the Romans as Dii Consentes, or those of the Council of the Gods; the belief of course being that Happy Chance, or Good Oppor-
tunity, was just as necessary an element of success as anything else divinely decreed. It is interesting to note that this belief did not look upon Happy Chance as something apart from the divine decrees: it was contained in them: quite according to the later scholastic doctrine of Physical Predetermination by the Deity of all human chance and change, exercise of free will included; a doctrine set forward scientifically by Aristotle, propagated by Thomas Aquinas and propugnated by the whole Thomist School against the Molinists.

Saint Augustine treats of this Divinity, De Civitate Dei, IV, 23, and Pliny describes a statue of Event, as well as one of Good Fortune, in the Capitol, both carved by Praxiteles (V, 6).

Rosas laureas: laurel roses. Probably the rhododendron, or ῥοδόδαφος, the rose laurel or Nerium oleander.

Machæra perfossus: Sword-thrust.

Machæra is the Greek μαχαίρα (root in μαχαίρα, to fight). In the Iliad it is the shorter blade or dirk worn next the sword-sheath, and was used to slay-ter animals and cut them up. It is found later on, (Herod., VI, 75, VII, 225; Pindar, N., IV, 95), to mean a short sword, or dagger, but rather an assassin's than a soldier's weapon. Cp. Antipho, 137, 28. It is also found to mean the sword used by jugglers, and in Xenophon, Hell., 3, 3, 7; Cyr., 1, 2, 13, it means a sabre or bent sword, as opposed to ξιφός the straight-bladed one.
Caussariam missionem: Casualty discharge.

This is a military term. The *missio*, or discharge of a soldier from military service was three-fold; 1) *causaria*, for sickness or infirmity; 2) *honesta*, an honourable discharge, on expiry of the term of service; 3) *ignominiosa*, ignominious i.e. cashiering for some breach of military discipline, or other disgraceful cause.

Lapithis Thebanis: Why Theban? The Lapiths according to tradition were Thessalians, and the great Thebes, of seven gates, is of course in Boeotia. It happens that there is a small town named Thebes in Thessaly, which Pliny mentions (IV, 8); but it seems hardly important enough to furnish the epithet. I should prefer to think that Apuleius here takes *Theban* to stand for *Boeotian*, and *Boeotian* for *uncouth*.

The Lapithae of course fought the Centaurs over their wine—*rixa super mero debellata*, in Horace’s words—at the marriage-feast of Pirithoüs and Hippodamia; which makes the allusion still more appropriate.

Octo pedibus: By eight feet; referring of course to the horse and Ass they had stolen.

Thebas Heptapylos: Thebes with the seven gates, the chief town of Boeotia founded by Cadmus. Thebes of the hundred gates “as sung by Homer”, was of course the foundation of Bacchus in Egypt.

Chryseros: (*χρυσός, ἔρως*): money-loving.
**Per dextram Martis**: By the right hand of Mars.

Mars was the god of highway robbers; common thieves, or pickpockets, prayed to Mercury and the Goddess Laverna.

**Mari**: The sea.

The sea is certainly not anywhere near Thebes. Apuleius must have meant that they threw the body into the Theban river, Ismene, which would carry it down to the sea.

**Alcimus**: ἀλκιμός is a poetical adjective signifying *stout, brave, valiant*. I know no other instance of its being used as a proper name; but it is of interest to recall its occurrence in the metrical proverb; Πάλαι ποτ' ἤσαν ἀλκιμοὶ Μιλήσιοι "Once the Milesians were stout and true", meaning "Times are changed." Anacr., 85.

**Demochares**: Agreeable to the people (δημός, γάρις).

**Confixilis machinæ sublicæ**: Structures turning on a pivot (sublica).

These seem to have been placed in the very arena, so that the spectators who occupied the boxes in their various storeys could be closer to the wild beasts and receive, I suppose, a more thrilling sensation.

**Babulus**: Etym. uncertain.

**Thrasyleon**: (θρασὺς, λέων) bold as a lion.

**E suis loculis**: From his cash-box.

The *loculi* were a set of pigeon-holes in a closed casket for containing money.
Novalibus suis: to his meadow lands.

Novalia were lands broken up for the first time, or after an interval; but the word came to have the general meaning of meadow lands. Demo- chares seems to have given his surviving bears a sort of villegiatura.

capulos: graves.

Capulus (from capio, to take, catch hold of) signifies 1) the handle of anything and 2) a coffin or bier. It has the third meaning of a halter for cattle; whence Ital. cappio, Fr. câble, Eng. cable. How the second meaning was formed does not seem very clear, if we keep the idea of a grave or tomb, before our minds, as the text seems to require; but if we consider a light bier or stretcher, by which one can handle a corpse, just as a horse is handled by a halter, the derivation becomes evident. We can only conclude that capulus 2) means, literally, a bier, figuratively a) death b) the grave; whence by a certain stretch, it has been used by Apuleius in a literal sense.

divinitus inquietus: made uneasy by some supernatural power.

Another of Apuleius’ references to the intervention of the spirit world. There were no doubt many stories related in his time, as well as ours, of people being waked up in the nick of time by kind friends in the other world.

Salias coenas: Salian banquet. The Salii (etym. salio, to leap or jump) were a College of twelve
priests dedicated to the service of Mars Gradivus, who held dancing processions on the 1st of March and several following days: a prototype of the more recent Jumpers. They differed in this, however, that their antique establishment gave them high favour in Rome. They were in fact richly beneficed and able to furnish a luxurious table; which became proverbial, as in the text.

In Lemures: as Lemurs, or ghosts.

This word, whose etym. I have been unable to ascertain with precision, signifies the ghosts, or departed spirits of the dead, returning to earth and showing themselves to men. Cp. Ovid, Fasti: "lemures animas dixere silentum," "lemurs were what they called the souls of the dead" (V, 483). Horace says Ep. 2, 2, 209: "nocturnos Lemures portentaque Thessala rides"—"you laugh at apparitions by night and Thessalian portents."

Athracidis vel Protesilai: the daughter of Athrax or Protesilaus.

The daughter of Athrax was the Hippodamia mentioned above, note on p. 199, q. v. In other texts we have Pirithous instead of Protesilaus.

Erant: there was once.

As to the motif of this story, see Preface. The notes which follow only concern the letter of the text. It may be remarked here however that, as far as we know, this fable of Cupid and Psyche
is entirely original and due to Apuleius' own rich fancy.

Pulvinaria proteruntur: their cushions threadbare.

These pulvinaria were a sort of small ornamental couch, upon which the statues of the Gods were exposed to the more particular adoration of the people in times of public calamity, by order of the magistrates. This ceremony was known as lectisternium, and is not without parallel in the history of Christian ceremonial.

Nerei: Nereus was the son of Ocean and Earth, or according to another account, of Ocean and Thetis. He had fifty daughters by his sister Doris.

Portunus: was the god of harbours (portus = harbour), and is here synonymous with Neptune. His wife was Salacia.

Palæmon: or Melicertus, was the son of Atamas and Ino. Ino, fleeing the rage of Atamas, plunged into the sea along with her child. She was transformed by Neptune into the Leucothea (white goddess) of the Greeks, or the Mater matuta of the Romans; while her child Melicertus became divine, and had his name changed to Palæmon.

Tritonum: the Tritons were Neptune's trumpeters, begotten by him and Amphitrite, or at least descendants of the first Triton so begotten.

Querulum Lydium modum: a mournful Lydian mode.

These ancients modes or tones, i.e. scales of music within which various melodies might be
composed, differed from each other according to the position of the semitones. All modern music has the semitones between the 3\textsuperscript{rd} and 4\textsuperscript{th} and 7\textsuperscript{th} and 8\textsuperscript{th} of the scale. Not so the ancient: according to the various positions of the semitone arose the modes. Their scale might run for instance from Re to Re, or from Mi to Mi, instead of from Ut to Ut.

The Lydian mode was destined for sadness, the Dorian for war, the Phrygian for religious ceremonies: such is the account, more or less fanciful, given of their character by antiquaries.

The reader, I think, had better form an opinion from personal experience.
CHAPTER THE FIFTH


As Psyche reposed upon the tender herbage of the spot, couched softly on the dewy grass, the great trouble of her soul was assuaged and she fell into a gentle slumber: then, when sufficiently refreshed by sleep, she rose up in full tranquillity of mind. She sees a grove planted
with great, noble trees: she sees in the very centre of the grove a fountain, all shining with its flood of crystal. A palatial house was standing where the waters glided past, not built by human hands, but by a craft superior to ours. On entering, one could clearly see that one beheld the lovely, splendid repair of some Divinity. The high groin of the roof, in curious inlay of citronwood and ivory, was supported by golden pillars; the walls were covered with silver chasings, in which wild beasts and animals of that sort ran forward to meet one at the porch. Marvellous the man, nay, rather demigod, or even the most perfect God, who at the subtle touch of his high art could have so converted silver into the wild life of the forest!

The very pavement was set with precious stones cut into tiny facets, and partitioned out in a variety of illuminated subjects. Oh, doubly blest, and blessed more than that, the wight who treads on necklets and on gems! The other portions of the house were structured wide and deep, precious beyond all price, with walls of solid, massy gold, and glittering with the light that they themselves gave out.
The house was its own day, though the sun might will it not: such was the gleam from folding-door, and portico, and chamber! Nor did the other riches fail to correspond with the majesty of the dwelling: till it might right well seem some heavenly palace constructed for great Jove, when he thought to converse with men.

Psyche drew near, invited by the blandishments of such a spot: she gains a little courage, and passes over the threshold. Her admiration presently passes each thing in review, enticed by the growing desire bred of such heavenly sights. She penetrates to the store rooms, which are perfectly fashioned in the height of art, and gazes upon great heaps of treasure. Nothing exists that is not there. But far beyond all admiration excited by such riches, the marvellous thing was that this whole world's treasure was undefended by bolt, or bar or guard!

A voice bereft of body falls upon her ear, as she is gazing in the height of her pleasure: "Why, lady, marvel at such wealth? It is all thine! Rather seek out thy chamber, and care for thy weariness in bed; and, when
thou pleasest, to the bath! We, whose voices thou hearest, are thy hand-maidens, and will minister our attention to thee! Thou shalt not need to wait till care be bestowed upon thy body, and a queenly repast be served thee!"

Psyche felt all the beatitude of repose in divine providence: she listened to the voices that fell from no bodily form upon her ear, and first of all she smoothed away fatigue by sleep, and after by the bath. Immediately she saw a half round table near her close to a lofty couch: she took it for a dining apparatus, suited to her meal, and gladly reclined at it. Upon the spot, abundant dishes of various foods and wines like nectar are presented to her: there was no one to serve them: they have been simply borne upon the breath of some spirit! Not a soul could she see: there were only words to be heard, that seemed to fall from human lips: her handmaids were but voices!

After this magnificent repast, someone came in and sang unseen: another struck a lyre, but was herself invisible. Then the voices of a number united in harmony reach her ears; and, though not one appeared, it was clear there was a chorus present.
Her pleasure now over, Psyche retired to rest at evening's soft persuasion. And when night was far advanced, a murmuring sound approached her ear. In her great loneliness her fear is for her maidenhood: she is horrified with dread: and above all other evil is she afraid of the unknown! But already the husband she knows not is there: he has mounted upon the bed, and made Psyche his wife, and hurried off before the dawn of light. At once the dutiful voices are in waiting in the chamber, and tend the death-stroke to the bride's virginity.

Thus things fell out for long. And, in nature's bountiful course, novelty had commended its delight through constant use, and the uncertain murmur became a solace in her loneliness.

Meanwhile her parents had grown old through persistency in mourning and sorrow of soul. The fame of the event was spread abroad: the elder sisters heard of all; and in their first impulse of grief and sadness left their homes, vieing with each other in their haste to see and speak to their parents.

That night her husband addressed his
Psyche in the following words — for though he was not seen, he was perceptible to her touch and hearing: —

"My dearest, sweet wife Psyche! Fortune has grown more cruel, and threatens thee with deadly peril! And I think this should be met by a still nicer caution. Thy sisters have been disturbed by the rumour of thy death, and they will soon visit the crag in their search for any trace of thee. If thou shouldst chance to hear their lament, give no reply, nor even look forth at all. Else thou wilt bring me the greatest pain, and complete destruction to thyself."

She agreed, and pledged herself to act as her husband judged best. But, when he had glided from her with the night, the poor thing spent the whole day in tears and outbursts of grief, repeating that her destruction was now complete in every way, hedged in and guarded as she was in her prison of pleasure, widowed of human intercourse and speech, and unable to bring her sisters salutary aid in their grief for her, nor even so much as see them. Neither bath, nor food, nor refection of any sort could bring refreshment to her, and she retired to sleep in a flood of tears....
To go on, her husband came to bed a little late, and found her still weeping when he embraced her. He reasoned with her thus. "Is this, my Psyche, what thou didst promise me? What am I, thy husband, to expect from thee now? What can I hope for? Thou ceasest thy self-torture neither by day nor night, nor even in thy husband's embrace! Well, act now as thou shalt please. Only remember how seriously I have warned thee, when thou beginnest thy late repentance."

Thereupon, by her entreaties and threats of dying, she extorts her husband's consent to what she desires, to see her sisters, confer with them face to face, and assuage their grief. So he yields his grace to the entreaties of his bride, and furthermore allowed her to make them what presents in gold or necklaces she willed. But at the same time he warned her, — and terrified her often, — not to be persuaded by her sisters' pernicious counsel and seek to know her husband's form, not to fall headlong to earth through sacrilegious curiosity after such a height of fortune, and never afterwards know his embrace.

She thanked her husband and said, as her
courage grew brighter: "Why! I would die a thousand times sooner than lose the exquisite sweetness of union with thee! For I love thee to distraction whoever thou art, and as I love my own soul: and I lower thee not even to Cupid's level! Now, grant me one prayer more, I entreat thee, and order thy servant Zephyr to place the same conveyance at my sisters' disposal that he did at mine." And she printed kisses to persuade him, and added words to soothe him, and clung with all her members to compel him, and snared him with cajoleries like: "Honey! And husband! Thy Psyche's darling soul!" All eager to put forth his strength and power in venereal delight, the husband succumbed against his will, and pledged himself to all, and then, as day approached, vanished from his wife's embrace.

The sisters however I was speaking of had enquired concerning the situation of the crag on which Psyche had been exposed, and arrive there in haste. There they kept crying their eyes out and smiting their bosoms, till the rocks and cliffs gave back a sound that resembled their long-drawn wail. And now they kept evoking their poor sister by her name, till
Psyche ran forth from her house at the penetrating sound of the keen, which fell from rock to rock till it reached her ear,—quite out of herself with trepidation.

"Why," she said, "do you afflict yourselves with your miserable lamentations for nothing? Here I am, the one you mourn for! Cease those lugubrious tones, and dry your cheeks that you have wet so long with tears. It is now in your power to embrace the object of your grief." Then she called Zephyr, the west wind, and bade him perform her husband's bidding. In a twinkling he obeys the order and, with his gentlest breezes, carries them down unharmed by their journey.

And now they indulged in mutual embrace and flurried kisses, and the tears that had been stilled assert their right of return at the challenge of joy. "But just cheer up," she said, "and come beneath my roof, into my own home, and refresh your afflicted hearts in your Psyche's company!" As she speaks, she points out to them the immense riches of the golden house, introduces to their hearing the populous household of voices enlisted in her service, and proceeds to entertain them sump-
tuously with a most beautiful bath and the splendours of her more than human table; so that they were simply satiated with the abundance and affluence of the wealth of heaven, and ended by nurturing a secret jealousy in their hearts.

One of the two was never done with her scrupulously careful and curious enquiries, as to who was the lord of all that heavenly property, and who her husband was, and what he was like. Psyche however did not violate her husband's command in any way nor reveal the secrets of her breast, but made up a fiction on the spur of the moment: that he was a young man, handsome, with a downy beard just beginning to shade his cheeks, and occupied for the most part in hunting in the country and on the mountains. And not to bewray her private counsel by any slip of tongue which might occur in the course of conversation, she loaded them with gold ornaments and necklets set with gems, called for Zephyr at once, and handed them over to him to be carried back.

This was performed; and, while the two fine sisters were on their way home, they
chafed under the bitterness of their growing jealousy and clacked together in a lengthened conversation. Finally one of them discoursed as follows.

"There's a blind, and cruel, and unjust Fortune for you! Are you satisfied with our having a different lot in life, when we are all born of the same two parents? We are the elder, and we have been handed over like servants to be wives to foreigners, leading a life of exile from our home and our very country: and so far from our parents, that we seem to have been banished by them! Then comes this one last of all, a foetus that closes the series of childbirths: and yet, she comes in for all this wealth and gets a God for a husband! She never can know how to use all that amount of money properly! Did you see, sister, all there was lying in the house? And what necklaces! Look at the glittering apparel, and the splendid gems, and all the gold lying about underfoot! If her husband is as handsome as she makes out, there's not a luckier woman living in the whole world! And perhaps, as things go on and he gets used to her, he'll grow fonder of her still, and then you'll have
her God of a husband turning her into a Goddess. She is one, by Hercules! She carried herself and went about just like one. She has caught the look of Heaven already; and, though she is only a woman, she breathes the Goddess forth; with her voices for maids, and giving her orders to the winds! While a poor thing like me has first of all to get a husband older than my own father, and then one with a face smoother than a pumpkin and more diminutive than any boy, shutting up the whole house and guarding it with his locks and chains!"

Here the other one took her up. "And I've got a husband that's so crippled and twisted with the gout, that I scarcely ever have him on top of me to pluck the fruit of Venus! There he is, rubbing away at his fingers that are all distorted and as hard as stones, and I have to make my nice hands red with his smelly fomentations and dirty bandages and stinking plasters. I don't look like a wife at her duties: the part I play is that of a nurse of all work. As for you, sister, it's your concern what patience or servility — I say out what I think — you show in bearing all this: as for me, I
can't endure any longer such luck and good fortune coming to one who doesn't deserve it. Just remember how proudly, how arrogantly she treated us, showing us how she was puffed up in her mind by all that boasting and outrageous display! Remember how she threw a few things at us from all that wealth, and all at once felt our company too heavy, and ordered us to be thrust out of doors and blown away and hissed off by the wind! I'm no woman, I'm not a living being, if I don't bring her down from all her wealth. And if the insult we have been treated with has rankled in you, as it ought to — as for me, I'm raging under it, — let us both put our heads together and find out some good, safe plan......

We had better not show our family or anybody these things that we are carrying: don't let us know anything at all about her being in safety! It's quite enough for us to have seen a sight that we regret. Don't let us proclaim her happiness to our parents and all the people. You are not really happy, when nobody knows that you are rich. She'll find out that she hasn't waiting-maids, but elder sisters to deal with! Let us get back to our
husbands now, and return to our homes, which are temperate, if they are poor! We had better meet again when we have set our thoughts more closely in order and are better able to punish her pride."

With two such evil persons the evil counsel passes for good. They hid away all their precious gifts, pulled down their hair and lacerated their cheeks, which was just what they deserved, and renewed their simulated tears. They ulcerated their parents' grief afresh and abandoned them at a moment's notice: then, swollen with mad passion they hurry home-wards, arranging their criminal plots, in fact fratricide itself, against their innocent sister.

Psyche meanwhile receives another admonition from the husband she knows not, while he discourses to her as usual by night. "Dost thou see thy great danger, and how Fortune is already skirmishing against thee from a distance? Those perfidious she-wolves are straining every nerve to arrange some ambush against thee; and what it all comes to is that they will try to persuade thee to find out what I look like; and, as I have often told thee beforehand, if thou see it, then see it shalt thou
not. So if those vile ghouls come here later on, armed with their wicked designs, and come I know they will, hold no converse with them; and, if that is too much for thy natural frankness and tenderness of disposition, at least be sure not to listen to a word about thy husband, nor reply to one. We are just about to extend our family, and this little childlike womb of thine is already bearing us an innocent child like thyself: if thou weave silence o'er our secrets, he will be a God, but if thou profane them, a mortal."

Psyche bloomed forth in joy at the announcement, and clapped her hands with delight at the thought of divine offspring: she exulted with pride at the coming pledge of their union, and rejoiced at the dignity of the name of mother. She anxiously counted the days as they came on and the months as they went by: her admiration rose for the unconscious beginnings of her burden, and the way in which the dear little thing grew from a tiny point to form the great treasure of her womb. But already those curses, those hideously abominable furies were voyaging to the spot,
breathing the venom of vipers and hastening with cruel celerity.

Then once again the briefly passing husband admonishes his Psyche:

"The last day has arrived, and the moment is extreme, and the hostile sex and the unloving blood is now in arms, has moved its camp and formed its line and sounded on its clarion. Thy wicked sisters turn the point of their drawn sword against thy neck. Alas, my sweetest Psyche, what ruin is impending to us! Pity thyself and us, and by thy religious self-restraint deliver thy husband, thy house, thyself, and our little one there from the misfortune that threatens now to rush in ruin! See not, hear not those wicked women, whom thou mayest not call thy sisters, now that they have indulged the hatred that brings murder into families and have trampled upon every tie of blood! Remember this, when they appear like Sirens on the crag and make the rocks reecho their tones of death!"

Psyche replies in discourse rendered almost inaudible by her sobs and tears.

"Thou hast already, as far as I can see, been able to weigh the proofs of my fidelity
and sparingness of speech: my constancy of mind will seek thy approval in the same way now. Only give orders once more to our Zephyr to perform his duty, and in place of thy sacred image, which thou deniest me, give me back at least the power to see my sisters: I ask thee by these fragrant locks of cinnammon that hang about thee, by thy cheeks, so soft and smooth and like my own, by thy breast which burns with a heat that I know not! So let me know thy face in this little one at least: be moved by the pious prayers of thy anxious suppliant, and grant me to enjoy my relatives’ embrace! Cheer thy dear, devoted Psyche’s spirit with this joy, and I shall seek for nothing further in thy looks. Even the darkness of night itself is now no trouble to me: I hold my light in thee."

Her husband was enchanted by her honied words and caresses; he dried her tears up with her hair, pledged himself to do what she asked, and at once anticipated the light of infant day.

The leash of sisters only held together by their plot made straightway from their ships
with headlong haste to the crag, without so much as having a look at their parents: without waiting for the presence of their carrier, the wind, they hurled themselves from the precipice with overweening rashness. Zephyr however was not unmindful of the royal command, and received them, though against his inclination, into the bosom of his sighing current, whence he restored them to earth. They halted not, but made their way into the house with hurried footsteps. Belying the name of sisters, they flung themselves upon the neck of their prey: then, veiling with a smiling look the store of fraud they had hidden in their breast, they began to compliment her. "Why, Psyche, you are not the little thing you were before: you are quite a mother now! What bliss you carry for us in your little wallet! What joy you will enliven the whole house at home with! Happy we, who will find our delight in giving the dear child of gold his food! If he turns out as beautiful as his parents, he will be a regular infant Cupid!" With this pretence of affection they gradually get possession of their sister's mind.
She orders in chairs at once to relieve them from the fatigue of their voyage, and baths of steaming water to soothe them: then she set them on her exquisite dinner-couch and regaled them with those wondrous foods and concoctions for the appetites of the blessed. She orders the lyre to speak, and it plays: the pipes to blow, and they vibrate: the choirs to sing, and their song is heard. Though no one appeared, everything soothed the hearts of the audience with the sweetest strains. Still the wickedness of these female criminals was laid in so soft repose by the honied sweetness of the chant: they turned the conversation in the direction of the snare they had so fraudulently prepared, and keeping their intention quite concealed began to ask about her husband, and what ancestral lineage he was sprung from. At that she laid aside the too great simplicity of her former conversation and invented something new. She said her husband was from the neighbouring province, that he was a merchant of great wealth, and was now in middle life, with his hair inter-spersed with a little gray. She paused not a moment in her discourse, but again loaded
them with rich presents and replaced them in their chariot of the winds.

However as they were raised aloft on Zephyr's tranquil breath and made for home, they discussed the matter with each other as follows.

"Well, sister, what is to be said of the little fool's monstrous lie? Before, he was a youth, then growing a pretty downy beard, and now he's middle-aged, with a shining head of white hair! What sort of man can he be, when such a little space of time can suddenly transform him into old age?"

"You'll find no other way of accounting for it, sister mine, than that either the wicked minx is making up a lie or she does not know what her husband is like. Whichever of the two is true... she must he deprived of that wealth of hers as soon as possible. If she does not know her own husband's face, she must certainly have married a God, and she is now bearing us a God with that pregnancy of hers. Certainly if this one — which heaven forfend — be the mother of a divine child, I'll at once hang myself in the loop of a halter. Let us meantime then get back to our parents, and weave them a web of any falsehoods,
which will give a colour to our opening a conversation with them now."

In the rage they were in, they gave their parents a contemptuous greeting and passed the watches of the night in excitement and broken sleep. In the morning they flew to the crag and floated down from it apace by the usual assistance of the wind. They then squeezed out tears by pressing their eyelids and addressed the maiden with their words of guile.

"It is you who are happy and blessed in your ignorance of so great an ill, and sit at your ease, quite regardless of your danger! But we who watch over your affairs with wakeful care are miserably tormented to think of your calamity. We have found out for certain, — and, as we share in your misfortunes by our grief, we cannot keep it from you — that a terrible snake, a serpent with great knotted coils, bleeding a noxious venom from his neck, and gaping with his great jaws to swallow you down, reposes with you secretly by night. Now, remember the Pythian oracle, which announced that you were doomed to marriage with a most ferocious beast. Many of the farmers, and those hunting in the dis-
strict, and a great number of the neighbours have seen him returning from his feed and swimming in the shallows of the river close by. And everybody says that you will not satisfy him long with soft endearments for his food, but that, as soon as the child with which you are pregnant has fully ripened in the womb, he will devour you, as you will then contain a richer morsel for his enjoyment...

So it is now for you to judge, whether you will give in to your sisters, who are solicitous about your dear health and avoid death by living with us secure from danger, or find your tomb in the entrails of this savage monster. But if you take more delight in your loneliness here in the country, with nothing but voices around you, or in your secret venereal pleasures, with their fetid and dangerous copulations, embracing a poisonous serpent... well, we shall have done our duty as good sisters towards you."

Then poor little Psyche, in her simplicity and tenderness of heart is carried away by the terror inspired by such words of gloom. She completely lost possession of her wits, and failing to retain any remembrance of her husband's
admonitions or her own promises, plunged into the depths of the abyss. She trembled and her colour became livid and bloodless, while her voice died away and she stumbled over every word, as she said in a half whisper: "Yes, darling sisters, you are always true and kind to me and do your duty! No, I don't think the people who make these statements to you are telling lies... I have never even seen my husband's face... I don't even know his country... but I only listen to what he says to me at night... I quite admit the truth of what you say... as I should do... that I am enduring a husband, who has no certain position... a sort of beast that flies from the light... He simply terrifies me, as much as ever he can, from looking at him... and threatens me with a great misfortune if I am curious about his appearance... Well, if you can afford salutary aid to your sister in her peril, stand by her now. Not to show any care afterwards, would be to destroy all the benefit of providence in the first instance!"

The criminal women had now got their sister to lay her soul bare, and that in the most open manner: they laid aside all concealment
of their hidden machinations, and exposed the blade of their deceit, as they laid hold of the simple child by her terrified imagination. One of them at last spoke as follows.

"The tie of birth does not compel us to undertake any risks for your well-being; but we shall point out to you the only way that leads to safety for you, and which we have thought out over and over again. Take a knife with a razor edge, and give it a still finer one by passing it smoothly up and down your palm, and hide it secretly in the part of the bed you always lie in. Then have a lamp in good order, filled well up with oil and shining with a bright light, and put it under cover of the tapestry in some way, so as to douse it. Hide away all these preparations with the most determined purpose, and afterwards, when he has writhed his body in and mounted the bed as usual, and has stretched himself out, and is held by the first heaviness of sleep, and has begun to give the deep breaths that show he is unconscious, do you slip out of the bed barefoot, on tiptoe, slowly, step by step, take your lamp out of the complete darkness you have kept it in, and borrow counsel from its light as to the
favourable moment for your glorious deed. Then with a blow of your two-edged weapon, which you have lifted boldly on high with your right hand and bring down with all your strength, sever the juncture of the venomous reptile's head and neck. We shall not fail to give you our support: as soon as you have wrought your salvation by his death, we shall be in anxious attendance: we shall hurry you off along with all this property and shall join you in human marriage-vows to one who is human like yourself."

This was the way in which they fired their sister's soul to flame with the heat of their own words. They then deserted her forthwith; as they had a most notable fear of being in the neighbourhood of such a tragedy. They were propelled as usual before the wings of the wind and set upon the crag, whence they fled off at the top of their speed. They embarked at once upon their ships, and departed.

Psyche was left alone: though, agitated as she was by wrathful Furies, alone she was not: her sorrow ebbs and flows like the ocean tide. Her counsel is taken and her mind resolved: her hand is already set in thought to the awful
deed: yet she totters for want of sureness in her counsel and is torn this way and that by all the passions that her plight evokes. She hurries, she delays: she dares, she trembles: she is unsure, she rises in wrath: and, to end up all, in the same individual she hates the beast and loves the husband. Evening however dragged into night, and in headlong hurry she got the apparatus for her wicked deed in readiness.....

It was night and her husband had come: he had skirmished through the first venereal conflicts and sunk into profound unconsciousness. Then Psyche, who was naturally weak in body as well as courage, becomes strengthened like the oak by the cruel providence of Fate. She has taken forth her lamp and seized her knife, and in her boldness laid aside her sex. But as soon as she has advanced the light to reveal the secrets of her marriage-bed, she sees the gentlest and sweetest wild thing of all the forest, Cupid himself, the lovely God, reposing in his beauty! The flame of the lamp started up in joy to behold him, and the knife began to repent of its sacrilegious keenness.

But Psyche, she was filled with dread at the greatness of the vision: her mind deserted her:
her pallor grew like death: she was undone, quivered, and sank upon her yielding limbs, as she sought to hide the steel, — but in her own heart. She would have done so: but the blade, in fear of such a crime, slipped through her hands and fell from her trembling grasp. And now, though worn out and deserted by her bodily strength, she gazes again and again on the youthful beauty of that divine countenance, and gains refreshment to her soul.

She sees a generous growth of golden locks all moistened with ambrosia: a neck of milk, and rosy cheeks, and wandering tufts of hair restrained in beauty: some hang before and others hang behind: resplendent with excessive gleam of light, which dazes the poor lamplight to a flicker. The dewy pinions of the airy God glisten in snowy bloom upon his shoulders: and though his wings are in repose, their tender edge of feathery down flutters in delicate emotion, in troubled, lascivious play. His body is all bare and shining: such as Venus need never regret to have brought forth.

At the foot of the bed lay his bow, and quiver, and arrows, propitious weapons of a mighty God! Psyche observes and handles all with
curiosity and inextinguishable desire: she admires her husband's weapons: she takes an arrow from the quiver, and while she essays to try its keenness at the point with the tip of her thumb, she presses too hard — for the joint is trembling still — and pricks it in too deep: so that some tiny rose-drops of her blood bedew the surface of her skin. So all unknowing, Psyche fell in love with Love, and that through her own action. Then with cupidinous flame she burned still more and more for her dear Cupid: flung herself on him all agape in desperate desire: rained full-lipped, naughty kisses in a pelting shower, till she feared for the endurance of his sleep.

Now, while she was awaking to the possession of so great a good, and her soul still palpitated with its wound, that lamp, — through some outrageous perfidy, or wicked jealousy, or because it was eager itself for the touch and kiss of such a body, — spat from the summit of its flame a drop of heated oil upon the God's right shoulder. O bold, O temerarious lamp! Vile minister of love! Dost thou burn him, who is the God of universal fire? When thou thyself wert invented
THE FLEETING GOD

by some lover, who wished to possess what he desired still longer into the night!

The God leaped underneath the brand, and when he saw the scattered proofs of how his secret was bewrayed, flew off in silence from the sight and touch of his most unhappy wife. But just as he rose, Psyche seized hold of his left leg with both her hands, and formed a miserable train to his lofty flight, a drooping companionship, a following remote, till she fell in fatigue upon the earth. But her divine lover did not desert her as she lay upon the ground: he flew upon a cypress that was near and addressed her from its lofty top in serious and heartfelt words.

"O Psyche, simplest of thy sex, I was fain to forget the precepts of my mother Venus, who had commanded thee to be bound by thy desire to the most wretched man on earth, to be sentenced to the meanest of all marriages, and instead of that I flew to thee myself to be thy lover. I did that in my levity, I know; and famous archer that I am, I shot myself with my own shaft; for I made thee my wife, only to seem a beast to thee and to have thee cut my head off with thy steel,
though the light of love beamed on thee from its eyes! I told thee over and over again thou hadst to guard against all this: I kept on with my benevolent reminders. But, as to those dames who have been such excellent counsellors to thee, they shall pay me instant penalty for their pernicious schooling: as for thee, I shall only punish thee by my flight for ever."

And with this end to his discourse, he spread his wings and plunged out in the deep.

Now Psyche lay prostrate on the ground, following her husband's flight with her gaze as far as she was able, and afflicting her soul with the last voice of its grief: then, when length of space had quite estranged her husband as he flew before the feather of his oar, she cast herself headlong from the neighbouring river's brink. But the gentle stream, in honour of the God who had been used to turn its very flood to flame, feared for itself, and received her at once into a harmless current, which laid her in safety on a bank where grasses flowered.

It chanced that Pan, the rustic God, was sitting on a brow that overhung the water, embracing his Goddess Canna on the ground,
and teaching her to give forth sounds in every mode: hard by the bank the she-goats gambol about and pasture here and there, cropping the river's locks. The goat Divinity called wounded, ruined Psyche mildly to him, for he was in no wise ignorant of her ill hap, and soothes her with some words of consolation.

"My charming girl, I am only a countryman and a shepherd; but I have benefited by long years of life and have received instruction from much experience. If I conjecture rightly — a thing which men of wisdom look upon as divination — from that tottering gait of yours and frequently vacillating footsteps, from the exceeding pallour of your body and your constant sighs, in fact from those eyes of yours that mourn — you suffer from excess of love. Listen to me then, and do not destroy yourself again by the precipice, or by seeking any voluntary death: cease your mourning: lay aside your grief: and rather worship Cupid, the greatest of the Gods, by pious prayer, and as he is a delicate, luxurious youth, win him over by tender submission."

So spake the shepherd God; and with no word in reply, but only with a reverence to
the health-giving Divinity, Psyche continued her way. But before she had wandered over much ground in pedestrian toil, along a road she did not know leading down an incline, she drew near a certain city, in which the sovereignty belonged to the husband of one of her sisters. When she had learnt of that, Psyche desires her presence to be announced to her sister. She is presently brought in, the alternate embraces of mutual salutation are performed, and in answer to an enquiry as to the cause of her coming, she thus begins.

"You remember the counsel you gave me, and how you advised me to slay the beast that reposed with me under the false name of a husband, with a keen two-edged knife, before he devoured my wretched self with his voracious maw. But as soon as I had the witness of the light and — which was also your advice — gazed upon his countenance, I saw a wondrous, nay, a godlike spectacle; the very son of the Goddess Venus, yes, I say, Cupid himself, buried in gentle slumber. While I was stricken with the sight of so great a good, and troubled by the exceeding excess of my delight, and grieved that I might not
be permitted to enjoy it, by a most evil hap
some heated oil bubbled out of the lamp
on to his shoulder. He was at once startled
from his sleep by the pain, and when he saw
me armed with fire and sword, "Thou,"
said he, "for so dire a deed, divorce thee at
once from my bed, and have thy own things
to thyself. And I shall take thy sister — here
he said the name by which you are known
— and marry her at once before the altar."
And straightway he commanded Zephyr to
blow me forth from the boundaries of his
house."

Psyche had scarcely finished her words,
when her sister, urged by the goad of mad-
dening lust and wicked jealousy, trumped up
some falsehood to deceive her husband, as
though she had heard some news of her
parents' death, and at once embarked. She
made her way straight to the crag, and, though
another wind was blowing, she still called out
agape in the infatuation of her hopes: "Accept
me, Cupid; as thy worthy wife, and Zephyr,
take up thy mistress," and with a great leap
flung herself down headlong.

But she was not able to reach the spot,
even as a corpse. For her limbs were knocked and scattered about by the rocks and cliffs: her entrails were torn out as she deserved; and she died only to present herself as food to the birds and beasts. Nor did the penalty halt long in avenging the crime of the next. Psyche arrived with wandering footstep at another city, where in like manner her other sister dwelt. She was deceived in just the same way by her relative's fallacious story, and, in emulation of her wicked sister's nuptials, hastened to the same crag, and met with the same death and destruction.

Psyche meanwhile was intent on her search after Cupid and roved through all the nations: but he, in pain with the wound he had received from the lamp, lay groaning in his mother's chamber. Then the white bird they call the sea-mew, which swims with its wings upon the waves of the sea, plunges swiftly down through the deep bosom of the ocean. She stands by Venus as the Goddess swims about in her bath and gives her the information that "her son has been scalded, and is now lying in a doubtful state of health, and crying over the pain of his wound, which is severe:
that rumours and all sorts of evil sayings are flying about among the peoples from lip to lip, and the whole family of Venus is acquiring an evil reputation, with him whoring in the mountains and thee retiring to the sea for swimming baths. All pleasure and grace and charm have been taken away from life: everything has grown rude and savage and horrid: there are no social friendships, no love of children, no marriage nuptials: all is unshapely chaos, and unlovely contempt for honourable vows, which are now trailed in the mud." This was the wicked gossip which the verbose and inquisitive bird chattered into the ears of the astonished Venus, tearing her son's good name to rags behind his back.

Then suddenly cried Venus in utter wrath: "So that good son of mine has a sweetheart! Come now, — you're the only one who serves me with a heart in your work — out with the name of the girl who has solicited my innocent son before he is even old enough for clothes! It matters not whether she be of the people of the Nymphs, or of the number of the Hours, or of the choir of the Muses, or of my ministering Graces."
The loquacious bird was unable to hold her tongue. "Why, lady," she said, "I don't know: but, if I remember right, they do say he is desperately in love with a girl called Psyche."

Then cried Venus in her indignation: "In love with Psyche, is he, beyond all others, that understudy of my form, the rival of my name?! He takes me for a pimp, I suppose, — the brat, — because he got to know the girl through my drawing his attention to her!"

She rises to the surface at once with a querulous wail, and makes straight for her golden chamber: there she found her sick child, as she had heard, and began to thunder from the very door.

"Very proper proceedings," she said, "besitting our birth and your own good character! First of all for you to trample upon your parent's — no, your mistress's — commands, not to pollute my enemy with your sordid loves, and then for a boy of your age to fold her in such an improper and precocious embrace, that I have to put up with my own enemy for a daughter-in-law! You good-for-nothing, you rake, you unlovely thing, you have the impudence to think that you are the
only one who is fruitful, and that I'm too old now to conceive! But I should just like you to know that I shall give birth to another son, and a better one than you: or rather, to make you feel the slight still more, I shall adopt one of my pages: I shall give him those wings of yours, and your flames, and your bow, and the arrows too, and all my trappings, that I never gave you for the uses you have put them to. There was nothing bequeathed to you from your father's goods to furnish you with an equipment like that. No, you have been badly brought up from your earliest childhood: you have a quick hand, and you have struck at your elders over and over again: as for me, your mother, me, I say, you parricide, you strip me naked every day, and many a time you have struck me, and you treat me with contempt now, as if I were a widow; and you have even no fear of your step-father, a great brave man like him, and mighty warrior as he is! Why, you have even procured girls for him over and over again, to torment me in my concubinage! But I shall make you repent of the game you are playing, and you shall find your marriage-bond both sour and bitter....
Well, what shall I do, now that I've been turned into a laughing-stock? Whither shall I turn? How shall I restrain the little knave? Can I ask help from Sobriety, my own enemy, after offending her more than once by this very youngster's luxurious habits? Must I resort to holding intercourse with this awkward slut of a country girl? The thought horrifies me! Still the solace I shall get from my revenge is a thing not to be passed over. Yes, I must call her in, and no one else: she will chastise my good-for-nothing soundly, and rob his quiver and blunt his arrows and unstring his bow, and quench his torch's flame: nay, she'll even coerce his body with sharper remedies. I'll consider I have had satisfaction for my wrongs, when I have shaved off those locks of his, which I once bound up in all the sheen of gold with these own hands of mine, and when I have shorn away those wings, which I tinged from the fount of nectar in my bosom."

So she spake, and fuming with such wrath as in Venus may be comely, flung herself forth with hostile mien. But Ceres and Juno fell in with her company at once, and, seeing her swollen face, asked her why she hung a lowe-
ring brow over eyes which flashed forth in such loveliness. But said she: "You have come at the right moment to do violence to this burning heart of mine! But I implore you, seek out that fugitive Psyche for me with all your might, whithersoever she has flown. You cannot have failed to hear my notorious family history, and the deed my immentionable son has wrought."

They knew well what had taken place, and strove to soothe Venus in her boiling indignation. "O lady! What great crime has thy son committed, for thee to impugn his pleasures with such fixed purpose, and to attempt the ruin of her whom he loves? What fault is there there, we pray, if he has taken some pleasure in smiling upon a pretty girl? Art thou unaware that he is of the male sex, a young man — or perhaps thou hast forgotten his age? Does he always seem a boy to thee, because he carries his years prettily? And canst thou, who art a mother, and a woman of good sense besides, always be curiously investigating thy son's amusements, and blaming him for his luxurious life, and repressing his young affections, and reprehending thy own arts and thy own delights, when thou encounterest them in
thy handsome son? What God or man may endure thee, when thou, who sowest desire broadcast among the nations, sternly repressest love in thy own household, and closest to it the workshop where the vice of women is manufactured for the public?"

So they extended their gracious patronage to Cupid, in fear of his arrows, and paid their court to him, though in his absence. But Venus was indignant that her wrongs should be turned to ridicule: she turned aside from them, and made her way with hasty foot once more to the ocean depths.
Cæleste palatium: a heavenly palace.

Apuleius bestows considerable care, and by no means unsuccessfully, on his descriptions of interiors and also of rural scenery. Cp. his set description of the country round the robber’s den in the preceding Chapter, and the description of Byrrhena’s atrium in Chap. II. Here we certainly see a germ of the modern descriptive novel, and have good reason in this as in other romantic points to salute Apuleius as the precursor of Sir Walter Scott. It is interesting to note that he reproduces in this most elaborately, worked out description two ideas present in that of Byrrhena’s atrium, viz. 1) the figures in the hall seeming to come forward to meet those who enter at the door, and 2) the bright polish of an interior surface compensating for the light of day.

Then his bold phrases, “efferare argentum”, to turn silver wild, i. e. represent beast life by chasing it on the metal: “beatos qui super gemmas et
monilia calcant”, blessed are those who tread on gems and necklets, — are not only ingenious ideas: they are highly poetical, and even above the province of the mere romancer. Though of course it is true that no one can be a truly great romancer who has not a high poetic gift.

Nec est quidquam quod ibi non est: nothing exists that is not there, i.e. all the treasures of creation are represented there.

This extremely concentrated expression of an antithesis of thought verging on obscurity, is highly characteristic of the Latinity of the age, and may be fruitfully compared with the bold obscurities that are not infrequent blemishes to the style of Aurelius Augustinus, the great Christian writer, three centuries later.

Venerem meam recolentem sustineo: I have him on me as he is garnering my Venus, i.e. garnering pleasure from me, or enjoying venereal pleasures with me — the speaker being a woman.

The force of the word recolentem, gathering or garnering, a word used for the collection of fruit (mod. Fr. la récolte, Ital. il raccolto = the grape harvest) is not perfectly obvious, owing to the recumbent position of the speaker. The suitability of the word must arise from the fact of enjoyment of any sort being metaphorically expressed as fruit; hence the employment of the singular phrase to pluck pleasure rather than to
take it simply. In Chap. II (the Fotis episode) we had the phrase *pendulo Veneris fructu mesatiavit*, she sated me with the pendulous fruit of Venus, used with perfect propriety on account of the overhanging position, the word corresponding not only to the idea but to the fact; as also in the Song of Solomon VII, 7, 8: "This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes. I said I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine:" where the position is conceived as upright.

But in the employment of this figure, Apuleius seems to have indulged in a certain looseness of thought.

*Lares pauperes nostros sed plane sobrios*: our households, which are temperate, if they are poor.

Professor Victor Bétolaud has a note here, which is quite typical of his many reprehensions of Apuleius for inconsistency; so I propose to quote him here and have done with strictures on this head once and for all. "Nos pauvres, nos modestes pénates:" he translates, and comments thus. "Si ce n'est pas une insconséquence du narrateur, il faut que le dépit abuse étrangement ces deux princesses sur leur propre fortune, car plus haut nous les voyons très avantageusement mariées."

As a matter of fact this seems to me one of the frequent cases in which translators, through some
want of mental sympathy perhaps with the author, and not necessarily through any ignorance of Latinity, have quite missed the special *nuance* of meaning which Apuleius has insinuated. The jealous sister is writhing under Psyche’s miraculous display of wealth, which naturally outbids all merely human resources. She wishes to make some cutting remark, and just as, if she had found Psyche poor, she would have accused her of laziness, so now that she finds her undeniably rich, she can only level one taunt against her, and that is luxury, ostentation, intemperance of good fortune. And in the cowardly style that is so familiar to the jealous, she does not accuse her directly, but deals her a left-handed blow by suggesting the opposite virtue in herself. “My temperately conducted house” is used to suggest “your disorderly establishment,” just as “my poverty” signifies “your pride of purse.”

However, quite apart from the significance of any special phrase, it does not seem to me that the more serious criticism need trouble itself much over the point of consistency in a work like the present. Apuleius is a story teller here pure and simple, his primary end being to entertain. Now it seems to me a fair canon of criticism that storytellers should be allowed any small inconsistencies which do not jar upon the hearer or arrest his attention abruptly by some glaring *volteface*. That would frustrate the special illusion created by
the art of narration, and would of course be intolerable.

As for smaller inconstencies, the audience is not prepared to puzzle over them. It necessarily takes a great deal for granted, and is quite aware that it does not see the ins and outs of everything. Nor does it want to. It is quite content for certain matters to remain mysteries, as they do in real life. Like the audience at a melodrama, it only demands the principal situations. The same canon can be applied even to painting and the plastic arts, in which proportion alone is the necessary æsthetic foundation. Realism is not wanted; what we crave for is suggestion. See next note.

Sublimis evectionis appendix misera: a wretched appendage to his lofty flight.

Here once more I must join issue with Professor Bétolaud on a matter of criticism, much as I admire his fine edition of Apuleius' works. He translates and comments as follows. "Elle devient un appendice (un complément) déplorable de son élévation aérienne. — Ce détail est d'ailleurs invraisemblable en même temps que disgracieux. La sculpture et la peinture ne sauraient se déterminer à le reproduire. C'est ainsi que dans le groupe de Laocoon, tel que Virgile l'a représenté, elles ne voudraient, ni l'une ni l'autre, figurer les deux reptiles dépassant de la tête, et bien haut, cervicibus altis, les corps de leurs victimes."
Setting aside all discussion as to the apex of the pyramidal Laocoon group, I cannot agree that the present picture fails in proportion, or that it is infelicitously conceived. The main idea is that of the earthly love trying to weigh down the heavenly, and failing by sinking back to earth itself. It sinks back not through want of energy or divine power in the Heavenly Love, but simply through its own weariness, and incapacity to retain its hold on the higher power. _Tandem fessa dilabitur solo_, says the text: Psyche sinks to earth through her own weariness. The artist preserves due proportion by exhibiting this disproportion under a certain balance, viz. that of the divine _aura_ of the God compensating the dull weight of the burden by its own celestial tendency. The very traditional representation of Cupid would lose proportion but for this balance, which is on an ideal, not a real base; the tiny wings, which sprout from the shoulders of the God, could never raise his sturdy little frame, if only a realistic view be taken of his image.

_Jam inde a foribus quam maxime boans_: thundering from the very door.

The whole attitude of Venus in this fable, that of the enraged beauty and slighted lover, is extremely interesting; and it may be useful to raise the question whether or not Apuleius has strayed over the brink of the precipice which divides the sublime from the inartistic, in depicting such a
height of rage in the Goddess of Love, whose legitimate attendant is Euphrosyne, the Grace of all Charm.

*Boans* does not necessarily mean *bawling*, as Bohn's Translator will have it: the word only signifies a very loud vocal sound.

Readers of Lessing's *Laocoon* may feel that Apuleius has left sublime ideal behind and plunged into realism, by allowing Venus to open her lips so wide; but we must recollect his remarks also concerning the decorous weeping of the heroes of fable.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
LUCIUS APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE SIXTH


Our Hero’s Sufferings with the Robbers. — Attempts to escape with the Captive Maid. — Retaken. — The Old Woman’s Fate. — The Robbers’ Gentle Meditations of Revenge.

Psyche meanwhile was distracted by journeying up and down, and racked herself both by day and by night in the task of tracking her husband out. Her desire mounted higher and higher to propitiate him in his wrath by the entreaties of a
handmaid at least, if she could not soothe him with the endearments of a wife. She saw a certain temple on the summit of a lofty mountain, and "How do I know," she said, "whether my lord live here or not?" And thither she directs her steps in haste; for, though she was worn out with constant toil, still hope and desire urged her on. She bravely traversed all the loftier ridges, and entered in and drew near to the shrine. She sees some ears of corn heaped up together, and others woven into a crown, and then some ears of barley: there were sickles too and all the equipment of the reaper's art; but everything lay here and there in careless confusion, tossed there, as generally happens, by the hands of those who labour in the heat. Psyche put everything with care into its proper place, and set together in due order what had lain scattered about: thinking as she did, that she should neglect the shrine or ceremonial of none of the Gods, but merit the benevolent pity of them all.

As she was caring for all with attentive solicitude, bounteous Ceres discovered her, and straightway called to her with many words: "Ah, pitiable Psyche, Venus, enraged
in soul, is seeking out thy track with anxious search over the whole earth: she seeks to visit thee with the extremest penalty, and demands vengeance on thee with all the powers of her Godhead. And art thou here busying thyself with overseeing my affairs, and thinkest of anything else but thy own safety?"

Then Psyche fell down at the Goddess' feet, and watered them with a flood of tears: she swept the ground with her hair, and, pouring forth a multitude of prayers, sued for pardon.

"By thy right hand which bears all fruits I pray thee: by the gladdening rites of harvest: by the silent secrets of thy baskets: and by the chariot winged with the dragons who serve thee: and by the furrows of the Sicilian glebe, and the flying chariot and tenacious earth, the descent of Proserpine in unillumined nuptials, the reascent of the daughter of luminous invention, and all things else that Eleusis, shrine of Attica, covers with silence: come to the aid of Psyche in her pitiable state, a poor soul who entreats thee, and suffer me to linger hidden in these corn-sheaves but a few short days, till the raging ire of so great a Goddess be assuaged by length of time,—or
till at least my strength, now worn with constant labour, be refreshed by some interval of re-
pose."

Ceres makes answer: "I am moved indeed by thy tearful prayers, and desire to aid thee; but I cannot enter into the bad graces of my cousin, whose friendship I cherish according to ancient agreement, and who is a good woman besides. Go then at once from the temple, and take it in very good part that thou hast not been detained and imprisoned by me."

So Psyche was repelled against her hopes and afflicted with twofold sorrow, and, as she is walking towards the road that takes her back, she sees a temple built with artistic workman-
ship through a half-lit wood that clothes a valley before her. She would not leave untried any way that might hold out a better hope, however doubtful it might be, but, in her desire to approach the grace of every God, draws near the sacred portal. She looks on precious gifts and vesture lettered in gold, which had been fixed to the doorposts and branches of trees, and witnessed as well the name of the Goddess to whom they had been dedicated, as gratitude for the deed the Goddess wrought.
Then, falling on her knee, and embracing the warm altar with her hands, she first of all wipes off her tears, and then offers up her prayer.

"Great sister—wife of Jove, whether thou abidest in the ancient shrine of Samos, to which thy querulous childbirth is a boast, and thy infant wails and nourishment: or visitest thy blessed seat in lofty Carthage, which worships thee as the virgin drawn to heaven by a lion: or presidest over the glorious walls of the Argives, near the banks of Inachus, which still proclaims thee as the Thunderer's bride and Queen of all the Goddesses: whom all the Orient worships as Zygia, the espouser, while all the West prays to thee as Lucina, the mother of light: be thou to me in this my last necessity a Juno Sospita, a Protectress, and, seeing I am now worn out through the great labours I have accomplished, deliver me from fear of imminent peril: from all that I have heard, thou art wont to help the pregnant in their danger, even of thy own accord."

As she was making her supplication, Juno forthwith appeared, in all the majestic dignity of her Godhead, and at once she says: "How
I should like, Psyche, to fashion my behest after the manner of thy prayer! But regard for appearances does not permit me to come forward in opposition to the will of my daughter-in-law, Venus. Then I am also forbidden by the laws, which forbid runaway slaves, which are another’s property, to be received against their owner’s will."

At this second shipwreck of her fortune Psyche was filled with dread, and, unable now to overtake her husband’s winged flight, she gave up all hopes of safety, and took counsel with her thoughts as follows.

"What other remedy for my misfortunes can now be tried or taken, when even the suffrages of the Goddesses have proved unavailing, however well disposed they are? And whither can I now direct my steps, when I am caught in such a mesh of entanglement? Under what roof, or in what darkness, shall I hide myself, so as to avoid the inevitable eye of the great Venus? Nay, summon up the courage of a man: be brave, and renounce thy little shattered hope: give thyself up to thy lady of thy own accord, and modify the outburst of her wrath by thy own modesty, however late it
may seem to be made known! How knowest thou also that he, whom thou seekest so long, is not to be found in his mother's house?"

So she prepared herself for a doubtful submission, or rather for certain ruin, and thought over in her own mind how she should commence the prayer she would have to make.

Now Venus abandons all earthly means in her search, and goes up into heaven. She orders her chariot to be got ready, the one which Vulcan had fashioned for her with delicate work and careful polish, offering it for a marriage-gift before his initiation to her couch, conspicuous in its finish and fine filing, and precious from all the gold expended on it. Four snowy doves come forth from the number which are stabled round their mistress' chamber: their movement is jocund, as they turn their gaily-coloured necks about and take their place beneath the jewelled yoke: then, when they have taken up their mistress, they carry her off in joyous flight. Sparrows fly after the Goddess' car in lascivious rout and clamour, while other birds whose song is sweet announce their Divinity's approach, and sing their dulcet strains in honied roundelay:
and not an eagle on their path or rapacious kite is an object of dread to great Venus' tuneful family. The clouds are parted: heaven opens to its daughter: and the ethereal heights receive the Goddess with joy.

She makes her way forthwith to the royal citadel of Jove, and in proud petition asks for the use of Mercury, God of language, who is necessary for her purpose. Nor did Jupiter deny the inclination of his raven eyebrow. Then with Mercury in her train, Venus goes down from heaven in triumph, while she engages him in the following discourse:

"Arcadian brother, thou knowest thy sister Venus has never done aught without the presence of her Mercury. And it cannot escape thy memory how long I have been unable to discover this skulking maiden. There is nothing left, but to announce publicly in virtue of thy office as herald, that a reward will be given for successful search. Hasten then to convey my mandate, and point out openly the marks by which she may be known; so that, if anyone incur the guilt of illicit concealment, he may be unable to defend himself by alleging ignorance."
And, while she is still speaking, she hands him the notebook, in which Psyche's name is contained, and the rest. Then straightway she retired to her house.

Mercury failed not to perform his office: he coursed at large through the nations of every complexion, and fulfilled the heraldic duty entrusted to him. "If anyone can bring back from flight, or point out the hiding-place of the fugitive princess, named Psyche, who is Venus' handmaid, he may meet the herald Mercury behind the Myrtle Posts, and receive for his information, from Venus herself, seven sweet kisses, and one more honied than the rest by the caressing contact of her tongue."

When Mercury made an announcement of this sort, the desire of meeting with such a reward aroused the emulous desire of the whole human race: and this removed all hesitation from Psyche's mind.

* * * * *

As she was approaching her lady's doors she was met by one of Venus' household called Custom, who came running up, exclaiming in her loudest tones: "At last, you naughtiest
of servants, you have begun to see that you have a mistress! I suppose you are going to make out too, with your usual boldness, that you were unaware what trouble we have all had in looking for you! It's well you have fallen into my hands, and got stuck in the very claws of Orcus: you'll now pay the penalty of all your contumacy on the spot." And she had the audacity to lay hands upon her, and drag her in by the hair; though she did not meet with the least resistance.

As soon as she was brought in and Venus saw her there before her, she raised a laugh both long and loud, as people do when furiously enraged, and tossing her head and scratching her right ear, "At last," she said, "you have deigned to pay your mother-in-law a visit! Or perhaps you have come to see your husband, in the danger he is in from the wound you gave him? But rest assured: I shall receive you as a good mother-in-law should." And "Where," she said, "are those two handmaids of mine, Care and Sorrow?" Then, when they had been called in, she handed her over to them to be tortured. They obeyed their mistress' command, afflicted poor little Psyche
with scourges, and, when they had excruciated her with other tortures too, set her once more before their mistress. Then said Venus, raising another laugh, "See how she moves our pity by that swollen womb of hers, that ought to enchant us so much! That's the way she thinks of making me a happy grandmother with a noble line of descendants. Nice happiness for me to be called a grandmother in the very flower of my age! And for the son of a common servant to be called a descendant of Venus! Though I'm too absurd, and quite beside the mark, in calling him my grandson! It's an unequal match! Besides marriages that take place in a country house, without witnesses, and without the father's consent, can't be regarded as legitimate. So it's a bastard you'll have for a child: that is, if we let you give birth to the thing at all."

When she had uttered the words, she flew upon her, and tore her dress all to rags: then she afflicted her cruelly by tearing her hair and thumping her head. After that she took wheat and barley and millet and poppy-seed and chickpeas and lentils and beans, and mixed them all confusedly together into one great
heap, as she said to her: "You seem to me such an ugly servant-girl, you must only have got your lovers by your diligence in work. I'll make a trial now of your housewifery. Take those seeds there lying in that heap, and divide them out: put every grain in its proper place, separated from the other kinds, and let me see before evening that you know how to be a quick worker." She gave the great heap of seeds over into her charge, and went off herself to a wedding-dinner.

Not a hand did Psyche set to the chaotic and inextricable mass: she remained in silent stupor, quite beside herself at the inhumanity of the command. Then the poor little ant that dwells in the country, quite eager to cope with so difficult a task, and filled with pity at the toil imposed on one who had shared the couch of the great God, and in execration of her mother-in-law's cruelty, ran about lustily, and called together and convoked the whole tribe of country ants. "Have pity, ye agile citizens of the all-fruitful earth, have pity! Be prompt and speedy to succour the wife of Love, the charming maiden, in her peril!" The six-footed population pour forth in waves, one on
the other, and with consummate diligence arrange the whole mass, by each taking one grain at a time. Then, when they had set out every kind distinct from all the others, they vanish from sight as rapidly as they can ply their limbs.

When night begins, Venus comes back from the wedding-feast, bedewed with wine and fragrant with balsam, and with her whole body brilliantly garlanded with roses: she sees the wondrous labour has been accomplished with diligence. "That is not your work, you wicked thing!" she said. "You have had no hand in that! It's the work of the one you've found favour with, to his own misfortune as well as yours!" She throws her a crust of bread for food, and retires to her couch.

Meantime Cupid was in solitary confinement in the interior of the house, locked into a single chamber: partly, to prevent him increasing his wound by his petulant lasciviousness, partly, to prevent him joining his beloved. And so an evil night was passed by the two lovers, separated from each other as they were, and held apart under the same roof.

Just as Aurora drove up, Venus called Psyche,
and began: "Do you see that wood, all along the banks of the river that flows past, with its lower waters falling into the fountain close by us? There are sheep there with gleaming fleeces that grow with the colour of gold, grazing and wandering about, with no one looking after them. Seek out one tuft from all that growth of costly fleece, any way you like, and bring it to me: that is my command."

Psyche went off with a will, not however with the intention of doing as she was bid, but to seek rest in her misfortunes by hurling herself from the cliff over the stream. But the green reed by the river, the nursling of soft music, was divinely inspired by the gentle rustling of the balmy breeze, and gave its oracle forth. "O Psyche, exercised by great and numerous woes, pollute not my sacred waters by thy most wretched death, nor yet approach the formidable sheep on yonder bank. For they are wont to become heated from the raging sunshine and rush about madly and savagely, bringing death to mortals in their fury, with their sharp horns and stony foreheads and, sometimes too, envenomed teeth. But when midday has assuaged the heat of the sun, and
the cattle have settled down to rest in the cool that comes up from the river, thou canst hide thyself secretly beneath that giant plane-tree, which drinks from the same current as myself: and then, when the sheep have passed from their first fury and are relieved of mental tension, strike the foliage of the neighbouring wood: there thou shalt find the golden wool, which is everywhere clinging and cleaving to the undergrowth."

So spake the reed, so frankly and humanely, and taught poor Psyche the way of health, though her sickness was unto death. She did not fail to put in practice the instruction she had received through her hearing, and of which she had no cause to repent. She was careful in everything, and, by an easy exercise of petty theft, she filled her bosom with the soft yellow gold, and brought it back to Venus.

From her mistress however, the trial she had gone through in this second labour brought her no reward in recompense. She contracted her eyebrows, and smiled a bitter smile: "It doesn't escape my notice," she said, "that you have had some one coming fraudulently in, and helping you by his advice! But now I shall
set you on your trial well, and see whether you are indeed endowed with courage of soul and prudence above the common. Do you see the peak of that lofty mountain which stands on the high rocky pedestal over there, with dark waters flowing down it from an inky source, forming a Stygian marsh as it is received into the confine of the neighbouring valley, and feeding a hoarse torrent of Cocytus? Go to the remotest source of its high fount forthwith, and draw me some of the icy foam in this urn I give you.” She spoke, and placed a cut crystal vase in her hands, and added many a weighty threat besides.

She hastened on her pace with diligence, and made for the loftiest peak on the mountain, sure in her hope to find upon that spot the end of her cruel life. But as soon as she drew near the region that bounded the peak, she realised the fatal difficulty of what had been so inhumanly set her to do. The rock towered up in its enormous mass, so slippery and rough as to be inaccessible, while from its great jaws of stone it belched forth its terrible stream. This first passed through a passage hollowed downwards in the rock, then fell a headlong
waterfall, hidden by the narrow channel it burrowed for itself, forming it into an open tunnel in the rock, which concealed it as it rushed down into the valley below. On right and left where the rocks shelve inwards there were cruel dragons creeping with outstretched necks, and eyes that kept their vigil in perpetual light. But even the waters raised their voice in their own defence, and cried continually: "Depart: see what thou dost!" and: "What dost thou? Ware and fly, or thou shalt perish!"

Psyche was turned to stone herself at the very impossibility of the affair: though present in body, she was absent in mind; and, buried beneath the burden of this proof, from which she could find no exit, she even lacked the last consolation of tears. But the woe in which this innocent soul was plunged did not escape the serious eyes of her Good Providence. The royal bird of Jove on high, the rapacious eagle, stood by her suddenly with wings stretched out to right and left. He remembered the service he had done of yore, when at Cupid's guidance he had carried aloft Jove's Phrygian cupbearer, and, now he honoured the divinity of that God
in the labours of his wife: he deserted the paths of daylight where he soared on high, and flew up to the maid, and addressed her thus.

"Simple thou art by nature, and inexperienced in such matters, if thou hopest to steal, or even touch, so much as one drop from this most holy, but most cruel fount! Hast thou never heard that those Stygian waters are full of dread even to Jove himself? And that as you on earth swear by the divinity of the Gods, so the Gods themselves swear by the majesty of the Styx? But give me thy urn!"

He took it forthwith and filled it in haste, while he balanced his swaying wings in even motion, plying his feathered oar to right and left, between the dragons' maws replete with cruel teeth and quivering with three-forked tongues, drawing from the waters in haste against their will, and despite their admonitions to retire in safety. He feigned that he was commissioned by Venus to fetch it, and that he was rendering her the service: so he obtained permission to approach a little more easily. Psyche received the full urn with joy, and hurried off with it to Venus.

But not even then could she satisfy the
demands of the cruel Goddess, who threatened her with more than before, and even worse than that, and addressed her with an infernal smile.

"Well, now I think you are a sorceress and a witch to your very finger-tips, to obey commands like that so readily! But there's another service still, my chick, that you'll have to render me! Take that box" — (and she gave it to her) — "and take yourself straight off to the infernal regions and the deadly house of Orcus itself: give the box to Proserpine: 'Venus,' tell her, 'asks you to send her a little of your beauty, just enough for a single day: for she has used her own up and worn it all out, while tending her sick boy.' But don't delay in getting back; for I have to rub myself with it, and go to the theatre along with the other Gods."

Then at last did Psyche feel her career was surely closed: the veil, she could see, was now being thrown aside, and she was clearly being urged to speedy destruction. Was she not compelled to go to Tartarus and the Shades by her own very feet? She hesitated no longer, but went off to a very high tower in the neigh-
bourhood, to throw herself from it headlong; for so, she thought, she would go to Hades by the best and nearest road. But the tower suddenly broke into speech.

"Why seek to quench thy life, poor thing," it said, "by hurling thyself headlong? Why dost thou rashly succumb to this new danger and labour of thine? If thy spirit be once separated from thy body, thou shalt indeed penetrate to the depths of Tartarus, but back again shalt thou never be able to return. Listen to me. Lacedæmon, the noble city of Achæa, is situated not far from here. Seek out Tænarus, which is conterminous with it, but hidden from it by a lonely path. There is the breathing-hole of Pluto, and through the gaping portal thou shalt see a way leading in. Cross the threshold and entrust thyself to this road, and thou will go by it in a direct channel to the very palace of Orcus. But thou mayest not go altogether empty to tread such darkness: thou must carry a barley-cake made with hydromel in each hand, and in thy mouth thou must carry two small coins.

When thou shalt have completed a good part of thy deadly journey, thou shalt meet
a lame ass carrying faggots and a driver as lame as it: he will ask thee to hand him some of the sticks that have fallen from the pack: but utter thou no sound and pass him by in silence. It will not be long before thou shalt come to the river of the dead, which Charón has in charge, fiercely demanding his toll, and bearing the travellers who pay across to the further bank in his boat constructed of hides. See what avarice exists even amongst the Dead! Charon himself, great God as he is and father of Pluto, does nothing without payment. When a poor man dies he has to provide his travelling expenses: and, if he has no cash in hand, do you think anyone would allow him to breathe his last? Thou must give one of the coins thou shalt carry to the dirty old fellow for thy fare: but so that he take the money with his own hand from thy mouth.

A case like the former one will occur as thou art passing over the stagnant flood: there will be an old man floating on the surface, and holding out his putrid hands in the air, praying thee to take him with thee in thy boat. But be not thou moved with illicit respect for his years.
When thou hast crossed the river and advanced a little further, some old weaver women making cloth will ask thee to lend thy hand for a moment to the work: but it is not lawful for thee to touch it.

All these things, and many more, will happen thee through the wiles of Venus, to make thee part with one of the cakes from thy hand. Do not regard the loss of the trifling little barley-cake as a light one; for, if thou losest one or other of them, the light of day shall be straightway denied thee. There is a dog of very large size with three huge heads, a formidable monster, with a bark that thunders from his jaws to terrify the dead — but in vain; for he can do them no harm now — and he is on constant watch before the very threshold and dark halls of Proserpine, to guard the empty house of Pluto. Thou wilt easily pass him, by muzzling him with one of thy little cakes for his prey; and then thou shalt go in straightway to Proserpine, who will receive thee with politeness and kindness, and persuade thee to be softly seated and partake of a sumptuous meal. But do thou remain seated on the ground, and ask for an
old crust of bread, which thou shalt eat.

Then announce the motive of thy coming, and when thou hast received what shall be offered thee, come back again and buy off the rage of the dog with the cake thou hast still left. Then give the niggard boatman the coin thou hast still reserved, cross his river and retread thy former footsteps: thus shalt thou return, to look upon the sky once more, with its sidereal choir.

But the most particular injunction of all I give thee is this: not to open or examine the box thou shalt be carrying, nor busy thy mind at all with the secret of this store of divine beauty."

So the tower of good omen performed its prophetic office.

Psyche delays not, but makes for Tænarus: then she duly takes the coins and little cakes, and runs down the mouth of hell. She passes the ass-driver in silence, gives the ferryman his river-fare, neglects the wishes of the dead man on the surface, despises the crafty prayer of the weaving-women, appeases the fury of the bristling dog with a cake for food, and enters the house of Proserpine. Nor
when her hostess offered them, did she accept luxurious seat or blessed repast: she sat down on the ground before her feet, contented herself with household bread, and performed her embassy for Venus. Forthwith the box is secretly filled, and closed, and she receives it: she shuts the mouth of the barking dog successfully by the device of the cake, entrusts her remaining coin to the boatman, and returns from the infernal regions in much livelier guise than when she entered them.

However, as she regains the shining light of day and pays it due adoration, her mind is seized with a rash curiosity, in spite of all her haste to terminate her service. "How stupid for me," she said, "to be the carrier of this divine beauty, and not dip into it to the smallest extent for my own benefit, though it would help me to please my handsome lover!" And with the words she opened the box: but there was no beauty there—nothing but an infernal, a Stygian sleep, which, as soon as the lid was removed, overpowered her with a thick cloud, inducing slumber: it poured into every part of her frame, possessed her, and levelled her with the earth, on the very spot on which she stood.
She lay there, motionless in a deathlike sleep.

But Cupid was now better of his wound, which was covered with a firm cicatricie. He was unable to endure his Psyche’s long absence, and made his way through the narrow window of the chamber in which he was confined. He paused a moment to rest his wings, and then took a far longer flight and made his way with speed to his Psyche. He carefully wiped the slumber all off her, and stowed it away again in its original position in the box: then he roused Psyche up by a harmless little prick from one of his arrows. "See, poor little thing," he says, "you had nearly perished again with your old curiosity. Meantime, discharge the duty imposed upon you by my mother’s bidding with a will: I shall see to the rest myself." The frivolous lover took to flight as he spoke, and Psyche at once carried Proserpine’s present to Venus.

Cupid meanwhile was preyed upon by his excessive love, and, fearing from his mother’s sour look some sudden advent of Sobriety, he retired to his armoury. He penetrated on vigorous wing to the height of heaven, and there in supplication before great Jove he
pleaded his cause. Then Jupiter takes hold of Cupid's cheek and, drawing it to his own face, kisses him, and speaks to him as follows.

"Although, my lord son, thou hast never rendered me the honour conceded to me by the decree of the Gods, but woundest this breast of mine, in which are disposed the laws of the elements and the changes of the stars, with constant strokes, and pollutest it with frequent downfalls into earthly lust, against the laws, and the very Julian Law itself, and injurest public discipline and my own fame and good repute with filthy adulteries, while my serene countenance undergoes a sordid transformation into serpents, and fire, and beasts and birds and cattle of the herd — still, as I remember that I was once modest myself and that thou grewest up upon my knee, I shall do all that thou desirest: provided only that thou contrivest to have a care of thy rivals: and rememberest that, if there be any girl of surpassing beauty now on earth, thou art bound to return my benefits to thee through her."

So he spake, and bade Mercury call all the Gods forthwith to a council, and to announce a penalty of ten thousand sesterces to fall on
any absentee from the celestial conclave. The
fear of that filled the theatre of heaven at once,
and then Jupiter, seated on his lofty throne
and towering above them all, made the following
pronouncement.

"Ye Gods enrolled upon the Muses’ sheet, ye
are aware, all of you, that I have reared this
youth with my own hands. Now I have thought fit to restrain in some way and bridle
in the heated impulses of his early manhood.
Enough that he is the notorious subject of
everyday talk, for his adulteries and every
species of corruption! He must now be
deprived of all opportunity: the luxurious
habits of his boyhood must be confined by
the fetters of wedlock. He has chosen a girl
and taken her virginity: let him hold and
possess her: let him embrace his Psyche, and
enjoy and love her for ever!"

Then turning his regard to Venus: "And
thou, daughter," he said, "be in no way
saddened, and fear not for thy high lineage, nor
for thy estate, by contracting a mortal mar-
riage. I shall see to it now that the match be
no unequal one, but legitimate, and fulfilling
the requirements of civil law." And straight-
way he bids Psyche be caught up by Mercury and brought into Heaven. Then reaching her acup of ambrosia, "Take it, Psyche," he said, "and be immortal: and never shall Cupid depart from thy bond: but this shall be to both of you a perpetual wedlock."

In a moment the wedding feast is served, all flowing with delights. The husband reclined upon the highest couch, with Psyche on his breast and folded in his embrace. And so did Jupiter with his Juno, and after them all the Gods each in his own rank. Then the cup of nectar, which is the wine of the Gods, was handed to Jove by his cupbearer, the country youth of story, while Bacchus ministered to all the rest. Vulcan cooked the dinner: the Hours shed a crimson glow over all with roses and other flowers: the Graces showered perfumes: the Muses sang with tuneful voice. Apollo chaunted to his lute: Venus danced with graceful steps in time to the sweet music. The scene was arranged for her as follows. The Muses sang to form the chorus: Satyr blew upon his pipes: young Pan gave voice to his reeds.

Thus was Psyche duly assigned to Cupid; and when her pregnancy was accomplished,
a daughter was born to them, whom we call Pleasure."

* * *

Such was the story told by the doting, bibulous old female to the captive girl, while I stood by a little distance off, and was sorry, by Hercules, I had not a note-book and a style, to jot down such a pretty story.

Back come the robbers from some stiff encounter, carrying burdens. They leave the wounded at home to look to their injuries, while some of the keener among them hurry off for the rest of their loot, which they spoke of having left in some cave. They tumbled over each other for a meal, and, banging the horse and myself with their cudgels, brought us out upon the road, to act as carriers for their goods. They wore us out with hills and broken paths, and bring us, about evening, to a certain cave, where they load us with a multitude of objects and, without allowing us the least moment’s rest, set us once more upon the road. They hastened forward with such nervous celerity that, by dint of banging me with blows and shoving me
along, they made me tumble over a stone that was lying on the path. I was gone in the off leg and the near hoof; but they brought down a volley of blows upon me in regular time, and forced me to make a shift to get up.

Said one: "How long are we to waste our fodder on this broken-winded donkey, that's now gone lame?"

Said another: "He brought us misfortune as soon as he set foot in our house, and we got nothing else by him but wounds, and the death of the bravest fellows we had!"

Said a third: "As soon as he's finished with his pack, which he's so unwilling to carry, I'll surely pitch him over a precipice and let him give the vultures a nice feed!"

While these gentlest of men were in altercation over my death, we had already arrived at the house: for fear had lent wings to my hoofs. They pulled off everything we were carrying in a hurry, and, without paying the least attention to our bodily condition, or even to my execution, they ran off again on the moment, taking with them their wounded comrades who had remained behind,—to make up, as they said; for our wearisome slowness.
It was no small anxiety which gnawed me now, as I engaged in contemplation of the death they had threatened me with, and said I to myself: "Why stay thy step, O Lucius, or wait for anything more? Death is in readiness for thee, and that of a most cruel kind, through this determination of the robbers. The affair doesn't call for any great effort. Seest thou these neighbouring crags and the keen-edged flints that project from them? Why, they will cut into thee wherever thou chance to fall, and scatter thy members piece-meal! For thy fine magic has given thee the appearance and the toilsome life of an ass, but not a tough ass' hide: it has clothed thee with a fine membrane no thicker than a leech's skin. Assume the courage of a man then, and consult thy safety while thou mayest. Thou hast an excellent opportunity for flight while the robbers are absent. Fearest thou the guard that has been set thee in an old woman with one foot in the grave? Why, thou couldst finish her off with a single kick of thy lame hoof. But, where in the world wilt thou flee to, or who will give thee hospitality? .... Oh, that's an absurd, a regularly asinine thought:
any traveller on the road would be glad enough to get hold of a beast to carry him.”

I made a brisk effort and snapped the trace that tied me up, and off I set at a run with all four feet flying. But I hadn’t been able to escape the hawk’s eye of the crafty old woman. As soon as she saw me at large, she laid hold of the broken thong with a boldness beyond her sex and age, and tried to bring me back, by calling to me too, at the same time. But I remembered the robbers’ damnable intentions, and was unmoved by any pity: I dashed my hind hoofs against her, and clapped her straight to the earth.

Still, lying on the ground as she was, she hung on tenaciously to the leather trace, and followed me some little way on my flight by dragging after me, while she began to raise a clamorous howl to implore the help of stronger hands. But her cries only served to raise an empty din, which availed her nothing, as the captive maid was the only person there who could lend her assistance. She was attracted by the noise and ran forward, to behold, by Hercules, a scene worthy of reproduction on the stage, — an aged
Dirce hanging, not from a bull, but from an ass; when, with the courage of a man, she dared a very pretty exploit. She wrested the leather trace from the hands that held it, coaxed me back from my onrush by calling to me in a gentle voice, mounted energetically on my back, and again urged me forward on my course.

I was only too glad to run on my own account; but as I wished to set the maid free also, and was persuaded as well by the frequent admonition of her blows, I went with the speed of a horse, and hammered the ground with all fours in my flight, while I endeavoured to neigh back tender things to the virgin behind me. I pretended sometimes I wanted to scratch my back, and managed to kiss the maiden's pretty feet by bending my neck sideways.

Then said she with a deep drawn breath, as she fixed an anxious regard upon the heavens: "Ye Gods above, now bring me help in this my sorest trial! And thou, good Fortune, harder now than erst, cease from thy fury; sufficient has been the expiation of these wretched sufferings! And thou, O
guardian of my liberty and life, if thou but carry me home unscathed, and give me back to my parents and handsome bridegroom, what thanks shall I return thee, what honours pay thee, with what foods regale thee! Ah, to begin with, I will comb out that mane of thine, and adorn it with the neck-clasps I wore as a maid. Then, as for thy curling fringe, I will part it prettily. Then I will show every care in cleaning thoroughly the hairs of thy tail, which are now sticking all together in horrid neglect. I shall set thee all over with golden bosses like a multitude of eyes: I shall make thee glitter like the stars in their constellations. Thou shalt rejoice in the triumph of a procession before the people: and I shall feed thee daily, my preserver, on softer fare than thou hast had, and fill my silken lap with kernels to hand up to thee.....

Then besides all this delicate fare and absolute repose and universal blessedness of existence, thou shalt not fail to attain to glorious dignities. I shall signalise my recognition of my present good-fortune and Divine Providence by a perpetual memorial. I shall have a picture made of our present flight, and dedicate it in
the atrium of my house. It shall be visited and heard of in story, and the simple tale shall be immortalised by the pens of the learned, as: *The royal maid who escapes captivity upon an ass's back.* Thou shalt attain to the same standing as the miracles of antiquity. In virtue of thy case, we shall believe that Phryxus swam upon his ram, that Arion steered his dolphin, and Europa reclined upon her bull: and certainly if Jupiter lowed as an ox, there can be any mystery latent in my ass — the form of a man, or the vision of a God."

As the maiden revolved these fancies and commingled many a sigh with her desires, we came to a cross-road, where she took hold of the halter and made every effort to direct me to the right; because that was the way to her parents. I was aware however that the robbers had taken it to the rest of their booty, and expostulated silently in my own mind: "Unhappy girl, what dost thou? What plannest thou? Why hasten to Hades? What desirest thou to accomplish by the aid of my feet? Thou art going to ruin not only thyself, but me as well!"

While we were tending in opposite directions,
and were disputing in our boundary suit as to our property in the soil, or rather as to our division of the road that had been left us, the robbers, loaded with their loot, came straight upon us. They had recognized us in the light of the moon while they were still a long way off, and saluted us with a malicious laugh, while one of their number called out to us: "What are you doing all this night-work for, and legging it along the road like that? Aren't you afraid of the ghosts and spirits in the dead of night? Well, we'll give you an escort in your loneliness, and show you a quick way back to your people." He followed up his words by clapping a hand on the halter and twisting me round backwards, while he showed no sort of restraint in the regulation blows he dealt me with a knotty cudgel he was carrying,

I saw it was no use hurrying back to the fate that awaited me, and remembered my sore hoof: I began to go lame at once, bobbing my head up and down, "Why," said the man who had pulled me back, "here you are going lame and stumbling again? Are your rotten hoofs able to run, and don't know how to walk?"
And a moment ago you were better than any Pegasus with wings for swiftness!"

While my kind companion on the march was exercising his wit over me in this way, to flourishes of his cudgel, we had already reached the outer defence of their abode. Behold, there was the old woman hanging from the high branch of a cypress-tree, with a halter round her neck! They took her down at once and pitched her over the precipice, just as she was, with her own rope tied to her. They secured the girl by tying her up, and fell to savagely upon the supper, which they owed to the unfortunate little old woman's posthumous diligence. Then, while chewing everything down with eager voracity, they began to deliberate upon their revenge and our punishment.

As might be expected from such a turbulent crowd, opinions were various. The first who spoke gave his vote for burning the girl alive: a second advocated exposing her to wild beasts: a third insisted on her being impaled: a fourth demanded that the flesh should be cut from her body by tortures: death in fine in some shape or another was what every man cast his pebble for. At this juncture one of them secured quiet
amid all the racket, and began to discourse placidly as follows.

"It is not befitting our practice as a corporate body, nor our humanity as individuals, nor in fact my own modesty, to permit you to exercise a severity beyond the bound and measure of the crime, employing to wit, wild beasts, crosses, fires, torments, or even that precipitation of night which sudden death induces. If then you will listen to my counsel, grant the girl her life, but such a life as she deserves. It has not of course deserted your memory what you have decreed in the case of this ass, always indeed a sluggard, and a glutton of the first rank, an impostor now through his feigned debility, and the agent and minister of the virgin's flight. Let it be your good pleasure then to cut his throat upon the morrow, to empty him entirely of his entrails, and in the midst of his belly to sew up the virgin, whom he carried away from us, naked; in such a way that nothing but her face may appear outside, and the rest of her body be wrapped in his beastly embrace: then to expose the sewn up carcass of the ass with its stuffing inside upon some rocky point and, submit it to the burning
heat of the sun. In this way they shall both endure everything that you have justly decreed: the ass, death, which he merited long ago: and she, the biting of wild beasts, for her limbs will be gnawed by worms; and the glare of fire, when the sun shall have turned her womb to flame with his intense heat; and the torture of the stake, when dogs and vultures tear forth her inmost viscera. But assess all her other miseries and tortures. While alive herself, she will be dwelling in the belly of a dead beast: her nostrils will quiver with the fetid stench: she will pine away from want of food and die of hunger: and her hands will not be free for her to contrive her own death."

At such an address as that, the robbers go over to his opinion, not only with their feet but with their whole soul. And I received it all into my great ears, and wept to think myself nothing else than a corpse upon the morrow.
Ceres alma: bountiful Ceres.

Ceres presided over all the food stuffs in nature, (hence *alma* = nourishing, from *alere* = to nourish), excepting wine. She was represented in a car drawn by winged dragons, with poppies or ears of corn in one hand, and a burning torch in the other, while her head was crowned with ears of corn.

The poppy was the emblem of fertility on account of the innumerable fine seeds contained in its immense ovary. The torch obviously was an emblem of the genial sunshine. What the winged dragons signified, will be evident later.

To understand the position of this Deity, it must be remembered that the Roman Ceres is actually the Greek Demeter, her worship having been introduced by the Greek colonists in Sicily, a land anciently known as the granary of Italy.
The Greeks had three great earth Goddesses, Ge, Rhea and Demeter. Ge was the great primary divinity of earth married to Ouranos, or Heaven, and was simply the deification of the flat plane circle, of which the material earth was supposed to consist, and represented its mighty subterranean forces.

Rhea was the wife of Ouranos, the God of Time, and gave birth to Zeus and the other Olympians. She was regarded as the Great Mother, and producer of all vegetable life. She exercised sway over the whole animal kingdom as well: hence she is represented in a chariot drawn by lions. She is generally represented as wearing a crown of turrets (i.e. the cities which crown the earth), and seated on a throne with lions crouching at her feet. In Crete she was known as Cybele, and we shall see more of her in Chapter IX.

Demeter (derived from De = Ge, earth and Meter, mother) was the daughter of Chronos and Rhea, and succeeded to many of her mother’s functions and attributes, according to a well-known mythological process of evolution. She was distinguished from her mother, Rhea, however, as the goddess of agriculture, teaching men how to utilise Rhea’s productive powers. The dragons in her car may be an inheritance of her mother’s lions, or may signify the subjugation of venomous beasts through agriculture and the civilisation following in its wake.
**Proserpinæ demeacula et remeacula**: the descent of Proserpine into Hades and her return.

Proserpine (＝Greek Persephone), of which word it is probably a latinised form, was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres (Demeter). She was seized by Pluto, the God of the Lower World, and transported thither to become his wife, Jupiter consent ing to the rape. This so incensed Demeter, that she left heaven and came to earth in quest of her child, where she taught mortals to celebrate her mysteries at Eleusis, a small town in Attica between Megara and the Piræus. In spite however of these propitiations offered her by men, her heart was sad for her daughter's loss, and this dejection of the Goddess meant ruin to the harvests of the earth. At length Jove intervened, and made Pluto engage to restore his bride to earth on condition that Demeter should smile on it once more.

Before Proserpine left the lower world, she thoughtlessly accepted a few pomegranate seeds from Pluto and swallowed them: a circumstance which influenced her entire life. It was an eternal law that whoever tasted food in Pluto's realms must abide there for ever. Pluto now demanded his bride back again in virtue of this law, and Jove intervening, a compromise was arranged, in virtue of which Proserpine dwelt six months below and six months above ground. Hence the present division of Summer and Winter upon earth.

The Eleusinian mysteries have been supposed to
teach a spiritual doctrine founded on the above story, viz. the immortality of the soul, which at present is like the grain in the dark earth, but will rise one day under a better form in the summer of Eternity.

It may be observed that the "tacita secreta cistarium," "silent secrets of the baskets," mentioned in the text, have been so well kept, that to the present day no one knows what these 'mysteries of Ceres' were, that were carried in them. In the Greek cult the carriers were noble maidens, the famous Canephoræ or basket-bearers, well represented in Greek art.

The "currus rapax," "the flying chariot," or, "the chariot of the ravisher," is of course Pluto's car, in which he carried off Proserpine from the plains of Enna in Sicily, descending through a gulf in the earth to the lower world.

Sive tu Sami: whether at Samos thou...

Juno was said to have been born at Samos near the river Imbrasus, whence she had the epithet of Imbrasian.

Ripas Inachi: the banks of Inachus.

This was the river at Argos, called after its first King Inachus. The modern name is Planizza.

Zygia: Zygia, of the yoke, or wedlock: Goddess of Marriage.

Lucina: Goddess of Daylight (lucem), presiding over childbirth.
Sospita: Protectress.

Veneris nurus meæ: Venus, my daughter-in-law. Vulcan was Juno’s son, and married Venus.

Legibus, quæ servos...: laws as to runaways.

The Fabian laws De Plagiaris. The incongruity of these frequent quotations of Roman Law need not arouse the indignation of the commentator. It is only Apuleius’ quiet ridicule of contemporary theology,

Limæ tenuantis detrimento conspicuum: noteworthy for the amount of metal lost under the action of the file.

This is an insinuation of great luxury. Cp. Pliny (XXXIII, xi), speaking of the luxury of his time: “et interest quam plurimum lima periderit,” “artistic work is valued from the loss of metal incurred through filing.” A gross method surely of assessing artistic value, and worthy of a Caius Memmius, or an American nouveau riche. Memmius, it will be remembered, sacked Corinth, and told the contractor, who engaged to carry some of the more priceless statues to Italy that, if he broke any of them, he would have to replace them with others of equal value!

Frater Arcas: brother Arcadian, or better, brother born in Arcadia.

Mercury, like Venus, was a child of Zeus, but was born on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia.
Veneris ancillam: a handmaid of Venus.

Venus affects to regard Psyche as her property, through Cupid's liaison with her. This claim does not seem to have been founded on any provision of Roman Law; through any free woman who abandoned herself to a slave certainly lost her status.

Retro Metas Murteas: behind the Myrtle Posts.

These posts were at one end of the Circus Maximus in Rome, and were dedicated to Neptune, Mars and other Gods. Those dedicated to Venus were called Murteæ from the myrtle-tree, which was sacred to Venus, just as the olive was to Minerva, and the vine to Bacchus.

Cachinnum qualem solent irati: the [scornful] laugh of the enraged. The word *scornful* is not in the text, but seems necessary to explain the phenomenon.

Adscalpens aurem dexteram: scratching her right ear.

Pliny, II, 103, 2, says the right ear is consecrated to Nemesis, the deity of Revenge. As to the suggested irritation, cp. Shakespeare's Macbeth, I, 4: "By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes."

Frusto cibarii panis: a crust of common bread.

Isidore (Orig., XX, 2) defines: "Panis cibarius, non delicatus, qui servis ad cibum datur," "un-refined, household bread, given to slaves to eat."

Stygias paludes: a Stygian marsh.

The poetic fable of the infernal river Styx seems to have been founded on the acrid quality of a
small stream in Arcadia of that name, near the town of Nonacris. Its waters corroded iron and bronze, and are believed to have furnished the draught with which Antipater poisoned Alexander the Great.

**Cocyti fluenta**: the flood of Cocytus.

The Cocytus was a muddy river of Epirus, which flowed into the Acheron. The name signifies *groaning*.

**Prandium opipare suadeat sumere**: she may try to get you to partake of a sumptuous repast.

Proserpine's object would of course be to retain Psyche for ever in Hades by once partaking of its hospitality, just as she herself had been detained there by eating the pomegranate seeds given her by Pluto.

**Detersoque somno**: wiped her trance off her.

It is interesting to note that there is probably a reference here to what we know as mesmeric passes.

**Ipsam Juliam**: the Julian itself.

The Lex Julia against adulterers.

Lafontaine (loc.) develops the satire of this passage so delightfully, that it is well worth while translating his Voltairian prose here.

"As soon as Psyche becomes a goddess," says Jupiter, "she will have to have her temples like the others. The augmentation of our worship will diminish each one's share. Our altars bring us
sufficient chagrin already,—they are so cold and badly incensed. Our quality as Gods will end by growing so common, that mortals will cease to take the trouble of paying us honour.” "What does that matter?" replied Love. "Does your happiness depend upon human worship? Let them neglect you: let them forget you: do you not live here quiet and happy, sleeping three parts of your time, letting worldly affairs go on as they choose, thundering and hailing when the fancy takes you? You know what ennui we suffer every now and then: no company's ever pleasant without agreeable women. Cybele's old; Juno's bad-tempered: Ceres is a very provincial sort of divinity, and hasn't the manner of the court. Minerva is always up in arms: Diana splits our ears with her horn. We could get some good out of the last two; but they are so ferocious, that no one dares to adopt a tone of gallantry with them. Pomona is an enemy of idleness, and her hands are always rough: Flora is agreeable, I confess; but she busies herself more with the earth than with these abodes. Aurora gets up too early in the morning, and one doesn't know what becomes of her for the rest of the day. There's only my mother left to give us any sort of pleasure: and she has always some business or other to divert her attention, and spends part of the year at Paphos or Cythera, or Amathon. Psyche has no country house, and she will always stay at Olympus."
Jupiter gave in to these arguments, and granted Love's request. He signified his consent to the apotheosis by a light inclination of his head, which shook the universe gently, and did not make it quake longer than half an hour."

**Dei conscripti Musarum albo**: Gods registered in the Muses' books.

It is easy to see how these learned ladies, in their capacity of women of letters, kept the books of Heaven, registered the divinities, drew up verbal processes, etc.

**Accumbebat summum torum maritus**: Cupid reclined on the highest couch, a husband now.

His mother seems to have been unable to cure his wound, but Jupiter found its remedy in Hymen. See Moore's little poem on the idea.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking:
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,
The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin; —
One to whom all the world's a debtor; —
So Doctor Hymen was called in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet.
Though still some ugly fever latent;
"Dose as before" — a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.
After a month of daily call,  
So fast the dose went on restoring,  
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,  
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

**Corium non asini crassum, sed hirudinis tenue mem-
branulum**: not the tough hide of an ass, but the thin membrane of a leech’s skin.

Here we can admit that Apuleius has fallen into a glaring inconsistency, which should have been struck out as he read over his proofs. Cp. Chap. III, where he deals with his magical transformation, and says: “cutis tenella duratur in corium,” “my tender skin becomes a thick hide.”
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
LUCIUS APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

The Robbers' Spy reports from Hypata. — Lucius credited with the Robbery of Milo's House. — A new Recruit buys the position of Captain of the Band. — He releases the Virgin and seats her at the Robbers' Table. — The Triumph of Love and Destruction of the Band. — The Ass made free of Pasture. — But falls into evil hands. — His Driver's ingenious Cruelties. — Retribution. — Delivery by a Process of Nature.

As soon as day began to break upon the scattering shades of darkness, and the bright chariot of the Sun was bathing the world in light, a man arrived, who was one of the robber band, as was evident from the dutiful salutations on both
sides. He sat him down in the first approach to the cavern, and, as soon as he had recovered his panting breath, made his report to the corporation as follows.

"As far as touches Milo's house in Hypata, which we plundered a short time ago, we can cast anxiety away and feel at our ease. As soon as you, gallant gentleman, had taken everything off and returned to camp, I mingled with the groups of the people, making a show of sorrow and indignation. I took my informations as to all enquiry into the affair, and what was being proposed as to the matter, and as to whether, and how far, measures would be taken against the robbers. A certain Lucius was regarded as the manifest author of the crime by the common consent of everybody, and that on no doubtful argument, but on very probable reasoning. This man had forged letters of recommendation making him out to be a good man, and had entered very closely into Milo's good graces a few days before, so that he was received by him as a guest, and counted as his intimate and one of the household. After he had stayed there a few days, he stole his way into the affec-
tions of Milo's servant by feigning love for her, made careful investigations of the locks on the door, and diligently spied out the parts of the house where all the property was usually stored.

It was no slight indication of his guilt that on the same night, and at the very moment of the crime, he fled off and has never appeared since. He had an easy means of flight at his disposal, which would enable him to make off with sufficient speed to baffle all pursuit and hide himself further and further in the distance: and this was his white horse, which he brought with him to carry him away in the near future. His servant was found under the same hospitable roof, and, as he would no doubt be able to give information as to his master's criminal plans, he was lodged by the magistrates in the public prison. On the next day he was subjected to a number of tortures, and nearly met his death at last by the tearing he received; but made no confession bearing on the point. Still a good many agents were sent into this Lucius' country to enquire for the accused and bring him to justice for his crime."
As he went on with this story, I compared my former fortune and state as Lucius, with my present misery as a wretched ass, and groaned from the very marrow of my bones. It occurred to my mind that it was no groundless fiction or pronouncement of the sages of primeval antiquity that fortune was blind, and simply bereft of visual organs, inasmuch as she confers her resources on the evil and unworthy, and never shows any judgment in her selection of the individual: nay, even chooses to abide with those before all others, whom, if she had any foresight, she ought particularly to avoid: and, what is worst of all, gives us a variety of reputations, some of which are even the very contrary of our nature: so that a wicked man rejoices in a good name, and one who is wholly innocent is punished as if he were hurtful to the common weal. Here was I in fact reduced by her cruel stroke to the condition of a beast, a quadruped of the vilest kind, so that my case might seem pitiable to the veriest scoundrel and to deserve every commiseration; and yet as wI accused of robbing with violence my own host, who was a man to whom I was positively attached. A
crime that might not merely be set down as robbery with violence, but might with perfect justice be considered a parricide! And yet I had no means of pleading my cause, or denying the accusation by a single word.

Finally, however, not to seem to have a bad conscience in the matter, or admit my guilt by passing over such a terrible accusation in silence, I tried in my extreme impatience to say just this much: "No, I didn't." I called out the first word over and over again with immoderate clamour, but could not succeed in getting my tongue round the second. I halted over that first syllable, roaring out: "No, no!" repeatedly, though I rounded out my pendulous lips till they quivered with the effort. But what is the good of grumbling at length about the adversity of Fortune, when she was not ashamed to make me share the yoke of servitude with my own horse, who had done me the menial service of carrying me on his back?

While eddying on the current of such thoughts, a sterner anxiety invaded my mind, as I remembered the decree passed by the robbers to offer me in sacrifice to the virgin's
Manes. I looked down upon my belly over and over again, and already in my fancy gave birth to the poor little maid. But the man who had just communicated the false rumour about me took out a thousand gold pieces from the places where they had been sewn up in his clothes, and put them in the common chest: these he said he had stolen from various people he had met on the road, and were the result of his economy. He began to make anxious enquiries too after his comrades' health, and found out that some of them, in fact the bravest of them all, had fallen by various haps in the face of every effort. He advised them "to abstain from the warpath for a little and observe a general cessation of hostilities, till they could turn their attention a little while to getting some new comrades and recruiting young blood, so as to restore the former tale of their band and set their martial cohort on a new footing.

Those who were unwilling," he said, "could be induced by threats and those who had a good will could be attracted by gain: there were not a few who would prefer to renounce a humble and laborious condition of life, and
give in their adherence to what would raise them to the power enjoyed by their masters. He had already for his part approached a man some time ago, who was tall in build, young in age, powerful in frame, and strenuous in action: he had advised him, and at last persuaded him, to set his hands, which had been palsied with long inactivity, to work for an honest living, and secure the advantage of a new lease of health which was now offered him. He would not have to extend his brawny hand now in supplication for an alms, but would employ it simply in mining gold.

That sort of language gained everyone's consent, and they determined to enrol the man who seemed to be so promising, and to set themselves on the track of others as well to fill up their number. The speaker went out, and after a little pause brought in a huge young fellow, as he had promised, who I don't think had his equal in anyone present. Besides being bigger in body in every way, he was a head over all the others, while a little down was just beginning to creep over his cheeks. He was only however half clad in some ill assorted rags stitched clumsily together,
through the interstices of which his chest and belly came bursting through in massive structure.

"Long life to you," he said, as he came in, "clients of the brave God Mars, and now my own trusty comrades! Accept me with a will; for I'm a noble-hearted, plucky fellow, who comes to you with a will; and I'm readier to get wounds on my body than receive money into my hand. I'm a better fellow than Death himself, whom so many are afraid of! Don't look on me as some needy, cast-out wretch, or judge of my valour by these rags on my back. I was the chief of a gallant band, and I pillaged all Macedonia far and wide. I'm the famous brigand, Hæmus the Thracian, and my name's a terror to the whole province. I'm the son of my father Theron, who was a famous robber himself, and I was reared on human blood, brought up in the ranks of our own band, and I'm the heir and rival of my father's virtues. As to all the multitude of my brave comrades who once existed, and all my wealth, I lost it in a short space of time. I had made a night attack on a man who had been a stipendiary proctor to the Emperor
and had lost his post by a stroke of ill-luck. But I'll let you hear the thing in proper order.

There was a man in Cæsar's court, who occupied an eminent and conspicuous position there, and was approved of by the Emperor himself. He was brought under the shadow of a crime however by the cunning of certain men, and, as jealousy raged against him, was driven into exile. His wife Plotina, who was a woman of rare fidelity and singular virtue, and who had deserved to be considered the foundress of the man's family by the tenfold offspring she brought him, despised and contemned the delightful luxuries of city life and became his companion in exile and partner of his ill-fortune. She cut her hair short, changed her dress, and assumed the appearance of a man: and there she was, begirt with girdles stuffed with the costliest of her necklets and gold in specie, intrepidly walking amidst the bands of soldiers who guarded him with drawn swords, to share his dangers and keep up a perpetual watch upon her husband's safety, and to sustain prolonged ill-fortune with a courage that befitted a man.

After going though many difficult marches
by land and terrors by sea, he made Zacynthus, which his fatal lot had marked out as his temporary residence. He had no sooner embarked on the shore of Actium, a part we had come down from Macedonia to ravage, when, as night advanced, he retired to rest at a small inn, close to the beach off which his ship was lying, in order to be free from the heaving motion of the water. Down we come and carry off everything: but we did not get off without being exposed to imminent risk. For, as soon as the lady heard the first noise at the door, she leaped on to the floor of their room, and threw everything into confusion by her disquieting cries: she called on the soldiers, on her own servants by name, and on the whole neighbourhood to come to her help. It was only through the general panic, which made everyone lie low in fear for his own safety, that we got off with impunity.

But this most virtuous — for what is true must be told — and simply faithful woman, obtained such favour by her honourable artifices and petitions which she addressed to the divinity of Caesar, that she obtained a speedy return from exile for her husband and a full
revenge on our aggression. It became Caesar's will in fine that Hæmus' robber confraternity should not exist, and at once it perished: so much can even the nod of a mighty prince effect. Our whole band was hunted down by soldiers marching under military ensigns: it was done for, cut to pieces: I myself could hardly give them the slip, and was the only man to escape from the jaws of hell. I did it this way. I got a woman's dress of a gay colour, with an abundance of loose folds about it, and put it on: then I covered my head with a pretty stuff turban, and put on those thin, white shoes that women wear. In that way I was quite one of the frail sex and completely disguised by it, and so I sat on an ass carrying ears of barley and passed right through the lines of the hostile soldiery.

They thought I was only a market-woman and gave me a free pass; for my cheeks were quite hairless then, and in all the glory of their youthful smoothness. But I evinced a virtue that showed no degeneration from my ancestral glories, though I was beginning to be half afraid when set so close to all those martial points. Under the deceitful cover of a dress
that was not my own, I fell on the country houses and villages single-handed, and scraped together a bit of money for my journey. " He pulled asunder his protection of rags, and poured forth into the midst two thousand gold pieces. "There!" said he. "That's the bit I'm very glad to offer you: it will do as my fee on entering your corporation: and at the same time I offer you myself as your trusty leader, if you care to have me, and it won't take me long before I turn your house of stone into a house of gold."

There was neither delay nor hesitation. Every pebble was cast with unanimity: they confer their dukedom upon him, and bring out an ornamental dress for him to wear instead of his wealth of rags. He kissed them all in his new garb, was installed on the highest couch, and inaugurated by a feast and deep potations.

As they exchanged conversation he came to hear of the virgin's flight and how I carried her off, and the monstrous manner of death to which we had both been condemned. He asked where she was, and was brought to her; but when he saw her loaded with chains, he turned back, with his nostril curled in disapproval.
"I am not so stupid," he said, "or so headstrong, as to endeavour to restrain your decision; but I should feel the weight of a bad conscience within myself, if I failed to state what seems good to me. But, first of all, I pray you for your own sakes to lend me your confidence: especially as you can recur to the ass once more, if my way of thinking fail to please you.

I think all sensible robbers ought to set their own gain in the first place, even before a vengeance that often redounds to their own loss and to that of others. So, you see, if you destroy this virgin inside the ass, you will have done nothing else but given effect to your indignation without gaining anything by it. Now I think she should be taken off to some town and sold: a bloom of youth like hers can be got off at an excellent price. In fact I have known some pimps myself for a good time past, one of whom would, I think, buy that girl for some goodly talents: she would go into a brothel suitable to her high breeding, and not be running about here and there as she is at present: and she will pay some tribute to your vengeance by being reduced to the position of a
bawdy-house slut. I give you this opinion with sincerity, as leading most to our advantage: but you are masters of our counsels and property! » So the robber's treasury advocate pleaded our cause, the worthy fellow that he was, and saviour at once to a maiden and an ass.

The others entered into prolonged deliberations and tortured my heart, nay, my wretched soul itself, with the time they took over their council: at last they accede willingly to the opinion expressed by the novice in brigandage, and release the virgin from her chains forth-with. She on her part, as soon as she had seen the young man, and heard him talk of brothels and pimps, began to smile and made a great gesture of delight: so that it was no wonder it occurred to me to exclaim against the entire sex, when I saw this girl first pretending love for a young suitor and a desire of chaste wedlock, and then suddenly delighted at the very mention of the dirty, filthy brothel. Then was the whole race of women and their morals arraigned before the tribunal of an ass.

The youth however began to address them in reply. "Well, then, as we are going to sell
the girl and are on the look-out for new comrades, let us proceed with supplications to Mars our Comrade. There are no cattle about here, I see, for sacrificing, and we haven’t even a sufficient supply of wine for drinking. Pick out ten comrades then for me, and I’ll be content to go with them to the nearest village, and buy you a regular Salian feast.”

Off he set and the others built up a great fire, and constructed an altar of green turf to the God Mars. Not long after, back came the former carrying skins of wine, and driving a regular herd before them. From among these a great he-goat, mature and bristling, was selected for sacrifice, which they offered to Mars, the Follower and Comrade.

Then said the host: “You must not only see me as an energetic leader in your raids and forays, but also in your pleasures.” He set to all round with remarkable dispatch, getting everything ready, sweeping, laying the table, cooking, flavouring the stews, dishing up knowingly: but above everything else he floods every man of them with great cups of wine in constant succession.
Every now and then however, on pretence of getting what was wanted, he kept going up to the girl, offering her pieces that he had snatched on the sly, and drinks that he had first tasted himself, with joy written on his countenance. She took everything with a hearty appetite, and sometimes, when he wanted to kiss her, conceded a few little kisses to his humour very promptly: a matter which angered me exceedingly. "Ah! Thou virginal maid! So forgetful of thy nuptials and him to whose desires thou hast responded? Dost thou prefer this stranger, this bloody assassin, to the husband thou hast so recently married, and whom thy parents gave thee? Has thy conscience no pricks for thee? And dost thou tread affection underfoot, and take thy pleasure in whoring amidst these swords and lances? What! if the other robbers perceive it, will they not have recourse to the ass again, and wilt thou not prepare fresh destruction for me? Surely thou gamblest away another's hide!"

Whilst I was indulging in this calumnious discourse to myself, I perceived from some dubious expressions they used, but which contained no mystery to an ass of penetration,
that I had not Hæmus, the famous brigand, before me, but Tlepolemus the girl's bride-groom. Soon they went on a little more openly, in utter disregard of my presence. "Be of good cheer," he says, "Charite, my sweetest! Thou shalt soon have all those hosts of thine in chains." And he goes on to force the wine upon them with greater zeal, all unmixed as it was, and just warmed up a little at the fire, though they are already under its influence and sodden with crapulous debauch, whilst he himself preserves his abstemiousness and, by Hercules, made me suspect that he was mingling some soporific drug in their cups. At last they all lay there, yes, every man of them, buried in wine, and quite exposed to the death that might visit them from any quarter.

He made no further ado but shackled them all as tightly as he could: then, when he had roped them all to his satisfaction, he set the maiden on my back, and directed my paces towards his native city. As we approached, the whole of its inhabitants poured out in their eagerness for the sight. Parents, relatives, clients, guests, servants, all were in gladness,
with joy depicted on their countenances. There you might have beheld a procession formed of every age and sex, a new and — Hercules — a memorable spectacle, a virgin triumphing upon an ass. I played my part in the hilarity like a man, to show I was no stranger to the present affair, but quite in harmony with the scene: so I pricked up my ears, dilated my nostrils, and brayed with all my might, nay, raised a sound like thunder.

She had just been taken off to her bridal chamber to the caresses of her parents, when Tlepolemus, accompanied by a great multitude of citizens and their beasts, at once drove me back to the spot we had come from, and by no means against my will. I was always naturally curious, and on this occasion I wished to witness the capture of the robbers. We found them prisoners to wine rather than to their bonds. All their property was rooted out and brought to light. Then the gold and silver and other things were loaded on to us, while some of the robbers were rolled out of the cave, all tied up as they were, and shot down the nearest precipice, and the others were slaughtered with their own swords and left upon the
spot. We returned to the city, gladdened and rejoiced at our revenge.

Their wealth was consigned to the public treasury: the maiden was once more legitimately bestowed upon Tlepolemus. Thenceforth that lady attended to my wants at length, and called me her saviour: on her wedding-day she ordered my manger to be heaped with barley till it overflowed, and hay enough for a Bactrian camel to be set before me.

But what dire imprecations could I find worthy to be poured on Fotis' devoted head for having made me an ass rather than a dog, when I saw the dogs all battening on the remains of the sumptuous supper, and what they stole from it, till they were visibly swollen?

After the first night spent in the school of Venus, the bride kept ceaselessly expressing her gratitude to me in the presence of her parents and husband, till they promised to pay me the highest honours. They called the more important of their friends together to deliberate as to how I might be best rewarded for what I had done. One thought that I should be kept idly at home, and fed up with a choice diet of barley, beans and vetch. Another
however, who had an eye to my liberty carried the day: his advice was that I should be given a run in the country, and gratify my lust among the equine herds in the paddocks: in this way I should give those who owned mares a large family of mules by my mounting and breeding.

The groom of the stud was sent for accordingly, and I was given to him after a long preface to be led away. I was glad and rejoiced enough to run on before him, as I was now about to renounce all packs and burdens; and now that I had regained my liberty, I should be sure to find some roses when the meadows flowered in the early spring. Another thought also came to my mind frequently: and this was that, when so much gratitude had been shown me, and so many honours paid me, while I was an ass, I should be honoured by proportionately greater benefits when I had regained my human shape.

But when the master of the herds had taken me far from the city, no luxury receives me, and not one atom of liberty. His wife, who was a miserly and rascally old woman, set me
forthwith under the yoke at a mill turned by machinery, and, by dint of chastising me with a freshly-cut stick, earned a living for herself and her family at the expense of my hide. But she was not content with wearing me out for the sake of her own food only: she milled the neighbours' flour as well by the aid of my mercenary paces. She did not even give me the food that had been ordered, to recoup me for such miserable toil. She ground my barley in the same mill, and bolted it well by my circular trot: then she sold it to the farmers in the neighbourhood. Then after my laborious work all day at the machine, she set some badly ground dirty bran before me, all gritty with particles of stone.

Though I was well tamed by such sorrows, cruel Fortune handed me over to fresh torments: no doubt, as they say, to be able to glory in the ample recompense due to brave deeds at home and abroad. The good herdsman finally attended to his master's command, and allowed me to associate with the herds of mares and horses. At last I was a free ass: I danced for joy, and walked lasciviously along, as I marked out the mares I thought would
suit me best for concubines. Here again hope looked brighter, but led me to a fatal end.

The stallions had been fed and fattened in every way for their venereal task: at any time they were terrible creatures and stronger than any ass: then they feared for themselves and wished to prevent a degenerate adultery. In defiance of the rights of Jupiter Hospitalis, they exhibit a profound hatred for their rival, and commence to persecute him furiously. One, rearing his great chest high in air, with head upraised and towering forelock, boxes at me with his fore-hoofs. Another turns his plump back, with its great fleshy muscles, against me, and skirmishes with his hind hoofs. A third gives a malignant neigh of warning, and with his ears set back displays his teeth that shine like so many spears, and bites me all over. It reminded me of what I had read in history about the king of Thrace, who gave his wretched guests as food to his wild horses, to be torn to pieces and devoured: so sparing was the mighty ruler of his barley, that he appeased the hunger of his biting steeds by a largess of human bodies. I was torn myself in the same manner by these horses, who made continual
onslaughts upon me, so that I longed to be back at my round in the mill.

Fortune showed herself insatiable in tormenting me, and marshalled a new pest for my destruction. I am chosen for carting wood down a mountain, and a boy is set in authority over me, of all boys the worst scapegrace to be found. It was not so much the high spur of this great mountain range that fatigued me, or the spikes of stone I had to tread on and crush my hoofs over, as the ever repeated blows of cudgels, with which I was continually drubbed. I felt a chronic pain from my wounds in the very marrow of my bones: and through the blows always falling on my right hip and coming down on the same spot, the hide was worn through, and a great ulcer with an open surface spread over it: I should rather call it a sort of pit, or an open window: and yet he never ceased to pound away at the same wound, though it was covered with blood. At the same time he oppressed me with such a weight of timber, that one would fancy the load had been got ready for an elephant, and not for an ass.
Whenever my pack was too heavy on one side and leaned over in that direction, instead of taking off some pieces of the falling ruin and consulting for my safety by relieving the pressure a little, or at least transferring some of it to the other side, he would remedy the inequality of the load by adding stones over and above. Then after murdering me in this way, he was not satisfied with the enormity of the pack he had loaded on to me, but, whenever we had to cross any stream which might happen to flow across our path, he would leap on to my crupper and squat there, in order to avoid wetting his feet: though this was but a small overweight in relation to such a mighty mass. And if it happened that the slope of the river bank was slippery with mud and slime, and I was unable to hold up my burden and fell down under it: a case in which my excellent driver should have lent a hand by hauling at the halter, or pulling up my tail, or at least by taking off part of such an immense load, till I got up again: he would give no assistance of that sort to my weariness. He would begin at my head, nay, at my very ears, and ravage me with blows along
the whole extent of my frame, beating me with an enormous cudgel, until I was restored by the blows, instead of by some soothing application.

The same youth contrived another pernicious torment for me. He got some extremely sharp thorns, which had points that stung like venom, and knotted them into a bundle by a cord. This he tied to my tail for a suspensory instrument of torture, so that it might be set in motion and knocked from side to side as I walked, and wound me terribly with its murderous pricks. I was thus in a dilemma of misery: when I threw myself into a trot, to free myself from the cruel attack, I used to be wounded by still more vigorous thrusts from the thorns: if I yielded to the pain and halted a little, I was forced into a trot again by blows. In fact the scoundrel of a boy seemed to think of nothing else but how he could destroy me. Sometimes he threatened with an oath that he would do it: and an incident took glace which stimulated his detestable malice to still worse attempts.

One day my patience had been quite worn out by his overweening insolence, and I threw
out my hoofs against him with vigour. The crime he then perpetrated upon me was as follows. He loaded me with a great pack of tow, which he tied on to me with ropes, and then hurried me out on to the road. At the first little country-house we passed, he stole a live coal and set it in the very centre of the load. The fire was fed and grew apace in the light tinder which surrounded it, mounted up in flames, and wrapped me in a conflagration which might have caused my death. There seemed no refuge for me in the extremity of my suffering, nothing that afforded any hope of safety. And a fire of such a nature brooked no delay, and gave no time for choice in one's plans.

But my cruel hap was lightened by a more gladsome gleam on Fortune's countenance: it may have been to reserve me for future trials; but it certainly gave me a reprieve of my instant death sentence. I happened to see a deep pool of muddy water, which had been freshly formed by the rain of the day before, and into it I leaped headlong. I got the flames quite extinguished after a deal of trouble, and came out of the water relieved of
my burden and delivered from destruction. But the rascally, headstrong boy went so far as to turn his own wicked deed against me, and declared to all the herdsmen that I had stumbled and fallen on purpose when passing some of the neighbours' fires, and had got alight of my own accord. He grinned at me as he added: "What's the good of feeding the firebrand any longer?"

Only a few days had elapsed when he entered into still worse plots against me. He had sold the wood I was carrying at one of the huts in the neighbourhood, and was leading me along without a load, proclaiming himself unable to cope with my wickedness, and saying that he was for giving up all authority over me, as it only brought him one trouble after another. He set up grumblings of this sort:

"Do you see that lazy, beastly slowfooted ass? He is giving me new troubles to worry over now, after all his other misdeeds. Whenever he sees anyone on the road, a tender boy, or a pretty little woman, or a maiden ripe for marriage, he at once kicks up in all directions, sometimes throwing off whatever he has on his back, and rushes on them in a fury."
Though he's a lover of the sort you see, he makes for human beings, and, when he has got them on the ground, gloats over them open-mouthed, trying all sorts of unlawful tricks, abominable indecencies, and turning-over the women and inviting them to indescribable practices. He even contrives to give them an imitation of a kiss, pressing his wicked lips against them and biting them. This brings any amount of quarrelling and litigation on to me, and perhaps it'll end by a criminal trial.

"Just a short time ago seeing a young maiden of honourable birth, he tossed off in all directions the wood he was carrying, and directed a furious attack upon her. Up comes the forward lover, throws the woman down in the dirt, and sought to have his beastly will of her. If she hadn't cried and wailed and brought the travellers up at a run to her assistance, and if she hadn't been snatched from between his very hoofs and set at liberty — why, the wretched creature, who was already terrified to death and torn asunder, would have come to a cruel end under torture, and left me to suffer for it on the gallows!"
He added further discourse to lies of this sort, which all fell with oppressive weight on my shamefaced silence, and inflamed the passions of the shepherds most atrociously; so that they only sought to ruin me. At last said one of them: "Why not take this husband of the public, this common adulterer, and sacrifice him as a suitable victim to his monstrous wedding-debauch? Look here, boy!" he went on. "Just off with his head at once, and throw his entrails to the dogs here: as for his flesh, you can keep that for the workmen's dinners. We'll take his hide, sprinkle it with cinders to tan it, and send it back to the owners: we can easily trump up a story that he met his death by a wolf."

My pestilent accuser did not halt for an instant: he was delighted to execute the sentence delivered by the shepherd; and, to insult my misfortune, and no doubt in memory of my kicks, — which, by Hercules, I'm sorry were ineffectual — at once set about sharpening a sword on a whetstone. However, one of the crowd of rustics said: "It's a sin to kill a fine ass like that, and, just on account of some accusation of voluptuousness and amatory
lasciviousness, to deprive oneself of his valuable labour and services. Why, you could cut out his genitals, and he couldn’t mount for his Venus at all; while we’d be free of all fear or danger, and he’d get far fatter and bigger. I know plenty of beasts, not only asses — who are slow-goers — but horses as ferocious as you like, who have suffered from too much heat and lust, and were savage and out of their minds with it. Well, we gelded them that way, and they became mild and gentle, and quite good for drawing loads and ready to do all sorts of work. Now, I can go and get you the irons for this work after a little while, unless you don’t want to be persuaded, as I’ve made up my mind to go to the market over there, and I’ll be back in no time, and in between the fellow’s hocks and have him castrated for you, and make your savage, bad-tempered lover milder than any wether.”

I was delivered by this sentence from the grasp of Orcus, but wept at being reserved for such vile punishment, and grieved to think that my whole nature would perish in this extremity of my body. I thought of blotting out my existence by prolonged starvation, or throwing
myself off a height: to die in any case, but to die entire.

While I am hesitating as to the manner of my death, that assassin boy of mine leads me forth again in the morning up the accustomed mountain track. He had tied me to the swaying branch of a huge ilex, and had gone a little further on himself, to cut down the wood with a hatchet before carting it away. All at once a grisly bear raises its huge head, and crawls forward from a cave close by. As soon as I see it, I am stricken with terror and panic at the sudden apparition, and throw the whole weight of my body on to my hind legs, while my neck remains high up in the air. The thong that holds me breaks, and I pull myself together and tear off down the slope at the top of my speed, not only with my feet in motion, but with every muscle of my body as well, and commit myself to the plains that lie beneath, in flight before the terrible bear, and something more terrible than any bear, the boy.

A traveller on the road saw me wandering about without an owner and laid hold of me. He got up on me at once, battered me with the stick he was carrying, and took me along a
cross path I was not acquainted with. I lent myself to this career not unwillingly, as I was thereby leaving the atrocious butcher of my virility behind. I did not particularly mind these blows, for I was accustomed to be beaten with cudgels. But Fortune was obstinately determined on my mischance, and withdrew this opportune retreat from me with wretched celerity, to set new snares upon my path.

The shepherds I was fleeing from happened to be looking for a cow they had lost, and after wandering over all sorts of places came upon us. They knew me by my halter, and at once bound forward to seize me. But the man showed his pluck and made a violent resistance, calling on all the Gods and men: "'What are you seizing hold of me for? 'What do you mean by this violence? 'How do you dare to attack me?" — "'Are we treating you impolitely, when you steal our ass and make off with it? Tell us rather where you have hidden the boy who was driving him, whom, we suppose, you have murdered!"

He was at once hauled off on to the ground, beaten with fists and bruised with kicks: then he began to swear that he had never seen any
driver to the ass, but that the beast was galloping along at large with no one in charge of it, and that he had taken possession of it for the sake of the reward that would be given to the finder, with the full intention of restoring it to its owner. "I wish I had never seen the ass," he said, "or that it could speak like a human being to give testimony of my innocence. You’d be ashamed of wronging me, as you are doing."

He gained nothing by these asseverations. The terrible shepherds still held him by the neck, and brought him back up the woods and groves of the mountain, from which the lad had been used to cart away his timber. He was to be found nowhere on the country side; but his body was seen at last torn limb from limb and dispersed in different places. I recognised this at once as the work of the bear’s teeth, and, by Hercules, I should have said what I knew, had I had the use of speech. So all I could was to rejoice, silently though it might be, over my tardy vengeance.

They at last found a whole corpse made up of scattered pieces and, after putting them together with difficulty, they consigned them to
the ground on the spot. As for my Bellerophon they accused him of being an undoubted robber and bloody murderer. They kept his hands tied and detained him in their huts for the time being, till, when the next day broke, they could take him before the magistrate, to deliver him up, as they said, for execution.

The boy's parents mourned for him, weeping and beating their breasts, and while they were engaged on that, up came a rustic who would not be put off from what had been promised him, and demanded my castration as agreed upon. "We are not troubled about that just now;" said one of them, "but you can come to-morrow if you like, and take the head off the wicked beast as well as his nature: you won't find assistance wanting for that operation."

So it came about that my ruin was postponed for another day. I returned thanks to my good boy, for giving me a single day's grace by his death before my execution. However not even this tiny space of time resulted to my self-gratulation or repose. The boy's mother, mourning her child's bitter death with weeping and with tears, dressed in a dark garment,
and tearing away with both hands at her white locks, which were all sprinkled with cinders, first wailed, then rose to shrieks, and burst into my stable, where she gave her breasts the most vehement drubbing, and burst out as follows:

"There he is for you, leaning over the manger at his ease and indulging his voracity, blowing out the depths of his insatiable belly with eating, eating!... No pity for my misery, nor memory for the terrible mishap that befel his dead master!... No, he despises my old age and infirmities, and treats them with scorn!.... He fancies he will commit such a crime with impunity!.... But in any case he fancies himself innocent; for it's something that always goes with the worst crimes — to fancy oneself secure in spite of one's bad conscience... Oh, in the name of the Gods, thou vile quadruped! Thou mightst have the use of speech lent thee; but couldst thou persuade the most stupid that thy atrocious conduct was without guilt, when thou couldst have waged war for the poor boy with thy hoofs, and kept them off him with thy teeth?... Wert thou able over and over again to overwhelm
him with kicks, and unable when his life was threatened to show the same alacrity in his defence? Thou shouldst have taken him on thy back and carried him far away, and delivered him from the bloody hands of the brigand. And, last of all, thou shouldst not have deserted and abandoned thy fellow-servant, thy master, thy comrade, thy shepherd, and taken to flight alone... Dost thou not know that those who deny needful aid to people who are threatened with death have committed an offence against good morals, and are punished for it?... But thou shalt not rejoice any longer over my destruction, thou murderer! I shall let thee see that nature lends strength to grief and wretchedness!"

She was inserting her fingers underneath her girdle as she spoke. She took it off and bound my feet with it very tightly, tying each one separately; so that I should have no means left of avenging myself. Then she took hold of a wooden bar used for fastening the stable doors, and kept on bruising me with it till her strength was overcome and worn out, and the staff, which had become too heavy for her, slipped through her hands
from its own weight. Grumbling at the weariness which had so quickly fallen on her arms, she ran out to the fire and came back carrying a blazing brand, which she thrust in between my hocks. I exerted the only means of defence I had left and defiled her with liquid dung, which I squirted straight out into her eyes and face. Ruin was thus averted from me by stench and blindness: otherwise the ass had perished like Meleager by the brand of a raging Althea.
In hospitem mihi carissimum... parricidium: A parri-cide... against my own host, a man who was very dear to me!

It is interesting to observe in this romance, written by a philosopher, a lawyer, a famous orator of his day, a student of religion a littérateur, and general savant, how all these varied characteristics emerge from time to time in his work. We have already noted certain little points of law, of Platonic philosophy, and of theology introduced by him, and here we may observe an oratorical touch. In Books I-III we have already noticed his open contempt for Milo's stinginess and general sordidness of life, but in Book III, in the trial-scene, and finally in this passage, he lauds him for the sake of effect, and professes the deepest attachment to him. It is no inconsistency; as Milo no doubt had his good points; but simply an effort of oratory to paint the situation.

Hæmus ille Thracius: Hæmus the Thracian.
The name is derived from αἷμα, blood.
Patre Therone: My father Theron. The name is derived from θήρ, wild beast.

Procuratorem principis ducenaria perfunctum: An imperial procurator who had enjoyed his two hundred a year.

We read in Suetonius (Claud., 24) that these procurators of the emperor's privy purse, as distinct from the imperial revenues, received a salary of 200 sestertia, £1562.10.0 in English money.

Uxor ejus Plotina: His wife Plotina.

It is not unlikely that this name is recorded by our author in memory of Trajan's virtuous wife of the same name.

Zacynthum: The modern Zante.

The relegation of state prisoners was mostly to some island; hence it was known as the poena insularis — penal insulation, or isolation.

Lenones: Pimps or panders.

The root of the word is as in lenire, to soothe, assuage, the original meaning of the word being of course: alluring. It is not invariably taken in a bad sense; e.g. "Se Narcissus amat captus lenonibus undis," "Narcissus is taken by the allurement of the waters, and led to love himself." Poet. in Anth. Lat., I, p. 102.

Latronum fisci advocatus: The robber's Advocate for the Treasury.

Fiscus means originally a wicker-basket used for olives in the oilpress (Col. 12, 52, 22); but came to
mean a money-basket or purse; then particularly the imperial privy purse, (not however the Emperor's property as a private individual), as distinct from the state revenues which were employed in the administration of the empire.

**Ludis de alieno corio**: You gamble with another's hide; i. e. it is easy to play with another's stake.

There is an old French proverb, which is almost like this in form, and has the same meaning. "Tu fais du cuir d'autrui large couroye," "You cut your straps broad from another man's leather."

**Tlepolemus**: The name signifies hardy in war, the root TLA being somewhat interesting. It appears in many Greek words with the radical force of support, endurance, e. g. "Α-τλας, ταλ-αντον, τελ-αμών, τολ-μάω, Τάν-ταλ-ος Old Latin tol-i = tuli, toll-o, tol-ero; A. S. thol-ian; Scottish thole = endure; O. H. G. dol-ém, dul-tu, mod. Germ. Ge-duld; Eng. toll, and dole.

Compounded with πόλεμος, war, it will give the resulting significance of one capable of enduring the fatigues of war.

**Charité**: Grace, in English; from the Greek γάρις.

The modern sense of Charity has only been derived from this word by a long process, and under ecclesiastical influence.

**Adoreæ plænae**: A full reward, or, a full glory.

Ador in a kind of grain or spelt, for which Festus gives an old form edor: the word may be akin to
ed-ere, to eat. We learn from Pliny (18, 3, 3) that in early ages the reward of valour consisted of grain: "Gloriam denique ipsam a farris honore adoream appellabant," "Glory itself was anciently called adorea from the honorary spelt." Plautus (Am., I, 1, 38) speaks of corn-land too: "præda atque agro adoreaque affecti populares suos," "he gave his people booty and land and glory." In Macaulay's Lay of Horatius we have:

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night.

De rege Thracio legeram: I had read about the Thracian monarch.

This was Diomede, whom Hercules vanquished and threw to his own steeds to be devoured.

Meum vero Bellerophonem; My Bellerophon.

Bellerophon was the son of Glaucus, king of Corinth, and grandson of Sisyphus. He committed an unpremeditated murder and had to flee to Tiryns, where he was received by Prætus, the king, who purified him from his crime. Anthea, the wife of Prætus, fell in love with Bellerophon and, when he would not respond to her criminal desires, as is the way with women (and I fear sometimes with men too), slandered him to the king. Prætus could not bring himself to slay Bellerophon, and sent him to lobates, king of Lycia, with a letter
indicating that the bearer was to be put to death. lobates, to save his own conscience, despatched Bellerophon on dangerous enterprises in which he would probably lose his life. The hero proved his innocence by coming out of all unscathed by the aid of heaven, and in particular by the loan of the immortal winged steed Pegasus, the offspring of Poseidon and Medusa.

By insinuation, the ass is here jocularly referred to as Pegasus.

**Pertica arrepta** : Seizing hold of a pole.

*Pertica*, Sp. *percha*, Fr. *perche*, Eng. *perch*, from which Ital. *pergola*, a vine-trellis or support of sticks, may perhaps be derived from *pertingere*, *to reach to*. Its first meaning is a long pole, such as is used for knocking down fruit (Plin., 15, 3, 3) or threshing corn with (Plin., 18, 30, 72). Then it is used to signify a measuring-pole = what was usually called a *decempeda*, or ten foot rod. Lastly tho portion of land measured by the rod.

It need not be devoid of flexibility, as we see from mod. *pergola*, and it is used to mean a young slip of willow by Pliny, 17, 20, 32.

**liquido fimo** : Liquid dung.

St Martin, the author of a very good French annotated edition of the G. A. Paris, 1707, has a peculiar note here, which shows that in his view the mention of ordure has an evil effect upon the morals. He says: “*Je lui emplis les yeux et tout le*
visage d'ordure. Je n'ai pas jugé à propos de rendre en français toutes les expressions du texte en cet endroit. Il faut passer le plus vite qu'on peut sur ce qui ne peut être bon qu'à faire mal au cœur.” Cœur must surely mean the moral sense, not the stomach, as we would rather expect from the context.

Meleager: This sentence is considered by some commentators as a spurious addition by an after hand. If so, the imitation in style is very successful.

Meleager was one of the Argonauts and a son of OEneus and Althea. At his birth the Moiræ, or Fates, entered the house and, pointing to a brand on the hearth, declared it coeval with the child’s life. Althea snatched the brand from the burning, and preserved it. In later years he headed the famous Calydonian boar-hunt in company with Atalanta, whom he loved, and to whom he presented the boar’s hide. Althea’s brothers however claimed that the hide was theirs as next of kin, if Meleager did not himself retain it, and wrested it from the maiden. A struggle ensued, in which Meleager slew his uncles. Out of resentment for the murder of her brothers, Althea now threw the fatal brand into the fire and as it consumed, Meleager wasted away, and finally expired when it sank to ashes. Althea was overcome by remorse and slew herself.
CHAPTER THE EIGHTH


Next morning at cockcrow a youth arrived from the neighbouring city, one of Charite's household, as it seemed to me, — the girl who had gone through sorrows along with me when in the power of the robbers. He announced her death and the misfortune of her whole family, in a wondrous and terrible narration, as he sat by the fire with all his fellow slaves around him.
"Grooms, shepherds and cowherds!" he said, "We once had a poor little Charite; but now she has gone to the Manes through a terrible mishap, and with others too in her company. To let you all know it properly, will relate everything that has happened from the beginning: something that the more learned, who have had a pen presented them by Fortune, might very well commit to papyrus as so much history.

There was a youth of very noble birth in the neighbouring city: he was of the equestrian order and abundantly supplied with wealth. However, he was given to low debauch and practised whoring and daily wine-bibbing, accomplishments which had thrown him into the company of banded robbers, and stained his hands as well with human blood. His name was Thrasyllus, and he was what common report made him out to be.

When Charite had first come to be of a marriageable age, he had been keen to show himself among the foremost of her suitors, and had formally solicited her hand. He certainly surpassed all others in nobility of extraction,
and was a great temptation to the parents through the rich presents he made them; but he had been rejected by them on the score of immorality, and had been made to suffer the slight of a formal refusal. And when our master's young lady had been married to our good Tlepolemus, he still cherished his fallen affections, and, influenced at the same time by his rage at being denied the marriage-bed, he still sought access to her for the purpose of committing a bloody crime.

He at last obtained a favourable opportunity for presenting himself, and girt himself up for the deed he had long meditated. On the day the maiden had been delivered from the deadly swords of the robbers by the address and courage of her bridegroom, he took his place among the crowd of rejoicers, and made himself conspicuous by his transports: he was full of joy over the present safety and future offspring of the newly married pair, and augured them the honour of an illustrious family of descendants. He was received into our house among the principal guests, where he kept his criminal designs quite concealed, and played the lying part of a perfectly faithful friend.
He made himself dearer and still more dear by constant talk and frequent calls, and sometimes too by dining and drinking with them; so that, insensibly and by degrees, he merged himself in the depths of the abyss to which his lustful passion urged him. And no wonder! When the flame of cruel Love, small as it is, gives pleasure by its first heat, if it be fed by Habit, it rages up, and consumes men wholesale in its overweening conflagration.

Thrasyllus had long deliberated as to how he could find some place suitable for a clandestine conversation. Still, he had recognised that all opportunity of adulterous intercourse was more and more excluded each day by the number of those on guard, and saw clearly that the bond of her new and growing affection was too firm to be shattered, and that even if the maiden willed — though that were an impossibility — her inexperience in conjugal infidelities would be a hindrance. Still, the very fact of his impotence urges him on in pernicious rivalry, as though he were dealing with possibilities. What at one moment seems difficult of accomplishment, assumes an appearance of ease in its execution, as love gains strength from
day to day. Well, just see — but please give me your closest attention — how far the impetus of furious lust can carry a man.

One day Tlepolemus went a-hunting and took Thrasyllus with him: he was going to track out wild beasts, if there is anything wild about the roe; for Charite would not allow her husband to go after beasts who were armed with tooth or horn. They got to a small hill covered with foliage, where the boughs were so thickly intertwined that they hid everything in their shade, and blotted out the open country from the sight of the trackers. The hounds snuffed about according to their nature, and were sent into the bush to rouse the beasts from their lair. They are mindful of their skilled training, and spread out in all directions to close up every approach. At first they observe a subdued growling silence: but suddenly they recognise some sign, and fill the whole place with their whole-hearted, discordant yelpings.

It was no roe, nor trembling hind, nor gazelle, mildest of all wild beasts, but an enormous wild boar that unexpectedly arose. His swelling muscles were covered by a horny hide: the hairs stood this way and that in
disorder all over his skin: the bristles rose in a hairy line down his back: he foamed and gnashed his sounding tusks together: his eyes flamed with a threatening aspect: he raged madly on with quivering muzzle, like some thunderbolt let loose. The bolder of the dogs who had dared to attack him at close quarters he tossed this way and that with a stroke of his jaws, slain and done for: then he trampled his way through the net, back to the spot from which he had first charged. We were all panic-stricken, as we had only been used to the more harmless kind of chase, and were quite unarmed with any sort of weapon: we took to cover, and lay hidden behind the trees and leafy underwood.

Thrasyllus had a good opportunity now for setting his trap, and made a deceitful address to Tlepolemus. "What are we standing here for with our mouths open? Are we to give way to a silly panic like those wretched slaves? Showing ourselves like a pair of frightened women, and letting a magnificent bag like that slip between our fingers? Let us get on horseback, and come up with it at once! Take a hunting-spear thou: I take a lance."
Without an instant's delay they leap to horse at once, and follow up the chase with ardour. The beast however was not unmindful of the vigour of its race, and did not fail to come to the attack: it raged madly in its heat, gnashed its tusks, and only paused to consider its point of attack.

Tlepolemus led off, and hurled the javelin he was carrying into the beast's back. Thrasyllus on his part refrained from the beast, but struck the horse Tlepolemus was riding on the hamstrings with his lance, and cut them through. The horse fell back on the part the blood was flowing from, and rolled over altogether on to his back, so as to roll his rider unwillingly over on to the ground. The boar first of all attacked his clothes in its mad fury: but then as he rose from the ground, it tore him badly with its tusks.

The good friend was not ashamed of his wicked deed, nor at all satisfied with the sacrifice paid to his resentment by the extreme danger already undergone. But, while the poor fellow was getting up, and shielding his wounded legs, and calling out for assistance, he drove his lance through his right thigh. He did this
with all the greater confidence, because he expected that the wounds inflicted by the steel would resemble the cuts dealt by the tusks of a boar. However, he pierced the beast as well with an easy stroke.

When the poor young gentleman had met his death in this way, every one of us left our hiding-places, and ran up in great concern. My gentleman however pulled a face to conceal the joy he felt at being successful, and at having got the better of his prostrate enemy: he gave a severe look, to take the place of an expression of sorrow, and was quite keen to embrace the corpse he had himself made. He imitated all the actions of a person in grief very skilfully: only the tears wouldn’t come out. That was the way Thrasyllus acted his lie, making himself like us in our real grief, and blaming the beast for what his own hand had done.

The crime was scarcely accomplished, when the rumour of it gets abroad, and pays its first call at Tlepolemus’ house, to inflict a stroke upon the hearing of his unhappy bride. As soon as she received the news, the like of which she shall never hear again, she was smitten with madness and frenzy, and rushed out
through the crowded squares and country fields like a raging bacchante, madly lamenting her husband's evil chance. The citizens come together in sorrowful groups: all who met them follow in their train to share their grief: the whole city is out of doors to see the event. And, behold, she runs up to her husband's body half swooning, and collapses upon the corpse, almost yielding up the life she had already devoted to him! But with much trouble she was carried off in the arms of her friends, and reluctantly remained in life.

When the body was carried to the tomb, the whole populace joined in the funeral procession. But Thrasyllus! His crying! His mourning! He had had no tears when his sorrow first began to show itself, but now as his joy grew stronger, he produced them: he was enough to deceive Truth itself with all the loving names he addressed him with, friend, and playmate, and comrade, and last of all he added the lugubrious invocation of — brother! Every now and then he would take hold of Charite's hand to prevent her beating her breasts: he would assuage her grief, restrain her sobs, turn back the edge of grief with soothing words, suggest
the consolation contained in various examples of the misfortunes common to all. All the time however he was only fulfilling all these functions of fictitious piety for the sake of touching the woman, and to nourish his hateful desire by this empty gratification.

When the funeral rites had been performed, the girl made every effort to rejoin her dead husband forthwith: she tried every possible way. As for that slow, inactive method, which needs no weapon, but resembles the placidity of sleep, I mean wretched starvation and utter neglect of self, she had already passed through that, buried in the depths of darkness with every light veiled off. But Thrasyllus was obstinately persistent, and partly at his own instance, partly at that of her friends and relatives, and, last of all, the girl's own parents, succeeded in extorting her consent to relieve with bath and food a body which was now in a state of collapse from squalor and neglect.

She was always a good girl to her parents, and went about now as she was bid, with a somewhat serener, if not a joyful countenance, against her grain it might be, but yielding to religious necessity. She performed the duties
of the living, but in her heart, nay, in the very marrow of her bones, she wore her spirit out in mourning and in sadness. She took whole days and nights for her yearning sorrow, paying divine honours to an image of her dead husband, which she had had made and attired as Bacchus, fixed in her devotions at his shrine, and tormenting herself by this cruel solace.

Thrasyllus was precipitate and headstrong, and before Charite’s tears had assuaged her grief, and the frenzy had abated in her stricken mind, and mourning had grown old by its excess and perished, he did not hesitate to make proposals of marriage to her — while she was still weeping for her husband, still rending her garments, still tearing her hair — and to lay bare the secrets of his heart and his unspeakable deceits, carried away by the impertinence which was the silent cause of his downfall.

Charite was horrified and protested against such a wicked idea: her body fell as though stricken by a great thunder-clap, or star-sent commotion of the air, or thunderbolt of Jove himself: and a veil was drawn over her consciousness. After an interval she regained
possession of her senses by degrees, and renewed her lowing, animal cries: but she saw through the acting of this wicked wretch, Thrasyllus, and put off his fervid suit by recourse to the slow file of deliberation.

During this delay the shade of Tlepolemus, who had been so miserably slain, interrupted the chaste repose of his wife by appearing to her, with his face all deformed with gore and pallor. "My wife," he said, — "words in which none else may lawfully address thee, if my memory is still alive within thy heart! Or, if the hap of my bitter death hath dissolved the bond of our affection, marry anyone else and be happy: but contract no sacrilegious tie with Thrasyllus: speak not with him: eat not with him: sleep not with him! Beware the bloodstained hand of my assassin: celebrate no marriage with a parricide! Those wounds, which thy tears have washed, are not all the wounds of tusks: it was the lance of the evil Thrasyllus which parted me from thee." He added more as well, and threw light upon the whole scene of the crime.

She had first closed her eyes in grief with her face buried in the couch, and so she still lay
sleeping, with her tears welling out and moistening her beautiful cheeks. Then she threw off her troubled sleep, as though it were some torture, and started to renew her lamentation: she wailed without ceasing, and rent her inner vest, and smote her beautiful arms with cruel palms. Yet she admitted no partner to her vision of the night, and hid the fact that the crime had been revealed to her. But she resolved in silence to punish the villainous assassin, and withdraw herself from her life of affliction.

Again the detestable suitor, urged on by his imprudent desire for pleasure, was in her presence, battering at the closed door of her heart. She treated what he said with mild contempt, and played her part with wonderful cunning, whether Thrasylus prated with persistence, or relapsed into silent entreaty. "As yet," she said, "the fair face of thy brother, my dearest husband, is present to my eyes: as yet the perfumed odour of his ambrosial body streams through my senses: as yet the handsome Tlepolemus lives in my heart. It will be well then, nay, it will be best, for thee, to concede a wretched woman the necessary time
for legitimate mourning — the months that remain until the round of the year is accomplished. That is a matter that regards thy own safety and advantage as well as my modesty; for if our marriage be too hasty, we might rouse the wrathful Manes of my husband to just indignation and the destruction of thy life."

Thrasyllus was not sobered by her speech, and her deferred promise failed to bring him any relief. He continued to urge her in wicked murmurs and wound her by his speech, until Charite made a show of being overcome and answered him: "There is one point, Thrasyllus, thou must concede to my earnest entreaty: we must have clandestine intercourse from time to time in secret. No one in the household must scent out anything about it, until all the days remaining in this year have been accomplished." Thrasyllus was overcome by the woman's promise, and succumbed to her cunning. He gave his consent to the furtive intercourse and lingered long as he spoke: he expressed a wish of his own accord for night and the cover of darkness, and set aside every consideration other than his one desire of possessing her.
"But look!" said Charite. "See thou come well hidden in thy cloak, and with no one whomsoever in thy company. Be at my door by the first watch. Do not speak: one whistle will be enough. Wait for my nurse. She will keep close to the door and sit up till thou comest. In the same way, she will have no light when she opens the house, and she will receive thee unseen and bring thee through to my bed-room."

Thrasyllus was pleased at these funereal preparations for his marital liberties. He had no suspicion that everything was not all right, and was restless with expectation, only complaining of the length of the day, and the time evening took to come. When however the sun retreated before the night, he attired himself as Charite had enjoined, and, deceived by the cunning manner in which the nurse kept on the watch, slipped into her bed-room, full of hope. The old woman paid him every attention, as her mistress had bade her, and brought some cups and a wine jar out stealthily: the latter held wine which had been infused with a soporific drug. He drank eagerly and confidently, and repeated his
draughts, while she told him lies to excuse her mistress' tardiness, saying she was at the bedside of a sick relative, and in this way easily buried him in sleep.

When he was lying on his back exposed to injury of any sort, Charite was called in: she precipitated herself upon the murderer, and stood over him with her masculine soul raging with the fellest intent.

"So, trusty comrade to my husband! So, my splendid huntsman! So, my dear husband! Is that the right hand which shed my blood? Is this the breast which wove a mesh of fraudulent design for my destruction? Are those the eyes, in which I have unfortunately found favour? They seem to me now to be but inaugurating their future darkness, and anticipating the penalty that is coming upon them! Rest securely! Enjoy a blessed sleep! I shall not touch thee with sword nor steel. Heaven forbid that I should set thee on a level with my husband, by giving thee a kind of death like his. Thy eyes shall die, while thou shalt live, and nothing shalt thou see but in thy sleep. I shall make thee feel that thy enemy's death was more happy than thy life.
SIGHTLESS!

No, never shalt thou see the light! Thou shalt not have Charite! Thou shalt not enjoy her nuptials! But thou shalt not taste the repose of death, and thou shalt not luxuriate in the joy of living. Thou shalt wander an aimless ghost between Orcus and the day, and long shalt thou seek the hand that brought ruin to thy pupils, and, what is most wretched of all in sorrows, thou shalt not know the one against whom thou hast cause of complaint. I shall pour a libation from the gore of thy eyeballs at the tomb of my Tlepolemus, and sacrifice with those eyes to his sacred spirit.

But why shouldst thou gain this delay to the torments thou deservest, and perhaps dream this very moment that my embrace is baneful to thee? Leave then the darkness of thy slumber, and wake up to the other darkness of thy punishment! Cast thy vacant look around! Recognise the stroke of revenge! Realise thy misfortune! Compute thy sorrows! This is the way thy eyes have been pleasing to a chaste woman! This is the way that torches have lit thee to thy bridal bed! For bridesmaids thou shalt have Avengers, for comrade darkness, and the perpetual sting of thy conscience!”
Thus the prophetess raved, and, taking a hairpin from her head, wounded Thrasyllus' eyes through and through. She left him absolutely bereft of eyes, and while he was shaking off his drunken sleep through the visitation of a pain he could not understand, she took a naked sword that Tlepolemus used to wear, and fled through the town in mad career: she made straight for her husband's tomb, and no doubt meditated some terrible deed.

We followed her eagerly along with all the people, who left their houses quite untenanted, and called on each other to wrest the steel from the raging woman's hands. But Charite stood by Tlepolemus' tomb, and scattered all who approached by her whirling sword and, when she observed that all were weeping and uttering cries of lamentation, "Be done with your importunate tears!" she said. "Be done with your lamentation, which does not be seem my courage! I have avenged my husband's bloody destroyer! I have punished the deadly robber of my wedlock! It is now time that I should seek a way with this sword to my husband Tlepolemus." Then she told every-thing in order that her husband had made
known to her in her dream, and the ruse with which she had imposed upon Thrasyllus in order to attack him. After that she fell upon the sword, that went through her beneath her right breast. She lay there in a pool of blood, and at last, still babbling half-formed sentences, breathed out a spirit that was worthy of a man. Her servants made haste to wash poor Charite's body with the greatest care, and placed her in the same tomb as her husband, to be his bride throughout eternity.

When Thrasyllus had been informed of everything, he felt unable to imagine a death for himself befitting the tragedy that had just been accomplished: he was convinced that no sword was sufficient to deal with such a crime, and had himself led to the same sepulchre. "Here, inimical Spirits," quoth he often, "here comes your victim of his own accord!" This was his unceasing cry, as he caused the doors to be carefully sealed above his head, to destroy by famine the life that he had condemned by his own sentence."

He drew great sighs during the course of
his story and often passed to weep, while the country folk were deeply affected. The latter were afraid to face a change of masters, and, with pity deeply implanted in their breasts for the misfortune that had fallen upon their masters' house, got ready for flight. The master of the stud, who had received such careful directions to watch over my interests, ransacked everything that was of value stored away in the house. He set it on my back, and on the backs of the other beasts, and carried it off, leaving his former dwelling behind. We conveyed women with their babies, chickens, geese, he-goats, puppy-dogs: everything which was so feeble of pace as to hinder our flight did its walking through our feet. Still I felt no pressure from my pack, enormous as it was; for I delighted to think that by my flight I was leaving that detestable amputator of my virility behind.

We crossed a rugged spur of mountain forest, and got down again to the plains that lay beneath; then, just as evening threw its shades across our path, we came to a populous and flourishing village. The inhabitants insisted on us not leaving them that night, nor even
early in the morning. The wolves, they said, were numerous and of great size, with enormously heavy bodies and exceedingly ferocious dispositions: they were accustomed to prey upon the whole country side, and even to waylay travellers and attack them on the road like highwaymen. In fact they were carried so far, they said, by their raging hunger, that they stormed the outlying villas; and the destruction they first waged upon the helpless cattle was now threatening even the lives of human beings. They ended by telling us that all along the road we had to pass by there were half-eaten human remains lying, and that bones from which the flesh had disappeared might be seen gleaming in every direction. For this reason we ought to resume our journey with the utmost caution, and take care above everything to go over that difficult part of the road by day-light, in fact when day was well advanced and the sun shining in full power, so as to avoid the ambushes that lay hid on every side, as the attack of these terrible beasts was hindered by the light, and not to straggle on in loose order, but to keep a serried wedge formation.
In spite of this, the rascally leaders of our flight were so headstrong in their blind precipitation, and so much afraid of being, for all they knew, pursued by justice, that they despised this saving counsel, and drove us out with our burdens on to the road about the third watch of the night, without waiting for the next day. In my knowledge of the predicted danger I plunged as far into the midst of the caravan as I was able, and took cover among the crowded baggage-animals, to keep my rear safe from the attacks of the wild beasts. Everyone wondered as they saw me hurry the pace and get before the horses themselves: but my activity of limb was no sign of alacrity on my part, but only of fear. I thought at the time in my own mind that the famous Pegasus of story derived his wings from fear, and that the fable of his having them resulted from his skyward leaps and bounds, when in terror of the fiery Chimæra's bite.

The shepherds who were driving us had armed themselves, and looked as if they were ready to engage in battle. This one carried a lance and that one a boar spear: one had javelins and another a club: stones, sup-
plied by the rocky path in abundance: there were some who shouldered long stakes sharpened to a point. The greater number however used burning torches to scare the beasts. In fact we were only in want of a trumpet to form a perfect array of battle.

Our fears however were empty and our terrors all in vain: but in the result we fell into a much worse trap. The wolves must have been terrified by the noise raised by the young warrior band, or, if by nothing else, at least by the blaze of the torches: perhaps they happened to be walking in another direction: at any rate they made no advance against us, and were not even visible to any of us from a distance. But the labourers on a farm we happened to pass thought our host must be nothing less than a robber band. They were extremely alarmed, and to secure the safety of their property, urged on their dogs against us with all the usual hallooings and cries of that kind. These were immense, raging beasts, and fiercer than any wolves or bears, and had been carefully reared for purposes of protection. Besides their natural ferocity, they were now exasperated by the tumult raised by their
owners, and rushed upon us. They swarmed around us on every side and leaped in among us in all directions, tearing men and cattle without any discrimination. Their attack was a prolonged one, and left most of us upon the ground. It was indeed a memorable, or rather, a miserable spectacle that was to be seen: whole troops of dogs seizing ferociously those who fled, and holding on to those who stood, trampling upon the fallen, and routing our whole caravan with their bites.

This peril was bad enough, but a worse one followed it. The rustics mounted on their roofs and on the neighbouring hillocks, where they tore up stones and rolled them down on us; so that we were simply unable to judge where the slaughter could be avoided most easily, at close quarters with the dogs, or within long range of the stones. One of the latter suddenly struck the head of a woman, who was riding on my back. She at once began to cry and scream with the pain, and call her husband, the herdsman I spoke of, to her assistance. He cried out to all the Gods, and expostulated in a loud voice as he wiped the blood away from his wife's
head: "Why are you making such a cruel attack on us unfortunate wretches, and grinding us to pieces like that, when we are only hard-working travellers? What robbery are you afraid of from us? What damage have we done, for you to revenge it? You don't live in the caves of beasts, or like savages in the mountains, to take pleasure in the sight of human bloodshed!"

He had scarcely spoken when the pelting hail of stones came to an end, and the tempest of dogs was called in, and ceased molesting us. One of the man called out to us from the top of a cypress: "We are not carrying on brigandage for the sake of your spoils, but only defending ourselves from ruin of that sort at your hands. You can be at peace now and walk on in full security." So he spoke, and we continued our journey: we had come off with a multitude of wounds; some from stones and others from dogs; but every one was injured in some way.

We had travelled some little space further, when we arrived at a grove planted with tall trees, and presenting some lovely green vistas to the view: there our drivers determined to rest
a little for their meal, and pay careful attention to their various bodily injuries. They threw themselves about on the ground, and lost no time in refreshing their fatigue first of all, and then in applying various remedies to their wounds. One washed off his gore in the water that foamed past: a second wetted sponges to form a compress for his bruises: a third brought the edges of his wounds together with bandages. Everyone was engaged in this way in looking after his health.

While all this was going on, an old man looked down on us from the summit of a hill: there were some she—goats browsing round him, which evidently marked him out as a shepherd. One of our people asked him if he had any milk for sale, either in the liquid state, or pressed into fresh cheese. He shook his head for a long time. "Are you thinking of food or drink," he said, "or any kind of meal at all? Do you not know what a place you have halted at?"

As he spoke, he turned his back, and took his sheep away to a distance.

His remarks, added to his sudden retreat, inspired our shepherds with no small terror.
They began to move farther off, to make enquiries as to the nature of the spot, but found no one to give them information; when an old man, of great stature but weighed down by years, drawing his limbs along with difficulty, as he leaned upon his staff, came up along the high road, weeping copiously. When he caught sight of us, he laid hold of the knees of each of the young men, and addressed them in an outburst of grief.

"'By your fortunes, and your guardian spirits, come and aid my advanced old age with the strength that you rejoice in. Stand by an old man who has been frustrated of his hope: snatch my child from the grave, and restore him to my grey hairs. My grandson, who was accompanying me for my consolation in this journey, ran forward to catch a bird that happened to keep twittering about us, and fell into a pit over there, just below those low bushes: he is in the greatest danger of his life. I know that he is alive still, as I hear his voice, crying and calling out over and over again to his grandfather; but on account of my enfeebled bodily strength, as you see, I am unable to help him. But you can easily give assis—
tance to a wretched old man, thanks to your youth and strength, and save my boy for me; for he is the last of my successors, and the only sapling of my stock."

He filled us all with compassion by the way he entreated us and tore his grey hair. One of them bolder than the rest, who was younger and stronger too, and who had been the only one to come out uninjured from the recent battle, rose up with alacrity. He asked whereabouts the boy had met with his fall, and followed the old man quickly when he pointed out some thorny bushes not far off.

They had finished attending to our fodder and their own medical care: each one took up his pack, and they regained the road. They first of all raised a shout, and called out to the young fellow frequently by his name. After a short while they got alarmed at the delay, and sent one of their number to make enquiries, and tell their missing comrade it was time to take to the road, and fetch him back. After a short delay he came back all trembling and as pale as boxwood, and told us a wondrous tale about his fellow servant. "He had seen him lying on his back and already half eaten. There
was a great dragon upon him, chewing his body: as for the wretched old man, he was nowhere to be seen."

They set what they heard now along with the shepherd's words: his warning was against this very one and no other inhabitant of the place. They fled this pestilent desert spot, and betook themselves to the speediest flight, driving us on with frequent blows from their cudgels. We made a long journey in a very short space of time: we approached a hamlet; and there we remained to repose for the night. I should like to tell the story of a very remarkable event that I learned there.

There was a servant who had been commissioned by his master with entire charge of his household, and held the stewardship of the immense estate we had arrived at. He had a wife, who was a fellow servant of his own in the same household; but he was inflamed with desire for a woman who was free-born and a foreigner. His wife took this concubinage so much to heart that she set fire to all her husband's accounts, and everything else that was stored in his granary, and burnt them completely. She was not content with resenting the
insult offered to her marriage-bed by inflicting this damage, but she did violence to her very self. She put a noose round her neck, and another with the same rope round the neck of the baby which she had by that husband, and precipitated herself into a very deep well, dragging her poor little appendage with her.

Their master was extremely angry at their death, and took the servant who had given his wife occasion to commit such a crime, stripped him naked, smeared him all over with honey, and bound him firmly to a fig-tree. The trunk of this tree was mouldering away, and peopled by ants who had established their buzzing nests there, pouring forth in countless numbers to carry on a busy traffic up and down both sides of the tree. As soon as they perceived the sweet fragrance of the honey on his body, they clung closely to him and inflicted tiny bites, small ones perhaps, but numerous and unceasing. The man was in this way consumed by a slow torture. His flesh and his very entrails were eaten away, till his limbs were stripped, and only bones, deprived of flesh and gleaming white and bright, were left clinging to the fatal tree.
We turned our backs on this detestable house also, and went further on, leaving the villagers plunged in mourning. The whole of that day we kept on across the open country till we arrived in a state of considerable fatigue at a populous and noble city. There the shepherds determined to fix their home and dwelling place permanently, as it would afford them a secure hiding-place against all inquisition from a distance, and it enjoyed a blissful reputation for abundance in the necessaries of life.

They fed us baggage-animals up for three days, so that we might sell for a better price, and brought us out to the market. A crier gave out the price of each in a loud voice, and the horse and the other asses were bought in by rich buyers. I was left alone at the tail of the rest, and nearly everyone passed me by in disdain. I got tired of the way they handled me, counting my age by my teeth, and I gave a bite and caught the dirty, smelly hand of one individual, who kept rubbing my gums with his filthy fingers, and went within an ace of crushing it. This made the bystanders think me a most ferocious beast, and deterred them from buying me.
The crier then shouted till his throat cracked and his voice grew hoarse, and made my misfortunes the subject of his ridiculous jokes. "Why go on," he said, "putting up this old hack-beast for sale when nobody bids for him? An old thing as he is, weak on his feet, with his worn-out hoofs, hideous in colour, ferocious amidst all his dull stupidity,—in short nothing but an old rubbishy sieve! Let us give him away to somebody, if there is anybody who doesn't mind throwing away his hay!" That was the sort of humour with which the crier provoked the laughter of the bystanders.

But my most cruel fortune, which I had endeavoured to flee through so many regions, and had failed to appease with all the ills I had already suffered, turned a blind eye upon me again, and set a buyer on my path whom she had found out to be altogether suitable for the purpose of giving me a hard existence.

Learn what he was like! He was an old wanton, bald it is true, but with some grey curls hanging about his brows, one of the common dregs of the people who cart the Syrian Goddess about the public squares to the
sound of their cymbals and rattles, and make her perform the function of a beggar.

He was excessively eager to buy, and asked the crier what country I was from. He declared I was a Cappadocian, and a good strong one.

Then he asked how old I was. Said the crier, poking his fun: "A certain mathematician, who arranged his horoscope, has given him five years: but he can answer for his own description on the register better than anyone else can do it for him. Although I am liable to a charge under the Cornelian Law for knowingly selling you a Roman citizen for a slave, come, buy him for a good and frugal piece of live property, who'll be a help to you both at home and abroad."

Then the odious purchaser kept on asking one thing after another, and finally made anxious enquiries as to my quietness.

Said the crier: "He's a wether, not an ass! Quiet for every purpose you put him to! Not a biter: not a kicker! You might imagine that under that ass's hide there was some retiring gentleman living. The matter's not difficult to see. Just put your face between his hocks,
and you'll have an easy test, and see what patience he'll show!"

That was the impertinence with which the crier treated the old debauchee. He knew he was being chaffed, and put on an appearance of indignation.

"You deaf aud dumb carcass!" said he. "You idiot of a crier! May the omnipotent and omniparent Syrian Goddess, and the holy Sabazius, and Bellona, and the mother of Mount Ida, Our Lady Venus with her Adonis, strike you blind! — Attacking me, as you have done all along, with your scurrilous jokes! Do you think, you booby, that I can entrust the Goddess to a savage beast, for him to upset the divine image, and throw it on to the ground? A nice thing for poor me to be made to dishevel my hair, and run off to fetch some doctor for my Goddess lying on the ground!"

When I heard him say that, the sudden idea came to me to leap about like a lunatic; so that he would see me to be a desperately ferocious animal, and refrain from buying me. But the anxious purchaser anticipated all design on my part by paying down the price, seventeen coppers, which my owner, much to my disgust,
was glad to get, and accepted at once. He handed over the rope of esparto-grass by which I was tied, to Philebus: this was my new master's name. He took possession of his new servant forthwith, and led me to his house, where he called out as soon as he crossed the threshold: "Girls! I have bought a pretty little slave for you, and brought him home."

The girls he spoke of were a troop of male prostitutes, who at once exulted with joy, and raised a hideous clamour with their broken, hoarse, effeminate voices. They thought of course that he had provided them with a man slave to serve them. But as soon as they saw that it was no stag in place of a virgin, but an ass in place of a man, they turned their noses up, and saluted their chief with sneers of all sorts: he had not given them a slave, they said, but had brought a husband home for himself. "Look here!" they said. "Take care not to eat up your pretty little chick all to yourself! Give a bit of him sometimes to your little pets here!" They blathered on in this way, as they tied me up to the manger that was close by.

There was a stout young fellow there, who was a splendid performer on the horn. They had
bought him from the stand with their collection money. He used to walk beside them playing on his horn when they carried the Goddess about out of doors, and, when they were at home, he used to share his intercourse among them with quite promiscuous toil. As soon as he saw me at the house, he seemed pleased, and gave me a generous supply of fodder, while he made the glad remark: "At last you have come to second me in my wretched labour; long may you live, and please your masters, and be a stay to my own worn-out frame." As I heard this, I thought over the fresh sorrows that awaited me.

The following day they set out, dressed in garments of various colours. Each had deformed his form in some way, smearing his face with a plaster of rouge and greasing his eyes with black paint. They clapped on little head-dresses, and gowns of saffron, linen, and silk: some of them had white tunics, embroidered with little lance-shaped rays in crimson, that waved in all directions: while on their feet they wore saffron-coloured shoes. They set the Goddess on my back, covered with a silken canopy. Then with arms bared as far as their
shoulders, and brandishing immense swords and axes, they leap about like Bacchantes, while the melody of the pipe urges them to beat the ground in a frenzied dance.

We had gone past a few little rustic houses, when we arrived at a certain villa belonging to a wealthy man. As soon as they approached the house, they raised a din of discordant howlings, and whirled about frantically. They would keep their heads down for a long time, twisting their necks about in slippery motion, and swinging their ringlets round in a circle. Every now and then they would snatch a bite from their muscles, and lastly every man of them cut his arms with the two-edged weapon he was carrying. While this was going on, one of them entered into more effusive convulsions than the rest, heaving a succession of great sobs from his immost depths, and pretending to be struck with madness and filled with the divine breath of the Deity. As though men were not wont to be bettered by the presence of the Gods, and not to become ailing or diseased!

But mark what this heavenly visitation availed him! He began a clamorous pro-
pphecy, inveighing against himself with some trumped up accusation of having committed an offence against his holy religion, and proceeded to exact the just penalty of his awful crime by his own hands. He took a great scourge, which is the regular emblem of these effeminate creatures, divided into a number of lashes of twisted wool, and covered with knots formed of the knucklebones of sheep. He inflicted innumerable stripes on himself with these knots, and resisted the pain of the blows with wonderful fortitude. By dint of sword-cuts and lashes from these scourges, the whole ground was to be seen covered with the impure blood of these emasculated wretches: a matter that filled me with considerable anxiety, as I saw the blood flowing so copiously from all these wounds: I thought perchance the appetite of this foreign Divinity might be like that of some men for ass's milk, and that she might thirst for ass's blood.

At length they grew fatigued, or perhaps I should say, became contented, with butchering themselves, and gave pause to the execution. Then they collected alms of copper coins, and, in some cases, silver ones, which were eagerly
offered by the crowd, and put them into the ample bosom of their dress. Some people gave them a cask of wine too, and milk and cheeses, and flour, both common and refined, as well as barley for the Goddess' carrier. All this they swept in avariciously, and stuffed into bags which had been carefully got ready for the quest. These they piled on to my back; so that I was now loaded with the weight of a double pack, and became a walking granary as well as a perambulating temple. We moved about in this way from place to place, and looted the whole district.

In one village that they arrived at, they were gladdened by the receipt of a more abundant quest, and arranged for a banquet with merry-making. They obtained an enormously fat ram from one of the farmers by some lying prophecy which they invented, in order to satisfy the hunger of their Syrian Goddess by sacrifice. They lay out a very nice little dinner, and had a bath. When they had completed their toilet, they brought a very vigorous countryman, who was well endowed with bodily strength atque imis ventris bene præparatum, to share their dinner with them. They
had scarcely tasted a few of the preliminary herbs, when these filthy monsters of vice were carried away by their unspeakable lust to perpetrate the last excesses of unlawful passion: passimque circumfusi, nudatum supinatumque juvenem execrandis uredinibus flagitabant.

My eyes were not able to endure the sight of such an abomination, and I made an effort to call out: "Ho there citizens!" But the O alone came forth, without other syllables or letters. Still it was clear and strong, and in the enunciation peculiar to the asinine nature: and at an altogether inconvenient moment! There happened to be a number of young fellows from a neighbouring hamlet, searching for an ass of their own, which had been driven off during the night, and examining all the inns with the most studious care. They heard my braying in the interior of the house, and thought I was their stolen property concealed there. All of a sudden they dash indoors in a body to lay claim to their property, and catch the scoundrels in the very act of perpetrating their abominable filth.

At once they call in the neighbours from every side and disclose the shameful spectacle,
while they shower ironical praise on the purity and chastity of the priests. The latter were thrown into consternation at the thought of their infamy becoming a by-word among the people, and making them deservedly hated and detested by all. About midnight they got all their things together, and retired stealthily from the village. They completed a good part of their journey before sunrise, and, when it became full daylight, made for an out of the way desert spot, where, after a long confabulation among themselves, they prepared for my execution.

They took the Goddess off my back and set it on the ground. Then they stripped me of all my harness and tied me to an oak-tree, where they beat me with the scourge made of linked sheep's bones, till they almost brought me to the point of death. One of them threatened to hamstring me cruelly with an axe, for my hideous triumph over his virtuous reputation: but the others, who thought nothing of my safety, but a great deal of the image of the Goddess lying on the ground, decided that I must be kept in life.

They piled their great sacks then upon me
again, threatened me with the flat of their swords, and so arrived at a certain noble city. The chief man there was very religious and a fervent worshipper of the Gods. His attention was attracted by the tinkling of cymbals and the sound of tambourines, which accompanied the melting strains of the Phrygian melody, and he came forth meet us. He received the Goddess in votive hospitality, brought us all within the protection of his noble dwelling, and made haste to appease the Divinity with the highest honours and the fattest victims.

Here I remember running the most imminent risk of my life. A farmer had sent part of his bag in the hunting-field, an extremely fat haunch from an enormous stag, as a present to his lord. They had hung it up carelessly at a very low height from the ground near the kitchen door. A dog, who was also something of a huntsman, came prying in and was rejoiced to find such a booty: he was out of sight with it in a moment, despite all the people who were on the watch.

As soon as the cook heard of the loss which had occurred through his reprehensible neglect, he indulged for a long time in inefficacious
tears: then, when his master kept making enquiries about the dinner, he feared as well as grieved: he pressed his little son closely to his heart, and then took a rope, which he arranged in a running noose, for the purpose of putting an end to his life.

Her husband's desperate case did not escape the notice of his faithful wife. She seized hold of the fatal noose with both hands, and held it fast. "Are you so terrified," she said, "with your present misfortune, that you have lost your head? Do you not see the remedy which Chance has provided you with, under the providence of the Gods? Wake up, and listen to me, if you are capable of understanding anything in this terrible hurricane of misfortune! Take that strange ass there to some quiet spot, and kill him. Cut off his haunch just like the one we have lost. Cook it up carefully, and make it into a savoury hash. Set it before master instead of the venison."

The abandoned ruffian was delighted to seek his own safety in my death: he praised his fellow-slave's sagacity, and sharpened his knives for the butchery he had resolved on.
NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII

Paenissime reddidit animam: Was within an ace of breathing her last.

This singular superlative formed from *paene*, almost, is to be found in Plautus, Most. III, 1, 127, as well, and has many parallels in later Latinity, which sound particularly strange to matter of fact Teutonic ears. *Est quid verissimum, est certo certius*, are parallel phrases. They run riot in medieval Latinity.

Inedia... ad maritum suum demeare: To rejoin her dead husband by starvation.

Price, in his Commentary ad loc., cites an ancient inscription found on a monument, in which some woman had had herself shut up. It runs:

```
INFERNO PLOTONI TRICORPORI OXORI CARIS TRICIPITIQUE CERBERO MUNUS MEUM FERENS DAMNATAM DEDO ANI-
MAM VIVAMQUE ME HOC CONDO MONI-
MENTO.
```

"To infernal Pluto and his most dear wife of triple form and three-headed Cerberus I bear my gift, and yield up my soul beneath its sentence, and bury myself alive within this tomb."
It would be an extremely difficult task to draw the line between suicide and the legitimate process of nature, in cases where, as in the text, love is extremely great, and, on separation from the one who is loved, causes an almost complete breakdown of the nervous system. The act of taking food and digesting it becomes a practical impossibility, and need have nothing of the fell resolve of self-murder about it.

The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
and has in many well recorded instances reached this close spontaneously before the normal date, in virtue of its own intensity of feeling. It has been particularly remarked that the health of husband and wife who live constantly in each other’s company, and are united in affection, rises and falls in almost absolute harmony, and the deaths of such couples within an extremely short space of time, from apparently natural causes, is too well known a phenomenon to excite particular comment.

Luctu legítimo: The legitimate time of mourning.
This was the space of one year, which consisted of ten months only in the time of Romulus. After the months of January and February had been added, widows still clung to the ancient custom, and reckoned their year of mourning as one of ten months only. The Emperor Theodosius however ordered that widows should mourn for full
twelve months, and that they should incur the brand of ill-fame if they remarried within that time.

**Venui lactem**: Milk for sale.

Professor Betolaud: "Le texte donne ici, et plus loin, lactem, dont l'accusatif masculin est contraire à la bonne latinité. On n'en finirait pas si l'on voulait faire la collection des barbarismes et des solècismes que présente à chaque instant le latin de notre auteur."

He can scarcely be blamed for this judgment perhaps; as at the date of his writing, 1861, Romance philology had scarcely assured its footing in the learned world. At the present date however we must not fail to observe, that any view of a language as a fixed formation is essentially wrong: language has the same sort of life as a living organism, and in Apuleius' time was already beginning to break up from its synthetic form into the more modern analytic speech. Judged from the Ciceronian standard, no doubt, his vocabulary, as well as his constructions, must seem strange: but to apply such a standard at this date, when the language had progressed by two centuries towards the convenience of modern speech, would be unreasonable.

It is not fair to speak of solecisms in Apuleius; his language is not that of a provincial; he was the very acme of contemporary Roman culture. Like other writers of his time, he had already begun to
adopt the Augustinian adage: "Malo obscurus videri quam non intelligi a populo" — "I should prefer to seem obscure than not to be understood by the people."

We must also remark in his justification that the use of other good authors, even before his date, such as Plautus, shows that the gender of *lac* fluctuated, and its form also. Old Ennius (in Non. 483, 2), has a nominative *lacte*, and so has Plautus in the *Miles Gloriosus* II, 2, 85. Then as for the masculine accusative presented by the text, it is to be found in Plautus (*Bac. V*, 2, 16), and in Aulus Gellius (XII, 1).

**Per Fortunas Geniosque vestros**: By your Fortunes and Guardian Spirits.

The root of *genius* is GEN; Sanskrit *jan*, *to be born*; Gr. *γεννεῖ* in *γεννᾶ*ι, same meaning.

Genius means 1) the tutelary deity or genius of a person or place; 2) the spirit of social enjoyment; taste or inclination; 2) — a rare use — wit, talent. genius.

The use of this word is due to the widespread feeling among the ancients that there was a universal Genius, which spread through the whole of nature as a sort of intelligence. This was no doubt nothing more than a vague consciousness of the presence of the great Intelligence, creative and provident, which we call simply God. Besides that however, the presence of a vast number of particular *genii* was felt, to account for the
special providence manifested throughout the course of each individual's fortunes and misfortunes, and this applied not merely to persons but to places and things. With regard to persons, this genius, as its name indicates, presided at the birth of the man, and accompanied him through life, teaching him by its inner promptings to make the best use of life's passing delights; and when, by faithful compliance with its suggestions, he enjoyed the delectations consequent on the due exercise of his powers, — *potentia delectatur operatione*, — he was said *genio indulgere*, to indulge his bent.

Hence the demon of Socrates: hence the guardian spirits of the Christian Church: hence the help afforded by friends on the other side, as maintained by modern spiritualists.

Everyone sacrificed to his Genius, and particularly on the anniversary of his birth, and these sacrifices were accompanied by merry-making of all sorts. No life was ever immolated; as it was regarded as ill-omened to take life in recognition of its reception. The objects sacrificed were perfumes, precious essences, wines, and flowers.

A man attributed his success in all the affairs of life, as well as his own good moral conduct, to the promptings of his *genius*; for he had a profound consciousness that something more than the ordinary rules of human prudence were necessary for success, which is often given in
direct contrariety to the adoption of such rules.

Consequently no more sacred adjuration could be imagined, than to call upon a man by his \textit{genius}, to perform or omit a certain action.

\textbf{Crimen Cornelii\ae legis:} A charge under the Cornelian Law.

This is the Lex Cornelia de Falsis, Law XI of the Code, tit. 22, which deals with supposititious infants. It is not the Lex Cornelia which deals with Plagium, i. e. the crime of selling a free man as a slave, but the Lex Fabia; as we have seen above.

\textbf{Dea Syria:} The Syrian goddess.

This was Cybele, better known to the Romans as Rhea or Ops. See previous note on the three great earth-goddesses.

\textbf{Sanctus Sabazius:} The holy Sabazius.

Sabazius was the Phrygian Bacchus. The $\Sigma\alpha\beta\omega\iota$ were persons dedicated to his service, and $\sigma\alpha\beta\omega\iota$ and $\sigma\alpha\beta\alpha\iota$ were their cries.

\textbf{Non cervam pro virgine sed asinum pro homine:} Not a deer instead of a virgin, but an ass instead of a man.

The reference is to Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, who when at Aulis, and about to sail to Troy, accidentally slew a stag in a grove sacred to Artemis. The goddess delayed the fleet by calms, till Calchas the soothsayer declared she might be appeased by the sacrifice of the offender's
daughter. Iphigenia was placed upon the altar and the knife was raised, when suddenly she was transferred by the divine power of Artemis to her temple at Tauris, while a deer appeared in her place upon the sacrificial altar. Iphigenia became priestess at Tauris, where she was entrusted with the human sacrifices which were offered there. As to her conduct in this position, Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris had best be consulted.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE NINTH


So the rascally executioner was arming his wicked hand against me. The imminence of the danger precipitated my plans and I paused for no further thought, but made up my mind to avoid the threatened butchery by flight. I
at once burst the bonds which held me and took to flight as best I might, skirmishing around with a volley of kicks to secure my personal safety. I dashed across the first portico and burst without a pause into the dining-room, where the master of the house was dining with the priests on the victims sacrificed to the Goddess. I collided with any amount of food, utensils, tables and so forth, and sent them flying about as I burst in.

The paterfamilias grew wrathful at the terrible havoc of his property and gave me over to one of his servants, ordering me to be carefully confined in a certain spot, as an imperious, petulant animal, so as to hinder me from all future dissipation of his placid banqueting by any such frowardness. In this way I gained an excellent safeguard by my adroit contrivance, was snatched from the very hand of the butcher, and congratulated myself on the security afforded by the walls of my prison.

But of a truth nothing may turn out propitiously to mortal man against the will of Fortune: the counsels of the wise and the plans of the sagacious are liable to subversion or reformation by the intervention of divinely
appointed Fate. The very invention of my wits, which seemed for the moment to have secured my salvation, gave rise to a great peril, nay, threatened me with imminent destruction. A boy, with his face distorted by terror, burst suddenly into the dining-room amidst the whispering chatter of the domestics, and gave his master the information that a mad dog of a strange appearance had just rushed in through the back door from the lane hard by, and had attacked the whole kennel in his furious rage. He had then gone on to the stable, which was close by, and had made the same ferocious attack on most of the carriage-horses. Last of all he had not even spared human beings; for Myrtilus the muleteer, and Hephæstion the cook, and Hypaticus the chamberlain, and Apollonius the doctor, and a number of other slaves as well, had tried to drive him off, and had all been torn and bitten. Some of the animals were now showing signs of the same madness, which had infected them through the poison in the bites.

Everyone's attention was at once arrested. They thought I must be going mad through the infection of the pest, and took up weapons
of all kinds, calling on each other to fly to arms for mutual protection. They made a rush in my direction under the influence of a madness, which was their disease rather than mine. They would no doubt have torn me limb from limb with their lances and hunting-spears, and axes too, which the slaves brought forward in abundance; unless I had observed the rise of this new whirlwind of danger and fled into the bedroom where my masters lodged. They closed the doors and bolted them upon me, and left me to be consumed by the incurable madness and mortal disease by which I was possessed and undermined, whithout exposing themselves to any sort of danger. This proceeding of theirs gave me my liberty at last: I hugged the gift of solitude which Fortune had presented to me, threw myself on one of the beds which was made up, and took a long stretch of sleep like a decent human being.

Daylight came round, and I had soothed my weariness away on the soft couch. I arose in full vigour, and heard the people who had kept watch and ward over my safety all night exchange opinions as to my fate. "Are we to believe that that poor ass there is under the
influence of incurable madness? The poison seems quite at an end, and his fury abated. " They put an end to their discussion in favour of actual examination, and looked through a crack in the door, through which they saw that I was sound and sober, and just enjoying my leisure. They went on to throw open the doors for a further trial of my tameness.

One of them — a Heaven-sent saviour to me — demonstrated a means of ascertaining my sanity to the others: that is to say, to offer me a full bucket of fresh water to drink. If I took it straightway, in my usual manner and evinced satisfaction at having the water, then they would know me to be sane and free of all disease. On the other hand, if I avoided the sight of the water and drew back from it with horror, it would be evident that the madness was malignant and remained uncured. These observations were to be found in the most primitive books.

This found favour, and a huge vessel of exquisitely clear water was brought at once from the nearest well, and offered to me, though still with some hesitation. I came forward at once however without the least
delay to meet it, as I was thirsty enough, and plunged my whole head down into it, as I quaffed the very waters of health. Then I placidly accepted the strokings they gave me, the twisting down of my ears, and leading by the halter, and every other test they imposed, till I had proved my absolute self-restraint in the teeth of their insane suppositions.

I avoided in that way a two-fold peril that threatened my existence, and on the following day was again loaded with the divine equipment, and led forth on to the high road with rattles and cymbals, to act as a perambulating apparatus of mendicity. We wandered by a few huts and hamlets and stopped at a village, which had once been a wealthy city, as the inhabitants told us, and was built on its half ruined site. We were received to the hospitality of the nearest inn, where we heard an amusing story about the cuckolding of a poor man, which I should like you to hear.

He laboured on in beastly poverty, doing cooper's work, and maintaining himself on the slender wages he earned by it. He had a slut of a wife, who was poor enough also, but was
notorious for her abandoned lustfulness. One day he went off early to some work he had undertaken, when at once the daring adulterer made stealthy entrance to his dwelling. They were performing the works of Venus and thought themselves secure, when the husband who was ignorant of the affair, and didn't even suspect it at the time, came suddenly back to his house. He saw the door locked and bolted, and praised his wife's continence in his own mind: then he knocked at the gate, and gave a whistle as well to announce his presence.

The cunning woman, who was of the greatest adroitness in vice of this sort, got rid of the man's tenacious embraces and hid him away in a great cask, which was half buried in one corner, but quite empty. She then opened the door of the house and received her husband with asperity as he came in.

"Is that the way you come walking in to me with one hand in the other, you idle do-nothing, neglecting your work, with no thought of making your living or earning food for us? And here am I, torturing my sinews day and night, poor wretch that I am, spinning my wool and trying to keep a light burning
in our miserable hovel. How much happier is Daphne over there, filling herself with wine and meals in the morning, and revelling with her adulterers!"

The husband was quite thrown off his guard. "What's the meaning of all that?" he said. "It's true that the master of the workshop has given us a holiday, because he has a case in the courts to attend to; but I've taken care of our bit of dinner to-day. Do you see that cask? We don't want it, and it doesn't pay for the room it takes up: in fact the only thing it does is to get in our way. I've sold it to a man for five coppers, and he's here to pay his money and take his property away. So pull up your skirts a bit and lend me a hand for a moment till I root it up out of the ground, and hand it over to the man who's buying it."

Her plan was made up on the moment to meet the emergency. She gave a brazen laugh. "I've got a splendid husband," she said, "and a fine man of business, to sell a thing for a less price, when I've already got it off for seven coppers, though I'm only a woman and kept at home in my own house!"

The husband was rejoiced to hear of a better
price. "And who is the man," he asked, "who has bought it for such a sum?"

"Why, you fool," she answered, "he's gone down into the cask long ago, to make sure that it's quite solid."

And the man in question was not behind-hand in confirming her words. He got up with alacrity.

"Do you want to know the truth, mother?" he said. "Your cask's a precious old one, and it's broken all over with any amount of cracks going right through it."

Then he turned to the husband, pretending not to know him. "Look here, my man, whoever you are! Just let me have a lamp here at once, and I'll scrape away the dirt inside, and examine it carefully to see if it's any use to me. Unless you think I've come by my money unjustly."

The keen-witted and best of husbands, suspected nothing, and lit up a lamp without a word.

"No, brother!" he said. "You just get out of the way and stand aside there at your ease, and I'll look after it properly before I let you have it."
As he spoke he stripped off, took in the light, and began to scrape away the old wine crust which had formed a rough coat inside.

Then the adulterer, bright boy that he was, set the cooper's wife down on her face over the cask, and planed away at her at his ease leaning over her. She put her face over the edge into the cask, and turned her husband into a laughing-stock with a cunning that would have done honour to a prostitute, pointing out this place, and that, and the other that wanted cleaning. At last both pieces of work were accomplished; the unfortunate workman got his seven coppers, and was compelled to carry the cask home on his shoulders to the adulterer's house.

Those pious priests stayed a few days upon the spot, battening on the public generosity, and filled to distention by the frequent rewards of their prophecy, when they invented a new method of making money. They made out an oracle applicable to a variety of cases, and made fools of many people who consulted them on various matters by its means. This oracle ran as follows:
The yoke of oxen furrows all the field,
Which in the future joyous crops will yield.

If anyone had a mind to try his fortune in matrimony and consulted them on the point, they would answer that by the word *yoke* was signified marriage, and the *crops* were the children who would be procreated. If a man wished to purchase an estate, they would say that *oxen* and *yoke* and *flourishing fields of crops* were predicted. If anyone was anxious about a journey and wished to take the divine auspices, they would say that the mildest of all quadrupeds were *yoked* and got ready for them, and that by *joyous crops* a good profit was promised. If anyone was making military preparations or going in pursuit of a band of robbers, and asked whether it would be advantageous or not to proceed, they contended that victory was assigned them by unmistakeable prediction; for the necks of the enemy would be passed under the *yoke*, and that they would capture a booty from the stolen property, which would be most *copious* and *fruitful*.

In this way they made no small amount of money by their crafty and captious divination.
At last they got tired of these constant consultations and the wearisomeness of the one argument in their reply, and again took to the road, which happened to be a far worse ons than that by which we had travelled the last night. It was beset by yawning trenches enough to swallow one up, and in parts covered with a sheet of stagnant water, and slippery with a wash of dirty mud. My legs were all bruised with the frequent knocks they received while I kept slipping about, and in my weariness I could scarcely get out on to the country paths.

Suddenly a squad of armed horsemen overtook us: they pulled in their steeds with difficulty after their furious gallop, and threw themselves eagerly upon Philebus and his company. They set halters round their necks, abusing them as sacrilegious, impure wretches, and punching them every now and then with their fists. They handcuffed them all, and overwhelmed them with urgent demands to produce at once the golden cup, which was the proof of their crime, and which they had stealthily purloined from the very cushions of the Mother of the Gods, under pretence of
celebrating some secret rites in her temple. And then as if they could possibly avoid punishment for such a crime, they set off in secrecy and slipped through the suburbs while the light was still uncertain. To end all, one of them laid his hand upon my back, and, after rummaging in the bosom of the Goddess I was carrying, found the golden cup, and held it up before the sight of all.

The filthiest of all scoundrels however would not allow even that abominable crime to be brought home to them. It was impossible to terrorise them, and they jeered with mocking smiles. "Here's a prodigy of undeserved misfortune!" they said. "How often are the innocent exposed to danger! On account of a single cup, which the Mother of the Gods gave to her Sister Goddess of Syria as a token of hospitality, the pontiffs of religion are accused of wrong and set on trial for their lives!"

However all this idle twaddle and everything else to the same effect was quite in vain: the country folk led them away to where they had come from and threw them in chains into the local Tullianum. The cup, and the image itself that I used to carry, were consigned to
the treasury of the temple and consecrated there.

The next day I was brought out and offered for sale once more by the voice of the public crier. A baker from the neighbouring village bought me for seven pieces more than Philæbus gave for me, and straightway put a heavy load of corn that he had bought upon my back. Then he led me off along a road, which mounted over pointed rocks and was infested with all sorts of brushwood, to the bakehouse in which he practised his trade.

In this place there were a number of mills turning in different directions by the multivious circlings of a crowd of animals; while the unstable vertigo of the machinery went on all through the night as well as during the day to elaborate the flour of their vigils. My new master supplied me nobly with lodging and entertainment, to assuage the first horror of my service. My first day was a holiday, and he furnished my crib with an abundance of fodder. But that blessedness of ease and sagination lasted no longer than that. On the following day I was stationed at the mill which seemed the largest of all: my face
was straightway veiled, and I was driven forward along the curving spaces of the tortuous channel. I kept returning on my traces with constant repetition as my flying goal led me round in a circle, so that I wandered round and round in all the fixity of error.

I did not however entirely forget all my sagacity and wisdom, or yield myself as a compliant novice to my schooling. Though I had frequently seen these turning machines, when leading the life of a man, and had been beneath the yoke of a mechanical mill before myself, I used to feign stupidity, as if I had had no share or experience in such work, and make a dead halt; I thought that if I were found inept or useless for this kind of service, I should be relegated to some other lighter labour, or perhaps be turned loose to graze. But it was in vain that I exercised my wits in my own disfavour. A number stood round me at once armed with sticks, and, as I was already secured by having my eyes bandaged, poured their blows upon me in volleys in time to a given signal, shouting at the same time. I got so con-
fused with their hubbub, that I banished all ideas from my head and, straining most knowingly with all my weight against the esparto rope, went on my course with alacrity. This sudden change of my conscientious opinion moved the whole assembly to laughter.

When I had got through the greater part of the day and I was pretty well worn out, they took off my esparto traces, freed me from the machine and set me at my manger. Though I was extremely fatigued and much in need of something to repair my strength, and absolutely famished with hunger, still I was excited by my familiar, Curiosity, and I disregarded my abundant supply of food, to consider with a good deal of foreboding, but also a certain delectation, the discipline that ruled in this undesirable workshop. Good Gods! What sorry figures of men! Marked all over their skin with livid weals, and with their wounded backs rather shaded than protected by a garment all in rags! Some of them wore only a tiny covering set upon their pubis; but all of them were habited in such a way that their bodies were visible through their rags. Their foreheads were branded
and half of their heads shaved: they had rings round their ankles, and were deformed by a hideous sallowness of complexion; while their eyelids were eaten away by the smoke and vapour, that hung obscurely in the darkness and injured their eyesight. They reminded one of pugilists, who rub themselves over with dust for an encounter; so whitened were they with the dirt and dust from the flour.

As to my comrades of the herd, what shall I say of them, how describe them? What old mules, what feeble old hacks! There they were, with their heads sunk into the mangers, champing the piles of straw: their necks were covered with wounds full of rottenness and corruption: their languid nostrils hung in folds, distended out of all shape, as the effect of continual coughing: their chests were ulcerated by the continuous pressure of their esparto-grass collars: their ribs were bared of flesh to the bone with unceasing flagellation: their hoofs were developed to a prodigious mass of deformity by the continual running in one round: their whole hide was rough with a scabbed mass of inactive sores.

I feared the mournful precedent set for me
by the whole household staff, and when I remembered the condition of life to which Lucius had once belonged, and how I was now arrived at the last turning-post on the road to ruin, I hung my head and wept. I had no solace in any quarter for my life of torment, save that I could gratify my inborn curiosity, as everyone disregarded my presence and acted and spoke freely just as they pleased. It was not without reason that the divine exponent of primitive poetry among the Greeks sang of a man who had attained the height of virtue by visiting many cities and knowing many peoples, when he desired to exhibit the model of a sage. I was always grateful for my life as an ass; for it exercised me in many virtues while I dwelt beneath the protection of that hide, and, if it did not bring me wisdom, it gave me at least variety of knowledge.

In fine I have determined to present a good story to your hearing, an unusually pleasing composition, and, without more ado, I may as well begin it.

The baker, who had made me his own by
the expenditure of his money, was a very good man at bottom and possessed of excellent self-restraint: but he had hit on a very bad wife, one who exceeded all other women in wickedness; and so he had to endure the extremest penalties ever decreed against the home and marriage-bed. By Hercules, I often mourned over his lot in silence. There was not a single vice which that villainous female did not possess: every species of wickedness had flowed into her soul as into some filthy jakes. She was an omen of ill: cruel, poisonous, drunken, obstinate, stubborn: miserly and shamefully rapacious: a spendthrift, when money could be spent on vice: an enemy to good-faith: a foe to modesty. She despised and trampled on foot the Divine Authorities, and substituted a certain religion of her own with disingenuous and sacrilegious presumption: she worshipped God, whom she declared to be but one, with vainly imagined observances; lying to all men and deceiving her wretched husband; while she gave herself up to drinking wine neat before midday and to unceasing whoredom.

This woman, whose character I have des-
cried, showed wonderful animus in persecuting me. As she lay in bed before the break of day, she would call out to have the new ass harnessed to the machine. Then, as soon as she left her bedroom, she would give the strictest orders for a liberal allowance of blows to be laid on me in her presence. Finally, when it was meal-time and the other beasts were loosed, she used to order me to be taken to my manger much later than all the rest.

This cruelty of hers had increased my natural curiosity, and made me observe her morals all the more. I used to be aware of a certain young fellow going very frequently into her bedroom, and had the greatest desire to catch sight of his face; if only the covering they put on my head would allow me to use my eyes, I should not have wanted sagacity enough to reveal the wicked woman's crimes in some way or other.

There was an old woman, however, who was the minister of her debanchery and acted as a go-between for her adulteries, who was with her every day inseparably from morning till night. The pair used to lunch together, drink against one another as if it were for a
wager, taking their wine quite neat, and all the while inventing frauds of all sorts and underhand devices to cheat the unfortunate husband.

Though I was greatly incensed against Fotis for her mistake in turning me into an ass, while she was endeavouring to make a bird of me, still I had one consolation in my miserable deformity, and that was that I had gained a pair of very long ears, and could easily hear what was going on at a very great distance off.

At last one day a discourse of the following nature was borne to my hearing from the chattering old creature's lips.

"As to that man, my lady, it is your own look-out. It was through no advice of mine that you hit upon such a backward and timid friend as that. Why, he shows craven terror, if your unamiable, hateful husband only wrinkles his eyebrows, and tortures your desire for his embrace by such languor and remissness in his passion. How much better Philesietærus is! Young, and handsome: open-handed: pushing: persevering against all the useless precautions that husbands take! Why,
by Hercules, he deserves to enjoy all the ladies' favours by himself! He deserves to be the only man to wear a crown of gold, if it was for nothing else than the splendid trick he played the other day on that jealous husband. Just listen, and you'll be able to compare the genius of the two lovers and see the difference between them.

You know Barbarus, the town decurion, the man that everyone calls Scorpion, on account of his vile temper? Well, his wife is of a good family and exquisitely beautiful, and he expends a wonderful amount of care in keeping watch over her and always locks her up in the house, he is so cautious!"

Here the baker's wife broke in: "Why, I know her quite well. You are speaking of Arete, my old schoolmate."

"Oh!" said the old woman. "So you know the whole story about Philesietærus too?"

"Not at all," she answered, "but I should like to hear it very much. Please, mother, tell me everything just as it happened."

The irrestrainable old babbler went on without a pause.

"Well, Barbarus had to go on some
journey, and while he was getting ready for it, he wished to bestow ample care upon the preservation of his dear wife's modesty. So he took his servant Myrmex aside, as he knew the man was extremely faithful, and made over entire charge of his wife to him. He ended up by threatening him with prison and perpetual chains, starvation, violent death in fact, if anyone, even while passing her in the street, touched her by so much as a finger, and swore a great oath by all the Gods in heaven in confirmation of his threats. Then, when he had stricken Myrmex with the greatest terror and secured him as the keenest of watchmen to protect his wife, he went on his journey in peace of mind.

Myrmex kept obstinately on the watch with the greatest anxiety, and never let his mistress go for a walk. He kept her at her spinning at home, and sat down beside her as she worked, and never left her for a moment. It was necessary of course for her to go out to the baths in the evening, but he kept glued to her side, holding on to the hem of her garment, and maintaining his trust in
the department confided to his care with the utmost sagacity.

But the beauty of a lady of quality like her could not escape the notice of the ardent Philestærus. Her notorious chastity and the excessive zeal displayed in its preservation was enough to set him on flame and make him ready to do or suffer anything. He collects all his energies for the task of taking this steady home discipline by storm, and relying on his confidence in human frailty and on the perviousness of all things to money, and the way in which gold is wont to break through doors of adamant, he takes his opportunity of entering into conservation with Myrmex alone, tells him his tale of love, and implores and entreats him to supply the remedy to his torment. He is near now, he says, to the death he has resolved on and decreed against himself, unless he can gain speedy possession of the desired object. There was nothing for him to fear, he said, as it was an easy affair: he could come alone, in the evening, when he would be hidden under the trusty shade of darkness, and could creep in and out again in a moment of time.
To the fine edge of these insinuations he applied the weight of a wedge calculated to split the slave’s rigid tenacity violently asunder, and, holding out his hand, showed him the solid pieces of shining gold, all bright and new. Twenty of them, he said, he had destined for the girl, and would be glad to offer him ten.

Myrmex was horrified at so unheard-of a crime, closed his ears and took to instant flight. But he could not free his eyes from the flaming splendour of the gold: and though he was soon at a distance and reached the house at a brisk pace, he still saw the lovely light of minted coin before him, and fancied himself already clutching the glorious loot. The poor fellow’s mind was tossed upon a strange ocean of dissentient thought, and plucked this way and dragged that by conflicting opinion. On this side honesty, on that profit: here torture, there pleasure. At last, however, gold vanquished all fear of death. His desire for the beauty of money was not even assuaged by time: the pest of avarice brought care to his very bed-side; so that, though his master’s threats confined him to the house, gold on the other hand bade him go forth.
At last he swallowed down all shame and set hesitation on one side. He carried his message to the lady's ear. The woman was no degenerate from the levity of her sex, and at once prostituted her modesty to the detestable metal. Myrmex was overcome with joy on his fall down the moral precipice, and filled with eagerness, not so much to possess the money he had seen to his ruin, as merely to touch it: with a beaming countenance, he brought word to Philesietærus that his desire had been accomplished after a deal of trouble. He demanded the proffered reward at once, and the hand of Myrmex, which had never even known copper coins, now closes on gold pieces.

When night arrived, he brought the eager lover, alone, and with his face well concealed, to the house, and introduced him into his lady's chamber.

They had just paid their first adorations to love, and were only engaging in their first campaign of pleasure as naked recruits, when, contrary to all expectations, the husband suddenly arrives. He had chosen the night on purpose. He is
knocking now at the gate of the house, calling out, beating the folding doors with a stone. His suspicions are being more and more aroused by the delay that is made, and he threatens Myrmex with direful punishment. The latter was all in confusion at the sudden appearance of ill-fortune, and reduced to a miserable dearth of counsel through the trepidation he was in: all he could do was to keep saying that the darkness of the night hindered him from finding the key, which he had carefully hidden away. Philesietaerus meantime was alive to the noise, hastily threw on his tunic and rushed out of the bedroom; but in his perturbation he went barefoot.

Myrmex had at last fitted the key beneath the bolts and threw open the doors, letting in his master who thundered out to the Gods in his rage, and while he was making straight for his wife's bedroom, the slave let out Philesietaerus, who slipped quietly past the other way. As soon as he had got him across the threshold he felt safe, closed up the house and went off to sleep again.

As soon as it was dawn however Barbarus began to walk about the bedroom, and saw a
pair of strange shoes under the bed, which Philesiétærus had worn when he crept in. From this he was at once led to suspect what had taken place, but he did not unbo­som his grief to his wife or any of his people, but picked up the shoes and hid them furtively in his bosom. He merely ordered Myrmex to be bound by his fellow slaves and dragged in the direction of the market-place, while he renewed his mut­tered bellowings of wrath and walked quickly on, convinced that he should be able to get on the adulterer’s track very easily by means of the tell-tale shoes.

But lo, while Barbarus crossed the square in his wrath, with swollen countenance and lowering brow, and close beside him came Myrmex loaded with chains and labouring under a terribly bad conscience, though he had not been actually taken red-handed, and failing to excite any pity by all his tears and dismal lamenta­tions, — just in the nick of time up came Phile­sietærus, though he was in quest of some other business. He was struck by the sudden appar­ition, but in no way dismayed. He recalled the error he had committed in his hurry, and suspected at once all it had given rise to. He
showed his sagacity on the spot by maintaining his natural coolness: he left his slaves on one side and made for Myrmex with a great shout, punching him in the cheeks with the greatest kindness.

"You rascally, perjured individual!" he shouted. "May your master there, and all the Deities of Heaven whom you have blasphemously sworn to, bring your wickedness to a wicked end! Stealing my shoes yesterday from the bath! You deserve what you are getting, by Hercules! Yes, you deserve to rub your chains away, and be put in the black hole as well!"

Barbarus fell into the snare set for him by the lusty youth and was quite led away by it. In fact he lapsed into credulity, went back home, to stay there this time, called Myrmex and handed over the shoes to him. He granted him a full pardon, and advised him to take them back to the owner, from whom he had stolen them.

When the old hag had finished her chatter, "Oh, blessed the woman," said the other,
who enjoys her freedom with such a cool-headed lover! As for me, I have hit upon a fellow who's afraid of the noise made by the mill, and the blind face of that scabby ass."

Then said the hag: "I'll engage to talk to your lover and encourage him and make him come to you with alacrity." They then agreed that she should return in the evening, and she left the room.

The chaste spouse at once set about preparing a Salian repast, straining costly wines, flavouring recently cooked meats with stuffing, and laying the table wide. To speak the truth, the coming of the adulterer was prepared for as if it had been that of some God; for her husband was very conveniently dining out that day at their neighbour, the fuller's.

When midday approached I was released from my collar, and was sure of my opportunity of a meal. Still, I was not so much pleased at being released from toil as at having my eyes uncovered, so that I could now observe all this wicked woman's arts at my leisure.

The sun went down beneath the ocean to light up the subterranean regions of the globe, when lo, close to the wicked old hag's side
comes the hardy adulterer! He was but a boy: with cheeks that were still smooth and shining: he was pleasant for even men to look at. The woman received him with a shower of kisses, and bade him recline to the supper she had prepared.

Scarcely, however, had the young fellow touched the preliminary beverage, which was served as a whet, with so much as the tips of his lips, when up comes the husband, returning home far sooner than he had been expected. His exemplary wife invoked the direst curses on him, and wished he might smash his legs: then she proceeded to hide the adulterer, who was all trembling and pale with terror, in a wooden receptacle, which was used for pouring all sorts of corn into before being winnowed, and which happened to be near the place where he was reclining. Her inborn cunning aided her to dissimulate all traces of her terrible crime and conjure up a fearless countenance to meet her husband, as she enquired why he had left the little dinner given by his closest friend, and got back so early.

He sighed over and over again in grief of soul. "I took to my heels," he said, "as I
couldn't endure the awful guilt of his abandoned wife. Oh, what a lady, good Gods! How faithful! How temperate! And now she has stained herself with this abominable infamy! I swear by my holy Ceres, that I can scarcely believe my own eyes yet, when it is the case of such a woman as she is!"

The brazen wife was filled with desire to hear the whole matter on hearing her husband talk in this way, and never ceased battering away at him till he came out with the full story from the beginning. She did not stop till her husband yielded to her wish and, all in ignorance of his own, related the misfortunes of his neighbour's house.

"The wife of my mate the fuller seemed to be a woman of tried virtue. She always had the best of reputations to boast of, and kept her husband's house modestly: but she has given way secretly to adultery. Often she went in for embraces on the sly, and just at the moment we came back to dinner after our bath, she was caught in the very act with the same young man! Well, she was surprised of course by our sudden arrival, and
had to do the best she could think of for the moment. There was a basketwork cage there, with the osiers plaited so as to form a rising sort of hillock on top, and round this they had the clothes bleaching, under the action of the white smoke from the sulphur: she hid him by putting him inside. She had concealed him quite safely, she thought, and took her share in the meal with us quite at her ease.

However the young fellow was being penetrated and overwhelmed by the acrid, heavy odour of the sulphur, and was nearly in a faint from being unable to breathe properly. Then the active mineral exercised its ordinary influence by making him give sneeze after sneeze. The husband throught the first sneeze came from his wife, as he heard it when she was behind his back, and prayed for her health in the usual terms, and when it happened again, and then again more often. At length his attention was aroused by the extent to which the thing was going, and he suspected what it really was. He pushed the table away before him, displaced the cage and revealed the man, who was panting for breath and scarcely able to breathe at all.
He was on fire with indignation at the slight put upon him, called for a sword, and made as though he would murder the dying man. I succeeded at last in restraining from his furious onslaught, as I had an eye on the danger that that would subject us all to, by insisting on the fact that his enemy would soon perish by the violent action of the sulphur of his own accord and without doing us any harm. He was not so much appeased by what I urged as by the necessity of the case itself, and, seeing that the man was half dead already, he carried him out into the lane by the door. I quietly advised his wife, and persuaded her at last, to go away for a little while, and stay away from the shop for a bit at the house of some woman friend of her own, till her husband's anger had time to cool down. He was seized with such a furious passion, that I had no doubt he was nourishing some fell intention with regard to his wife or himself.

I had had enough of dining with my mate, so I took to my heels and came back to my own home."

While the baker was going through all this, his brazen, audacious wife was hurling all
sorts of execrations against the wife of the fuller. She was perfidious, shameless, a perfect disgrace to her whole sex: she set all modesty on one side, trampled on the contract of the marriage bed, stained her husband’s home with the infamy of the brothel; and now she had lost the dignity of a married woman, and gained for herself the name of a prostitute! Women like that, she added, ought to be burnt alive.

At the same time she was secretly stinged to the quick by her own sordid conscience, and, in order to free her debaucher as soon as possible from the torments of his concealment, kept advising her husband to go off to bed earlier than usual. But he had had his dinner snatched from his lips, and had fled off without breaking his fast; so he politely requested her to set the table. As for me, my very heart was torn within me, as I thought over the crime which had just gone before, and the coolness the villainous female showed at the present moment. I resolved deliberately in my own mind, that if it only lay within my power, I would show her up, reveal her deceitful conduct and lend my assistance to
my master by knocking aside the covering under which he was lurking like a tortoise in its shell, and exhibit him openly.

At last a heavenly providence was vouchsafed me in the torture I was suffering over my master's wrong. The lame old man who had charge of all us beasts came up, as it was the time, and began to drive us down in a herd to the nearest pond to drink. This supplied me with a magnificent opportunity for my revenge. As I went past the bin I noticed the ends of the adulterer's toes projecting from underneath his narrow shelter: I put out my hoof on that side with fell intent, caught them beneath it and squeezed them into almost nothing at all. He was seized of course with intolerable pain, raised a shout and a howl, pushed the bin on one side and threw it from him, and was so exposed to the gaze of the profane, while he revealed a fine tableau of the woman's immodest conduct.

The baker was not greatly put about by this loss of his wife's honour. He cheered the young fellow, who was as pale as death and trembling all over, by his serene brow and satisfied expression. "Fear nothing dreulfad
from me, my son;" he began, "I am not a barbarian: I have no rough, savage ways. I shall not slay thee with the lethal fumes of sulphur, and follow the precedent of this instrument of slaughter. I shall not even profit by the severity of our adultery laws, and put such a pretty, nice little boy on trial for his life. I shall not even conduct my suit on the lines of a Division of family property, but on those of Enjoyment in common; so that without any controversy or dissension, we three may come to an agreement in uno lectulo. I have always lived in such perfect concord with my wife, that we have followed the practice of the wise, and have both made up our minds to like the same thing. And you know it is not in equity that the wife should have more authority than the husband."

When he had exercised his wit on the boy with quiet raillery like above, he led him to his marriage bed: much against his will; but he had to follow. Then he shut out that chastest of all women, his wife, on the other side, solus ipse cum puero cubans, gratissima corruptarum nuptiarum vindicta perfruebatur.
But as soon as the bright solar wheel brought forth the day, he called two of his strongest servants, had the boy hoisted well up, and whipped his buttocks with a rod. "How!" he said. "So soft and tender, and no more than a boy as you are! Defraudatis amatoribus ætatis tuæ flore, mulieres appetis? And you corrupt free-born women too, and those who are lawfully married, and claim the name of an adulterer before your time!"

He cast all that up against him and more of the same sort, chastising him with a super-abundance of stripes as well, and then thrust him out of doors. But he, the most gallant of all adulterers, rejoiced to possess the life he had given up for lost. Tamen nates candidas illas noctu diuque diruptus.

The baker did not fail to divorce his wife and drive her forth from his house without delay. Over and above her natural wickedness, the slight which she had received, just though it was, incensed and exasperated her: she returned to her old tricks, and was moved by her resentment to resort to the arts well known
to women. She took a deal of care in requisitioning the services of a certain wise woman, who was believed to be all-powerful with her incantations and witchery. She entreated her with many prayers, and loaded her with many presents, to effect one of two things: either to appease her husband and conciliate him with her once more, or, if unable to do that, to send some ghost or other dire being of the other world against him, till his life came to a violent end.

This sorceress, who exercised such supernatural powers, first of all merely skirmished with the weapons furnished by her wicked learning, and tried to bend the disposition of the much wronged husband, and force his thoughts in the direction of love. This effort however turned out otherwise than she had expected. Then in her indignation against the Gods, and stimulated by the contempt into which she had fallen,—to say nothing of the promised reward she could earn,—she began to make attempts upon the life of this most wretched husband, and instigate the shade of a woman who had met her death by violent means to bring about his destruction.
But perchance, scrupulous reader, thou wilt find fault with what I narrate and argue in this way: How canst thou, silly donkey, have been able to learn the secret actions of women, as thou pretendest, when thou wert shut up within the walls of the bakehouse?

Learn then how an inquisitive man like me learnt of everything that was done against the life of his master the baker, while still wearing his ass's shape.

About midday a wonderfully ugly woman, sad and criminal looking, appeared suddenly inside the bakehouse. She was half clad in a deplorably ragged garment, her feet bare and uncovered, her complexion haggard and ruined by a sallowness like boxwood. Her hair was grey and dishevelled, and all dirty from the ashes with which they were besprinkled, while a great part of it hung down in front and hid her face.

In this guise she laid her hand gently upon the baker, as though wishing to say something to him in private: she led him into his bedroom, and remained there a very long time with the bolt drawn. In the meantime all the
grain that the workmen had in hands was finished, and it became necessary to apply for more: the slaves who were standing near the bedroom called to their master, and asked him to supply what was necessary for their work.

They called out frequently and one after the other, but no master answered. Then they knocked at the door with greater violence, and as it proved to be most carefully bolted they began to suspect that they were in the presence of something serious and unfortunate. They had to pull the strong hinges off or break them through, before they could get the passage clear.

The woman was nowhere to be found, but they saw their master hanging from a beam, quite dead. They loosed the noose round his neck and took it off: Then they attended to the last washing of the body with the greatest mourning and lamentation. They performed the funeral rites and consigned his body to the grave, to which a numerous escort followed it.

On the next day one of his daughters came up hurriedly from the neighbouring village,
where she had married, all in grief, shaking her dishevelled hair and every now and then beating her breasts with her hands clenched. She knew everything, though no messenger had informed her of the family misfortune. An apparition of her father in tears, with the noose still round his neck, had come to her in her sleep, and made her stepmother's criminal conduct fully known to her: her adultery, the witchcraft, then how he had been brought to his death through spirit influence. She tormented herself for a long time by her grief, but was at length restrained by the united efforts of her relatives, and gave her mourning pause.

The rites at the tomb were duly completed on the ninth day, and she auctioned off her whole inheritance, the household, the furniture and all the animals. Thus the capricious fortune of a sale, with its uncertain results, scattered a whole home in various directions. I was bought for fifty pieces by a poor fellow, who did gardening in a small way: a large sum, as he said, but it was to eke out a living by our united labour,

The affair demands that I should explain the manner of life I now led in my new service.
In the morning my master would load me with a heap of vegetables and drive me into the neighbouring town, where he would dispose of his goods to the buyers, and then return to his garden riding on my back. But while he was digging and watering and bending over other labour of that sort, I was left for a while at my ease and enjoyed some repose and quiet.

But lo, the constellations went round in their ordered circuits and the year moved on its numbered course of days and months, passing from the delights of new autumn wine to the wintry hoarfrosts of Capricorn. I was confined to a roofless stable beneath the open sky and wet by the constant rains and dews of night; so that I was tortured by unceasing cold. My master was so poor that he could not give himself a bed, let alone me, or any poor little covering, but had to content himself with the leafy shade of the hut he dwelt in. Added to this, I had to contend every morning with the icy cold mud of the road, where my feet were beset by sharp fragments of ice, and I could not even fill my belly with the food I been accustomed to. I had exactly the same dinner as my master, and that an extremely slender
one, bitter old lettuces that ran into an enormous growth of seed and stood up like brushes, filled with a nasty, rotten, slimy sap.

One moonless night, a householder from the neighbouring hamlet was stopped on his road by the darkness and drenching rain: he had to turn aside from his journey, and take refuge in our garden along with his worn out steed. We gave him a polite reception under the circumstance, and afforded him a much needed if not particularly refined lodging for the night. He desired to requite this kind hospitality, and promised to make a present of corn and oil from his farm, and more than that a couple of kegs of wine.

My master made no delay, took some bags and empty wine-skins with him, and seated himself on my bare back to accomplish a journey of some sixty stades. When we had traversed that length of road, we arrived at the promised farm, and there our host made my master share a first-rate meal with him, and treated him with great politeness.

While they were exchanging cups of wine with each other, a marvellous portent took place. A hen left her place in the ranks of her cohort
and ran through the poultry-yard, clucking vigorously according to the nature of these creatures when they are going to lay an egg. Her master looked at her. "Good servant!" he said. "Fertile thing that you are, feeding us daily for a long time now with your daily produce! I see you are thinking of giving us another snack now. Hallo there, boy!" he said "put the little basket, we use for the hens to lay in, in the usual corner."

The boy did as he was bid, but the hen disregarded the couch spread for her by this accustomed litter, and brought forth a premature offspring before her master's feet, one destined to fill him with the greatest anxiety. It was not the egg we know of, but a little chicken, furnished completely with wings and claws and voice, which began to run about after its mother at once.

Then a far greater portent occurred, which was certainly enough to inspire everyone with terror. The earth gaped open from its depths beneath the table, which was loaded with the remains of the meal, and a copious stream of blood gushed from it. The drops were dashed in spray upon the table and sprinkled
it all over with gore, and at that very moment, while they were gazing in fixed amazement and terror at the divine omen, a man ran up from the wine cellar to say that all the wine, that had been racked off a long time ago, was becoming heated in the casks and boiling, just as if there had been a great fire underneath. There were weasels seen also dragging in a dead serpent with their teeth, while a green frog leaped from the mouth of one of the shepherds' dogs, and a ram which was standing near attacked the dog and strangled with one effort of its jaws.

So many things of this nature filled both master and household with the greatest terror, and threw them into a very stupor of depression. They could only think what they could do first, what later on, what they should accomplish, what avoid, to appease the wrath of heaven which these manifestations announced, what victims they could procure, or how many. While they were all stricken with lethargy under the expectation of some dire and terrible event, a slave ran up to announce the last great misfortune which had fallen upon the lord of the demesne.
He had had three grown up sons, who were well educated and replete with every virtue, and who were the very glory of his existence. There was an oldstanding friendship between these young men and a certain poor man, who was the owner of a modest cabin. But beside this poor little cabin was the adjoining property, — a large and fertile tract of land, — of a powerful neighbour, a wealthy young man, who made an evil use of the glory of his ancestral race. He was the head of a powerful faction, and could easily do what he pleased in the town. Now he used to make hostile raids on the slender possessions of his poor neighbour, slay his sheep, drive off his cattle, and trample down his crops before they were ripe. Though he was now deprived of all his savings, he threatened to drive him off his last clod of earth, raised a frivolous boundary dispute, and claimed the whole of the land as his own.

The countryman, who was naturally of a modest disposition, saw himself now plundered by the avarice of this rich man, and in an effort to retain his ancestral property, if only to secure a grave for himself, called together a large
number of his friends in the greatest terror to prove his boundaries. Among the rest were these three brothers, who endeavoured to give their friend what aid they could in his misfortunes.

The arrogance of this person however was not one whit overawed or even thrown into confusion by the presence of so many citizens: he refused to desist from rapine or even from insulting expressions, and when they mildly expostulated and endeavoured to assuage his wrathful demeanour with fair words, he suddenly swore most religiously by his own life, and that of all whom he held dear, that he cared nothing for the presence of all these mediators, and that he would have his neighbour seized by his servants, and ejected at once as far as might he from his cabin.

The minds of all who heard him were filled with the most signal indignation at his words. One of the three brothers answered him without hesitation and with considerable freedom, that it was in vain for him to rely upon his wealth and make such proud and tyrannical threats: even the poor were free of the protection of the laws, and found their refuge in them against the insolence of the rich.
What oil is to flame and sulphur to a conflagration, what the lash is to fury, these words were to this man, and only formed the fuel to his truculence. Quite beside himself with wrath, he bade them all go be hanged, and their laws as well, and ordered the shepherds' dogs, — great ferocious beasts which were kept on his farms, and were accustomed to gnaw the carcasses that lay about the fields, as well as feed upon what they could bite from the persons of travellers on the road, — to be let loose, and hounded upon them with shouts for their destruction. These were at once excited to rage by the signal they always received from the shepherds, and rushed upon the men in mad fury, with horribly discordant yelpings. They inflicted all sorts of wounds upon the men, tearing and lacerating them, and were not even to be bought off by flight, but followed in pursuit with all the greater rage.

Amidst all this havoc wrought among the closely packed body of terrorised men, the younger of the three fell over a stone and was dashed to earth, hurting his fingers badly, and offering a horrible banquet to the cruel, savage dogs. They took their prey as they found it
lying before them, and began to tear the unfortunate young fellow to bits. When the other brothers recognized his cry of agony, they ran up to his assistance in the desperation born of grief. They folded their cloaks round their left hands and attacked the dogs with showers of stones, to defend their brothers, and drive them off. They were not able however to break their fury or prevail against them: the wretched youth died under his laceration, calling on them with his dying voice to avenge the death of their younger brother on the abominable plutocrat.

The brothers who survived made for the man of wealth, not so much, by Hercules, in desperation of their lives as in utter disregard of them. With souls on fire they made a mad onset upon him, and hurled a shower of stones at him as they approached. The bloody murderer however was well in practice through many similar crimes, and hurled his lance, which pierced one of the two right through the breast. The young fellow did not fall to earth, although he was done for and slain outright: the weapon had gone straight through him, projecting by the greater part of its length behind his back, and was fixed into the ground
by the violence of the shock, where it stood stiffly with body balanced upon it. Then one of the slaves, a tall brawny fellow, brought the assassin aid, and hurled a stone from a distance against the third young man's right arm. But the blow was ineffective; for the stone just grazed the tips of his fingers, and contrary to all expectation came harmlessly to the ground.

This kinder chance of fortune afforded the sagacious youth some little hope of revenge. He pretended he had lost the use of his hand, and addressed the heartless plutocrat in the following words:

"You may enjoy the ruin of our whole family now, and satisfy your insatiable cruelty with the blood of three brothers: you may glory in your triumph after laying so many of your fellow citizens low. But remember that, though the poor man be deprived of his possessions, and you extend your boundaries further and further, you will still have some neighbour always. Your head would have been stricken off by my hand, but that it has been shattered by an indignity of fate and fallen useless to my side."
The furious brigand was exasperated by the words, and snatching up a sword, rushed eagerly at the wretched young man, to slay him with his own hand. But he had not engaged a softer man than himself. The youth made a far better resistance than he had anticipated, and seized his right hand in a lusty grasp. He brandished the steel with a mighty effort, and dashed out the filthy plutocrat's soul with repeated blows. Then, to deliver himself from the slaves who rushed up, he at once cut his own throat with the sword which was still dripping with his enemy's blood.

It was all this that those prodigious omens had foreboded; this was what had been announced to that most unfortunate master!

The old man was unable to utter a word, or even shed a silent tear, amidst all these evils. He took the steel, which he had just used for carving up cheese and apportioning the rest of the repast among his guests, and, in imitation of the example set by his most unhappy son, mangled his throat with repeated cuts. He at last fell forward upon the table, and washed away the stains of the miraculous gore in the fresh stream of his own life-blood.
Thus in the shortest space of time the gardner's pity was challenged for the ruin of a whole unfortunate family. He deeply bewailed his experience, and paid for his meal by his tears, while he continued to smite his empty palms together. He mounted me forthwith and regained the road by which we had come.

He had his misfortune too on the road home. A tall fellow met us, who, as his costume and demeanour showed, was a legionary. He asked in a proud and arrogant way, where my master was taking the ass to, empty. The latter was still in perturbation with his grief, and ignorant of Latin as well; so he passed on without replying. The soldier however could not refrain from his usual insolence, and resented this silence as a reproach to himself: he beat him with a vine-switch he held in his hand and pushed him off my back. The gardner replied in a tone of entreaty that he did not understand the language and could not tell what he was saying.

The soldier then went on in Greek. "Where..." he said, "you take... the ass?"
The gardner answered that he was going to the neighbouring town.

"But he is use," he said, "to me. He must carry... the baggage of our præses... from this next village... with the other beasts."

And he caught hold of the reins by which my master was guiding me, and began to drag me along.

The gardner was wiping away the blood which was flowing down his head from the wounds he had just received. He again entreated him to behave more civilly and humanely towards a comrade, and adjured him by all his hopes of promotion. "The ass here," he said," is a lazy one, and is terribly subject all the same to falling sickness. He is only used to carrying a few bundles of vegetables from a garden in the neighbourhood, and he pants for breath and gets tired out even with that; so that he's very far from being a likely carrier of weightier effects."

When he saw however that the soldier could be appeased by no entreaties, and that he was only enraging him to his own destruction, he utilised his last resource, especially as the fellow
had reversed his vine-switch and was now breaking his skull with the great knob at the other end. He made a pretence of moving him to pity by wishing to lay hold of his knees; he bent submissively down and then seized him by both feet, raised him up in the air and dashed him heavily to the ground. Then in this place and in that, with his fists, his elbows, his teeth, even a stone he picked off the road, he wounded him all over face and hands and sides. The fellow was unable to make any resistance from the moment that he was stretched out upon the ground or protect himself in any way at all: he could only repeat the threat, that when he got up he would cut him into pieces with his sword. This was a good hint to the gardner, who took his blade away: he threw it off to a great distance, and then fell to attacking him with greater violence.

The fellow was quite prostrate and embarrassed by his wounds: he was unable to find safety by any other device than that of feigning death. The gardner then carried off his sword, and mounting on my back drove me at the top of my speed into the town, without turning to the right or the left. He did not even take the
trouble to look in at his garden, but called at the house of one of his friends, where he told the whole story, and begged them to help him in his danger by secreting himself and his ass there for a little while, till he avoided a capital charge by lying concealed for two or three days. The man was not forgetful of his former friendship, and took him in at once. They tied my feet together and dragged me up the staircase into an upper dining-room, while the gardner himself crept into a bin in the shop on the ground floor, and hid himself by drawing the lid over his head.

The soldier, as I heard afterwards, emerged from his semi-unconsciousness like a drunken man: his gait was tottering, and he suffered such pain from all his wounds that he could scarcely sustain himself upon his stick as he walked into the town. He was too much ashamed of the incapacity and want of smartness he had shown to say anything to the townspeople, but swallowed down his affront in silence, and then, when he had fallen in with some of his comrades, told them all the outrage he had suffered. It was resolved amongst them that he should hide himself for a while in
his own quarters; for, besides his personal disgrace, he was fearful of the divinity to whom he had sworn his military oath, as he had lost his sword. They took information as to our personal appearance, and turned their attention seriously to the work of investigation and revenge.

A perfidious neighbour was not wanting to give them the information that we were in hiding there. The soldiers at once applied to the magistrates, and made a lying complaint that they had lost a piece of silver plate of considerable value belonging to their commanding officer, while on the road: that a certain gardner had found it and would not give it up, but was hiding at the house of some friend of his own. As soon as the magistrates heard the name of the Præses mentioned and what he had lost, they presented themselves at once at the door of our house, and called upon our host in a loud voice to give us up from our hiding place in his house, or he would be more than certain to incur the peril of his own life. He was not a whit alarmed, but was only solicitous for the safety of the man for whose security he had gone bail, and made no confes—
sion concerning us. He even argued that he had not seen the gardener in question for several days. The soldiers argued against that, and swore by the genius of the Chief that he was in hiding there and nowhere else.

The magistrates determined at last to lay the matter open by a search, as the man was obstinate in his denials. They sent in the lictors accordingly along with the other public officials, and ordered them to go over the whole house carefully in every corner. The result was an announcement that there was nobody, not even an ass within the threshold.

Then the contention on both sides grew still more violent, the soldiers affirming our presence as a certain fact, and appealing to Caesar over and over again, and the man on his part denying it all, and calling on the sacred character of the Gods without cessation.

Now, as I had always been of an inquisitive turn, and at the present moment was an ass of the most obstinate restlessness, I turned my head in an oblique direction, and went towards a little window in the room to see what all the tumult was about. One of the soldiers, whose eye happened to fall upon my shadow, put two
and two together, and called all to witness what he had seen.

At once a great shout was raised: the stairs were mounted: a hand was laid upon me and I was dragged forth as a captive. All hesitation was now laid aside: everything was observed more scrupulously: the bin came to light: the wretched gardner was found and brought forth and handed over to the magistrates, who lodged him in the public prison to pay for his offences with his head.

From all this arose the proverb that we so frequently hear, of the Ass’s Look and the Ass’s Shadow.
NOTES TO CHAPTER IX

Myrtilum mulionem: Myrtilus the muleteer.

Myrtilus is a name well known to Greek mythology, the original of the name being the charioteer who guided the magic steeds of ÓEnomaus, king of Elis. ÓEnomaus had a daughter Hippodamia, whose wedding day had been foretold by an oracle to be the day destined for her father's death. ÓEnomaus in consequence threw every obstacle in the way of her suitors, and made them compete with him in a chariot race, the stake on his side being his daughter's hand, and on theirs their own lives.

Pelops, the good son of the wicked Tantalus, entered into the contest, and prayed to Poseidon for success. The god answered his prayer, and supplied him with two of his own white flying coursers. There are two stories as to the event. One is that Poseidon made one of the king's chariot wheels fly off, just as he was about to overtake Pelops with his magic mares, Phylla and Harpinna, who outstripped the winds. The other is that Myrtilus played him false, and caused a breakdown and his master's death; whereupon Pelops avenged the treachery by throwing him
into the sea, which was afterwards called the sea of Myrtilus.

**Hephaestionem coquum**: Hephaestion the cook.

Hephaestion is the Greek Vulcan, the god of fire and forge, or as Apuleius burlesquely puts it when describing Psyche's marriage feast, the god of the kitchen range.

**Hypaticum cubiculare**: Hypaticus the chamberlain. This name appears under various forms in the editions. Beroaldus has Hypatarium, Maury Hypatium. Neither of these words give any clue to the reason of their adoption by Apuleius, and do not suggest any famous character on a par with the other servants' names. I have ventured to make a provisional suggestion of Hypaticus as the name, till the corrupt text be satisfactorily amended. Ὄπατος is the Greek for consul, and Ὄπατικος means of consul rank or dignity. This will give us a joke on the important airs assumed by flunkeys in such positions. Ὄπατεια, sometimes written Ὄπατία, means consulship or high office; which is I suppose the meaning of the name of Hypatia, rendered familiar to us by Charles Kingsley. But was there ever a Greek name Ὄπατιος, Hypatius? The word is not commemorated by Liddell and Scott.

**Apollonium medicum**: Apollonius the doctor.

Ἀσκληπιάς, god of medicine, was the son of
Apollo, the sun God and primary source of health. Thus they divide the world between them, according to the Italian proverb: Dove non entra il sole, entra il medico. Where the sun doesn't enter, the doctor does.

**Dolio, quod erat... semiobrutum**: A cask that was half buried. We see from Pliny (XIV, 21) that in hot countries the more delicate wines were put in earthenware casks, which were buried to a greater or less degree in the earth, while stronger wines could remain in barrels exposed to the air. These buried casks were a recognised asset of a house and were assessed as immoveable property, unless otherwise declared in all contracts. (Law LXXVI in the Digest).

**Nisi nos putas æs de malo habere**: Unless you think I have come by my money dishonestly,—(we must understand) — so as to be able to throw it away in that way.

Or it may be that *de* is used here in the sense of the Greek περί, *with respect to*, and *malo* to equal *mala re*. The sense would then be unless you think I have money to spend on faulty goods."

**The yoke of oxen, etc.**

The Latin iambic distich forming this bogus oracle runs as follows.

Ideo conjuncti terram proscindunt boves
Ut in futurum læta germinent sata.
Solemnium. quae in operto factitaverant: rites they had performed in secret.

These mysteries were generally known as oper-tanea, or hidden, the idea being that they might be defiled or rendered inauspicious by the presence of the profane. As may be readily imagined they were often utilised as an opportunity for committing all sorts of abominations in secret. See Ju-venal for instance in his famous Satire on the Ro-man Women, where he speaks of the rites of the Bona Dea.

In Tullianum: In the local Tullianum.

The Tullianum was of course the famous Ma-mertine dungeon on the Roman Capitol, built by Servius Tullius, if tradition is to be believed.

Vagarer errore certo: I should wander in certain error, literally; which may rendered: in the cer-titude of error, or in a fixed path of error. This little passage is very characteristic of the school of Fronto the grammarian, who prescribes the use of these quaint, unexpected conceits, and as often happens, it pays the penalty of its ingenuity by a little obscurity.

Helcio sparteo: An esparto-grass collar.

Helcium, from the Greek ἔλαχῳ, to haul, means any sort of contrivance for hauling by. The pec-u liar sort of grass signified by spartum has no true English equivalent; but as the Spanish word es-
parto has grown familiar to us through trade, I have not scrupled to use it, in order to maintain the exactness of literal translation I have aimed at throughout.

**Frontem litterati**: Lettered on the forehead.

The labourers in the bakehouse were slaves and as such liable to be branded for various offences, theft, running away, etc. It is not so very long ago since deserters in our army were branded with a D; so we can scarcely wonder at the ancient Romans branding FUR on a slave’s forehead.

**Spretis divinis numinis in vicem certæ religionis...**

**confictis observationibus vacuis**: Despising the divinity of the Gods and substituting another religion... with vainly invented observances.

The commentators seem to agree that the religion here referred to is the Christian. Apuleius seems in this passage to evince a stoutly Protestant temper. He had studied all religions well, and knew their outward shell of vanity, that of his own included. He has satirised it openly in his fable of Cupid and Psyche, as well as elsewhere. Still here he casts his vote for the Establishment.

**Juro per istam ego sanctam Cererem**: I swear by the holy Ceres there.

Being a baker he naturally swears by the Goddess
of corn, and the phrase seems to indicate also that he had an image of her in his bakehouse — a common practice with regard to the tutelary deities, as we have seen in Chap. III, in the case of the shrine of Hippona in Milo's stable.

**Solito sermone salutem:** Health in the ordinary form.

The modern Italian salutation on a sneeze is Prosit, which may very well be the ancient Roman formula, though the modern German uses it zum Stossen when drinking. See Tylor's Primitive Culture as to the significance of the sneeze. It was a bodily convulsion, which like yawning, suggested the idea that the spirit might be blown out of the body: hence the prayer for the preservation of life. And hence too, perhaps, the action of putting the hand to the mouth, which may not be entirely due to politeness. It is conceivable that it originated in an effort to detain the soul from flying forth.

The meaning of the word *Prosit* is: May it profit! Sneezing being a somewhat unusual phenomenon was regarded as an omen. See Propertius II, 3, 24; Cat. 45, 9 and 18, and Ovid (H., 19, 151): "lumen sternuit et nobis prospera signa dedit," "the star sputtered out light — a prosperous omen for us." In the expression *Prosit*, then, the word _omen_ is probably understood, and the phrase will mean: May the omen be good! or: May that portend good!

Pliny speaks of _addressing_ people when they
sneeze: "adorare aliquem cum sternuerit," "to address a man when he sneezes." This was no doubt for the purpose of arresting his attention, and detaining his soul in his body by this means. Anthropologically this adoratio seems to indicate the same order of ideas as the conclamatio, or address of a corpse just after death.

A little further on in this chapter there is an interesting recension of omens: Apuleius seems neither to ridicule them, nor to affirm their significance: he merely seems to be gratifying his, and the reader's, fancy for the marvellous.

**Canes pastoritios**: Collies.

The character of the shepherd's dogs throws a lurid light on the savagery of the times, if Apuleius' descriptions contain a plain truth under the varnish of the tale. There seems always to have been abundance of corpses or carcasses, lying promiscuously about, for the dogs to whet their ferocious appetites upon. When however we read of a band of shepherds armed with spears and weapons of all sorts being routed by dogs, we may well be on our guard against the fidelity of his descriptions.

**Miles e legione**: A legionary.

In contradistinction to the auxiliaries, who were not of Roman birth, and could not well assume the same airs.

**Viti quam tenebat**: With a vine-switch he had in his
hand. The equivalent of our ash plant. The Roman centurions were authorised to carry them for the chastisement of insubordinate soldiers. Livy mentions one centurion, a ferocious martinet, who was nicknamed by the soldiers *Cedo alteram* — *Another please!* — from the number he used to break on their backs.

**Ubi ducis**: Where you take?

Apuleius makes the soldier speak bad Greek and expresses this by bad Latin, which I have endeavoured to reproduce in some sort of bad and broken English. *Ubi, where,* is incorrect: it should be *quo, whither.*

**Militaris sacramenti genium**: The genius of the military oath. See preceding note, chap. VIII, as to *genius*. In this case, the Emperor himself was considered to be the genius of the oath, and, as Tertullian remarks, the soldiers feared its infraction more than if they had sworn by all the Gods. The reason is pretty obvious.

The loss of any of the principal accoutrements was accounted desertion and punished as such. Law *qui commenatus,* 14 in the Digest: De re militari.

**De prospectu et umbra asini**: The look and shadow of the ass. Apuleius has fused two proverbial expressions here. The two stories which gave rise to them are as follows.
THE PEEPING ASS.

An ass once looked into a potter’s workshop through a small window, and in so doing broke some of his pots. The potter summoned the ass’s owner for damages. The judge asked the latter, on the case appearing against him, what he was charged with. “Letting my donkey look at some pots,” was the answer, which convulsed the court with laughter, and caused the dismissal of the case as frivolous.

THE ASS’S SHADOW.

Demosthenes was defending a prisoner on trial for a capital offence, but could not arouse the attention of the judges. He hit upon the plan of waking them up with a trivial anecdote. “A man,” he said, “hired an ass from its proprietor for a day’s journey, and the two men set out together. After their midday meal in the open country, the man who had hired the animal sat down in its shadow, to avoid the intense heat. Its owner upon this demanded extra payment, as he had only let out the ass itself and not its shadow.”

Here the Bench woke up. “There,” said Demosthenes, “you are ready to listen to trivialities of any sort, but not to the serious plea of a man whose life is in danger!”

The wheeze, as is evident, whether look or shadow is expressed, always refers to something trifling or frivolous.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE TENTH

A Short Term of Army Service. — A celebrated Poisoning Case. — The Cook and the Confectioner. — Our Hero returns to the Food eaten by Men. — And becomes a Celebrity. — Even affording Distraction to a Lady of Quality. — After which he is requested to Perform in Public. — And is provided with a Poisonous Partner. — A Ballet d’Action. — Flight.

What befell my master the gardner next day I know not. The soldier however, who had received such a magnificent thrashing for his outrageously overbearing conduct, loosed me from my manger, with no one to say him nay, and led me off. He loaded me with his own kit
from the barracks — so at least it seemed to me — and brought me out upon the highway all resplendent with military accoutrements. There was a helmet, bright and shining, and a shield that far outdid the polish of the other equipments; but the pride of all was the lance, which made a brave show with its immense shaft. All this display was not on account of any military discipline, but simply to terrorise the wretched people on the road; and so he carefully built up the baggage into a huge imposing structure, which suggested the appearance of a military force.

We travelled along the plain by a pretty easy road and arrived at a certain town, where we did not stop at the inn, but at the house of a man who belonged to the Town Council. The soldier gave me over in charge to a young slave, and proceeded himself with a business-like air to his commandant, who had a thousand armed men at his disposal.

The master of the house where we were staying had a young son, who was well versed in letters, and as a result of that was conspicuous for goodness and virtue, a son you would have liked to possess yourself, or at any
rate one like him. His mother had been dead a long time, and his father, who had repaired the loss by another marriage, had had another son by his second wife, a lad just over twelve years of age.

This step-mother, who owed her influence in her husband's house to her beauty rather than her moral character, whether it was that she was naturally unchaste, or that she was impelled by Fate to the worst of crimes, — at any rate, she set her eyes upon her step-son.

And now, gentle reader, know that thou art reading no story but a tragedy, and art mounting from the Sock to the Buskin.

As long as the Cupid this woman cherished in her heart was but a little, half-formed elf, she resisted his weak attack in silence, and easily repressed the flush that rose lightly to her cheek. But when he had filled her whole soul with frenzied fire, and Love rose up within her like some uncontrolled Bacchante, then she succumbed to the cruelty of the God.

There is no one but knows that the signs of failing health upon the countenance are exactly the same with lovers as with the sick: an unprepossessing pallor, languid eyes, wearied knees,
disturbed repose, and a difficulty in breathing, which increases in vehemence proportionately to the slowness of the respiration. But that she wept, you would fancy she was tossing in some burning fever. Alas for the ignorant minds of the physicians, who fail to read the throbbing vein, the excessive heat, the laboured breath, and the tossing in quick succession from one side to the other! Good Gods, how easy is it — not for a professed physician, but for any one who is schooled in sexual passion — to understand how a woman may burn and yet be free from fever!

As this deep agitation continued, she could restrain her raging passion no longer, and broke through her long silence. She ordered them to call her son, — a name she would willingly have suppressed, in order to be free from such a monitor of shame. The lad obeyed his sick mother's bidding on the moment, and entered the bedroom of his father's wife and brother's mother, with his forehead wrinkled with a senile care, and his mind prompt for every service due. But she! — silence weighed all its torments obstinately upon her: she struck upon some shoal of doubt each
time she essayed to speak: rejected at one instant the word which the moment before seemed aptest to express her thought. Her shame was still quivering in the balance, and she hesitated how she might best introduce her subject.

The young fellow, who suspected nothing wrong even then, ventured to make a submissive enquiry on his own account as to the cause of her present illness. Then, as she realised her possession of the pernicious opportunity which this solitary interview afforded, she gave full vent to her effrontery. She wept a flood of tears and hid her face in her robe: then she addressed a few words to him in a trembling voice.

"Thou art the whole cause and origin of my present grief, and thou art its remedy thyself and the only hope of life I possess. Those eyes of thine have sunk through mine, deep to my inmost sense, and have stirred a cruel conflagration in the very marrow of my bones. Pity thy parent then whom thou lovest, and let no scruple on thy father's account deter thee: for thou wilt restore his wife to him from the hand of death. I recognise his like-
ness in thy face; and so it is no wonder that I love thee. Thou hast all the confidence which solitude may inspire: thou hast the leisure enabling thee to accomplish this necessary deed: in short, what no one knows of is the same as what has never happened."

The young man was troubled in mind by the sudden approach of evil, and his first impulse was to rise up in protestation against the crime. He thought it was best however not to exasperate her by the untimely severity of a blunt refusal, but to calm her by a cautious promise, which might brook delay. He agreed to her proposal then in a good many words, told her to be of good heart, to take nourishment and get back her health, and seemed quite earnest in his advice. And then, he said, she should wait till his father set off on some journey, and left them some time free for their pleasures. Upon which, he withdrew at once from his evil-minded step-mother's sight.

He felt that he was in need of a great deal of advice, and reported the awful domestic calamity to an old tutor of his, who was a man of proved solidity of character. They consulted together for a long time, and could think of no
more profitable plan than to avoid the storm which cruel Fortune had let loose by instant flight.

The woman however was impatient of the smallest delay, and succeeded at once in persuading her husband by the wondrous arts she employed, to hurry off to some small country houses he owned at a very long distance from the spot, urging some fictitious reason she conjured up herself. When this was accomplished, she became frantic for the speedy fulfilment of her hopes, and exacted the pledge of sexual gratification she had received. The young man however urged one reason after another, and contrived to avoid her loathsome presence. This went on till it became clear from the number of messages that passed between them that he refused to fulfil his engagement; when at once by an easy transit she converted her wicked love into a still more evil hatred.

She requisitioned the services of one of her dowry-slaves, — a thorough scoundrel and ready for any crime, and to him she communicated her treacherous designs: nothing seemed better than to deprive the poor young man of
life! The villain was dispatched forthwith to procure a poison that would operate quickly. She mixed it carefully with wine, and prepared it for her innocent step-son’s destruction.

Now, while these evil-minded individuals were deliberating as to a good opportunity of presenting the draught, it fell out by chance that the younger boy who was the wicked woman’s own son, came home one morning after his studies, and became very thirsty after partaking of his lunch. He found the cup of wine in which the poison was lurking, and in perfect innocence of all hidden fraud emptied it a draught. He had imbibed the death prepared for his brother, and fell to earth lifeless.

The pedagogue was at once in consternation at the boy’s sudden death, and raised a howl and a shout which brought the mother and the whole family together. It was recognised as a case of virulent poison, and everyone present accused the authors of the deed as most abandoned criminals. The awful woman however, who was a singular example of the malice of stepmothers, was not touched by the bitter death of her own son, by her own consciousness
of infanticide, by the misfortunes of her house, her husband's grief, or the gloom of the funeral. She turned the family disaster to account for the accomplishment of her own vengeance, and at once despatched a courier to her husband who was still on the road, to announce the storm that had burst upon his home. He returned from his journey with all speed; when she played a part of the most daring effrontery, and advanced the charge that her son had met his death through her step-son's poisoned draught. This was not such a lie after all, as the child had anticipated the death assigned to the young man. But she went on to make out that the reason why the younger brother had been carried off by her step-son's crime, was that she had not yielded to the latter's shameful lust, when he had tried to ravish her. And she was not content with these enormous falsehoods, but added that he had drawn his sword upon her, when he realised that his criminality had been detected.

The unhappy father, who was thus made sensible of a two-fold bereavement, felt himself rocked upon a storm-tossed ocean of grief. His younger son he saw dead at his feet; and
as for the other, he foresaw his certain condemnation to death for incest and fratricide. He was forced at last by the hypocritical lamentations of his too beloved wife, who aimed at this very result, to an extreme hatred of his own offspring.

The funeral ceremonies were scarcely completed at his son's burial, when the unhappy old man hurried to the forum from the pyre of his son, with the tears he had so recently shed still streaming down his cheeks, and tearing his grey locks, which were all defiled with ashes. And there he set all his faculties to work, by tears, by prayers, by touching the knees of the councillors, to achieve the ruin of the son who remained to him, in perfect ignorance of the wicked woman's treachery. He denounced him as an incestuous violator of his own father's marriage-bed, a fratricide through the murder of his brother, and an assassin through his threats of death to his own stepmother.

He roused the Court to such sentiments of pity and indignation, and worked the people up to such a pitch by his lamentations, that they disregarded all tedious judicial proceedings,
with proofs of a charge that was evident and long-winded artificial replies, and all cried out with one voice: "A public crime must be punished by the public, and he must be stoned to death."

The magistrates meanwhile began to fear for their own safety, and to become apprehensive that these symptoms of indignation, though only a small beginning, might possibly grow to a riot, which would mean the ruin of public order in the city. They devoted their energies partly to entreating the Town Council, partly to repressing the mob, and insisted on the case being tried in the proper way according to ancestral custom, with an enquiry into the allegations on both sides and a legally pronounced sentence. They urged them not to let anyone be condemned unheard, which would be a savagery worthy of barbarians or the irresponsible passion of a tyrant, and not to hand down such a terrible precedent to their age during a time of profound peace.

This sane counsel found favour, and the crier made the announcement as he was bid: "The Fathers will assemble in Court."

They all sat down in their accustomed places
according to each one's rank, the prosecutor coming forward first in answer to the crier, who again made his proclamation. After that the accused was called and brought in, and in accordance with the procedure of Attic Law and of cases tried by the Areopagus, the crier admonished the leaders on both sides to omit preambles and not to make appeals for sympathy,

How matters were conducted so far, I learnt from the conversation of several people. But as for the words in which the prosecutor shaped his accusations, the proofs with which the accused man met them, and the whole course of their speeches and altercations, I was absent myself at my manger, and could not hear them. So I cannot tell you what I am ignorant of myself; but I shall set down here in writing what I ascertained to be the truth.

As soon as the speakers had ended their contention, it was resolved to establish the truth and good faith of the accusations by certain proof, and not allow so grave a matter to be subject to mere conjecture on suspicion. And
in the first instance care was taken that the slave, who alone was said to be acquainted with the facts of the deed, should not fail to put in an appearance. The scoundrel was not a whit alarmed at what might result from so important a trial, nor at the appearance of the crowded court, nor even at his own evil conscience, but began to maintain and assert the truth of what was really his own invention. He said that the young man had sent for him in anger at the contemptuous treatment he had received from his stepmother, and had given orders for the death of her son in revenge of the affront: that he had promised him a large reward for his silence: that he had threatened him with death in case of refusal: that he had mixed the poison with his own hand, and handed it to him to be given to his brother: that finally he suspected his orders would be neglected, and the cup be kept as a proof of guilt, and administered the draught to the boy with his own hand.

The story bore an excellent impress of truth, and when the rascal had told it all with a great show of trepidation, the trial was brought to an end. Not one of the Councillors remained
so favourable to the youth as not to be ready to pronounce his guilt as evident, and have him sewn up in the sack. The votes were all alike, as everyone's stylus recorded the same judgment, and were about to be thrown into a brass urn in compliance with unfailing custom: and the pebbles once placed there, all uncertainty in the matter was at an end, as no subsequent change in their decision was lawful, and all authority over the man's life was committed to the hands of the executioner: when up rose one of the elders of the court, a man of proved integrity beyond all others, and a physician of considerable authority; he placed his hand over the mouth of the urn to prevent anyone casting a hasty vote, and addressed his Order as follows.

"I am glad to have merited your esteem throughout the long course of the years I have lived among you, and I cannot permit you to perpetrate a manifest homicide; for the accused is the victim of a false charge; nor to be perjured to the oaths you took to judge with integrity through being led astray by the falsehoods of this slave. I myself cannot set my foot on all religious feeling, and pronounce an unjust sen-
tence in betrayal of my own conscience. Learn then from me how the matter stands.

That scoundrel bargained with me sometime ago for a poison he was anxious to obtain, which would be speedy in its effect, and for which he offered to pay me a hundred gold pieces. He said it was a necessary drug that was required by a certain sick man, who was completely in the power of a slow disease from which he could not he delivered, and who wished to be freed from the torments in which he lived.

I perceived however that the wicked villain's account of the matter was babbling and incoherent, and as I felt certain that some crime was on foot, I gave him a potion, it is true; but, as a safeguard against enquiries in the future, I did not at once accept the money he offered. "It may be," I said, "that among these gold pieces you offer me a good-for-nothing fellow or an adulterer is to be found. Seal them with your ring just as they are in that bag, and to-morrow I shall see that they are correct in the presence of a banker."

He fell into the trap and sealed the money. Now when that man there was put upon his
trial, I sent one of my slaves in a chariot to bring the bag to me at once from my booth, and here it is. I exhibit it freely to you all. Let him look at it and identify his own seal. How can the brother be accused of the poisoning, when that is the man who bought the drug?"

The scoundrel fell at once into the greatest trepidation: a death-like pallor succeeded his natural colour, and a cold sweat stood out all over his body. He began to shift his feet uneasily, to scratch his head on this side, and then on that, to mutter something with his lips half closed and give utterance to nonsense of some sort; so that no one could reasonably believe him to be free from guilt. As cunning however regained its mastery, he kept up a stout denial of everything and accused the physician of lying.

He on his part increased his efforts to confute the scoundrel when he saw his good faith openly impeached, despite the sacredness of his oath as a judge. At last the public officers were ordered by the magistrates to take hold of the rascally slave's hands, to draw off the iron ring and to compare it with the
impression on the bag. The comparison confirmed previous suspicion.

They did not fail to bring in wheel and rack, in accordance with Greek custom, as appliances of torture; but his mind was resolved with wonderful firmness, and he yielded neither to blows nor to fire itself.

Then said the physician: "I shall not allow it! No by Hercules, I shall not allow you to apply torture against all justice to this innocent young man, nor allow that fellow to stultify our judgment-seat and escape the penalty due to his pernicious offence. I shall give you an evident proof as to the matter we are dealing with. When that wicked wretch was so eager to buy a poison that would work quickly, I thought it unbecoming my profession to supply the cause of death to any man; as I have always learnt that medicine was invented for the health of man and not for his destruction. I feared that if I said I would not supply it, I should pave the way to his crime by an untimely repulse, and that he would purchase the draught of death from someone else, or finally would complete his criminal undertaking with the sword, or
some weapon of that nature. What I gave him was not a poison, but a narcotic, obtained from the mandrake, which has established its fame as a soporific, and induces a sleep, for all the world like death. It is no wonder that that desperate ruffian, who is conscious of the extreme penalty to which he is liable in virtue of our ancestral law, bears those torments easily, as being something lighter in their nature. But if it is true that the boy has taken the drink which was compounded by my hands, he is alive, and is only at rest and sleeping. When he has shaken off his death-like lethargy, he will return to the light of day. If, however, he has been really slain, if he has really been prevented by death, then you must look about for some other cause of it.

Upon this address from the old man their resolution was formed: they went off at once with the greatest haste to the tomb in which the body of the boy had been deposited and where he was now lying. There was not one of the Court, nor of the notables, nor a single man of the people whose curiosity did not add him to the stream which flowed in that direction.
The father removed the cover from the tomb with his own hands, and found that his son was just shaking off his deathlike sleep and rising from it to take his place once more among the living. He strained him closely to his embrace, and, unable to speak from the joy which took possession of him, brought him forth to the people, who carried the lad off to the judgment-seat just as he was, tied up and half hidden in his grave-clothes.

The crimes of the wicked slave and still more wicked woman were now quite clearly revealed, and naked Truth stood forth into the midst. Perpetual exile was awarded to the stepmother: the slave was fixed to the gibbet: and by common consent the gold was left in the hands of the good physician, as the price of the trance he had produced with such happy results. The lot that befell the old man was indeed worthy of fame and fable, and came to its termination in a manner befitting Divine Providence; for in one short moment, nay, a tiny point of time, he saw himself once more the father of the two young men he had been in such danger of losing.
At that time I was rolled upon the billows of Fate in the manner I shall describe. The soldier who had bought me without a salesman and made me his own without paying the price, had to discharge due service to his tribune's orders and carry letters to Rome addressed to the great Prince. He sold me to two slaves who were brothers, for eleven coppers.

These two had a very wealthy master. One of them was a confectioner, and baked bread and fancy cakes. The other was a cook, who flavoured his meats with all sorts of savoury seasonings and juices, and prepared them over the fire. They lived together, keeping house in common, and had bought me to carry a number of utensils, which were necessary for various purposes, during their master's journeys through different parts of the country.

I was admitted by these two brothers then as the third member of their household, and never at any time had I experienced so much of Fortune's kindness. Every evening after the sumptuous dinner, which was always served up magnificently, my masters used to bring home a great number of the leavings into
their little room: one would bring abundant fragments of pork, fowls, fish, and meats of that sort, while the other would bring bread, confectionery, iced cakes, crescents, lizard cakes and an assortment of sweet confections. When they went off to their bath before dinner and the door of the room was shut, I used to feed myself to satiety on the heaven-sent banquet. For though I was really an ass, I was still not such a fool as to leave all that delicious food on one side, and dine off bristly hay.

For a long time my artfully dishonest practices succeeded most beautifully, as I only filched a few things with timid parcimony from amidst the abundance, and they never suspected any such deceits on the part of an ass. When I got more confident however that I should escape detection, I used to devour everything that was of the best, passing over the staler things and licking away the sweet parts, and then no small suspicion began to prick its way into the brothers' minds. They would not believe any such thing of me for the moment, but set themselves carefully to finding out who was the culprit to whom they should
ascribe their daily loss. Last of all, they accused each other of dirty larceny, and began to take greater care; they set a keener watch and counted the portions.

At last one of them broke through all self-restraint, and addressed the other. "It's neither fair, nor, to tell you the truth, is it polite, in you, to steal the choicer pieces every day: selling them, and increasing your private purse on the sly, and them claiming a fair half of what is left! If you're so badly pleased with our partnership, we can remain brothers still in everything else, and give up the tie of keeping house together. I see our quarrel over the loss will go on indefinitely, and produce horrible discord between us."

The other rejoined: "May Hercules help me! But I admire your methodical impudence, filching away portions on the quiet every day, and then anticipating any complaint from me as to what I have been grumbling over for a long time past to myself, so as not to seem to accuse my brother of dirty theft. I'm very glad we have both spoken out. We can set a remedy now to any loss on either side. It's' better than letting a quarrel grow out of si-
lence, and ending up in a very Eteoclean contention."

They exchanged reproaches of this sort with each other and swore at the same time that they had never played any tricks or stolen things one from the other, declaring at the same time that they must exhaust all their skill to find out the robber who was the cause of loss to both. The ass, they said, who was the only one there, could have no hankering after food of that sort, and yet the very choicest pieces disappeared every day: there were no flies in their room huge enough to snatch away whole banquets, as the Harpies of eld did to Phineus!

Meantime I was thriving on the liberal dinners I was making, taking my fill of food fit for a human being. I had covered myself over with a coat of rich fat, oiled my hide with a succulent grease, and brought forth a glossy growth of hair all over. But this comeliness of body brought me great shame and disgrace. They remarked the unusual breadth of my back: and when they also noticed my hay lying quite untouched every day, they turned their attention full upon me. They closed the
doors at the usual hour as though they were going to bathe, and watched me through a small hole as I hung over the eatables that were lying about the room.

They no longer felt anxiety now about the losses they had incurred, but burst into a great peal of laughter, as they admired such wondrous delicacy of taste in an ass. They first called one and then another, and finally a number of their fellow slaves, to show them the dull beast of burden's incredible gluttony.

Such an outburst of unrestrained laughter had taken possession of all, that it struck the ears of the master of the house, who happened to be passing. He ended by enquiring what joke was tickling the slaves, and, when he heard what it was, came to look through the hole himself, was immensely delighted, and burst out into a broad guffaw till his inside ached again. Then he threw open the chamber door and stood close to me to observe me without hindrances. I was in contemplation of the gentler smile that began to pervade a portion at least of Fortune's countenance, and, as joy gave me confidence in my surroundings, I cared not a whit for anything, but munched on at my ease;
till, in his delight at the novel spectacle, the master ordered me to be brought to the dining-room; nay, he led me thither with his own hands. He had the table set, and caused all kinds of solid foods, and dishes that had not yet been touched, to be set before me.

Though I was rarely stuffed out already, I wished to recommend myself still more to his good graces, and made a greedy attack on the viands placed before me. They thought out carefully whatever an ass would have most aversion to, and offered it to me, to make trial of my politeness: meat seasoned with assafoetida, peppered capons, fish covered with foreign sauces. During all this the banqueting-room resounded with peals of laughter.

At last said one of them, who was a bit of a wag: "Give our comrade some wine, neat!" His master took hold of the remark: "The rogne's not so absurd in his joke. It may easily be that our guest would like to have a cup of mulsum. Hie! You there, boy!" he said. "Wash that gold cup there carefully: fill it with wine, and honey, and offer it to my table companion: and tell him at the same time that I have drunk to him first."
Huge expectation rose at once among the guests. I was however no wise alarmed: I puckered up the extremities of my lips to serve me for a tongue, and, with perfect nonchalance and geniality, emptied the immense cup at a single draught. A shout arose from the united voices of all, as they drank my health.

The master beamed all over with delight: he called the slaves who had bought me, ordered the price they had given to be paid them four times over, and committed me to the care of a very favourite freedman of his own, who had amassed considerable private means, and requested his attention with a long speech beforehand.

This man reared me very humanely and kindly, and, to commend himself still more to his patron, was most diligent in teaching me tricks that would give him pleasure. First of all, to recline at table on a couch fixed there for the purpose: then he taught me thoroughly how to wrestle, and even to dance by lifting up my forefeet: and what was particularly wonderful, to suit the action of my head to what was spoken, so as to show what I wished for by bowing my head, and what I refused by
tossing it back: then when I was thirsty, how to ask for a drink by looking at the cupbearer and winking with one eye or the other. I found obedience in all these matters very easy; as they were things I should have done without anyone showing me how. But I was afraid to do everything in a human way without first being trained; for most people would have thought it a portent of some awful misfortune, and slain me for a monster and a prodigy, giving me as a rich banquet to the vultures.

The fame of all this had now been bruited abroad, and I had made my master famous and celebrated by my wonderful tricks. "He is the man who has an ass for a comrade and table-companion, an ass that wrestles, and dances, and jokes, and understands human language, and expresses its sentiments by nodding with its head!"

But first of all I should tell you, what I ought to have done in the beginning, who this Thyasus was, and where he came from; for that was the name my master was known by. His place of origin was Corinth, the capital of the whole province of Achaia. He had gone through all the degrees of civic honour which
the high position of his family warranted, and was a candidate for the quinquennial magistracy. He had promised a show of gladiators for three successive days to the people, as a public bounty befitting the splendour of the fasces he was about to assume, and as a means of announcing his munificence as widely as possible. In fact it was his desire of public applause which had brought him into Thessaly then; for he was there for the purpose of procuring famous gladiators and the most magnificent beasts he could get.

He had now arranged everything and made all his purchases to his satisfaction, and was getting ready for his return journey. He despised all his magnificent vehicles, and passed over all the gorgeous fourwheelers and twowheelers, covered and open, which were drawn along uselessly in the rear of his procession: the same as to his Thessalian and Gaulish sumpter-horses, whose high breeding and pedigree attested their costliness and worth: but me he adorned with golden bosses and coloured saddlecloths, and purple housings, and silver bits and decorated girths, and shrilly tinkling bells, and rode himself most lovingly
on my back, and spoke to me sometimes with the utmost politeness, while among his other numerous remarks he said that he was extremely delighted to have in me both a table-companion and a vehicle for the road.

We finished our journey both by sea and land and came to Corinth, where great crowds of citizens assembled, not so much, as it seemed to me, to do Thyasus honour, as to obtain a sight of me. My fame had preceded me to the spot, and was of such a nature that I brought my master no small gain. When he observed that there were a great many people extremely eager to witness my performances, he closed his doors and admitted one at a time separately: the earnings he made in this way were considerable, as he was accustomed to scrape a good many little sums together every day.

Among the spectators was a certain lady of quality, who was both rich and influential. She paid to see me like the rest, was delighted at all the tricks I played, and, through her continual admiration of me, became gradually overcome by a strange lust. She was like some donkeyish Pasiphaë, and would admit no
remedy to her insane passion; but burned with desire to have intercourse with me. In short she bargained with my keeper and paid him a large sum to be able to sleep with me for one night. And the rascal consented, regardless how it might fare with me, provided only he earned something himself.

Dinner was over; and we had retired from my master's dining-room: there was the lady already waiting at the door of the place where I slept! Good Gods! What a preparation that was! How magnificent! Four eunuchs come forward and spread a bed for us upon the ground, with a number of pillows puffed out with downy feathers and as light as the wind. They cover it over with rich embroidery, picked out in gold and Syrian purple, and placed over all an abundant supply of short pillows, and some other very small ones, which delicately made women use for supporting their heads and necks. They avoided hindering their mistress' pleasures by any further delay, but closed the doors of the room and retired.

The room was lit up by tapers which flashed nobly, and turned the darkness of night into dawn.
She took off every article of clothing, even the band that confined her beautiful breasts. Then she stood near the light and anointed herself with oil of balsam from a tin box, and rubbed me with it copiously as well, pouring it with the greatest care of all over my legs and posteriors. Thon she kissed me convulsively, — no little kisses of the kind that are tossed about in the brothel, the beg-money kisses of the harlot or the save-money kisses of their customers: the kisses she presented were pure and sincere, and the words she spoke were cooings of love. "I love thee! I desire thee! My delight is in thee alone!" And "I can live no longer without thee!" and all the other phrases by which women impose upon men, and attest their own feelings.

Then she took me by the halter, and easily made me lie down in the way I had been taught. What I was about to do I thought neither novel nor difficult, præsertim post tantum temporis, tam formosæ mulieris cupientis amplexus obiturus. I had soaked myself well with an abundance of the choicest wine, and unguento fragrantissimo proluvium libidinis suscitaram. But I was tormented by a consi—
derable apprehension: quemadmodum tantis, tamque magnis cruribus possem delicatam matronam inscendere, vel tam lucida, tamque tenera, et lacte ac melle confecta membra, duris ungulis complecti. How could I kiss those little lips, so empurpled with the dew of ambrosia, with such a wide, enormous muzzle and hideous, stony teeth? Lastly, quo pacto, quamquam ex unguiculis perpruriscens mulier, tam vastum genitale susciperet. Heu me qui dirupta nobili fæminæ, bestiis objectus, to play a part in the games given by my master?

She kept repeating her gentle little words, and unceasing kisses, and honied cooings, while her eyes kept biting into me. And to end up, "I have you," she said, "I have my little dove, my birdie!" And as she spoke, she showed me that my thoughts were vain and my fears inept, arctissime namque complexa, tum me prorsus, sed totum recipit. Illa vero quotiens ei parcens nateis revellebam, accedens totiens nixu rabido, et spinam prehendens meam, appliciore nexu inhoerebat,
round the back and cling to me with a closer embrace. By Hercules, I fancied I failed in something to fill up the measure of her gratification, and saw that it was no empty delight which the mother of the Minotaur experienced from her lowing adulterer.

The laborious watches of the night were now accomplished and the woman retired to avoid the witness of the day; but before she went, she bargained for another night at the same price. My keeper had no disinclination to give her the pleasures she fancied, partly because he received a most ample fee, and partly also because he was in this way preparing a new spectacle for his master. He did not hesitate in fact to unfold to him the whole of the libidinous scene that we had enacted. He rewarded his freedman handsomely, and destined me for the public show. It was useless to think of requisitioning my noble wife on account of her rank, and no other woman could be found to undertake the adventure. A large sum was paid, and a vile creature of some sort, who had been condemned to the beasts by the governor, was procured, to have intercourse with me in the open before the
theatre full of people. I had learnt her history, which is pretty much as follows.

She had a husband, whose father told his wife before he set off on a journey — she was the young man's mother, and was being left by the father in an advanced state of pregnancy — that, if the child she brought forth was of the frail sex, she was to put it to death as soon as it was born. Now the child that was born during her husband's absence was a girl; but the mother was prevented by natural feeling from complying with her husband's command, and gave the babe to some of her neighbours to be reared. When her husband came back, she told him that the child was a girl, and that she had put it to death.

However, when the bloom of age demanded the virgin's nuptial day, and she was unable to give her daughter a dowry behind her husband's back, she revealed the secret to her son, — the only thing she could do under the circumstances. She was very much afraid in any case that he might be overcome by the passion of youth and, all unknowingly, have
something to do with one who did not herself know that she was his sister.

The young man, who was of excellent dispositions, listened to his mother's injunctions and religiously fulfilled his duties towards his sister. He treated the family secret with respectful silence, and kept up a pretence of doing a kindness to some girl of the people. His plan for fulfilling his duty towards his own blood was to take the poor girl, who was abandoned by all in the neighbourhood and orphaned of her parents, into the protection of his own home, and then to proffer a liberal dowry to the very near and dear one in his house, and give her away in marriage.

But all these good and excellent arrangements, which proceeded from the very highest virtue, could not avoid the fatal behest of Fortune, at whose instigation an ill-omened jealousy entered the young man's abode. His wife, whom I have already mentioned, and who was condemned to the beasts for the deed, began first of all to suspect the girl as a rival and surreptitious partner of her bed, and proceeded from that to hatred, and then to plot her death with most cruel
manoeuvrings. She finally planned her crime as follows.

She took her husband's ring on the sly, and went into the country. Then she sent a slave, who was faithful to her, and by the very fact of this fidelity showed his criminal disposition, to deliver a message to the girl that the young man had gone out to his villa and wished to see her there. He was to add, that she must come out as soon as possible, alone and quite unaccompanied. Then, to avoid all possible hesitation on her part, she sent her the ring she had taken from her husband, to be shown to her in confirmation of her words.

The girl complied with her brother's order for she was the only one who knew him by this title, respected his token on its presentation to her, and hurried off with a will, unaccompanied, according to the injunction she had received.

So the poor thing was imposed upon, and fell into the trap that had been laid for her with such fell intent. Then the excellent wife, who was turned into a wild beast by the incitements of lust and rage, took her own husband's sister, stripped her naked, and
flogged and scourged her all over. The girl cried out and told her how matters stood, and how her indignation was boiling over to no purpose, as there was no concubinage in the case. But as she called on her brother over and over again by his name, the woman treated her as a liar, and her words as mere inventions, and put her to a most cruel death by thrusting in a blazing torch between her thighs.

Her brother and her betrothed ran up in great excitement at the news of her terrible death, mourned for the girl with all sorts of lamentations, and consigned her to the tomb.

The young man however was unable to bear his sister's miserable death with equanimity, and that too at the hand of one who should have been the last to cause it. He was filled with grief to the very marrow of his bones, and his system was taken possession of by an acute attack of the most acrid bile; so that he now seemed to be in need of sympathetic treatment himself. His wife, though she had long ago lost all right to the name when she lost her fidelity to him, consulted a physician who was notorious for his wickedness; he had borne off the palm in many an encounter, and could number a pile
of trophies which were the achievement of his own hand. She promised him fifty sestertia on the spot to sell her a sudden poison, by which she could purchase her husband's death. When this had been arranged, she pretended that the noble draught, known to the learned as the sacred, was necessary for soothing her husband's internal organs and carrying off the bile; but in its stead she substituted another, sacred to the interests of Proserpine.

The whole family came together, as well as some of their friends and connexions, and the physician in their presence handed the sick man the cup which he had mixed with his own hand. The brazen woman however wished to do away with one who could witness to her guilt, and at the same time save the money she had promised, and laid her hand openly upon the goblet. "No, best of physicians," she said, "thou shalt not deliver that draught to my dear husband, until thou hast drunk a good part of it thyself! How do I know there is no hurtful poison latent in it? Prudent and learned man as thou art, it can give thee no offence, if I come forward as a conscientious
wife who is solicitous for her husband’s health, and perform so necessary a duty."

The physician was quite thrown off his guard by the marvellous and desperate assurance that this truculent woman displayed. Every device was shaken from his brain, and, as time was pressing, he had no room for thought; so, rather than give grounds for any suspicion by trembling or hesitating in any way, he took an abundant taste of the draught. The young man followed on confidently, took the cup that was presented to him, and emptied it.

The business having been concluded for the present in the way I have related, the physician prepared to go home with speed, and annul the noxious power of the drug he had taken with some health-giving draught. But the truculent woman persevered in the same wicked obstinacy as that with which she had begun, and would not suffer him to depart a finger’s breadth from her side. "Until," she said, "the draught have passed into the system, and the result of the medicine appear by actual proof!" It was only when she had been throughly worn out by his repeated prayers and entreaties, that she at length allowed him to depart.
Meantime his inmost nature had absorbed the pest, which raged in secret through all his vitals: he scarcely contrived to reach his home, very unwell, and overcome already by a heaviness like sleep. He had just time to tell his wife the tale, and bid her at least demand the promised price of double murder. He was then taken with violent convulsions, and in this way the eminent physician breathed his last.

The young man himself had lasted no longer: he had been extinguished by the same death amid the hypocritical, lying tears of his wife.

A few days had elapsed after his burial, during which the funeral honours were paid to the dead, when the physician's wife appeared upon the scene, to solicit payment for the double murder. The woman was ever consistent with herself: she suppressed the form of Truth, and presented its fictitious resemblance. She made a nice, polite answer, promised everything in length and breadth, and agreed to pay the promised price without delay: she only wished to have a little more of the same drug given her, in order to prosecute the
affair she had begun. What more natural? The physician's widow fell into the trap set by such wicked fraud, and gave an easy consent. To enter all the more into so wealthy a woman's good graces, she hurried home, got the whole casket of the drug and presented it to her.

She had now laid in a splendid stock for the conduct of her crimes, and stretched her blood-stained hands about her far and wide. She had a little daughter by the husband whom she had recently desired to murder. She was loth to think that his little child was necessarily her father's heir according to the laws: she gloated over all the patrimony that fell to the daughter, and resolved to do away with her. She was sure in her knowledge that criminal mothers obtain the heritage of their defunct children, and showed herself the same kind of parent as she had shown herself a wife. She hit upon the plan of giving a dinner to mark the occasion, and smote both the physician's wife and her own daughter at the same time and by the same stroke — poison.

The noxious drug destroyed the gentle life and delicate, tender vitals of the little girl at
once. But the physician's widow suspected what was the matter, as soon as she felt the trouble raised by the detestable draught taking its noxious course through her lungs; when her breath became caught, she was absolutely certain of it, and hurried to the governor's house. She raised a great clamour, and appealed formally to him: a tumult was excited among the people: she avowed that she would make known enormous crimes, and so opened herself a way into the governor's house and hearing simultaneously. She had no time for any preamble, but managed to expose all the cruel woman's atrocities from first to last, when a cloud suddenly swept over her mind and she was seized with vertigo; she pressed her half-opened lips together, ground her teeth with a prolonged rasping sound, and fell lifeless before the governor's feet.

He was a man of considerable experience, and did not allow this manifold crime, of such a horrible nature as poisoning, to sink into oblivion through any delay or inactivity on his part. He immediately arrested the woman's chamberlains, and extracted the truth by torture. Finally, he delivered sentence on her — some-
thing less it is true than she deserved, but to supply the want of any other more fitting punishment that could be invented — that she should be exposed to the wild beasts.

This was the sort of woman then with whom I was destined to confarreate matrimony in public, and immense was my anguish of mind as I waited in suspense for the day of the show. Many a time would I have willingly inflicted death upon myself, rather than be stained by contact with this female criminal or be put to shame by so infamous a public spectacle. But I was bereft of human hands, bereft of fingers: it was impossible for me to draw a sword with a round, stumpy hoof. The only consolation I had in these last misfortunes that had fallen on me was the slender hope, that as spring was now just at its commencement, it would soon colour everything with bursting buds and clothe the meadows with their crimson sheen, while the briars would soon burst from their covering, and roses, breathing odours of cinnamon, would glitter on the thorn, to restore me to the Lucius I once was.

And now it was the day appointed for the
show. I was led into the enclosure of the amphitheatre amidst popular applause and favoured by a pompous escort; but while the show was ushered in by comic dances executed on the stage, I gradually gained the space before the door. There I was glad to find some fodder in the luscious grass that grew at the very entrance, while every now and then I cast a curious eye through the open door, and found some entertainment in the delightful spectacle that was in process of presentation.

Boys and girls in the early bloom of youth and of conspicuous beauty, were there dressed in resplendent garments dancing the Greek Pyrrhic, making gestures as they advanced, and wandering in and out to form graceful figures according to the disposition of their ranks. Now they would wheel round in circles, now join together and form their front in an oblique line, then draw up in a solid square, then scatter apart in various troops. Finally the trumpet sang cessation, and put an end to the manifold intricacies of their movements in and out: the curtain was drawn aside and the drop-scenes rolled up, to display a representation of Paris.

There was a timber mountain to represent
that famous mount of Ida which prophet Homer sang of. It was a lofty structure of carpentry, planted with shrubs and trees in leaf, and from its topmost peak the workman's hand had made a fount to flow and distil its moving waters. There were a few young she-goats browsing on the herbage, and a young man in a beautiful tunic to represent Paris as the Phrygian shepherd, with a barbaric cloak depending from his shoulders and his head covered with a gold tiara: he was acting his part as the shepherd of the flock.

A beautiful boy appears, quite naked, but for the mantle worn by youths which covered his left shoulder, his fair locks falling brightly on either side, and amongst his tresses appeared two little golden wings which rose together in kindred form: his caduceus and wand declared him to be Mercury. He ran dancing forward with an apple, gleaming with goldleaf, in his right hand, and presented it to the one who seemed to be Paris. He signifies what is Jupiter's command by the motions of his head, and straightway retraces his charming steps, and retires from sight.
A maiden enters next, of noble features, like to the Goddess Juno in her dress; for her head was encircled by a shining diadem, and she bore the sceptre. Another then burst in, whom you would take at once for Minerva. Her head was protected by a gleaming helmet, and the helmet itself was shaded with a garland of olives: she raised her shield and shook her spear, and represented the Goddess in combat.

After these, another maiden came in who surpassed the others in the beauty of her appearance: by the grace of her ambrosial complexion she declared herself as Venus, such as Venus was when she was a virgin. She made her profession of perfect beauty with her body naked and unconcealed by dress, save that a thin silken streamer shaded her lovely charms; a garment that the gently curious breeze blew about in libertine play, at one moment disturbing it with amorous breath till the flower of all her beauty bloomed forth, at another pressing it luxuriously against her, so that its close embrace marked the voluptuous outline of her form upon the dress. The Goddess showed two different colours: the dazzling white of her body, to signify her
descent from heaven: the azure of the silk, to denote her ascent from the waves.

And now each of these virgins who wore the repute of godhead was met by her own companions. Juno by Castor and Pollux, whose heads were shielded by rounded helmets, on which the constellations were picked out: those Castors were but boys of the theatre. The young Goddess advanced with quiet and unaffected gestures to varied modulations of the tender pipe, and promised the shepherd by dignified motions of her head that, if he awarded her the prize of beauty, she would give him the sovereignty of the whole of Asia.

The maiden who was accoutred for the part of Minerva was guarded by two boys, who were esquires at arms to this Goddess of the battlefield. Terror and Fear they were, and danced with naked swords. Behind her back the piper played a martial Doric air, mingling sharp, piercing trumpet notes to his heavy bass, to sustain the vigour of the agile dance. Her head moved restlessly: her eyes rolled and flashed with lightning in their looks: and by her vigorous gesticulations she made it clear to Paris that, if he gave her the victory in come—
liness, she would make him valiant by her aid, and decorate him gloriously with the trophies of war.

Lo Venus, applauded by the pit, stands in all her loveliness in the very centre of the scene, with a soft languor in her smile, and her joyous little flock of boys in play around her. Those polished, milk-white boys you would take for Cupids, true Cupids, just flown from sky or sea. Their beauty matched their little wings, and tiny darts, and all the rest of their equipment. They lit their lady on her way to the marriage-feast with glowing torches. Then comes the decorous race of maids who know not wedlock, most gracious Graces and most lovely Hours, who strewn flowers about their Goddess, and weave them into garlands in her worship. A most charming choir they formed, ministering to their lady’s delights with the tresses worn by Spring.

And now the pipes breathed forth sweet Lydian strains with all their keys, and soothed each heart in sweetness; but far more sweetly Venus entered into placid movement, and began to advance with steps that slowly felt their way, and little waist that lightly swayed, and head
that moved in motion by degrees, while every
delicate movement of her body kept time to the
soft piping notes. And now her eyes are gently
closed together, and now her threatening pupils
flash and dart: sometimes it is her eyes alone
that sustain the dance. As soon as she came
into the presence of her judge, she seemed to
promise him by the expressive motion of her
arms that, if she were preferred to other
Goddesses, she would give a bride to Paris
like herself, one matchless in her beauty.

Then with a willing heart that Phrygian
youth bestowed the golden apple that he held
upon the maiden, to record her triumph and
his vote.

Why wonder then, vile herd, flock of the
forum, vultures of the toga, if all our judges
now sell their sentences for money? When
in the very beginning of the world favour cor-
rupted judgment in a matter debated of Gods
and men, and the judge who was selected by
the counsel of great Jove, though a countryman
and a shepherd, still sold his primordial sen-
tence to gain carnal pleasure, and that to the
perdition of all his race! And such was that
other judgment which followed upon this. and
was held among the glorious chiefs of the Achæans: when Palamedes, eminent for his learning and erudition, was found guilty of treason on false charges, or when the lying Ulysses was preferred to great Ajax, who excelled all others in martial prowess.

But what may we say of that judgment which took place among those Athenians, those complacent legislators, those models of sagacity, those masters of all learning? Was not the divinely prudent old man, whom the Delphic God declared to be wiser than all mortals, insidiously circumvented by a wicked faction among them, condemned as a corruptor of youth, though he had taught youth self-restraint, and put to death by the noxious juice of a pestilent herb, to leave a perpetual blot of ignominy on his fellow-citizens? While the first philosophers of to-day judge his teaching to be most faultless, and consider it their highest blessedness to swear by his very name!

But I shall return to my story where I left it, to prevent any one reproaching me for my outburst of indignation and saying to himself: "Now we shall have to endure the ass as a philosopher!"
After the judgment of Paris was concluded, Juno went off the stage along with Minerva, both of them downcast and in evident anger, evincing indignation at their rebuff by their very gesture. Venus on the other hand was all joy and hilarity, and showed her gladness by dancing along with all her choir. Then, from the mountain's topmost peak, water tinged with saffron gushed out through a concealed pipe high into the air. It came down in spray, and rained its odorous shower upon the goats in their pasture, till they were stained to a better hue than they had before, and changed their natural snowy white to the colour of the crocus. Then when the whole pit of the theatre was redolent with the sweet fragance, the earth opened and swallowed down the artificial mountain.

A soldier now came running through the middle of the square, to voice the public request, that the woman who had been condemned to the beasts, as I related, for her manifold crimes, and destined to a fashionable marriage with myself, should be brought forth from the public prison. The genial couch which was to be ours was already made up with care, a
bed that shone with Indian tortoise-shell and bore a tumid pile of feathers in a case of flowered silk. As for me, besides the shame of going through sexual intercourse in public, and besides the contact with a wicked, polluted woman, I was tormented with a most lively fear of death. My thoughts ran in this way. While we would be coming together in our venereal embrace, no beast that was let in upon us to destroy the woman could possibly be so clever through natural instinct or artificial training, or so frugal in restraint of its appetite, as to tear the woman lying at my side to pieces and at the same time spare me, because I was neither convicted of crime nor sentenced to death.

I was no longer troubled then over any question of modesty: it was now a case of life or death. My master was all intent on getting the bed into proper order: all slaves were either occupied over the preparations for the chase, or bent upon the pleasures of the show, and I was permitted perfectly free scope for my thoughts. Indeed no one thought that any watch need be kept over an ass who was so thoroughly civilised. I gradually put out one
A DASH FOR LIBERTY

stealthy foot after another, and gained the nearest gate, out of which I dashed at my very fastest pace. I completed six thousand paces with alacrity, and got as far as Cenchreæ.

The noblest colonies of the Corinthians emigrate to this town: it is washed by the Ægean and Saronic Seas: it has a harbour, and is an absolutely safe roadstead for ships: its inhabitants are numerous. I avoided all contact with the crowd and chose out a quiet spot on the beach, close to where the waves were washing in, and there I stretched my wearied body at full length, and nestled in the soft bosom of the sand.

The chariot of the sun had turned the last post of day, and sweet sleep overwhelmed me, as I surrendered myself to the quiet of the evening.
NOTES TO CHAPTER X

Propter eximiam impotentiam: On account of his ungovernable insolence.

Beroaldus thinks that *impotentia* signifies *powerlessness, inferiority*, the sense being that the soldier was beaten because he had encountered a better man than himself. But *impotentia* means first of all *want of wealth or poverty*, and then secondly, *want of self-restraint*, just as we so frequently meet the expression *impotens sui*, i.e. *wanting in command over himself*. An example of the first meaning in classical Latinity is Terence, Adel., IV, 3, 16: "magis propter suam impotentiam se semper credunt negligi" — "they are always inclined to think people are slighting them on account of their poverty." An example of the second is Velleius Paterc., II, 29: "nunquam potentia sua ad impotentiam usus," "he never used his power insolently," and this is the commoner meaning of the word, consecrated by ordinary use in ethical treatises. See e.g. Cicero. Tusc. Disp. IV, 15, 34.

It is singular however that the adjective *impotens* is commonly used in the sense *weakly*, as also the adverb *impotenter*. And it is no doubt
from this adjective that the unclassical sense of the word *impotentia*, so well known to jurists as *inability to perform the sexual act*, is derived.

*Cujusdam decurionis*: A certain town councillor.

*Decuria* in military language meant a squad of cavalry consisting of ten (decem) horsemen, and its leader was named *decurion*; just as the soldier in command of a hundred (centum) foot-soldiers was known as their *centurion*. The name however came to be applied to civil matters, and it was commonly used to designate a member of the local senate of municipia and colonies.

*Designatum facinus*: A deed... perpetrated.

*Designare* (means, 1) *to mark out* or *delineate*, 2) *to point out*, 3) *to describe*, *to contrive* or *perpetrate*, in either a good or a bad sense, 4) *to mark out* for an office or *appoint*. Meaning 3, however seems to be more usually taken in a bad sense: e. g. "Quid non ebrietatis designat?" Horace, Ep., I, 5, 16; "What does not drunkenness perpetrate?"

*Privignum*: Step-son.

According to Isidore, Orig., p. 310, this word is derived from *prius genitus*, i. e. previously born. The former part of the composite seems however with better reason to be referred to *privus*, *private*, *peculiar*, i. e. a child born by one of the married parties without reference to the other. It is perhaps a contraction of prith-vus, akin to Sanskrit *prith-ak*, separately.
Heu medicorum ignaræ mentes: Alas for the ignorance of doctors!

It seems not unreasonable to consider this phrase suggested by Aeneid, IV, 65: "Heu vatum ignaræ mentes!" "Alas for the ignorance of prophets!"

One of the passages in which Apuleius shows his modern spirit, and anticipates the modern analytical novel. It quite reads like a foretaste of Balzac.

Dotali servulo: A dowry-slave.

Slaves brought by wives to their husbands on marriage, and called for that reason dotales, passed into the husband’s power and became his property like the rest of the dowry. Certain of them however were called receptitii, reserved, and were retained by the wife as her own exclusive property on the delivery of the dowry. See Cato in Gell. 17, 6. Even the whole dowry could by Roman Law be reserved to the wife’s relatives in case of her demise: "dos quam quis in mortem mulieris a marito stipulatur," "the dowry, which one stipulates to receive from a husband on the death of his wife," Gai. Dig. 39, 6, 31, § 2.

It is easy to see how in cases where the wife’s and husband’s interest became divergent, these slaves, who had been bred and in many instances born in the wife’s family, could scarcely be relied upon by their new master.

Paedagogus: The pedagogue.

Παιδαγωγός, lit. the boy’s leader, was the slave
who took the boy to school, brought him back safe, and had general charge of him at home. He exercised no educational functions.

**Misit cursorem** : Sent a runner.

This was probably the special slave, who was employed in nothing else but running messages. He was a well known functionary in Roman Comedy, where he was commonly included in the play-bill as Dromo (Greek for Courier).

**Ab ipso ejus rogo** : From his very pyre.

On the day of the funeral the pyre was prepared, but the body was not burnt till the last day's funeral ceremonies were completed. This becomes evident in the course of this story. After the eighth day the nearest relatives of the deceased set fire to the pile, turning their backs upon it to show their grief and unwillingness.

**Martiiique judicii** : The tribunal of Mars, i.e. the Areopagus.

The Areopagus, or Quarter of Mars, was the quarter in Athens where the first criminal trial was said to have been held, the accused, who was acquitted, being the God Mars (Ares), who was charged with the murder of one of the sons of Neptune. Solon in consequence gave the name of Areopagitiæ to the judges and senators of Athens.

**Insui culleo pronuntiaret** : Sentence him to be sewn into the sack.

The punishment of parricides (i.e. those who
had murdered parents or near relatives) consisted firstly of being scourged to blood. They were then sewn up in a sack with a dog, an ape and a serpent, and thrown into the sea or a river. The animals chosen were no doubt typical of family dissension, with its empty yelping, chatter and hissing on the one hand, and cruelty, cunning and venom on the other. The tragedies of family life play an important part in this book, and cannot be traced to any other source than Apuleius' own experience. His merit here is not his originality in suggestion of motive or construction of plot in these assassination stories; for the low, cowardly crime of poisoning an unsuspecting relative for gain will endure as long as frank affection on the one hand and selfish cowardice on the other are to be met beneath the same roof-tree. As Tacitus has remarked, the noblest and the best suspect no ill, and fall an easy prey. But his merit is precisely the merit of Victor Hugo in the French Romantic movement, viz. to show forth the dignity of common life, and to prove that high poetry can exist without the aid of titled heroes and heroines. Scito te tragædiam legere: Know that thou readest tragedy, is often a necessary admonition to those who are naturally lacking in poetic feeling and fail to perceive the dignities among which the lowest of us move. And for this admonition we must here acknowledge ourselves in debt to this old writer of the Second Century.
Annulum ferreum deprehensum: They pulled off his iron ring.

At the commencement of the Republic the Knights, and even Senators, wore rings of iron only. The times of simple virtue, however, passed away, and the iron ring became an ornament only to be found on the fingers of slaves.

Somniferum mandragorae illud: That soporific preparation of mandrake.

There were two kinds of mandrake known to Pliny, a masculine white, and a feminine black (Plin., 25. 13, 110). The first is probably the mandrake known to Linnaeus, Atropa mandragora. The second must be the deadly night-shade, Atropa belladonna, and is probably the drug indicated by the gallant old physician here; for we see from Genesis xxx, 1-24, that the other mandrake was harmless in its effect and believed to promote conception.

Lucunculos: Iced cakes.

It is quite impossible to give modern names exactly equivalent to the confectioner's articles mentioned in this list. Their exact nature can only be guessed at from the formation of the Latin word. Lucunculi (from lucem, light, perhaps) seems to suggest a shining surface, produced either by yolk of egg or icing with sugar.

Eteocleas contentiones: Eteoclean strife.

The struggle between Eteocles and Polynices for
the sovereignty of Thebes is referred to. They were brothers, and their contention formed the theme of the famous Greek legend: The Seven against Thebes.

**Nates perfundit meas**: Pours it on my posteriors.

The two Florentine MSS. read *nares, nostrils*, instead of *nates*. They then insert the following passage, which is not found in the ordinary texts:

Et Hercule Orcum in pygam perteretem Lyæi fragrantis et oleæ rosaceæ lotionibus expurgavit (*alter expiavit*). At (*alt. ac*) dein digitis Hypate, Lichano, Mese, Paramese, et Nete hastam. inguinis mei nivea spurcitie pluscule excorians emendavit. Et quum ad inguinis cephalium formosa mulier concitim (*alt. connatim *vel conatim*) veniebat, mordicitus ganniens ego, et dentes ad Jovem elevans, Priapon frequenti frictura porrixabam, ipsoque pando et repando ventrem sæpicule tractabam (*alt. tactabam*). Ipsa quoque respiciens quod genius inter artus teneros excreverat, modicum illud (*alt. id*) morulæ, qua lustrum sterni mandaverat, anni sibi revolutiones putabat.

**Potio quam sacram... appellant**: The potion known as *the sacred*. It seems to have been made of hellebore, and was warranted to cure melancholy, madness, ulcers and other distempers.

**Defunctornm liberorum matres hæreditates excipere**:
NOTES TO CHAPTER X

Mothers inherit the fortunes of their defunct children.

This was in virtue of a law of the Emperor Claudius, which was passed to console mothers in some way for the loss of their offspring. These inheritances, received by parents from their children, were known as *prematurae*, premature, and *tristes* or *luctuosae*, sorrowful.

**Matrimonium confarreaturus**: To confarreate marriage.

This marriage by spelt-cake (*farreum, from far, spelt*) was of ancient origin and held in great honour among the Romans as the symbol of the most legitimate matrimony. The husband handed the cake to his wife and they eat it between them, to signify that life and its wants formed henceforth their common interest.

**Saltantes Pyrrhicam**: Dancing the Pyrrhic.

This ancient war-dance was said to have been first danced by Pyrrhus round the tomb of Patroclus, Achilles' friend. The young people were afterwards taught to dance it in full armour as a military exercise.

It is to be noted that the text gives us here perhaps the best and most detailed description of ancient choreography extant, and will no doubt be read with pleasure by all lovers of the theatre. The ballet seems to have been very much the
same then as in our day; *mutatis mutandis* however, as a modern Italian might remark, — *le mutande*, the tights, being conspicuously absent.
THE METAMORPHOSES
OR THE GOLDEN ASS OF
APULEIUS

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH


I was started from my sleep in sudden dread about the first watch of the night, and there I saw the full orb of the Moon, shining in excess of light and just beginning to emerge from the ocean waves. My heart was opened to read the silent mysteries of the dark night around me:
I felt the majestic influence of that great Goddess of the sky, and recognised her providential rule of all the affairs of men.

It is not only beasts and cattle who live in her divine light and through the will of her divinity, but inanimate nature is subject to her too. All bodies that exist on earth, in air and sea, now gain as she waxes, now lose their substance as she wanes.

Fate had been sated with my long course of evil days, and, late as it came, still held some hope of salvation to my eyes, and now I bent my heart in prayer before the august vision of the Goddess.

Straightway I threw off all idle slumber and rose with alacrity to my feet; then plunged myself forthwith into the cleansing waters of the sea, to satisfy my yearnings after purity. Seven times I plunged my head beneath the waves, — the number most suited of all to religious rite, as the divine Pythagoras has taught us, — and that with joy and alacrity. Then, with tears upon my cheeks, I addressed myself in prayer to the most mighty Goddess.

"O Queen of Heaven, whether thou art Ceres, the great mother of old time who feedest us
with thy fruits, who rejoicest in the recovery of thy daughter, and, putting an end to all savage pasture on primeval acorns, hast shown us a gentler food, and tillest now the Eleusinian glebe; or Venus, the heavenly, thou, who in the first beginnings of all things hast generated love to bind the sexes into one, and, propagating the human race with unceasing offspring, art worshipped now in thy sea-girt shrine of Paphos; or whether as the sister of Apollo thou relievest child-birth with soothing treatment, rearest the nations without number, and art venerated in thy noble Ephesian temple; or whether, Proserpine, thou restrainingest in thy threefold form the ghosts that howl by night, and guardest them within the bowels of the earth, while, wandering from grove to grove, thou art propitiated by a multiplicity of rites; O thou who dost enlighten every city by thy womanly beams, who with thy flowing streams of light dost nourish the young, smiling corn, and dispensest a glimmering light upon thy lonely round; — by whatever name, under whatever form, in whatsoever rite thou mayest fitly be invoked — help me now in my extreme misfortune! Rebuild
the ruin of my former self! Give pause to the cruel mischances I have undergone! Let these labours, these perils of mine suffice! Take from me this woful form of a quadruped! Restore me to the bosom of my family! Restore me to the Lucius I really am! And if any Deity whom I may have sinned against remains inexorably cruel, oh, let me die at least, if live I may not!"

It was thus I poured my prayer and raised my wretched plaints, when once more sleep fell on my languid soul, and thrust me back again upon my lair.

I had scarcely closed my eyes, when lo, from the ocean's midst there arose a godlike vision, displaying a face that must surely be venerable to the Gods themselves. She seemed to shake the waters gradually from her form, and to rise before my eyes as an apparition of light. I shall attempt to set this wondrous vision before you, if only the poverty of human speech permit me such discourse, or if the Divinity herself supply me with a sufficient measure of flowing eloquence.

Her hair then was a gentle flood, that passed
on each side of a neck that was divine, to extend itself at length in an ocean of swelling undulations. An elaborate crown of various flowers bound her lofty brows, and showed in the centre of her forehead a rounded surface like a mirror or image of the moon, which radiated a soft, bright light. Her temples right and left were guarded by vipers that rose in curves, and by ears of wheat as well, which slanted upwards. Many-coloured was her vesture, woven of translucent silk, shining one moment in glistening white, then yellow as the bloom of the crocus, and then again blushing in flames of rose. But what gave confusion to my regard wherever it chanced to meet it was her streaming pall of irрадiant, gleaming sable: it circled round her form and rose from her right side to repose upon her left shoulder, where it was held by a brooch, and falling partly downwards hung in a maze of folds that flooded her lowest hem with the beauty of its knots and fringes. Its woven border flashed with the same stars that adorned it throughout, and a full moon breathed its glowing flame in the midst. And wherever the glory of that palla spread its flood, a garland, formed of all
the flowers and fruits that bloom, clung woven in its texture.

Her emblems differed greatly. Her right hand held a rattle formed of bronze: it was a thin strip of metal curved round like a belt, with small rods passing through from side to side, and when the three were shaken by her quivering arm, they gave a penetrating sound. From her left hand hung a golden boat, and on the highest portion of its handle rose an asp, raising its head on high, and swelling a flattened neck. Her ambrosial feet were shod in sandals, woven in the palm leaves of victory.

Such and so great she was, breathing of all spices that blow in Araby the blest, and with her heavenly voice she deigned to address me.

"See Lucius, I am here. Thy prayers have touched me, me the parent of nature, the mistress of the elements, the first born of the ages, the highest of the Deities, the Queen of Departed Spirits, the chief of Heavenly Ones, the Gods and Goddesses all united in One Form. I am she who disposes the lightsome mountains of the sky, the healthful breezes of the deep, and the much-mourned silence of the grave, as it pleases my high behest."
My name is One, my appearance manifold. In various rites and under many names the whole world pays me homage. The Phrygians, first of the nations born on earth, call me the Mother of the Gods, under the title of Pessinuntica. Those who sprung from the soil of Attica call me Cecropian Minerva. The Cypriot tossing on the waves invokes me as the Venus of Paphos: the Cretan archer as Diana of the Nets: the Sicilian in his triple form of speech as Stygian Proserpina: the Eleusinians as the ancient Goddess Ceres: some as Juno, others as Bellona, others as Hecate: others again as Rhamnusia: the Ethiopians, the Aryans and Egyptians so famous for ancient lore, who are all illumined by the morning rays of the infant Sun-God, and worship me with the rites that are properly my own, call me by my real name, Queen Isis.

I am here in pity of thy lot: I am here to show my favour, to show that thou hast won me. Cease then to weep, and still thy lamentations. Soon shall the day of thy salvation dawn through the action of my providence. Lend careful attention then to the commands I give thee now.
The day, which shall be born in light after this night has passed, has been consecrated to me by the religion of the ages, the day on which wintry storms are at rest and the tempestuous billows of the deep are smoothed. 'Tis then my priests sacrifice the first fruits of trade to my divinity, and launch a new-built bark in my honour on the now navigable ocean. That sacred function thou must wait for, with no anxiety of mind, but free also from other cares than those of religion. The priest shall be admonished by me, and at the very commencement of the procession shall carry a crown of roses in his right hand entwined upon his sistrum. Hesitate not, but part the crowd, and follow the procession with alacrity, in full reliance upon my good-will. Draw gently near, as though to kiss the priest's hand: pluck the roses, and put off at once the hide of that evil beast, who has so long been an object of detestation to me.

Fear no difficulty in any point that regards my service. At this very moment of my visit to thee, I am present there as well, and command my priest in his sleep to do whatever shall be necessary. Through my command the
crowded escort of people will give thee place. And there will be no one who, on the occasion of my joyous celebration and holiday spectacle, will recoil from the hideous form thou wearest, or give an evil meaning to thy sudden metamorphosis and advance malicious charges against thee.

Remember well, however, and keep this thought locked up in thy inmost soul, that the course of life which remains to thee is pledged to me till the moment of thy dying breath. It is no injustice that thou shouldst owe thy entire life to her whose beneficent action has enabled thee to take thy place once more amongst mankind. But thou shalt live in blessedness; under my protection thou shalt live gloriously! And when thou hast measured thy allotted course and descendest to the grave, there too, in the hemisphere below the ground, thou shalt behold me as a light amidst the darkness of Acheron and a queen in the palace of the Styx, and thou shalt dwell thyself in Elysian fields and win my favour by unceasing adoration. And if thou deserve well of my Divinity by sedulous devotion, by religious service and persevering chastity, thou shalt know that it is I alone who have
power to prolong thy life beyond the time appointed by the Fates.

Such was the conclusion of this venerable oracle, and the unconquered Deity relapsed into herself. I was at once delivered from the bond of sleep, and rose up in awe and gladness, but all bathed in perspiration. I marvelled in my soul at the clearness of the vision which this Goddess of power had vouchsafed me, and bathed my body in the ocean spray, intent on the fulfilment of her high commands, and turning over all that she had ordained in due order in my mind.

Soon night's black cloud is chased and the sun rises up in gold, when lo, the squares are filled with crowds of people, who advance in a religious procession that resembles a triumphal march. Quite apart from the glad Presence within me, everything seemed to me dancing with delight; so that I had an intimate sense of the joy that filled animals of all kinds, and every household, and even day itself, with a look of serenity. A day of calm sunshine had succeeded yesterday's hoarfrost: the little songbirds
were invited by the warmth of spring to tune their sweetest lays in soft address to the Mother of the seasons, the Parent of the stars, and Lady of the entire earth. The trees too, both those that were pregnant with forthcoming fruit, as well as those that were content to be sterile in the shade, unfolded themselves to the south wind's breath, glistened with budding leaves, and, with a gentle motion of their arms, murmured soft whispers to the breeze. The crash of stormwind had lulled along the shore, and the waves had ceased to rise in turbid billows; for the sea had tempered all its flood with calm. The heavens too had scattered their cloud of darkness, and were shining with the unveiled splendour of their own light.

The great procession was preceded by a merry prelude, which each one had adorned according to his individual taste. One girded on a belt to represent a soldier: some crooked knives and boar-spears, with a high-tucked chlamys, transformed another into a hunter. A third wore gilded shoes, and had put on a silken robe and costly ornaments with hair in plaits upon his head, and was taking off a woman by his rolling gait. Another, you would fancy, came from a
school of gladiators, with his greaves and shield and helmet and sword, which gave him his distinctive character. There was one too who played the magistrate with fasces and scarlet robe, while a second took off a philosopher with cloak and staff and palm-leaf shoes, and beard as long as a goat's. Two others carried long rods: one of them was a bird-catcher with his lime, the other a fisherman with his hook. I saw a tame bear too carried along in a chair, like some lady of quality, and a monkey with a cloth cap and saffron Phrygian costume, brandishing a golden cup, to represent the shepherd Catamite. There was an ass with wings glued to its body, pacing along beside a feeble old man: you saw at once that one was Pegasus and the other Bellerophon; but you could not resist a laugh at both.

Among this amusing masquerade of the common people, which extended in all directions, the special procession of the Saviour Goddess advanced. There women walked resplendent in shining vesture, expressing their joy in ever-varying gesture, and wearing the blooming coronets of spring: they strewed the ground with blossoms, and heaped them in their
bosoms, to lay upon the path where the sacred escort marched. There were others who wore shining mirrors behind their backs, so as to present a crowd of servitors to the Goddess in the act of advancing to salute her. Some carried ivory combs and, by the position in which they held their arms and bent their fingers, indicated the adornment and combing of her queenly tresses. There were some even who sprinkled the squares with genial balsam, which they shook out drop by drop, and scattered other perfumes too.

There was a great crowd also of both sexes, who carried lamps, torches, tapers, and other apparatus for giving light, by which they propitiated the race of heavenly constellations. Bands of soft music followed on, playing their sweetest melodies on flute and pipe. A lovely choir of the chosen youth, shining in snowy gala dress, came after these, repeating a graceful refrain, which some gifted poet had set to verse through favour of the Camænæ, in explanation of the meaning of the procession.

During these songs, which formed a prelude to the accomplishment of more important votive rites, the consecrated pipers of great Serapis
made their advance. They repeated the melody peculiar to their temple and God, blowing through pipes that slanted upwards towards their right ear. Then came the sacred heralds, demanding an easy passage for the Mysteries.

After that, the crowd of those who had been initiated in the divine mysteries flowed past, men and women of every rank and every age, luminous in the pure whiteness of their linen robes. The women wore a spotless covering wound round their moistened hair: the men were completely shaved, so that their heads shone again. Great stars of religion were they upon the earth, raising a shrill, rattling noise, with their sistra of bronze and silver and even gold. But after all came the prelates of the Mysteries, tall men with high-girt linen robes, that clung closely to their form and fell about their very feet, bearing the emblematic spoils of the most mighty Gods.

The first of these held up a lamp that shone with a clear light, not quite like those we use in the evening to light up our dinner-tables, but a golden boat, holding a larger flame at the point where its width was greatest. The second was costumed in the same way, but he
carried altars in both his hands, or aids, which derive the name they are known by from the providential aid afforded by the sublime Goddess. The third held a palm tree aloft as he marched, its leaves wrought subtly in gold, and he held a Mercury's caduceus as well. The fourth displayed an emblem of justice, an artificial left hand, with its palm extended; the left seeming more adapted to justice than the right, on account of its natural inactivity and lack of cunning or craft. The same man carried a golden bowl, rounded like a woman's breast, and made libations of milk with it. The fifth bore a golden corn-fan, packed with small corn-shocks of gold. Another carried an amphora.

Soon the Gods who have deigned to walk amongst us on human feet come forth; this one a monster displaying a long neck like a dog's; the other is the messenger of Upper and Lower Gods, and shows a visage that is black on one side and golden on the other. In his left hand he holds the caduceus, in his right he waves a green palm-branch.

A cow raised to an erect posture followed upon his traces. That was the emblem of the
omniparent Goddess' fecundity. One of the blessed ministry bore it resting on his shoulders, gesticulating as he walked.

A capacious chest of Mysteries was carried by another. It completely concealed the works of religious magnificence it contained.

Another bore upon his happy breast the holy image of his Deity, which resembled neither beast nor bird nor domestic animal nor even man himself. It was something to command reverence from the cleverness with which it had been designed, as well as on account of its novelty: an ineffable symbol of a religion that must surely be sublime, and to be concealed in profound silence. In construction it was as follows. Its general shape was that of a small urn, most exquisitely carved out of shining gold, with a rounded bottom, and wonderfully chased over its surface with Egyptian emblems. Its mouth was raised to no great height and drawn out into a channel, which projected so far that it could hold a long stream of fluid. The handle that was fitted to it receded far in a swelling curve, and upon it reposed an asp in twisted coils, raising its swollen neck all furrowed with lines of scales.
And now the guerdon of Fate promised to me by my most potent Deity approaches: the priest draws near with nothing less than my salvation in his hand. He holds the sistrum of the Goddess in his right hand, adorned according to the Deity's promised injunction, and displaying a crown, my crown, by Hercules, which I had gained by all the toilsome labours I had undergone, by all the perils I had surmounted, ever under the provident care of the great Goddess, while I struggled against the exceeding cruelty of Fortune! I was not so carried off by sudden joy however as to break into a rude gallop. No, I feared to disturb that quiet religious order by any sudden quadrupedal onset. I advanced tentatively at a quiet, almost human pace, gradually turning my body to one side and creeping gently in, while the people gave me place, undoubtedly through some divine intervention. The priest, who, as I was afterwards able to ascertain, had in effect been admonished by an oracle during the night, marvelled at the due coincidence of all that had been entrusted to him, and immediately stayed his step. He held out his right hand of his own accord, and set the garland just
before my face. I took the woven crown of lovely, brilliant roses into my mouth with avidity, trembling in every limb, while my heart beat convulsively, and eagerly, yes, how eagerly, I devoured it!

I have not been deceived in the heavenly promise. The hideous aspect of the beast falls from me on the spot! The rough hair first disappears from my surface: then the coarse skin grows fine: the rounded barrel sinks in: my hoofs grow into feet with toes: my hands are no longer feet, but are raised from the ground to perform the functions of an erect being: my long neck grows short: my face and head are rounded into shape: my enormous ears regain their former smallness: the stony teeth return to the diminutive size proper to man: and, what used to be the chief of all my torments, my tail, was nowhere to be seen!

The people are all astonishment. They proffer their religions veneration at such a prodigious exhibition of their great Divinity's power, and at the easy stroke of transformation she had wrought, which could only find its equal in the imaginings of dreams. They raise their hands to heaven, and attest the wondrous
beneficence of the Goddess in loud voiced unanimity.

I stood rooted to the spot in the depths of astonishment, while my tongue stood still and my mind failed to realise the suddenness and greatness of my joy. I knew not how to commence my speech, how to first essay my new-found voice, how most happily to inaugurate the converse to which my tongue had just been born again, how to render thanks to so great a Goddess in fitting language.

But the priest, who through the divine admonition had been made thoroughly acquainted with all my misfortunes from the beginning, and yet was filled with deep emotion at the wonder of the miracle, made a sign by an inclination of his head that they should give me a linen garment to cover my nakedness. As soon as the ass had withdrawn its hideous covering from me, I had closed my thighs together, and placed my hands over myself to form a natural covering, as well as naked man could. One of the religious cohort took off his outer tunic with alacrity, and threw it over me in a moment.

The priest turned toward me with a kind
expression as soon as this had been accomplished, and though, by Hercules, he was still astonished to see my perfectly human appearance, addressed me as follows.

"Many and various, O Lucius, are the toils thou hast undergone; great have been the storms of Fortune and excessive the tempests in which thou hast been tossed; but now thou art come to a haven of rest and the very Altar of Pity. Thy birth and rank, and even the learning that distinguishes thee have availed thee naught; thou hast slipped and fallen through the flower of thy age, and hast become the bondsman of lustful pleasures, and obtained an evil reward for thy unfortunate curiosity. But the blindness of Fortune, while tormenting thee with the worst of perils, has led thee with improvident malice to this religious habit: let her go now, and rage with her greatest fury, and seek some other object for her cruelty. For in the lives of those, whom the majesty of our Goddess claims for her service, the hostility of Chance can know no place. What has wicked Fortune profited by her robbers, her beasts, her slavery, her wanderings to and fro over the roughness of the road,
her daily terrors of death? Thou art now received into the guardianship of Fortune, but of a Fortune who sees, and even illuminates all other Gods by the splendour of her light.

Assume then a more joyous look, one that may befit that bright habit thou wearest. Accompany the procession of the Goddess, thy Saviour, with a step of triumph. Let the irreligious see: let them see and acknowledge their error.

Behold then, Lucius is freed from the grief that once was his, and rejoices in the providence of the great Isis, while triumphing over Fortune! Still, to be safer and securer, enrol thyself in this sacred militia: the oath thou takest now shall be the source of thy future joy! Dedicate thyself in service to our religion: take the yoke of the ministry voluntarily upon thee! For when thou hast begun to serve the Goddess, then shalt thou begin to taste the fruit of thy liberty all the more."

Thus prophesied the worthy priest, breathing heavily with the effort, and held his peace. I mingled then in the ranks of the religious procession, and helped to escort the shrine, an object of note and remark to the entire city
and the centre to which every finger and look was directed. Everyone talked about me: "That is the man whom the august divinity of our Goddess brought back again to-day to human shape! Happy is he, by Hercules, and triply blest, to have merited the patronage of heaven in so conspicuous a way, by the sincerity and innocence of his past life! Born again, as it were, to be at once bound over to the service of the Mysteries!"

While these remarks were being passed and the votive festival ran riot around, we gradually advanced and approached the margin of the sea, arriving at last at the very place where the ass last night had laid him down to rest. The images were marshalled around, and then the high priest purified with all imaginable purity a most artistically fashioned ship, adorned all over with wonderful Egyptian figures. He purified it with a glowing torch and egg and sulphur and the solemn prayers that proceeded from his chaste lips, called it by the Goddess' name, and consecrated it to her. The shining canvas of this happy craft displayed its votive dedication in giant letters: those letters were the inauguration of their vow for
prosperity in navigation during the coming year of trade. And now the mast rises up, a rounded pine that shines all up its towering height to the topmast, seen conspicuously aloft. The poop was twisted to a goose-neck, and shone with its coat of gold leaf, while the whole hull was an object of beauty, being made of clear, polished citron-wood.

Then all the people, the laity as well as the Religious, vied with each other in packing the bark with a cargo of bins laden with perfumes and offerings of a similar sort, and out over the waves they poured libations of porridge made on milk; till at last the ship was complete with abundance of gifts and sacrifices of propitiation. It was then loosed from the cables that held it at anchor, and was carried out upon the deep by a peculiar breeze, that began to wait it gently forwards. When it had ran out to such a distance that no could be sure he still discerned it, the bearers of the Mysteries took up what they had been carrying once more, and set out on their return journey to the temple with great alacrity, observing the same rite and forming the same decorous procession.
When we had arrived at the Temple, the high priest, those who had carried the effigies of the Gods, and those who had been previously received as initiate into these venerable recesses, were admitted within the chamber of the Goddess, and there they set in order the breathing images. Then one of them, whom all referred to as the Scribe, stood before the door, with the assembly of Pastophores — the name of this sacred College — gathered round him as if to hear a discourse, and there on a lofty pulpit he read the Preface from a lettered book, prayers for the health "of the Great Prince, the Senate, the Order of Knights, the whole Roman People, the ships at sea, and everything beneath the rule and Empire of our national world." Then he made the announcement in the Greek rite and language: "To the Laity Dismissal!" At these words, the shout that arose from the people signified that "It went happily for all." The common people beamed with joy: they came with sacred green boughs and garlands, and kissed the feet of the silver statue of the Goddess which was placed upon the steps, and then went back to their own homes.
My frame of mind did not however permit me to leave the spot by so much as a finger's breadth. I gazed upon the image of the Goddess, and thought over my former misfortunes.

Flying Fame had not relaxed her wings in lazy idleness. She had told the tale everywhere in my own country, the adorable favour I had received from the providence of the Goddess, and the remarkable fortune that had befallen me. Friends and servants and my nearest relatives by blood threw aside the mourning they had assumed on the false tidings of my death, and came in haste, every one with a present, to look upon my countenance as something supernatural, and as that of one who had been restored to life from the grave.

I was delighted at their presence, as I had never expected to see their face again, and accepted in good part the presents they honoured me with; for my friends had taken excellent care to bring me an ample subsidy for clothing and general expenses. I conversed with all as in duty bound, and told them all my former sorrows and present joys; but then once more I presented myself in the most grateful presence of the Goddess. I
hired apartments within the precincts of the Temple and took up my residence there temporarily, attached in private ministry to the Goddess, forming one of the priestly family, and never failing in my attendance at the worship of the great Divinity.

There was not a night, nor a single period of repose, in which my desire of a vision of the Goddess was frustrated, or in which I did not receive some admonition from her. She had long ago destined me for participation in her Mysteries, and expressed her wish that I should not let the present occasion pass without my initiation. I was certainly qualified by my desires and goodwill, but was kept back by religious awe. I had found out by frequent enquiries that the service of religion was difficult, the abstinence required for the necessary degree of chastity arduous, and that life, which is of its nature subject to a variety of haps, was to be guarded by caution and circumspection. As I thought over all this, I was led some way or another to delay the moment, in spite of my eagerness for it.

One night it seemed to me that I saw the high priest offer me all that he carried in the bosom.
of his robe, and, as I asked what it was, he replied that it was my portion that had been sent on from Thessaly, and that my slave Candidus had come back to me from the same place also. I woke up from the vision, and turned the matter over and over again in my head, wondering what it might portend; especially as I was certain that I had never had a servant called by that name. Whatever event the presage of the dream might have, I believed that the offering of a portion to me would be sure to signify something advantageous.

I was in an attitude of amaze and anxious expectation of some prosperous turn of Fortune, as I awaited the opening of the Temple in the morning. Then when the white veils were drawn aside, and we prayed before the venerable countenance of the Goddess, the priest went round the altars which were arranged in a circle, and performed the divine service, making libations in solemn supplication with a vessel filled from the inner fountain. Every point of the rite being thus accomplished, they broke ont religiously into the hymn with which they salute the commencement of the light and announce the first hour of the day.
When lo, up come the household retainers
I had loe ft in mywn country at the time that
Fotis, through her wretched mistake, was intro-
ducing my head to a halter. There were my rela-
tives, who had brought back my slaves as well
as that horse of mine, which they had recovered,
after he had been sold to a number of different
persons, by identifying him from a mark he had
on his back.

I had good reason then to marvel at the inge-
nuity displayed by my dream; as, besides the
congruity of the promise of something advan-
tageous, it had restored my white horse to me
under the emblem of my servant Candidus, a
name which means white.

My attention was arrested by this occurrence,
and I frequented the religious services with zeal,
feeling that in these present benefits I had a
warranty to hope well for the future. My desire
of participating in the mysteries increased day
by day, and I was continually paying visits to
the high priest to direct my most earnest entreat-
ies to him, and beg that he would at last
initiate me into the Mysteries of the sacred Night.
He was a man of serious character, and famous
for sobriety and religious observance. He
received me gently and politely, and put off my insistence, much as parents are wont to restrain the hasty impulses of their children, and soothed my anxious mind by holding out hopes of better things.

The day, he said, on which each one could be initiated was pointed out by the Goddess' behest, and the priest who had to perform the sacred function was also chosen by her provident care. The expenses too, which were necessary for the ceremonies, were determined by a like precept. All this, he decided, we should wait for in reverent patience; for, just as I had to be on my best guard against over-eagerness and contumacy, and to avoid a fault on either side, by not hesitating when I was called, and not pressing forward unbidden, so there was no one of his community of such an abandoned mind, nay, so given over to the hand of death, as to dispense with a particular command from his Lady, and, with unwarranted and sacrilegious daring, to undertake a ministry, by which he would contract the stain of mortal sin. The enclosures of the lower world and the guardianship of our life were placed in the Goddess' hand, and the self-surrender [of the
Initiation] itself was celebrated as a kind of voluntary death and acceptance of life from her hand. The divine Goddess was accustomed to choose for her own those who had lived their life and were now placed at the limit of their days, and of these only such as could have the great secrets of religion safely committed to them: they were born again as it were by her providence, and were placed by her upon the footing of a new life, which they were now to lead. Consequently I had to observe the command of heaven; although I was already named and destined for the blessed ministry by the clear and evident condescension of the great Divinity. I, no less than other worshippers, had to abstain now from profane and sinful foods, in order the better to penetrate the hidden secrets of most pure religion.

The priest had spoken. My obedience was spoilt by no impatience: I remained intent on duty, in meekness and quietness of life, and in exemplary silence, and for some days sedulously performed my ministry by worshipping the Mysteries.

I met no disappointment. The salutary clemency of the mighty Goddess tormented me
by no long delay, but admonished me clearly in the obscurity of the night by no obscure intimation, that the day I had ever wished for, and on which I could achieve my great desire, was now arrived: what money also I should expend upon the public supplications: and she appointed Mithras himself her chief priest, who, she said, was in sympathy with me through a certain conjunction of the stars, to perform the sacred rite.

Refreshed in mind by these and other benevolent injunctions of the high Goddess, I shook off slumber almost before light was light, and hastened immediately to the priests’ abode. I fell in with him just as he was coming forth from his bedchamber and saluted him. I had made up my mind to urge my request with greater constancy then usual, as an act of obedience due to the sacred Mysteries.

But he was the first to speak. "Oh, my Lucius!" he said, as soon as he saw me. "How happy, how blessed thou art, to whom the august Divinity condescends so far and bends so propitious a will!... And why," he went on, "dost thou now stand idle, and put delays in thy own way? The day on which
thou hast set thy constant hopes is now at hand for thee, the day on which, through the divine commands of the Goddess of a thousand names, thou mayest be introduced by these hands of mine to her most holy and sacred Mysteries!"

The affable old gentleman put his right hand through mine, and led me straightway to the portal of the glorious Temple. Then when the Service of Opening had been celebrated in solemn rite and the morning sacrifice had been offered, he brought forth from the interior of the sanctuary certain books, written in unknown character. This consisted partly of figures of animals of various kinds, which suggested in an abbreviated form the words that corresponded to the ideas of a discourse, and partly of knotted letters, which twirled round in circular form and were condensed into corrugations, so as to preserve the reading from the curiosity of the profane. He announced to me from this book what I should have to get ready for use in my initiation ceremony.

I set to with a will and a certain amount of liberality, and procured what was to be bought, partly by myself, partly through my associates.
And now, as the priest said, the time pressed; and he led me escorted by the religious cohort to the nearest baths, where I was first off all treated with ordinary washing, and then, after asking leave of the Gods, sprayed with a most pure ablution. I was then led back to the Temple after two parts of the day had already passed, and placed at the Goddess' feet. He then enjoined certain things upon me secretly, things too holy for utterance; but ordained in the hearing of everyone that I should restrain all pleasure in meats for ten successive days, eating the flesh of no animal and refraining absolutely from wine.

These days were duly passed in worshipful continence, and now the day approached for the redemption of the divine pledge, and the sun bent low to lead in Vesper by the hand. Then lo, the congregation flows in from all parts, and according to the ancient mystic rite everyone brought a present in my honour. Then all the profane were removed to a distance; I was clothed in a rude vesture of linen; and the priest led me by the hand to the very innermost sanctuary.

Thou mayest now perchance ask with some
anxiety, studious reader, what was thereupon said, what done. I should tell thee, were telling lawful: thou shouldst know, if thou couldst lawfully hear; but both ears and tongue would incur the like guilt of rash curiosity. But I shall not prolong the tortures thou mayest feel perchance in the suspense of thy religious desire. Hear then; but believe what is the truth.

I neared the confines of death: I trod the threshold of Proserpine: I was borne through all the elements and returned: in the midst of night I saw the sun beaming in glorious light: I stood before the Gods of heaven and the Gods of the lower world, and adored as I stood close to them.

See, I have told thee all, which thou mayest hear, but still be in ignorance of. Consequently I shall only relate what may be announced to the profane intelligence without sin.

It was morning. The rites were concluded. I walked forth, hallowed in twelve stoles, a garb abundantly religious, which I am prohibited by no tie from mentioning; for there were many present who beheld it. I was set in
the very centre of the sacred edifice before the image of the Goddess, and stood as I was ordered upon a wooden tribunal, conspicuous in my garb, which was of silk, but embroidered in bright colours. There hung from my shoulders down my back as far as my heels a costly chlamys: wherever the glance fell upon me, it encountered the varied colours of animals with which I was decorated on every side. Here were Indian dragons, there hyperborean griffins, which the other world brings forth, in semblance like birds with wings. This stole bears among the consecrated the name of the Olympiac. In my right hand I bore a torch in full flame, while my head was gracefully circled by a crown of shining palm-leaves, which stood forward like rays.

When I was thus adorned to resemble the sun and set up there like a statue, the veils were suddenly drawn apart, and the people wandered in to see the sight. After this I celebrated my mystic birthday with the greatest festivity: the banquet was delicious, the guests brimming with good-humour. A whole triduum was celebrated in the same ceremonial rite, — the
religious luncheon and the legitimate consummation of the Initiation.

I remained there for a few days longer, and enjoyed the inexpressible delights of the Divine Image, pledged to it as I was by a benefit which could never be requited. But at last I received an admonition of the Goddess; and when I had returned suppliant thanks, insufficiently indeed, but according to the poor measure of which I was capable, I set about a tardy return homewards. I found difficulty indeed in snapping the bonds of most ardent desire which retained me, and falling finally before the face of the Goddess and wiping her feet with my face, as my tears welled up, I said, while frequent sobs dealt death to my discourse and I had to swallow down my words:

"Thou holy One, perpetual Saviour of the human race, always munificent in thy cherishing of mortal men, and meeting, as Thou dost, the misfortunes of the wretched with the sweet affection of a mother, while not a single day or night or even tiny moment passes, in which thy benefits lie dormant; thou protectest men on land and sea, and dispersest the storms of life by
strecthing forth thy salutary hand! That hand of thine draws back the threads the Fates have inextricably twisted: by it Thou dost mitigate the tempests of Fortune, and restrainest the harmful wanderings of the stars. Thee the heavens worship: Thee hell obeys! Thou dost wheel the orb, give light to the sun, rule the world, trample upon Tartarus! To thee the stars make answer, in Thee the light rejoices, seasons return, elements serve! At Thy behest the breezes blow, the clouds are nourished, the seeds shoot forth, the buds increase!

The birds that wander in the heavens are lost in awe before thy majesty, the beasts that roam upon the mountains, the serpents that lurk upon the earth, the monsters that swim the ocean! While I am lacking in wit to celebrate thy praises, and slender of patrimony to lead victims to thy altar! My voice has not sufficient eloquence to utter all my appreciation of thy greatness: nor would it, had I a thousand mouths and as many tongues, to move in an eternal series of never-ending speech!

So then I shall take care to effect, what one who is religious but poor, can do, if nothing else: I shall keep Thy divine countenance and
thy most sacred Deity buried for ever in my breast, and there I shall ponder It in secret."

Such was my prayer to the great Divinity. I embraced Mithras the priest, who was now my father, and hung upon his neck with many kisses, asking his pardon for being unable to requite him worthily for so many benefits. I lingered long over my act of thanks, and made it in a multitude of words. Then at length I parted.

I hastened by the shortest route to revisit my paternal abode, which I had not seen for so long, and a few days afterwards, at the instigation of the mighty Goddess, gathered my few things hastily about me, embarked upon a ship, and set off for Rome. I was safe in the favour of the winds that bore us, made the harbour in the quickest possible time, and then flew on in a two-wheeled chariot, approaching that most sacred City on the vigil of the Ides of December.

Henceforth I regarded no business of such importance as that of offering daily supplication to the high Divinity of Queen Isis, who was worshipped here with the greatest devotion under the tittle "Of the Field" given her on
account of the site of her temple. I was in fact a daily worshipper, — a foreigner it might be to the temple, but indigenous to the religion.

Lo, the circle filled with signs had gone its round and great Sun had completed the year, when my sleep was again broken by the watchful care of my beneficent Divinity, who admonished me once more of initiation, once more of Mysteries! I wondered what she might purpose now, what future event she might portend — for why? I fancied I was already initiated fully enough.

While I revolved this religious scruple, partly before my own judgment, and partly examined it while consulting the Consecrated, I made a new and wondrous discovery. I was as yet only initiated in the Mysteries of the Goddess: as to the Mysteries of the great God and high Father of the Gods, the unconquered Osiris, I was as yet unillumined. Although these were connected, and in fact had the one basis of Deity and religion, yet there was the greatest difference in the initiation ceremony. Consequently I ought to feel myself called to the service of the great God also.

The matter did not remain long in ambiguity
On the next night I saw one of the priests, with linen robes thrown over him, bearing Bacchic staves and ivy and certain things not to be spoken of, which he placed in my house. Then he sat upon my chair, and announced an ample religious banquet. In order to give me some sure sign by which I might recognise him, he bent the ankle of his left foot slightly inwards, and walked along with a somewhat halting footstep.

All darkness and ambiguity was consequently removed after such a clear expression of the will of the Gods, and at once, as soon as I had performed my morning salutations of the Goddess, I tried each one eagerly, to see if any had a foot like what my dream represented. Such a one was not wanting! I saw one of the Pastophores, who besides the mark of the foot, agreed exactly with my nocturnal vision as to the rest of his appearance and dress. I learned afterwards that he was called Asinius Marcellus, a name that was not without relation to my former deformity.

I called upon him without delay, and found him already aware of what we were about to talk of. He had been previously admonished
by a similar injunction to perform the mystic rites. During his last night’s sleep he had seemed to himself to be placing garlands upon the great God, and had heard from his mouth, which dictates whatever concerns each one, that a man from Madaura, who was however very poor, was being sent to him, and that he was to minister the Mysteries to him at once. For the man would obtain glory as the reward of his desires, and he himself great gain through the providence of the God.

Though pledged in this way to the Mysteries, I was hindered from accomplishing my wish by the slenderness of my means. My travelling expenses had worn away my small patrimonial resources, and what I had to pay out in the City was much more than I had been accustomed to in the Provinces. As hard poverty came in in this way, I suffered a very great deal, as the old proverb says, between the altar and the stone.

In spite of this, I was continually urged by the insistence of the Deity. When I had received a number of instigations, which did not fail to disturb me greatly, and last of all a positive command, I sold my wardrobe, poor
as it was, and scraped together a little sum that was sufficient. I had received an express command to do this very thing. "Wouldst thou," he said "spare thy rags, if thou wert undertaking something that would bring thee pleasure, and now, when thou art about to be admitted to such rites, dost thou hesitate to commit thyself to a poverty thou shalt never repent of?"

I made every preparation then in abundance, contented myself again for ten days with food that had known no life, and, as I had already been illuminated by the nocturnal orgies of Serapis, one of the principal Gods, I entered upon the divine service in this kindred religion full of confidence.

This matter gave me the greatest solace in my peregrination, and at the same time did not fail to supply me with ampler means of living: Why not? By the breath of favouring Chance... nourished on forensic debate... pleading suits in Latin!

After a short while was I again interrupted by unexpected and in every way wonderful commands of the Gods, and compelled to raise the question of a Third Initiation. I was
troubled by no slight anxiety, and felt myself in very great suspense of mind, as I thought over all these thoughts to my own great vexation, and wondered what this new, unheard of intention of the celestials might mean,—what could remain over still, when the initiation had even been performed twice over? It must be that both of the priests had acted to no purpose, or had not deliberated sufficiently over what was necessary in my case! And by Hercules, I began to entertain a bad opinion as to the good faith of both of them.

I was tossing on this tide of thought and felt almost stricken to madness, when a merciful dream came to my instruction through the divination of night,

"There is no reason," it said, "for thee to be alarmed at the numerous series of this religion, as though something had been omitted in the first instance. Rather rejoice and be glad on account of the assiduous condescension of the Deities. Exult that thou wilt be thrice over what is conceded to others scarcely once, and presume from this number, as thou shouldst do, that thou shalt
be for ever blessed. But this future surrender of thyself to the Mysteries is very necessary for thee; if thou wilt but bethink thyself, the robe of the Goddess which thou didst assume in the Province has remained deposited in the Temple there, and thou canst not make thy supplication with it on the solemn days in Rome, nor be decorated by that blessed garb, when it is ordained that thou shouldst. Be it then fortunate and well-omened and healthful to thee! Be initiated once more with a glad courage, as the great Gods recommend."

So far the persuasive majesty of the heaven-sent dream announced the profit that should be mine!

I put off nothing, and did not delay the business by supine procrastination. I at once related the vision to my priest, and underwent forthwith the yoke of inanimate chastity. The ten days prescribed by unchanging law for voluntary sobriety were fully numbered: I procured what was necessary for the initiation, and rather spent my money in accordance with my pious desires than procured things in any moderation. And, by Hercules, I re-
pented in nothing of my labours and expenditure. Why should I? Was I not provided for through the liberality of the Gods, and kept handsomely on the fees I obtained in the Forum?

In fine, a very few days after that, the God of Gods, who is the Mightier of the Great Ones, the Highest of the Greater, the Greatest of the High, the Ruler of the Greatest, Osiris, not disguised in any other character, but deigning to address me openly in words to be adored, appeared to me in my sleep, and commanded me not to hesitate to achieve glory by my advocacies in the Forum, nor to fear the sayings disseminated by the malevolent, who were annoyed by my learning, the laborious outcome of so much study.

Then, to prevent me mingling with the common herd while serving his sacred Mysteries, he elected me into the college of his Pastophores, nay, even among the Quinquennial Decurions.

In effect, after this time I fulfilled my duties in that most ancient corporation, which was
founded about as far back as Sylla's times, with my head entirely shaven, and that without dissimulating or concealing my baldness, but rejoicing to let it be seen from every point of view.

END OF THE ELEVENTH AND LAST CHAPTER
NOTES TO CHAPTER XI

Pavore subito: With sudden fear.

No ordinary start from sleep, as it seems to me, but the first beginnings of religious awe, and the fore-runner of the subsequent supernatural manifestations. Coming events cast their shadows before.

Apuleius to my mind shows high artistic skill in the opening lines of this chapter, which are calculated to immediately tune our minds to the religious wonders we are about to read of.

Incrementis... augeri... decrementis... imminui: Are increased as she waxes and decreased as she wanes.

Molluscs and shell fish, says Maury, as well as the sap of plants, were supposed to be affected in this way by the moon. It would seem improbable that Apuleius was cognisant of its effect upon the tide of the sea.

Marino lavacro: By bathing in the sea.

The sevenfold dipping impressed a sacramental character upon this bath. Such purifications have always been in use among all nations, in virtue of the sentiment of sympathetic magic so well known to anthropologists. Compare the purification of
the Greek host in the sea, Homer's Iliad, Book I; and for the seven-fold washing see 2 Kings V, 14, where we read of Naaman, captain of the Syrian King; "Then went he down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God." Macrobius tells us that among the Pythagoreans the number seven constituted an essential part of the mysteries. In the Roman Catholic Church there are the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit, etc. The Romans purified their host every five years, on the occasion of the general review (lustrum), with lustral water: to which in more modern times holy water has succeeded. It is noteworthy that in the Catholic holy water salt is always mixed.

Regina coeli: Queen of Heaven.

This is also the title of the Blessed Virgin in the Catholic Church. Another bond of connection between her and Isis is the figure of the moon, which is generally depicted beneath her feet. This is in accordance with an interesting passage in Rev. XII, 1, which is of special note, as the visions referred to took place in the Eastern isle of Patmos, and bear besides the true Oriental stamp in every way: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

Sive tu · Whether thou be...
The learned Taylor has such a splendid note on this passage, that I deem it a duty to make a few excerpts from it.

"The Moon being the last of the celestial divinities, receives in herself, according to the Orphic theology, processions from all the orders of Gods superior to, and also contains in herself casually all the divinities inferior to her. Hence, from what is asserted here, and farther on, this Goddess is celebrated as containing all the female deities, just as Osiris contains all those of a male character."

We may go further than that, and note with Maury that the masculine name of God is attributed even to female deities, e.g. Calvus has: "pollen-temque Deum Venerem," "Venus mighty God."

To continue with Taylor's remarks: "In short, according to this theology, each of the Gods is in all and all are in each, being ineffably united to each other and the highest God; because, each being a superessential unity, their conjunction with each other is a union ofunities. And hence it is by no means wonderful that each is celebrated as all."

To use the words of a later theology, the Divine Essence contains all possible attributes of Perfection *eminenter*, just as a gold sovereign contains virtually two hundred and forty bronze pennies. These divine attributes are concreted into the various titles of the heathen Gods. But still no single attribute that we conceive can adequate-
ly express the perfection of this essence, though they may be true enough as far as our limited mode of thought is concerned.

Another point of Orphic theology explained by Taylor is that each planet "is fixed in a luminous ethereal sphere called a ἄλοτης, or wholeness, because it is a part with a total subsistence, and is analogous to the sphere of the fixed stars. In consequence of this analogy, each of these planetary spheres contains a multitude of Gods, who are the satellites of the leading divinity of the sphere and subsist conformably to his characteristics... From this sublime theory it follows that every sphere contains a Jupiter, Neptune, Vulcan, Vesta" etc "and in short every deity, each sphere at the same time conferring on these Gods the peculiar characteristic of its nature; so that for instance, in the Sun they all possess a solar property, in the Moon a lunar one, and so of the rest."

Proserpina triformi facie: Proserpina of triple form.

That is: Proserpina in Hell, signified by the head of a horse, the animal that conveyed her in Pluto's chariot to the realms below; Diana upon the earth, signified by the head of a dog, the animal proper to the chase; and Luna in heaven, signified by the head of a woman, whose beauty excited Pluto to carry her off.

Luce feminea: By womanly light.

Macrobius has in his Saturnalia I, 17: "Et
solem quidem maxima vi caloris in superna rapi-
tum, lunam vero humidiore et quasi femineo sexu,
naturali quodam pressam tepore, inferiора te-
nuisse.” “The sun was carried aloft by the force
of his great heat, but the moon which was of a
more watery complexion, belonging as it were to
the female sex, was borne down by its natural heat
and held the lower place.”

The Aristotelian school, it will be remembered,
considered the nature of woman to be more lym-
phatic than that of man, and held in fact that she
was a sort of imperfect, diluted male.

The German Mond is masculine, and the Sonne
feminine; but for an exquisitely told legend, in
which the sexes are reversed, the story no doubt
being of non-Teutonic origin, see Heinrich
Heine’s Nordsee, Erster Cyklus, 3, in which for
the sake of congruity he has to adopt the Latin
names of Sol and Luna.

**Solis Ambagibus**: On thy lonely round.

The ambiguity of the word Solis, which, besides
meaning: lonely, might also mean: of the sun, has
puzzled commentators and translators. If the
word means sun, then we must fall back on the
supposition (which seems hardly tenable) that
Apuleius knew that the moon’s light was reflected
from the sun as it circled round the other side of
the globe. The words would then mean: “thou
dispensest a glimmering light from the sun, while
he is on his rounds.”
But why should the moon be considered more lonely than the sun? And that in spite of her accompanying stars? It is no doubt a question for the poets. Heine gives a specific answer in the poem above referred to.

Sun and Moon he says were married:

Doch böse Zungen zischelten Zwiespalt,  
Und es trennte sich feindlich,  
Das hohe, leuchtende Ehnpaar.

Jetzt am Tage, in einsamer Pracht,  
Ergeht sich dort oben der Sonnengott,  
Ob seiner Herrlichkeit,  
Angebetet und vielbesungen,  
Von stolzen, glückgehärteten Menschen.  
Aber des Nachts,  
Am Himmel wandelt Luna.  
Die arme Mutter,  
Mit ihren verwaisten Sternenkindern.  
Und sie glänzt in stiller Wehmut,  
Und liebende Mädchen und sanfte Dichter,  
Weihen ihr Thränen und Lieder.

"But evil tongues hissed disunion, and they parted in enmity, the noble, lightbearing couple!  
"Now during the day in lonely splendour the Sun-God walks forth there above, prayed to for his majesty, and sung in many a song by proud, luck-hardened men. But by night Luna wanders in the sky, the poor mother, with her orphaned star-children, and she shines in silent sadness,
while loving maidens and tender-hearted poets offer her their tears and songs."

Æreum crepitaculum: A bronze rattle.

The description shows that this was the famous sistrum. Plutarch in his treatise on Isis and Osiris says: "The sistrum likewise indicates that it is necessary that beings should be agitated, and never cease to rest from their local motion, but should be excited and shaken, when they become drowsy and marcid. For they say that Typhon is deterred and repelled by the sistra: manifesting by this, that as corruption binds and stops, so generation again resolves nature, and excites it through motion."

Cymbum: A boat.

This represented the inundations of the Nile.

Solerti repertu: A clever invention.

That is, an urn signifying a Deity. This need not seem strange: we have so many examples of curious symbolism. In Quintus Curtius, IV, 7, we read that Jupiter Ammon was symbolised as a navel; in Tacitus, Hist. II, 3, that Venus of Paphos was represented by a cone. We have our Trinity signified by a triangle, and our God the Father by a human eye.

Simulacra Spirantia: Breathing images.

It is possible that this is a tribute to the skill of the workmanship, as in Æneid VI, and Macaulay's Prophecy of Capys; but Taylor says: "These brea-
thing effigies were statues of the Gods, fabricated by telestæ, or mystic operators, so as to become animated, illuminated by divinity, and capable of delivering oracles."

**Pastophororum**: Of the Pastophores.

The Egyptian priest were so called from the small chapels (in Greek παστος) which they carried, containing an image of Isis. The word was afterwards adopted by the Christian Church to signify the priests attached to a certain Church and living together in a contiguous house, in which they boarded in common. These apartments for the priest were known as the Pastophorium, and from the fact of the common table and erroneous derivation of the word from pascere, *to feed*, was once and in some authors still is, in circulation.

**Λαοις ἀφεσις**: To the laity dismissal.

Similarly the *Ite, missa est* of the Roman Catholic Church. This Chapter forms all through an interesting study of ecclesiastical ceremony.

**Invinius**: Without wine.

A good example of one of Apuleius' ἂπαξ λεγο-μένα.

**Campestris**: Of the Field.

This is the Campus Martius. Juvenal VI, 529, says the Temple of Isis was near "the old sheepfold," and this latter monument is situated by Livy and others on the Campus Martius.
Inter sacrum et saxum positus: Between the altar and the stone.

The priest sacrificed the victims upon the altar with the blow of a stone when a covenant was ratified, saying: "May Jupiter smite him who breaks this covenant, as I smite this pig!" Hence the proverb.

Raso Capillo: My head shaved.

This Egyptian custom of shaving the head as a mark of religion, still preserved in the tonsure of the Catholic Church, is of extreme antiquity. In fact its special significance is buried in obscurity. It probably symbolises purification from sin. The Israelite who took a captive foreign woman to wife was ordered among other purifications to shave her hair and cut her nails, as we see from the Pentateuch.

FINIS
"The Golden Ass" is enriched with numerous episodes, of which the best known, and by far the most beautiful, is the story of Cupid and Psyche. Another forms the second story of the seventh day of the Decameron. An adventure which befell Lucius, probably suggested to Cervantes the dreadful combat which took place at an inn between Don Quixote and the wine-skins; and there is a striking resemblance between the occurrences seen by Lucius at the habitation of robbers and some of the early incidents in "Gil Blas."
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

**Introduction** ........................................ 1

**CHAPTER THE FIRST**

On the Road. — Our Hero justifies his Belief in the Marvellous. — The Bagman’s Tale. — Arrival at Hypata. — Lodgings at a Miser’s. — Magisterial Zeal ................................. 1 to 54

**CHAPTER THE SECOND**

Thessaly at last. — A Lady of Quality and her Mansion. — Our Hero cautioned against the Wiles of Witchcraft. — His Curiosity on fire. — Makes love to Pamphila’s Maid, Fotis. — Milo’s Table Talk. — Diophanes the Chaldean. — Dinner at Byrrhena’s. — Telephron’s Tale. — The God of Laughter. — Our Hero slays Three in single Combat ............................. 55 to 108

**CHAPTER THE THIRD**

ls metamorphosed to an Ass. — Salvation in the Rose. — Burglary of Milo’s House. — Captivity. — Our Hero appeals to Cæsar. 109 to 150

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

Our Hero’s Search for Roses. — The Robbers’ Cave. — Their Feast and Table Talk. — Adventure of Lamachus. — Adventure of Alcimus. — Adventure of Thrasyileon. — A Damsel in Distress. — The Old Woman’s Story of Cupid and Psyche. — Psyche’s Rivalry of Venus. — Indignation of the Goddess. — Cupid’s Commission. — The Oracle on Psyche’s Destiny. — She is exposed to her Fate. — Wafted by Zephyr to a happy Valley. 151 to 204

CHAPTER THE FIFTH


CHAPTER THE SIXTH

Cupid and Psyche continued. — Psyche rejected by Ceres and Juno. — Mercury despatched in Quest
TABLE OF CONTENTS

of her by Venus.— Her reception at Venus's Court.
— Her appointed Tasks: The Seeds; The Golden Wool; The Stygian Cup; Proserpine's Box of Beauty. — Cupid's Appeal and Jove's Decision. — Apotheosis of Psyche. — Conclusion.
Our Hero's Sufferings with the Robbers. — Attempts to escape with the Captive Maid. — Retaken.
— The old Woman's Fate. — The Robbers' Gentle Meditations of revenge.............. 253 to 301

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

The Robbers' Spy reports from Hypata. — Lucius credited with the Robbery of Milo's House. — A new Recruit buys the position of Captain of the Band. — He releases the Virgin and seats her at the Robbers' Table. — The Triumph of Love and Destruction of the Band. — The Ass made free of Pasture. — But falls into evil hands. — His Driver's ingenious Cruelties. — Retribution. — Delivery by a Process of Nature........ 303 to 545

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH


CHAPTER THE NINTH

Hydrophobia. — The Story of a Poor Man's Wine-
Butt. — How they worked the Oracle. — In the Mill with a Vengeance. — A Pair of Cronies. — The Story of Myrmex and Philesiærus. — The Story of the Bewitched Baker. — Our Hero sold to a Gardener. — The Significance of Omens. — A military Bully, and how he was drubbed. — The Proverb of the Peeping Ass. — The Proverb of the Ass’s Shadow

CHAPTER THE TENTH

A Short Term of Army Service. — A celebrated Poisoning Case. — The Cook and the Confectioner. — Our Hero returns to the Food eaten by Men. — And becomes a Celebrity. — Even affording Distraction to a Lady of Quality. — After which he is requested to Perform in Public. — And is provided with a Poisonous Partner. — A Pantomime. — Flight

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH


588 THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS