SYLLABUS FOR CLASSICS 140 (#20729)
INTRODUCTION TO CLASSICS

Spring 2015 Semester, San Diego State University
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Class Hours: M/W 1-1:50 PM, Classroom: EBA-347
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1) COURSE DESCRIPTION

If you’re curious about your own society, you should also be curious about the ancient Greeks and Romans, because they were the inventors of western culture and you should be curious about where so much of what you take for granted comes from. It’s inherently pleasurable to trace so much of what we think and do today to their roots in ancient Greece and Rome, to make sense of their world and our own world through their world and of both worlds through their interrelationships with each other.

That is, I believe, what is most special about the study of antiquity: we find, if we look closely, so many firsts in western culture: the first epic and lyric poems, the first plays, the first theaters, the first histories, even the first cinema (huh?). And through the literature of ancient Greece and Rome we encounter the first expression of certain ideas like community, democracy, and imperialism and of certain emotions like courage, curiosity, and love. If tracing things back to their roots, their origins in the past, excites you, you are in the right place, because that is what I am primarily interested in: getting back to the roots.

There is more. While it’s interesting to see where the things we know (or at least think we know) today have come from, it’s also somewhat surprising to discover that, not only do we find in ancient Greece and Rome the first of so many things, we also find the best of so many things. Take the epic poet Homer, for instance. We’ll read passages from the Iliad and Odyssey that will blow your mind, in the same way as (or perhaps even more than), say, a modern novel or play or film or video will do so.

The Greeks and Romans created their epics and tragedies and comedies and historical works not for us to study thousands of years after the fact but for their contemporaries to enjoy as selfishly and hedonistically as we enjoy the art and literature and drama and YouTube videos of today. It’s this immediacy of the works of the Greeks and Romans—in other words, their entertainment value—along with their influence on so many aspects of our own society, that I wish to explore with you in this course.
2) HYBRID COURSE

This will be a "hybrid" course, that is, part of it takes place in the classroom and part online. We meet in the classroom two days a week (Mondays and Wednesdays) and online one day a week (Fridays). Because this is an on- and off-campus class, online learning is integral to the course: it offers the advantage of learning anyplace and anytime. Despite this flexibility, to succeed in the online learning environment students should keep in mind the following requirements:

- A computer - PC or Macintosh- with a stable Internet connection. Higher speed Internet connections (cable modem, DSL) are strongly recommended.
- Basic computer skills - email, surf the Internet, and create basic word processor files.
- Microsoft Office 2010, or higher (Must include Word and PowerPoint).
- A reliable email address that will not change from the beginning until the end of the semester.
- A "technology back-up" plan. Students should plan out an alternative location to do assignments and quizzes in the event their computer or Internet connection is not working!
- Time. Distance learning courses require as much time as traditional (classroom) instruction. The primary difference is that online instruction allows flexibility.
- Self motivation. Online students must be "self starters" and have the ability to work with a minimum of supervision. Students who procrastinate are rarely successful in distance learning courses.

Students are also required to:

- Make use of the online course materials available via Blackboard. Access to these materials is available once you have registered to the course.
- Participate in asynchronous online discussions.
- Complete readings and assignments by the dates indicated on the syllabus.
- Check email on a daily basis.

“This course is one of nine courses that you will take in General Education Foundations. Foundations courses cultivate skills in reading, writing, research, communication, computation, information literacy, and use of technology. They furthermore introduce you to basic concepts, theories and approaches in a variety of disciplines in order to provide the intellectual breadth necessary to help you integrate the more specialized knowledge gathered in your major area of study into a broader world picture.”

H1-H4: “This course is one of four Foundations courses that you will take in the area of Humanities and Fine Arts. Upon completing of this area of Foundations, you will be able to:
1) analyze written, visual, or performed texts in the humanities and fine arts with sensitivity to their diverse cultural contexts and historical moments;
2) develop a familiarity with various aesthetic and other value systems and the ways they are communicated across time and cultures;
3) argue from multiple perspectives about issues in the humanities that have personal and global relevance;
4) demonstrate the ability to approach complex problems and ask complex questions drawing upon knowledge of the humanities.”
3) OBJECTIVES FOR THIS COURSE

In this course you will 1) learn about the most significant people, characters, events, ideas, monuments, and institutions of ancient Greece and Rome, 2) encounter the greatest works of art, architecture, and literature of antiquity by looking at (in the case of art and architecture) and reading (in the case of literature) the primary sources themselves rather than settling for a secondhand acquaintance with them through the filter of one or another text-book (to this end your only required reading will come directly from the minds of the ancient authors so they can speak to you on their own terms), 3) ascertain connections between these people, characters, events, ideas, monuments, institutions, and art works and their counterparts in our own society which, after all, is a direct descendent of Greco-Roman civilization, and, last but not least, 4) the Greek alphabet! On the three (non-cumulative) exams administered throughout the semester, you will be expected to identify with a high degree of accuracy the author, period, context, and cultural importance of the literary passages and material artifacts of ancient Greek and Roman culture you encounter in your take-home readings and classroom lectures and discussions.

4) PREREQUISITES FOR THIS COURSE

While I expect you to prepare the assigned readings before coming to class, they may not make complete sense to you until we hash them out together. Therefore, rest assured that I expect from you no knowledge whatsoever about the ancient world when you arrive on the first day of class. Granted, we’ll have some fun comparing what preconceived notions you’ve acquired from the way the ancient world is depicted in literature, the mass media, etc., but that will only be to gain a sense of satisfaction at the end of the semester that the false clichés and stereotypes you once harbored have been dispelled by experiencing their works for yourselves. The only prerequisite for this course, then, is a curiosity about what the ancient Greeks and Romans were all about and what we ourselves have inherited from them, for better or worse. Other than that: the cleaner the slate when the course begins, the better.

5) CLASS FORMAT

We’ll rely on both lectures and classroom discussions to come to terms with ancient Greece and Rome and the way they continue to exert influence on our own times (vis-à-vis the latter, your input via discussion will be indispensable). I expect you to come to class prepared, which means you’ve already read the assignments listed in the CLASS SCHEDULE for a given day.
6) BOOKS TO PURCHASE FOR THIS COURSE: NONE
(ASSIGNED READINGS AT THE END OF THIS DOCUMENT)

7) GRADING

3 non-cumulative exams (including the Final), each worth one-third of your course grade.

Your grade for this course will be based on your ability to demonstrate a mastery of objective information you’ve acquired from the readings you’ve done and lectures you’ve attended and discussions you’ve participated in throughout the semester. Unfortunately, with 80 or so people in class a more subjective approach to grading (response papers and the like) isn’t feasible. Thus, while our focus in class will be on learning about the ideas and institutions of the ancient Greeks and Romans and their links to our own society in a relatively broad-based and expansive manner, your exams will reflect how good you are at recalling information I consider to be essential for the student of western civilization to know and understand. To this end—and because I respect the desire of those who care about their GPAs to earn the best possible grade (I’ve been there)—I’ll do my best throughout the semester to make sure that we’re all on the same page regarding what data need to be learned in order to do well on exams. If you ever need any help, have any questions or input, or whatever, please don’t hesitate to email me or see me before or after class or during office hours.

8) STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES

If you are a student with a disability and believe you will need accommodations for this class, it is your responsibility to contact Student Disability Services at (619) 594-6473. To avoid any delay in the receipt of your accommodations, you should contact Student Disability Services as soon as possible. Please note that accommodations are not retroactive, and that accommodations based upon disability cannot be provided until you have presented your instructor with an accommodation letter from Student Disability Services. Your cooperation is appreciated.

9) ACADEMIC HONESTY

The University adheres to a strict policy regarding cheating and plagiarism. These activities will not be tolerated in this class. Become familiar with the policy
Any cheating or plagiarism will result in failing this class and a disciplinary review by Student Affairs. Examples of Plagiarism include but are not limited to:

- Using sources verbatim or paraphrasing without giving proper attribution (this can include phrases, sentences, paragraphs and/or pages of work)
- Copying and pasting work from an online or offline source directly and calling it your own
- Using information you find from an online or offline source without giving the author credit
- Replacing words or phrases from another source and inserting your own words or phrases
- Submitting a piece of work you did for one class to another class

If you have questions on what is plagiarism, please consult the policy (http://www.sa.sdsu.edu/srr/conduct1.html) and this helpful guide from the Library: (http://infodome.sdsu.edu/infolit/exploratorium/Standard_5/plagiarism.pdf)

10) ONLINE CLASSROOM

Before your first session

- Visit the Behind the Blackboard Web Conferencing – First Time Users and complete Step 1: Checking System Requirements and Step 2: Configuring Your System
- View a 7-minute Participant Orientation (http://www.brainshark.com/blackboardinc/vu?pi=zGLzYw5XBz35Sgz0)

In-Session

- Be sure to join the session 5-10 minutes prior to the start.
- Set your Connection Speed to the Internet.
- Use the Audio Setup Wizard to test your microphone and speakers.
- Participate in the session by responding to polls and providing feedback.
- Raise your hand when you have a question or a comment.
- Use Chat to send text messages during the session.
- Remember that running other applications on your computer can slow your connection to the session.
Contact Blackboard Collaborate Technical Support

- Available 24 hours/day - 7 days/week
- North America, Toll Free: 1 (877) 382-2293

Participate from a Mobile Device (iPhone / iPad)

- A free mobile app for iOS devices (https://itunes.apple.com/us/app/blackboard-collaborate-mobile/id546742528?mt=8) is available that allows you to participate in a session directly from your iPhone, iPod touch, or iPad! Students are able to fully interact during the session:
  - Join live classes or meetings from iPhone or iPad
  - Interact via text chat and two-way audio
  - View whiteboard content and shared applications
  - Use emoticons, hand raising, polls, breakout rooms
  - Connect directly from Blackboard on your mobile device

11) CLASS SCHEDULE

1/21 Intro to course
1/23 Online: TBA
1/26 Egypt (Nile/Pyramid/Osiris)
1/28 Mesopotamia (Tigris & Euphrates/Ziggurat/Gilgamesh)
1/30 Online: TBA
2/2 Crete (Palace/Knossos/Linear A)
Readings: Ovid, Metamorphoses, “Daedalus & Icarus” (pp. 7-9)
2/4 Mycenae (Palace/Mycenae/Linear B)
2/6 Online: TBA
2/9 Greek Gods
Readings: Ovid, Metamorphoses, “Apollo & Daphne” (pp. 10-12)
2/11 Greek Goddesses
Readings: Ovid, Metamorphoses, “Actaeon & Diana,” “Pygmalion & Venus” (pp. 13-15)
2/13 Online: TBA
2/16 Review
2/18 EXAM 1
2/20 Online: TBA

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1 I reserve the right to change anything in this schedule—or, for that matter, in this syllabus as a whole—during the semester for whatever reason. I will only do so if it’s in the best interest of the course. If I do so, I’ll be sure to inform you of it via e-mail, Blackboard announcement, and in class at least twice, so you can make the appropriate changes to your copy of this syllabus.
2 Readings are located at the end of this document.
2/23 Heroes I (Heracles/Theseus)
Apolloodorus, The Library (“The Twelve Labors of Heracles”) (pp. 23-30)
2/25 Heroes II (Perseus/Jason)
2/27 Online: TBA
3/2 Homer (Judgment of Paris/Trojan War/Aftermath)
3/4 Iliad & Odyssey
Iliad, “Hector & Andromache” (pp. 16-22)
3/6 Online: TBA
Lyric Poetry (selections) (pp. 31-35)
3/11 Classical Athens (Pericles/Delian League/Peloponnesian War)
Thucydides, “Funeral Oration of Pericles” (pp. 39-44)
3/13 Online: TBA
3/16 Drama (Theater/Aeschylus/Sophocles/Euripides/Aristophanes)
Sophocles, Antigone (selection); Euripides, Medea (selection) (pp. 49-57)
3/18 Alexander/Hellenistic Age (Philip II/Alexander/Museum/Library
/ Apollonius Rhodius/Callimachus)
Plutarch, “Life of Alexander” (selection); Callimachus, “Prologue to the
Aetia” (pp. 58-61)
3/20 Online: TBA
3/23 Review
3/25 EXAM 2
3/27 Online: TBA
4/6 Early Rome (Aeneas/Romulus/Tarquin/Lucretia/Brutus)
Livy, ab Urbe Condita “Rape of Lucretia” (pp. 62-65)
4/8 Late Republic (Gracchi/Marius/Sulla/Caesar/Cicero)
Polybius, History “On the Roman Constitution” (pp. 66-70)
4/10 Online: TBA
4/13 Early Roman Empire (Augustus/Tiberius/Caligula/Claudius/Nero)
Augustus, Res Gestae (pp. 74-75)
4/15 Late Roman Empire (Trajan/Hadrian/Constantine)
Juvenal, “On the City of Rome” (pp. 82-85)
4/17 Online: TBA
But Daedalus abhorred the Isle of Crete—
and his long exile on that sea-girt shore,
increased the love of his own native place.
“Though Minos blocks escape by sea and land.”
He said, “The unconfined skies remain
though Minos may be lord of all the world
his sceptre is not regnant of the air,
and by that untried way is our escape.”

This said, he turned his mind to arts unknown
and nature unrevealed. He fashioned quills
and feathers in due order — deftly formed
from small to large, as any rustic pipe
from straws unequal slants. He bound with thread
the middle feathers, and the lower fixed
with pliant wax; till so, in gentle curves
arranged, he bent them to the shape of birds.

While he was working, his son Icarus,
with smiling countenance and unaware
of danger to himself, perchance would chase
the feathers, ruffled by the shifting breeze,
or soften with his thumb the yellow wax,
and by his playfulness retard the work
his anxious father planned.

But when at last
the father finished it, he poised himself,
and lightly floating in the winnowed air
waved his great feathered wings with bird-like ease.
And, likewise he had fashioned for his son
such wings; before they ventured in the air
he said, “My son, I caution you to keep
the middle way, for if your pinions dip
too low the waters may impede your flight;
and if they soar too high the sun may scorch them.
Fly midway. Gaze not at the boundless sky,
far Ursa Major and Bootes next.
Nor on Orion with his flashing brand,
but follow my safe guidance.”

As he spoke
he fitted on his son the plumed wings
with trembling hands, while down his withered cheeks
the tears were falling. Then he gave his son
a last kiss, and upon his gliding wings
assumed a careful lead solicitous.
As when the bird leads forth her tender young,
from high-swung nest to try the yielding air;
so he prevailed on willing Icarus;
encouraged and instructed him in all
the fatal art; and as he waved his wings
looked backward on his son.

Beneath their flight,
the fisherman while casting his long rod,
or the tired shepherd leaning on his crook,
or the rough plowman as he raised his eyes,
astonished might observe them on the wing,
and worship them as Gods.

Upon the left
they passed by Samos, Juno's sacred isle;
Delos and Paros too, were left behind;
and on the right Lebinthus and Calymne,
fruitful in honey. Proud of his success,
the foolish Icarus forsook his guide,
and, bold in vanity, began to soar,
rising upon his wings to touch the skies;
but as he neared the scorching sun, its heat
softened the fragrant wax that held his plumes;
and heat increasing melted the soft wax—
he waved his naked arms instead of wings,
with no more feathers to sustain his flight.
And as he called upon his father's name
his voice was smothered in the dark blue sea,
now called Icarian from the dead boy's name.

The unlucky father, not a father, called,
“Where are you, Icarus?” and “Where are you?
In what place shall I seek you, Icarus?”
He called again; and then he saw the wings
of his dear Icarus, floating on the waves;
and he began to rail and curse his art.

He found the body on an island shore,
now called Icaria, and at once prepared
to bury the unfortunate remains;
but while he labored a pert partridge near,
observed him from the covert of an oak,
and whistled his unnatural delight.
Ovid, *Metamorphoses* “Apollo & Daphne”

Phoebus’s first love was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, and not through chance but because of Cupid’s fierce anger. Recently the Delian god, exulting at his victory over the serpent, had seen him bending his tightly strung bow and said ‘Impudent boy, what are you doing with a man’s weapons? That one is suited to my shoulders, since I can hit wild beasts of a certainty, and wound my enemies, and not long ago destroyed with countless arrows the swollen Python that covered many acres with its plague-ridden belly. You should be intent on stirring the concealed fires of love with your burning brand, not laying claim to my glories!’ Venus’s son replied ‘You may hit every other thing Phoebus, but my bow will strike you: to the degree that all living creatures are less than gods, by that degree is your glory less than mine.’ He spoke, and striking the air fiercely with beating wings, he landed on the shady peak of Parnassus, and took two arrows with opposite effects from his full quiver: one kindles love, the other dispels it. The one that kindles is golden with a sharp glistening point, the one that dispels is blunt with lead beneath its shaft. With the second he transfixed Peneus’s daughter, but with the first he wounded Apollo piercing him to the marrow of his bones.

Now the one loved, and the other fled from love’s name, taking delight in the depths of the woods, and the skins of the wild beasts she caught, emulating virgin Phoebe, a careless ribbon holding back her hair. Many courted her, but she, averse to being wooed, free from men and unable to endure them, roamed the pathless woods, careless of Hymen or Amor, or whatever marriage might be. Her father often said ‘Girl you owe me a son-in-law’, and again often ‘Daughter, you owe me grandsons.’ But, hating the wedding torch as if it smacked of crime she would blush red with shame all over her beautiful face, and clinging to her father’s neck with coaxing arms, she would say ‘Dearest father, let me be a virgin for ever! Diana’s father granted it to her.’ He yields to that plea, but your beauty itself, Daphne, prevents your wish, and your loveliness opposes your prayer.

Phoebus loves her at first sight, and desires to wed her, and hopes for what he desires, but his own oracular powers fail him. As the light stubble of an empty cornfield blazes; as sparks fire a hedge when a traveller, by mischance, lets them get too close, or forgets them in the morning; so the god was altered by the flames, and all his heart burned, feeding his useless desire with hope. He sees her disordered hair hanging about her neck and sighs ‘What if it were properly dressed?’ He gazes at her eyes sparkling with the brightness of starlight. He gazes on her lips, where mere gazing does not satisfy. He praises her wrists and hands and fingers, and her arms bare to the shoulder: whatever is hidden, he imagines more beautiful. But she flees swifter than the lightest breath of air, and resists his words calling her back again.

‘Wait nymph, daughter of Peneus, I beg you! I who am chasing you am not
your enemy. Nymph, Wait! This is the way a sheep runs from the wolf, a deer from the mountain lion, and a dove with fluttering wings flies from the eagle: everything flies from its foes, but it is love that is driving me to follow you! Pity me! I am afraid you might fall headlong or thorns undeservedly scar your legs and I be a cause of grief to you! These are rough places you run through. Slow down, I ask you, check your flight, and I too will slow. At least enquire whom it is you have charmed. I am no mountain man, no shepherd, no rough guardian of the herds and flocks. Rash girl, you do not know, you cannot realise, who you run from, and so you run. Delphi’s lands are mine, Claros and Tenedos, and Patara acknowledges me king. Jupiter is my father. Through me what was, what is, and what will be, are revealed. Through me strings sound in harmony, to song. My aim is certain, but an arrow truer than mine, has wounded my free heart! The whole world calls me the bringer of aid; medicine is my invention; my power is in herbs. But love cannot be healed by any herb, nor can the arts that cure others cure their lord!’

He would have said more as timid Peneis ran, still lovely to see, leaving him with his words unfinished. The winds bared her body, the opposing breezes in her way fluttered her clothes, and the light airs threw her streaming hair behind her, her beauty enhanced by flight. But the young god could no longer waste time on further blandishments, urged on by Amor, he ran on at full speed. Like a hound of Gaul starting a hare in an empty field, that heads for its prey, she for safety: he, seeming about to clutch her, thinks now, or now, he has her fast, grazing her heels with his outstretched jaws, while she uncertain whether she is already caught, escaping his bite, spurs from the muzzle touching her. So the virgin and the god: he driven by desire, she by fear. He ran faster, Amor giving him wings, and allowed her no rest, hung on her fleeing shoulders, breathed on the hair flying round her neck. Her strength was gone, she grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus’s waters near cried out ‘Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!’ Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

Even like this Phoebus loved her and, placing his hand against the trunk, he felt her heart still quivering under the new bark. He clasped the branches as if they were parts of human arms, and kissed the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god said ‘Since you cannot be my bride, you must be my tree! Laurel, with you my hair will be wreathed, with you my lyre, with you my quiver. You will go with the Roman generals when joyful voices acclaim their triumph, and the Capitol witnesses their long processions. You will stand outside Augustus’s doorposts, a faithful guardian, and keep watch over the crown of oak between them.
And just as my head with its un-cropped hair is always young, so you also will wear the beauty of undying leaves.’ Paean had done: the laurel bowed her newly made branches, and seemed to shake her leafy crown like a head giving consent.
There was a valley there called Gargaphie, dense with pine trees and sharp cypresses, sacred to Diana of the high-girded tunic, where, in the depths, there is a wooded cave, not fashioned by art. But ingenious nature had imitated art. She had made a natural arch out of native pumice and porous tufa. On the right, a spring of bright clear water murmured into a widening pool, enclosed by grassy banks. Here the woodland goddess, weary from the chase, would bathe her virgin limbs in the crystal liquid.

Having reached the place, she gives her spear, quiver and unstrung bow to one of the nymphs, her weapon-bearer. Another takes her robe over her arm, while two unfasten the sandals on her feet. Then, more skilful than the rest, Theban Crocale gathers the hair strewn around her neck into a knot, while her own is still loose. Nephele, Hyale, Rhanis, Psecas and Phiale draw water, and pour it over their mistress out of the deep jars.

While Titania is bathing there, in her accustomed place, Cadmus’s grandson, free of his share of the labour, strays with aimless steps through the strange wood, and enters the sacred grove. So the fates would have it. As soon as he reaches the cave mouth dampened by the fountain, the naked nymphs, seeing a man’s face, beat at their breasts and filling the whole wood with their sudden outcry, crowd round Diana to hide her with their bodies. But the goddess stood head and shoulders above all the others. Diana’s face, seen there, while she herself was naked, was the colour of clouds stained by the opposing shafts of sun, or Aurora’s brightness.

However, though her band of nymphs gathered in confusion around her, she stood turning to one side, and looking back, and wishing she had her arrows to hand. She caught up a handful of the water that she did have, and threw it in the man’s face. And as she sprinkled his hair with the vengeful drops she added these words, harbingers of his coming ruin, ‘Now you may tell, if you can tell that is, of having seen me naked!’ Without more threats, she gave the horns of a mature stag to the head she had sprinkled, lengthening his neck, making his ear-tips pointed, changing feet for hands, long legs for arms, and covering his body with a dappled hide. And then she added fear. Autonoë’s brave son flies off, marvelling at such swift speed, within himself. But when he sees his head and horns reflected for certain in the water, he tries to say ‘Oh, look at me!’ but no voice follows. He groans: that is his voice, and tears run down his altered face. Only his mind remains unchanged. What can he do? Shall he return to his home and the royal palace, or lie hidden in the woods? Shame prevents the one, and fear the other.


Lacon, ‘Spartan’, follows them, a dog well known for his strength, and strong-running Aëllo, ‘Storm’. Then Thoos, ‘Swift’, and speedy Lycisce, ‘Wolf’, with her brother Cyprius ‘Cyprian’. Next ‘Grasper’, Harpalos, with a distinguishing mark of white, in the centre of his black forehead, ‘Black’, Melaneus, and Lachne, ‘Shaggy’, with hairy pelt, Labros, ‘Fury’, and Argiodus, ‘White-tooth’, born of a Cretan sire and Spartan dam, keen-voiced Hylactor, ‘Barker’, and others there is no need to name. The pack of them, greedy for the prey follow over cliffs and crags, and inaccessible rocks, where the way is hard or there is no way at all. He runs, over the places where he has often chased, flying, alas, from his own hounds. He longs to shout ‘I am Actaeon! Know your own master!’ but words fail him, the air echoes to the baying.

First ‘Black-hair’, Melanchaetes, wounds his back, then ‘Killer’, Theridamas, and Oresitrophos, the ‘Climber’, clings to his shoulder. They had set out late but outflanked the route by a shortcut over the mountains. While they hold their master the whole pack gathers and they sink their teeth in his body till there is no place left to wound him. He groans and makes a noise, not human, but still not one a deer could make, and fills familiar heights with mournful cries. And on his knees, like a supplicant begging, he turns his wordless head from side to side, as if he were stretching arms out towards them.

Now his friends, unknowingly, urge the ravening crowd of dogs on with their usual cries, looking out for Actaeon, and shouting, in emulation, for absent Actaeon (he turning his head at the sound of his name) complaining he is not there, and through his slowness is missing the spectacle offered by their prey. He might wish to be absent it’s true, but he is here: he might wish to see and not feel the fierce doings of his own hounds. They surround him on every side, sinking their jaws into his flesh, tearing their master to pieces in the deceptive shape of the deer. They say Diana the Quiver-bearer’s anger was not appeased, until his life had ended in innumerable wounds.
Ovid, *Metamorphoses* “Pygmalion & Venus”

Pygmalion had seen them, spending their lives in wickedness, and, offended by the failings that nature gave the female heart, he lived as a bachelor, without a wife or partner for his bed. But, with wonderful skill, he carved a figure, brilliantly, out of snow-white ivory, no mortal woman, and fell in love with his own creation. The features are those of a real girl, who, you might think, lived, and wished to move, if modesty did not forbid it. Indeed, art hides his art.

He marvels: and passion, for this bodily image, consumes his heart. Often, he runs his hands over the work, tempted as to whether it is flesh or ivory, not admitting it to be ivory. he kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned; and speaks to it; and holds it, and imagines that his fingers press into the limbs, and is afraid lest bruises appear from the pressure. Now he addresses it with compliments, now brings it gifts that please girls, shells and polished pebbles, little birds, and many-coloured flowers, lilies and tinted beads, and the Heliaeddes’s amber tears, that drip from the trees. He dresses the body, also, in clothing; places rings on the fingers; places a long necklace round its neck; pearls hang from the ears, and cinctures round the breasts. All are fitting: but it appears no less lovely, naked. He arranges the statue on a bed on which cloths dyed with Tyrian murex are spread, and calls it his bedfellow, and rests its neck against soft down, as if it could feel.

The day of Venus’s festival came, celebrated throughout Cyprus, and heifers, their curved horns gilded, fell, to the blow on their snowy neck. The incense was smoking, when Pygmalion, having made his offering, stood by the altar, and said, shyly: “If you can grant all things, you gods, I wish as a bride to have...” and not daring to say “the girl of ivory” he said “one like my ivory girl.” Golden Venus, for she herself was present at the festival, knew what the prayer meant, and as a sign of the gods’ fondness for him, the flame flared three times, and shook its crown in the air. When he returned, he sought out the image of his girl, and leaning over the couch, kissed her. She felt warm: he pressed his lips to her again, and also touched her breast with his hand. The ivory yielded to his touch, and lost its hardness, altering under his fingers, as the bees’ wax of Hymettus softens in the sun, and is moulded, under the thumb, into many forms, made usable by use. The lover is stupefied, and joyful, but uncertain, and afraid he is wrong, reaffirms the fulfilment of his wishes, with his hand, again, and again.

It was flesh! The pulse throbbed under his thumb. Then the hero was indeed full of words with which to thank Venus, and still pressed his mouth against a mouth that was not merely a likeness. The girl felt the kisses he gave, blushed, and, raising her bashful eyes to the light, saw both her lover and the sky. The goddess attended the marriage that she had brought about, and when the moon’s horns had nine times met at the full, the woman bore a son, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.’
Homer, *Iliad* “Hector & Andromache”

Now as Hektor had come to the Skaian gates and the oak tree, all the wives of the Trojans and their daughters came running about him to ask after their sons, after their brothers and neighbours, their husbands; and he told them to pray to the immortals, all, in turn; but there were sorrows in store for many.

Now he entered the wonderfully built palace of Priam. This was fashioned with smooth-stone cloister walks, and within it were embodied fifty sleeping chambers of smoothed stone built so as to connect with each other; and within these slept each beside his own wedded wife, the sons of Priam.

In the same inner court on the opposite side, to face these, lay the twelve close smooth-stone sleeping chambers of his daughters built so as to connect with each other; and within these slept each by his own modest wife, the lords of the daughters of Priam.

There there came to meet Hektor his bountiful mother with Laodike, the loveliest looking of all her daughters. She clung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: 'Why then, child, have you come here and left behind the bold battle? Surely it is these accursed sons of the Achaians who wear you out, as they fight close to the city, and the spirit stirred you to return, and from the peak of the citadel lift your hands, praying to Zeus. But stay while I bring you honey-sweet wine, to pour out a libation to father Zeus and the other immortals first, and afterwards if you will drink yourself, be strengthened.

In a tired man, wine will bring back his strength to its bigness, in a man tired as you are tired, defending your neighbours.'

Tall Hektor of the shining helm spoke to her answering: 'My honoured mother, lift not to me the kindly sweet wine, for fear you stagger my strength and make me forget my courage; and with hands unwashed I would take shame to pour the glittering wine to Zeus; there is no means for a man to pray to the dark-misted son of Kronos, with blood and muck all spattered upon him. But go yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene, assembling the ladies of honour, and with things to be sacrificed, and take a robe, which seems to you the largest and loveliest in the great house, and that which is far your dearest possession. Lay this along the knees of Athene the lovely haired. Also promise to dedicate within the shrine twelve heifers,
yearlings, never broken, if only she will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children,
if she will hold back from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus,
that wild spear-fighter, the strong one who drives men to thoughts of terror.
So go yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene,
while I go in search of Paris, to call him, if he will listen
to anything I tell him. How I wish at this moment the earth might
open beneath him. The Olympian let him live, a great sorrow
to the Trojans, and high-hearted Priam, and all of his children.
If only I could see him gone down to the house of the Death God,
then I could say my heart had forgotten its joyless affliction.'
So he spoke, and she going into the great house called out
to her handmaidens, who assembled throughout the city the highborn
women; while she descended into the fragrant store-chamber.
There lay the elaborately wrought robes, the work of Sidonian
women, whom Alexandros himself, the godlike, had brought home
from the land of Sidon, crossing the wide sea, on that journey
when he brought back also gloriously descended Helen.
Hekabe lifted out one and took it as gift to Athene,
that which was the loveliest in design and the largest,
and shone like a star. It lay beneath the others. She went on
her way, and a throng of noble women hastened about her.
When these had come to Athene's temple on the peak of the citadel,
Theano of the fair cheeks opened the door for them, daughter
of Kisseus, and wife of Antenor, breaker of horses,
she whom the Trojans had established to be Athene's priestess.
With a wailing cry all lifted up their hands to Athene,
and Theano of the fair cheeks taking up the robe laid it
along the knees of Athene the lovely haired, and praying
she supplicated the daughter of powerful Zeus: 'O lady,
Athene, our city's defender, shining among goddesses:
break the spear of Diomedes, and grant that the man be
hurled on his face in front of the Skaian gates; so may we
instantly dedicate within your shrine twelve heifers,
yearlings, never broken, if only you will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children.'
She spoke in prayer, but Pallas Athene turned her head from her.
So they made their prayer to the daughter of Zeus the powerful.
But Hektor went away to the house of Alexandros,
a splendid place he had built himself, with the men who at that time
were the best men for craftsmanship in the generous Troad, who had made him a sleeping room and a hall and a courtyard near the houses of Hektor and Priam, on the peak of the citadel. There entered Hektor beloved of Zeus, in his hand holding the eleven-cubit-long spear, whose shaft was tipped with a shining bronze spearhead, and a ring of gold was hooped to hold it. He found the man in his chamber busy with his splendid armour, the corselet and the shield, and turning in his hands the curved bow, while Helen of Argos was sitting among her attendant women directing the magnificent work done by her handmaidens. But Hektor saw him, and in words of shame he rebuked him: 'Strange man! It is not fair to keep in your heart this coldness. The people are dying around the city and around the steep wall as they fight hard; and it is for you that this war with its clamour has flared up about our city. You yourself would fight with another whom you saw anywhere hanging back from the hateful encounter. Up then, to keep our town from burning at once in the hot fire.' Then in answer the godlike Alexandros spoke to him: 'Hektor, seeing you have scolded me rightly, not beyond measure, therefore I will tell, and you in turn understand and listen. It was not so much in coldness and bitter will toward the Trojans that I sat in my room, but I wished to give myself over to sorrow. But just now with soft words my wife was winning me over and urging me into the fight, and that way seems to me also the better one. Victory passes back and forth between men. Come then, wait for me now while I put on my armour of battle, or go, and I will follow, and I think I can overtake you.' He spoke, but Hektor of the shining helm gave him no answer, but Helen spoke to him in words of endearment: 'Brother by marriage to me, who am a nasty bitch evil-intriguing, how I wish that on that day when my mother first bore me the foul whirlwind of the storm had caught me away and swept me to the mountain, or into the wash of the sea deep-thundering where the waves would have swept me away before all these things had happened. Yet since the gods had brought it about that these vile things must be, I wish I had been the wife of a better man than this is, one who knew modesty and all things of shame that men say. But this man's heart is no steadfast thing, nor yet will it be so ever hereafter; for that I think he shall take the consequence. But come now, come in and rest on this chair, my brother,
since it is on your heart beyond all that the hard work has fallen for the sake of dishonoured me and the blind act of Alexandros, us two, on whom Zeus set a vile destiny, so that hereafter we shall be made into things of song for the men of the future.'

Then tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: 'Do not, Helen, make me sit with you, though you love me. You will not persuade me. Already my heart within is hastening me to defend the Trojans, who when I am away long greatly to have me. Rather rouse this man, and let himself also be swift to action so he may overtake me while I am still in the city. For I am going first to my own house, so I can visit my own people, my beloved wife and my son, who is little, since I do not know if ever again I shall come back this way, or whether the gods will strike me down at the hands of the Achaians.'

So speaking Hektor of the shining helm departed and in speed made his way to his own well-established dwelling, but failed to find in the house Andromache of the white arms; for she, with the child, and followed by one fair-robed attendant, had taken her place on the tower in lamentation, and tearful. When he saw no sign of his perfect wife within the house, Hektor stopped in his way on the threshold and spoke among the handmaidens: 'Come then, tell me truthfully as you may, handmaidens: where has Andromache of the white arms gone? Is she with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers? Or has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess?'

Then in turn the hard-working housekeeper gave him an answer: 'Hektor, since you have urged me to tell you the truth, she is not with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers, nor has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess, but she has gone to the great bastion of Ilion, because she heard that the Trojans were losing, and great grew the strength of the Achaians. Therefore she has gone in speed to the wall, like a woman gone mad, and a nurse attending her carries the baby.'

So the housekeeper spoke, and Hektor hastened from his home backward by the way he had come through the well-laid streets. So as he had come to the gates on his way through the great city, the Skaian gates, whereby he would issue into the plain, there at last his own generous wife came running to meet him,
Andromache, the daughter of high-hearted Eëtion;
Eëtion, who had dwelt underneath wooded Plakos,
in Thebe below Plakos, lord over the Kilikian people.
It was his daughter who was given to Hektor of the bronze helm.
She came to him there, and beside her went an attendant carrying
the boy in the fold of her bosom, a little child, only a baby,
Hektor's son, the admired, beautiful as a star shining,
whom Hektor called Skamandrios, but all of the others
Astyanax--lord of the city; since Hektor alone saved Ilion.
Hektor smiled in silence as he looked on his son, but she,
Andromache, stood close beside him, letting her tears fall,
and clung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: 'Dearest,
your own great strength will be your death, and you have no pity
on your little son, nor on me, ill-starred, who soon must be your widow;
for presently the Achaians, gathering together,
will set upon you and kill you; and for me it would be far better
to sink into the earth when I have lost you, for there is no other
consolation for me after you have gone to your destiny--
only grief; since I have no father, no honoured mother.
It was brilliant Achilleus who slew my father, Eëtion,
when he stormed the strong-founded citadel of the Kilikians,
Thebe of the towering gates. He killed Eëtion
but did not strip his armour, for his heart respected the dead man,
but burned the body in all its elaborate war-gear
and piled a grave mound over it, and the nymphs of the mountains,
daughters of Zeus of the aegis, planted elm trees about it.
And they who were my seven brothers in the great house all went
upon a single day down into the house of the death god,
for swift-footed brilliant Achilleus slaughtered all of them
as they were tending their white sheep and their lumbering oxen;
and when he had led my mother, who was queen under wooded Plakos,
here, along with all his other possessions, Achilleus
released her again, accepting ransom beyond count, but Artemis
of the showering arrows struck her down in the halls of her father.
Hektor, thus you are father to me, and my honoured mother,
you are my brother, and you it is who are my young husband.
Please take pity upon me then, stay here on the rampart,
that you may not leave your child an orphan, your wife a widow,
but draw your people up by the fig tree, there where the city
is openest to attack, and where the wall may be mounted.
Three times their bravest came that way, and fought there to storm it about the twoAiantes and renowned Idomeneus, about the two Atreidai and the fighting son of Tydeus. Either some man well skilled in prophetic arts had spoken, or the very spirit within themselves had stirred them to the onslaught.' Then tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: 'All these things are in my mind also, lady; yet I would feel deep shame before the Trojans, and the Trojan women with trailing garments, if like a coward I were to shrink aside from the fighting; and the spirit will not let me, since I have learned to be valiant and to fight always among the foremost ranks of the Trojans, winning for my own self great glory, and for my father. For I know this thing well in my heart, and my mind knows it: there will come a day when sacred Ilion shall perish, and Priam, and the people of Priam of the strong ash spear. But it is not so much the pain to come of the Trojans that troubles me, not even of Priam the king nor Hekabe, not the thought of my brothers who in their numbers and valour shall drop in the dust under the hands of men who hate them, as troubles me the thought of you, when some bronze-armoured Achaian leads you off, taking away your day of liberty, in tears; and in Argos you must work at the loom of another, and carry water from the spring Messeis or Hypereia, all unwilling, but strong will be the necessity upon you; and some day seeing you shedding tears a man will say of you: "This is the wife of Hektor, who was ever the bravest fighter of the Trojans, breakers of horses, in the days when they fought about Ilion." So will one speak of you; and for you it will be yet a fresh grief, to be widowed of such a man who could fight off the day of your slavery. But may I be dead and the piled earth hide me under before I hear you crying and know by this that they drag you captive.'

'Poor Andromache! Why does your heart sorrow so much for me? No man is going to hurl me to Hades, unless it is fated, but as for fate, I think that no man yet has escaped it once it has taken its first form, neither brave man nor coward. Go therefore back to our house, and take up your own work, the loom and the distaff, and see to it that your handmaidens ply their work also; but the men must see to the fighting, all men who are the people of Ilion, but I beyond others.'
So glorious Hektor spoke and again took up the helmet with its crest of horse-hair, while his beloved wife went homeward, turning to look back on the way, letting the live tears fall. And as she came in speed into the well-settled household of Hektor the slayer of men, she found numbers of handmaidens within, and her coming stirred all of them into lamentation. So they mourned in his house over Hektor while he was living still, for they thought he would never again come back from the fighting alive, escaping the Achaian hands and their violence.
[2.5.1] When Hercules heard that, he went to Tiryns and did as he was bid by Eurystheus. First, Eurystheus ordered him to bring the skin of the Nemean lion; now that was an invulnerable beast begotten by Typhon. On his way to attack the lion he came to Cleonae and lodged at the house of a day-laborer, Molorchus; and when his host would have offered a victim in sacrifice, Hercules told him to wait for thirty days, and then, if he had returned safe from the hunt, to sacrifice to Saviour Zeus, but if he were dead, to sacrifice to him as to a hero. And having come to Nemea and tracked the lion, he first shot an arrow at him, but when he perceived that the beast was invulnerable, he heaved up his club and made after him. And when the lion took refuge in a cave with two mouths, Hercules built up the one entrance and came in upon the beast through the other, and putting his arm round its neck held it tight till he had choked it; so laying it on his shoulders he carried it to Cleonae. And finding Molorchus on the last of the thirty days about to sacrifice the victim to him as to a dead man, he sacrificed to Saviour Zeus and brought the lion to Mycenae. Amazed at his manhood, Eurystheus forbade him thenceforth to enter the city, but ordered him to exhibit the fruits of his labours before the gates. They say, too, that in his fear he had a bronze jar made for himself to hide in under the earth, and that he sent his commands for the labours through a herald, Copreus, son of Pelops the Elean. This Copreus had killed Iphitus and fled to Mycenae, where he was purified by Eurystheus and took up his abode.

[2.5.2] As a second labour he ordered him to kill the Lernaean hydra. That creature, bred in the swamp of Lerna, used to go forth into the plain and ravage both the cattle and the country. Now the hydra had a huge body, with nine heads, eight mortal, but the middle one immortal. So mounting a chariot driven by Iolaus, he came to Lerna, and having halted his horses, he discovered the hydra on a hill beside the springs of the Amymone, where was its den. By pelting it with fiery shafts he forced it to come out, and in the act of doing so he seized and held it fast. But the hydra wound itself about one of his feet and clung to him. Nor could he effect anything by smashing its heads with his club, for as fast as one head was smashed there grew up two. A huge crab also came to the help of the hydra by biting his foot. So he killed it, and in his turn called for help on Iolaus who, by setting fire to a piece of the neighboring wood and burning the roots of the heads with the brands, prevented them from sprouting. Having thus got the better of the sprouting heads, he chopped off the immortal head, and buried it, and put a heavy rock on it, beside the road that leads through Lerna to Elaeus. But the body of the hydra he slit up and dipped his arrows in the gall. However, Eurystheus said that this labour should not be reckoned among the ten because he had not got the better of the hydra by himself, but with the help of Iolaus.
[2.5.3] As a third labour he ordered him to bring the Cerynitian hind alive to Mycenae.107 Now the hind was at Oenoe; it had golden horns and was sacred to Artemis; so wishing neither to kill nor wound it, Hercules hunted it a whole year. But when, weary with the chase, the beast took refuge on the mountain called Artemisius, and thence passed to the river Ladon, Hercules shot it just as it was about to cross the stream, and catching it put it on his shoulders and hastened through Arcadia. But Artemis with Apollo met him, and would have wrested the hind from him, and rebuked him for attempting to kill her sacred animal.108 Howbeit, by pleading necessity and laying the blame on Eurystheus, he appeased the anger of the goddess and carried the beast alive to Mycenae.

[2.5.4] As a fourth labour he ordered him to bring the Erymanthian boar alive109; now that animal ravaged Psophis, sallying from a mountain which they call Erymanthus. So passing through Pholoe he was entertained by the centaur Pholus, a son of Silenus by a Melian nymph.110 He set roast meat before Hercules, while he himself ate his meat raw. When Hercules called for wine, he said he feared to open the jar which belonged to the centaurs in common.111 But Hercules, bidding him be of good courage, opened it, and not long afterwards, scenting the smell, the centaurs arrived at the cave of Pholus, armed with rocks and firs. The first who dared to enter, Anchius and Agrius, were repelled by Hercules with a shower of brands, and the rest of them he shot and pursued as far as Malea. Thence they took refuge with Chiron, who, driven by the Lapiths from Mount Pelion, took up his abode at Malea. As the centaurs cowered about Chiron, Hercules shot an arrow at them, which, passing through the arm of Elatus, stuck in the knee of Chiron. Distressed at this, Hercules ran up to him, drew out the shaft, and applied a medicine which Chiron gave him. But the hurt proving incurable, Chiron retired to the cave and there he wished to die, but he could not, for he was immortal. However, Prometheus offered himself to Zeus to be immortal in his stead, and so Chiron died. The rest of the centaurs fled in different directions, and some came to Mount Malea, and Eurytion to Pholoe, and Nessus to the river Evenus. The rest of them Poseidon received at Eleusis and hid them in a mountain. But Pholus, drawing the arrow from a corpse, wondered that so little a thing could kill such big fellows; howbeit, it slipped from his hand and lighting on his foot killed him on the spot.112 So when Hercules returned to Pholoe, he beheld Pholus dead; and he buried him and proceeded to the boar hunt. And when he had chased the boar with shouts from a certain thicket, he drove the exhausted animal into deep snow, trapped it, and brought it to Mycenae.

[2.5.5] The fifth labour he laid on him was to carry out the dung of the cattle of Augeas in a single day.113 Now Augeas was king of Elis; some say that he was a son of the Sun, others that he was a son of Poseidon, and others that he was a son of Phorbas; and he had many herds of cattle. Hercules accosted him, and without revealing the command of Eurystheus, said that he would carry out the dung in one
day, if Augeas would give him the tithe of the cattle. Augeas was incredulous, but promised. Having taken Augeas's son Phyleus to witness, Hercules made a breach in the foundations of the cattle-yard, and then, diverting the courses of the Alpheus and Peneus, which flowed near each other, he turned them into the yard, having first made an outlet for the water through another opening. When Augeas learned that this had been accomplished at the command of Eurystheus, he would not pay the reward; nay more, he denied that he had promised to pay it, and on that point he professed himself ready to submit to arbitration. The arbitrators having taken their seats, Phyleus was called by Hercules and bore witness against his father, affirming that he had agreed to give him a reward. In a rage Augeas, before the voting took place, ordered both Phyleus and Hercules to pack out of Elis. So Phyleus went to Dulichium and dwelt there, and Hercules repaired to Dexamenus at Olenus. He found Dexamenus on the point of betrothing perforce his daughter Mnesimache to the centaur Eurytion, and being called upon by him for help, he slew Eurytion when that centaur came to fetch his bride. But Eurystheus would not admit this labour either among the ten, alleging that it had been performed for hire.

2.5.6 The sixth labour he enjoined on him was to chase away the Stymphalian birds. Now at the city of Stymphalus in Arcadia was the lake called Stymphalian, embosomed in a deep wood. To it countless birds had flocked for refuge, fearing to be preyed upon by the wolves. So when Hercules was at a loss how to drive the birds from the wood, Athena gave him brazen castanets, which she had received from Hephaestus. By clashing these on a certain mountain that overhung the lake, he scared the birds. They could not abide the sound, but fluttered up in a fright, and in that way Hercules shot them.

2.5.7 The seventh labour he enjoined on him was to bring the Cretan bull. Acusilaus says that this was the bull that ferried across Europa for Zeus; but some say it was the bull that Poseidon sent up from the sea when Minos promised to sacrifice to Poseidon what should appear out of the sea. And they say that when he saw the beauty of the bull he sent it away to the herds and sacrificed another to Poseidon; at which the god was angry and made the bull savage. To attack this bull Hercules came to Crete, and when, in reply to his request for aid, Minos told him to fight and catch the bull for himself, he caught it and brought it to Eurystheus, and having shown it to him he let it afterwards go free. But the bull roamed to Sparta and all Arcadia, and traversing the Isthmus arrived at Marathon in Attica and harried the inhabitants.

2.5.8 The eighth labour he enjoined on him was to bring the mares of Diomedes the Thracian to Mycenae. Now this Diomedes was a son of Ares and Cyrene, and he was king of the Bistones, a very warlike Thracian people, and he owned man-eating mares. So Hercules sailed with a band of volunteers, and having overpowered the grooms who were in charge of the mangers, he drove the mares to the sea. When
the Bistones in arms came to the rescue, he committed the mares to the guardianship of Abderus, who was a son of Hermes, a native of Opus in Locris, and a minion of Hercules; but the mares killed him by dragging him after them. But Hercules fought against the Bistones, slew Diomedes and compelled the rest to flee. And he founded a city Abdere beside the grave of Abderus who had been done to death, and bringing the mares he gave them to Eurystheus. But Eurystheus let them go, and they came to Mount Olympus, as it is called, and there they were destroyed by the wild beasts.

[2.5.9] The ninth labour he enjoined on Hercules was to bring the belt of Hippolyte. She was queen of the Amazons, who dwelt about the river Thermodon, a people great in war; for they cultivated the manly virtues, and if ever they gave birth to children through intercourse with the other sex, they reared the females; and they pinched off the right breasts that they might not be tramelled by them in throwing the javelin, but they kept the left breasts, that they might suckle. Now Hippolyte had the belt of Ares in token of her superiority to all the rest. Hercules was sent to fetch this belt because Admete, daughter of Eurystheus, desired to get it. So taking with him a band of volunteer comrades in a single ship he set sail and put in to the island of Paros, which was inhabited by the sons of Minos,  to wit, Eurymedon, Chryses, Nephalion, and Philolaus. But it chanced that two of those in the ship landed and were killed by the sons of Minos. Indignant at this, Hercules killed the sons of Minos on the spot and besieged the rest closely, till they sent envoys to request that in the room of the murdered men he would take two, whom he pleased. So he raised the siege, and taking on board the sons of Androgeus, son of Minos, to wit, Alcaeus and Sthenelus, he came to Mysia, to the court of Lycus, son of Dascylus, and was entertained by him; and in a battle between him and the king of the Bebryces Hercules sided with Lycus and slew many, amongst others King Mygdon, brother of Amycus. And he took much land from the Bebryces and gave it to Lycus, who called it all Heraclea.

Having put in at the harbor of Themiscyra, he received a visit from Hippolyte, who inquired why he was come, and promised to give him the belt. But Hera in the likeness of an Amazon went up and down the multitude saying that the strangers who had arrived were carrying off the queen. So the Amazons in arms charged on horseback down on the ship. But when Hercules saw them in arms, he suspected treachery, and killing Hippolyte stripped her of her belt. And after fighting the rest he sailed away and touched at Troy.

But it chanced that the city was then in distress consequently on the wrath of Apollo and Poseidon. For desiring to put the wantonness of Laomedon to the proof, Apollo and Poseidon assumed the likeness of men and undertook to fortify Pergamum for wages. But when they had fortified it, he would not pay them their wages. Therefore Apollo sent a pestilence, and Poseidon a sea monster, which, carried up
by a flood, snatched away the people of the plain. But as oracles foretold deliverance from these calamities if Laomedon would expose his daughter Hesione to be devoured by the sea monster, he exposed her by fastening her to the rocks near the sea. Seeing her exposed, Hercules promised to save her on condition of receiving from Laomedon the mares which Zeus had given in compensation for the rape of Ganymede. On Laomedon's saying that he would give them, Hercules killed the monster and saved Hesione. But when Laomedon would not give the stipulated reward, Hercules put to sea after threatening to make war on Troy.

And he touched at Aenus, where he was entertained by Poltys. And as he was sailing away he shot and killed on the Aenian beach a lewd fellow, Sarpedon, son of Poseidon and brother of Poltys. And having come to Thasos and subjugated the Thracians who dwelt in the island, he gave it to the sons of Androgeus to dwell in. From Thasos he proceeded to Torone, and there, being challenged to wrestle by Polygonus and Telegonus, sons of Proteus, son of Poseidon, he killed them in the wrestling match.

And having brought the belt to Mycenae he gave it to Eurystheus.

[2.5.10] As a tenth labour he was ordered to fetch the kine of Geryon from Erythia. Now Erythia was an island near the ocean; it is now called Gadira. This island was inhabited by Geryon, son of Chrysaor by Callirrhoe, daughter of Ocean. He had the body of three men grown together and joined in one at the waist, but parted in three from the flanks and thighs. He owned red kine, of which Eurytion was the herdsman and Orthus, the two-headed hound, begotten by Typhon on Echidna, was the watchdog. So journeying through Europe to fetch the kine of Geryon he destroyed many wild beasts and set foot in Libya, and proceeding to Tartessus he erected as tokens of his journey two pillars over against each other at the boundaries of Europe and Libya. But being heated by the Sun on his journey, he bent his bow at the god, who in admiration of his hardihood, gave him a golden goblet in which he crossed the ocean.

And having reached Erythia he lodged on Mount Abas. However the dog, perceiving him, rushed at him; but he smote it with his club, and when the herdsman Eurytion came to the help of the dog, Hercules killed him also. But Menoetes, who was there pasturing the kine of Hades, reported to Geryon what had occurred, and he, coming up with Hercules beside the river Anthemus, as he was driving away the kine, joined battle with him and was shot dead. And Hercules, embarking the kine in the goblet and sailing across to Tartessus, gave back the goblet to the Sun.

And passing through Abderia he came to Liguria, where Ialebion and Dercynus, sons of Poseidon, attempted to rob him of the kine, but he killed them and went on his way through Tyrrenhia. But at Rhegium a bull broke away and hastily plunging into the sea swam across to Sicily, and having passed through the neighboring country since called Italy after it, for the Tyrrenhians called
the bull italus,141 came to the plain of Eryx, who reigned over the Elymi.142 Now Eryx was a son of Poseidon, and he mingled the bull with his own herds. So Hercules entrusted the kine to Hephaestus and hurried away in search of the bull. He found it in the herds of Eryx, and when the king refused to surrender it unless Hercules should beat him in a wrestling bout, Hercules beat him thrice, killed him in the wrestling, and taking the bull drove it with the rest of the herd to the Ionian Sea. But when he came to the creeks of the sea, Hera afflicted the cows with a gadfly, and they dispersed among the skirts of the mountains of Thrace. Hercules went in pursuit, and having caught some, drove them to the Hellespont; but the remainder were thenceforth wild.143 Having with difficulty collected the cows, Hercules blamed the river Strymon, and whereas it had been navigable before, he made it unnavigable by filling it with rocks; and he conveyed the kine and gave them to Eurystheus, who sacrificed them to Hera.

[2.5.11] When the labours had been performed in eight years and a month,144 Eurystheus ordered Hercules, as an eleventh labour, to fetch golden apples from the Hesperides,145 for he did not acknowledge the labour of the cattle of Augeas nor that of the hydra. These apples were not, as some have said, in Libya, but on Atlas among the Hyperboreans.146 They were presented <by Earth> to Zeus after his marriage with Hera, and guarded by an immortal dragon with a hundred heads, offspring of Typhon and Echidna, which spoke with many and divers sorts of voices. With it the Hesperides also were on guard, to wit, Aegle, Erythia, Hesperia, and Arethusa. So journeying he came to the river Echedorus. And Cycnus, son of Ares and Pyrene, challenged him to single combat. Ares championed the cause of Cycnus and marshalled the combat, but a thunderbolt was hurled between the two and parted the combatants.147 And going on foot through Illyria and hastening to the river Eridanus he came to the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus and Themis. They revealed Nereus to him, and Hercules seized him while he slept, and though the god turned himself into all kinds of shapes, the hero bound him and did not release him till he had learned from him where were the apples and the Hesperides.148 Being informed, he traversed Libya. That country was then ruled by Antaeus, son of Poseidon,149 who used to kill strangers by forcing them to wrestle. Being forced to wrestle with him, Hercules hugged him, lifted him aloft,150 broke and killed him; for when he touched earth so it was that he waxed stronger, wherefore some said that he was a son of Earth.

After Libya he traversed Egypt. That country was then ruled by Busiris,151 a son of Poseidon by Lysianassa, daughter of Epaphus. This Busiris used to sacrifice strangers on an altar of Zeus in accordance with a certain oracle. For Egypt was visited with dearth for nine years, and Phrasius, a learned seer who had come from Cyprus, said that the dearth would cease if they slaughtered a stranger man in honor of Zeus every year. Busiris began by slaughtering the seer himself and continued to
slaughter the strangers who landed. So Hercules also was seized and haled to the altars, but he burst his bonds and slew both Busiris and his son Amphidamas. And traversing Asia he put in to Thermydrae, the harbor of the Lindians. And having loosed one of the bullocks from the cart of a cowherd, he sacrificed it and feasted. But the cowherd, unable to protect himself, stood on a certain mountain and cursed. Wherefore to this day, when they sacrifice to Hercules, they do it with curses.

And passing by Arabia he slew Emathion, son of Tithonus, and journeying through Libya to the outer sea he received the goblet from the Sun. And having crossed to the opposite mainland he shot on the Caucasus the eagle, offspring of Echidna and Typhon, that was devouring the liver of Prometheus, and he released Prometheus after choosing for himself the bond of olive, and to Zeus he presented Chiron, who, though immortal, consented to die in his stead.

Now Prometheus had told Hercules not to go himself after the apples but to send Atlas, first relieving him of the burden of the sphere; so when he was come to Atlas in the land of the Hyperboreans, he took the advice and relieved Atlas. But when Atlas had received three apples from the Hesperides, he came to Hercules, and not wishing to support the sphere he said that he would himself carry the apples to Eurystheus, and bade Hercules hold up the sky in his stead. Hercules promised to do so, but succeeded by craft in putting it on Atlas instead. For at the advice of Prometheus he begged Atlas to hold up the sky till he should put a pad on his head. When Atlas heard that, he laid the apples down on the ground and took the sphere from Hercules. And so Hercules picked up the apples and departed. But some say that he did not get them from Atlas, but that he plucked the apples himself after killing the guardian snake. And having brought the apples he gave them to Eurystheus. But he, on receiving them, bestowed them on Hercules, from whom Athena got them and conveyed them back again; for it was not lawful that they should be laid down anywhere.

A twelfth labour imposed on Hercules was to bring Cerberus from Hades. Now this Cerberus had three heads of dogs, the tail of a dragon, and on his back the heads of all sorts of snakes. When Hercules was about to depart to fetch him, he went to Eumolpus at Eleusis, wishing to be initiated. However it was not then lawful for foreigners to be initiated: since he proposed to be initiated as the adoptive son of Pylius. But not being able to see the mysteries because he had not been cleansed of the slaughter of the centaurs, he was cleansed by Eumolpus and then initiated. And having come to Taenarum in Laconia, where is the mouth of the descent to Hades, he descended through it. But when the souls saw him, they fled, save Meleager and the Gorgon Medusa. And Hercules drew his sword against the Gorgon, as if she were alive, but he learned from Hermes that she was an empty phantom. And being come near to the gates of Hades he found Theseus and
Pirithous, him who wooed Persephone in wedlock and was therefore bound fast. And when they beheld Hercules, they stretched out their hands as if they should be raised from the dead by his might. And Theseus, indeed, he took by the hand and raised up, but when he would have brought up Pirithous, the earth quaked and he let go. And he rolled away also the stone of Ascalaphus. And wishing to provide the souls with blood, he slaughtered one of the kine of Hades. But Menoetes, son of Ceuthonymus, who tended the king, challenged Hercules to wrestle, and, being seized round the middle, had his ribs broken; howbeit, he was let off at the request of Persephone. When Hercules asked Pluto for Cerberus, Pluto ordered him to take the animal provided he mastered him without the use of the weapons which he carried. Hercules found him at the gates of Acheron, and, cased in his cuirass and covered by the lion's skin, he flung his arms round the head of the brute, and though the dragon in its tail bit him, he never relaxed his grip and pressure till it yielded. So he carried it off and ascended through Troezen. But Demeter turned Ascalaphus into a short-eared owl, and Hercules, after showing Cerberus to Eurystheus, carried him back to Hades.
Lyric Poetry (selections)

Callinus

How long will you lie idle, and when will you find some courage, you young men?
Have you no shame of what other cities will say, you who hang back? You think
you can sit quiet in peacetime.
This is not peace, it is war which has engulfed our land.
A man, as he dies, should make one last throw with his spear.
It is a high thing, a bright honor, for a man to do battle
with the enemy for the sake of his children, and for his land
and his true wife; and death is a thing that will come when the spinning Destinies
make it come. So a man should go straight on
forward, spear held high, and under his shield the fighting
strength coiled ready to strike in the first shock of the charge.
When it is ordained that a man shall die, there is no escaping death, not even for
one descended from deathless gods.
Often a man who has fled from the fight and the clash of the thrown spears
goes his way, and death befalls him in his own house,
and such a man is not loved nor missed for long by his people; the great
and the small alike mourn when a hero dies.
For all the populace is grieved for the high-heaned warrior after his death;
while he lives, he is treated as almost divine.
Their eyes gaze on him as if he stood like a bastion before them.
His actions are like an army's, though he is only one man.

Tyrtaeus

I would not say anything for a man nor take account of him
for any speed of his feet or wrestling skill he might have,
not if he had the size of a Cyclops and strength to go with it,
not if he could outrun Boreas, the North Wind of Thrace,
not if he were more handsome and gracefully formed than Tithonos,
or had more riches than Midas had, or Kinyras too,
not if he were more of a king than Tantalid Pelops,
or had the power of speech and persuasion Adrastos had,
not if he had all splendors except for a fighting spirit.
For no man ever proves himself a good man in war unless he can endure to face the
blood and the slaughter, go close against the enemy and fight with his hands.
Here is courage, mankind's finest possession, here is
the noblest prize that a young man can endeavor to win,
and it is a good thing his city and all the people share with him when a man plants
his feet and stands in the foremost spears relentlessly, all thought of foul flight
completely forgotten,
and has well trained his heart to be steadfast and to endure, and with words
encourages the man who is stationed beside him.
Here is a man who proves himself to be valiant in war.
With a sudden rush he turns to flight the rugged
battalions of the enemy, and sustains the beating
waves of assault.
And he who so falls among the champions and loses his sweet life, so blessing
with honor his city, his father, and all his people,
with wounds in his chest, where the spear that he was facing has
transfixed
that massive guard of his shield, and gone through his breastplate
as well,
why, such a man is lamented alike by the young and the
elders, and all his city goes into mourning and grieves for
his loss.
His tomb is pointed to with pride, and so are his children,
and his children's children, and afterward all the race that is his.
His shining glory is never forgotten, his name is remembered,
and he becomes an immortal, though he lies under the ground, when one who was
a brave man has been killed by the furious War God standing his ground and
fighting hard for his children and land.
But if he escapes the doom of death, the destroyer of bodies,
and wins his battle, and bright renown for the work of his spear, all men give place
to him alike, the youth and the elders,
and much joy comes his way before he goes down to the dead.
Aging, he has reputation among his citizens. No one tries to
interfere with his honors or all he deserves;
all men withdraw before his presence, and yield their seats to him, the youth, and
the men his age, and even those older than he.
Thus a man should endeavor to reach this high place of courage with all his heart,
and, so trying, never be backward in war.
Archilochus

Some barbarian is waving my shield, since I was obliged to leave that perfectly good piece of equipment behind under a bush. But I got away, so what does it matter? Let the shield go; I can buy another one equally good.

Sappho “Invocation to Aphrodite”

On the throne of many hues, Immortal Aphrodite, child of Zeus, weaving wiles--I beg you not to subdue my spirit, Queen, with pain or sorrow but come--if ever before having heard my voice from far away you listened, and leaving your father's golden home you came in your chariot yoked with swift, lovely sparrows bringing you over the dark earth thick-feathered wings swirling down from the sky through mid-air arriving quickly--you, Blessed One, with a smile on your unaging face asking again what have I suffered and why am I calling again and in my wild heart what did I most wish to happen to me: "Again whom must I persuade back into the harness of your love? Sappho, who wrongs you? For if she flees, soon she'll pursue, she doesn't accept gifts, but she'll give, if not now loving, soon she'll love even against her will." Come to me now again, release me from this pain, everything my spirit longs to have fulfilled, fulfill, and you be my ally.
Solon, “Eunomia”

Never will our city be destroyed by Zeus' decree,
Nor by the will of the bless'd immortal gods,
For, born of a potent father, great-hearted guardian
Pallas Athena spreads her hands o'er our city
But, by money seduced, the Athenians themselves
Seek mindlessly to corrupt the great city,
Joined by the iniquitous schemes of their leaders,
Who from arrogance great woes shall suffer:
For they understand not how to restrain gluttony,
Nor best to order their feasting in quiet.

[ The Greek manuscript breaks off here; a fragment refers to "corrupt ones becoming rich."

Sparing neither sacred ground nor public goods,
Greedily they steal from the one place or the other.
They fail to protect the rev'rend temples of Justice,
She who notes silently the "what is and what has been, Who in time shall come exacting retribution.
Behold, an inex'rable harm visits all Athens:
To vile slavery is she swiftly progressed,
Which rouses up from slumber civil strife and war
War that wipes out for many their cherished youth;
Now our much-loved city is soon worn down by faction,
While the wicked stir them to confrontations.
These evils ensnare the whole people; but the poor,
Many of them, depart to a foreign land,
Plundered, and bound up in shameful fetters.
[For the slave's yoke bears all other wickedness.
Thus does the public evil come home to each of us:
Straining, the courtyard gates no longer hold fast,
The evil leaps o'er the high walls; it finds everyone,
Even him fleeing to the inmost chamber.

This my soul commands me teach the Athenians:
A bad constitution brings civic turmoi,
But a good one shows well-ordering and coherence,
As it puts shackles 'round about wrong-doing
It smoothes out the rough; it checks greed, tempers hubris,  
And withers the fruits of reckless impulse.  
It takes crooked judgments and makes them straight,  
Softens arrogant deeds, halts seditious acts,  
And ends the bile of grievous strife. And so under it,  
Everything for mankind becomes whole and wise.
Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Croesus at Sardis. Croesus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries, and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and, so far as time allowed, inspected them, Croesus addressed this question to him. "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom, of all the men that thou hast seen, thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals: but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he heard, Croesus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied, "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further because, after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbours near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honours."

Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Croesus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest, expecting that at any rate, he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered; "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of them:- There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time: so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshippers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men, who stood around the car, extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image,
besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Croesus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens, is my happiness, then, so utterly set at nought by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"Oh! Croesus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, oh! Croesus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavoured of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If, in addition to all this, he end his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely, indeed, can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each, while it possesses some things, lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most; so no single
human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably, that man alone, sire, is, in my judgment, entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end: for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Croesus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honour. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

After Solon had gone away a dreadful vengeance, sent of God, came upon Croesus, to punish him, it is likely, for deeming himself the happiest of men.
Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War “Funeral Oration of Pericles”*

1. During the same winter, in accordance with an old national custom, the funeral of those who first fell in this war was celebrated by the Athenians at the public charge. The ceremony is as follows: Three days before the celebration they erect a tent in which the bones of the dead are laid out, and every one brings to his own dead any offering which he pleases. At the time of the funeral the bones are placed in chests of cypress wood, which are conveyed on hearse; there is one chest for each tribe. They also carry a single empty litter decked with a pall for all whose bodies are missing, and cannot be recovered after the battle. The procession is accompanied by any one who chooses, whether citizen or stranger, and the female relatives of the deceased are present at the place of interment, and make lamentation. The public sepulchre is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls; there they always bury those who fall in war; only after the battle of Marathon the dead, in recognition of their preëminent valor, were interred on the field. When the remains have been laid in the earth, some man of known ability and high reputation, chosen by the city, delivers a suitable oration over them; after which the people depart. Such is the manner of interment; and the ceremony was repeated from time to time throughout the war. Over those who were the first buried, Pericles was chosen to speak. At the fitting moment he advanced from the sepulchre to a lofty stage, which had been erected in order that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows:--

"Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred, that, when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honored in deed only, and with such an honor as this public funeral, which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperilled on the eloquence, or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others, so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself, but, when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me."
"I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and seemly, that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us, their sons, this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have carried the work of improvement farther, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits, by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we, or our fathers, drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions, and through what manner of life our empire became great. For, I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institution of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for the authorities and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

"And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; our homes are beautiful and elegant; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own. "Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret, if revealed to an
enemy, might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas, they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedemonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

"If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth, we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a, useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. "The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting, too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian, in his own person, seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position
to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial, Athens alone, among her contemporaries, is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf. "I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens, because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has given the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory. "Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you forever about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already. But instead of listening to him, I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are
impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who, in the hour of conflict, had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice, which they collectively made, was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres - I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always, and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth, is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate, who has no hope of a change for the better, has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous, who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death, striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

"Wherefore, I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor, whether art honorable death like theirs, or an honorable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children, who may hereafter be born, make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: 'Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless.'

"To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to
emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and, however preëminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honor and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And, if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men. 

"I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart."
I begin to sing of Demeter, the holy goddess with the beautiful hair. And her daughter [Persephone] too. The one with the delicate ankles, whom Hadês[1] seized. She was given away by Zeus, the loud-thunderer, the one who sees far and wide. Demeter did not take part in this, she of the golden double-axe, she who glories in the harvest. She [Persephone] was having a good time, along with the daughters of Okeanos, who wear their girdles slung low. She was picking flowers: roses, crocus, and beautiful violets. Up and down the soft meadow. Iris blossoms too she picked, and hyacinth. And the narcissus, which was grown as a lure for the flower-faced girl by Gaia [Earth]. All according to the plans of Zeus. She [Gaia] was doing a favor for the one who receives many guests [Hadês]. It [the narcissus] was a wondrous thing in its splendor. To look at it gives a sense of holy awe to the immortal gods as well as mortal humans. It has a hundred heads growing from the root up. Its sweet fragrance spread over the wide skies up above. And the earth below smiled back in all its radiance. So too the churning mass of the salty sea. She [Persephone] was filled with a sense of wonder, and she reached out with both hands to take hold of the pretty plaything.[2] And the earth, full of roads leading every which way, opened up under her. It happened on the Plain of Nysa. There it was that the Lord who receives many guests made his lunge. He was riding on a chariot drawn by immortal horses. The son of Kronos. The one known by many names. He seized her against her will, put her on his golden chariot, and drove away as she wept. She cried with a piercing voice, calling upon her father [Zeus], the son of Kronos, the highest and the best. But not one of the immortal ones, or of human mortals, heard her voice. Not even the olive trees which bear their splendid harvest. Except for the daughter of Persaios, the one who keeps in mind the vigor of nature. She heard it from her cave. She is Hekatê, with the splendid headband.
And the Lord Helios [Sun] heard it too, the magnificent son of Hyperion. They heard the daughter calling upon her father, the son of Kronos. But he, all by himself, was seated far apart from the gods, inside a temple, the precinct of many prayers. He was receiving beautiful sacrificial rites from mortal humans. 

She was being taken, against her will, at the behest of Zeus, by her father’s brother, the one who makes many sēmata, the one who receives many guests, the son of Kronos, the one with many names. On the chariot drawn by immortal horses.

So long as the earth and the star-filled sky were still within the goddess’s [Persephone’s] view, as also the fish-swarming sea [pontos], with its strong currents, as also the rays of the sun, she still had hope that she would yet see her dear mother and that special group, the immortal gods. For that long a time her great noos was soothed by hope, distressed as she was.

The peaks of mountains resounded, as did the depths of the sea [pontos], with her immortal voice. And the Lady Mother [Demeter] heard her.

And a sharp akhos seized her heart. The headband on her hair she tore off with her own immortal hands and threw a dark cloak over her shoulders. She sped off like a bird, soaring over land and sea, looking and looking. But no one was willing to tell her the truth [etêtuma], not one of the gods, not one of the mortal humans, not one of the birds, messengers of the truth [etêtuma].

Thereafter, for nine days did the Lady Demeter wander all over the earth, holding torches ablaze in her hands. Not once did she take of ambrosia and nectar, sweet to drink, in her grief, nor did she bathe her skin in water. But when the tenth bright dawn came upon her, Hekatê came to her, holding a light ablaze in her hands. She came with a message, and she spoke up, saying to her: “Lady Demeter, bringer of hôrai, giver of splendid gifts, which one of the gods who dwell in the sky or which one of mortal humans seized Persephone and brought grief to your philos thûmos? I heard the sounds, but I did not see with my eyes who it was. So I quickly came to tell you everything, without error.”

So spoke Hekatê. But she was not answered.
by the daughter [Demeter] of Rhea with the beautiful hair. Instead, she 
[Demeter] joined her [Hekatê] and quickly 
set out with her, holding torches ablaze in her hands. 
They came to Hêlios, the seeing-eye of gods and men. 
They stood in front of his chariot-team, and the resplendent goddess asked 
this question: 
“Helios! Show me respect [aidôs], god to goddess, if ever 
I have pleased your heart and thûmos in word or deed. 
It is about the girl born to me, a sweet young seedling, renowned for her 
beauty, 
whose piercing cry I heard resounding through the boundless aether, 
as if she were being forced, though I did not see it with my eyes. 
I turn to you as one who ranges over all the earth and sea [pontos] 
as you look down from the bright aether with your sunbeams: 
tell me without error whether you have by any chance seen my philon child, 
and who has taken her away from me by force, against her will, 
and then gone away? Tell me which one of the gods or mortal humans did 
it.”
So she spoke. And the son of Hyperion answered her with these words: 
“Daughter of Rhea with the beautiful hair, Queen Demeter! 
You shall know the answer, for I greatly respect you and feel sorry for you 
as you grieve over your child, the one with the delicate ankles. No one else 
among all the immortals is responsible [aitios] except the cloud-gatherer 
Zeus himself, 
who gave her to Hadês as his beautiful wife. 
So he gave her to his own brother. And he [Hadês], heading for the misty 
realms of darkness, 
seized her as he drove his chariot and as she screamed out loud. 
But I urge you, goddess: stop your loud cry of lamentation: you should not 
have an anger without bounds, all in vain. It is not unseemly 
to have, of all the immortals, such a son-in-law as Hadês, the one who 
makes many sêmata. 
He is the brother [of Zeus], whose seed is from the same place. And as 
for tîmê, 
he has his share, going back to the very beginning, when the three-way 
division of inheritance was made.[3] 
He dwells with those whose king he was destined by lot to be.”[4] 
So saying, he shouted to his horses, and they responded to his command 
as they swiftly drew the speeding chariot, like long-winged birds.
And she [Demeter] was visited by grief [akhos] that was even more terrible than before: it makes you think of the Hound of Hadês. In her anger at the one who is known for his dark clouds, the son of Kronos, she shunned the company of gods and lofty Olympus.
Sophocles, *Antigone* (selection)

GUARD

It happened this way. When we got there, after hearing those awful threats from you, we swept off all the dust covering the corpse, so the damp body was completely bare. Then we sat down on rising ground up wind, to escape the body’s putrid rotting stench. We traded insults just to stay awake, in case someone was careless on the job. That’s how we spent the time right up ’til noon, when the sun’s bright circle in the sky had moved half way and it was burning hot. Then suddenly a swirling windstorm came, whipping clouds of dust up from the ground, filling the plain—some heaven-sent trouble. In that level place the dirt storm damaged all the forest growth, and the air around was filled with dust for miles. We shut our mouths and just endured this scourge sent from the gods. A long time passed. The storm came to an end. That’s when we saw the girl. She was shrieking—a distressing painful cry, just like a bird who’s seen an empty nest, its fledglings gone. That’s how she was when she saw the naked corpse. She screamed out a lament, and then she swore, calling evil curses down upon the ones who’d done this. Then right away her hands threw on the thirsty dust. She lifted up a finely made bronze jug and then three times poured out her tributes to the dead. When we saw that, we rushed up right away and grabbed her. She was not afraid at all. We charged her with her previous offence as well as this one. She just kept standing there, denying nothing. That made me happy—though it was painful, too. For it’s a joy escaping troubles which affect oneself, but painful to bring evil on one’s friends.
But all that is of less concern to me than my own safety.

CREON
You there—you with your face bent down towards the ground, what do you say? Do you deny you did this or admit it?

ANTIGONE
I admit I did it. I won’t deny that.

CREON [to the Guard]
You’re dismissed—go where you want. You’re free—no serious charges made against you.

[Exit the Guard. Creon turns to interrogate Antigone]
Tell me briefly—not in some lengthy speech—were you aware there was a proclamation forbidding what you did?

ANTIGONE
I’d heard of it. How could I not? It was public knowledge.

CREON
And yet you dared to break those very laws?

ANTIGONE
Yes. Zeus did not announce those laws to me. And Justice living with the gods below sent no such laws for men. I did not think anything which you proclaimed strong enough to let a mortal override the gods and their unwritten and unchanging laws. They’re not just for today or yesterday, but exist forever, and no one knows where they first appeared. So I did not mean to let a fear of any human will lead to my punishment among the gods. I know all too well I’m going to die—how could I not?—it makes no difference what you decree. And if I have to die before my time, well, I count that a gain. When someone has to live the way I do, surrounded by so many evil things, how can she fail to find a benefit in death? And so for me meeting this fate
won’t bring any pain. But if I’d allowed
my own mother’s dead son to just lie there,
an unburied corpse, then I’d feel distress.
What going on here does not hurt me at all.
If you think what I’m doing now is stupid,
perhaps I’m being charged with foolishness
by someone who is a fool.

CHORUS LEADER
It’s clear enough
the spirit in this girl is passionate—
her father was the same. She has no sense
of compromise in times of trouble.

CREON [to the Chorus Leader]
But you should know the most obdurate wills
are those most prone to break. The strongest iron
tempered in the fire to make it really hard—
that’s the kind you see most often shatter.
I’m well aware the most tempestuous horses
are tamed by one small bit. Pride has no place
in anyone who is his neighbour’s slave.
This girl here was already very insolent
in contravening laws we had proclaimed.
Here she again displays her proud contempt—
having done the act, she now boasts of it.
She laughs at what she’s done. Well, in this case,
if she gets her way and goes unpunished,
then she’s the man here, not me. No. She may be
my sister’s child, closer to me by blood
than anyone belonging to my house
who worships Zeus Herkeios in my home,*
but she’ll not escape my harshest punishment—
her sister, too, whom I accuse as well.
She had an equal part in all their plans
to do this burial. Go summon her here.
I saw her just now inside the palace,
her mind out of control, some kind of fit.
[Exit attendants into the palace to fetch Ismene]
When people hatch their mischief in the dark
their minds often convict them in advance,
betraying their treachery. How I despise
a person caught committing evil acts
who then desires to glorify the crime.

ANTIGONE
Take me and kill me—what more do you want?

CREON
Me? Nothing. With that I have everything.

ANTIGONE
Then why delay? There’s nothing in your words
that I enjoy—may that always be the case!
And what I say displeases you as much.
But where could I gain greater glory
than setting my own brother in his grave?
All those here would confirm this pleases them
if their lips weren’t sealed by fear—being king,
which offers all sorts of various benefits,
means you can talk and act just as you wish.

CREON
In all of Thebes, you’re the only one
who looks at things that way.

ANTIGONE
They share my views,
but they keep their mouths shut just for you.

CREON
These views of yours—so different from the rest—
don’t they bring you any sense of shame?

ANTIGONE
No—there’s nothing shameful in honouring
my mother’s children.

CREON
You had a brother
killed fighting for the other side.

ANTIGONE
Yes—from the same mother and father, too.

CREON
Why then give tributes which insult his name?

ANTIGONE
But his dead corpse won’t back up what you say.
CREON
  Yes, he will, if you give equal honours
to a wicked man.
ANTIGONE
  But the one who died
  was not some slave—it was his own brother.
CREON
  Who was destroying this country—the other one
  went to his death defending it.
ANTIGONE
  That may be,
  but Hades still desires equal rites for both.
CREON
  A good man does not wish what we give him
to be the same an evil man receives.
ANTIGONE
  Who knows? In the world below perhaps
  such actions are no crime.
CREON
  An enemy
can never be a friend, not even in death.
ANTIGONE
  But my nature is to love. I cannot hate.
CREON
  Then go down to the dead. If you must love,
  love them. No woman’s going to govern me—
  no, no—not while I’m still alive.
Euripides, Medea (selection)

Jason

You hateful thing, you woman most utterly loathed
By the gods and me and by all the race of mankind, You who have had the heart to raise a sword against Your children, you, their mother, and left me childless
You have done this, and do you still look at the sun
And at the earth, after these most fearful doings?
I wish you dead. Now I see it plain, though at that time I did not, when I took you from your foreign home And brought you to a Greek house, you, an evil thing, A traitress to your father and your native land.
The gods hurled the avenging curse of yours on me. For your own brother you slew at your own hearthside, And then came aboard that beautiful ship, the Argo. And that was your beginning. When you were married To me, your husband, and had borne children to me, For the sake of pleasure in the bed you killed them.
There is no Greek woman who would have dared such deeds,
Out of all those whom I passed over and chose you To marry instead, a bitter destructive match,
A monster, not a woman, having a nature
Wilder than that of Scylla in the Tuscan sea.
Ah! no, not if I had ten thousand words of shame Could I sting you. You are naturally so brazen.
Go, worker in evil, stained with your children's blood. For me remains to cry aloud upon my fate,
Who will get no pleasure from my newly wedded love, And the boys whom I begot and brought up, never Shall I speak to them alive. Oh, my life is over!

Medea

Long would be the answer which I might have made to These words of yours, if Zeus the father did not know How I have treated you and what you did to me.
No, it was not to be that you should scorn my love, And pleasantly live your life through, laughing at me; N or would the princess, nor he who offered the match, Creon, drive me away without paying for it.
So now you may call me a monster, if you wish, A Scylla housed in the caves of the Tuscan sea.
I too, as I had to, have taken hold of your heart.

Jason

You feel the pain yourself You share in my sorrow.
Medea
  Yes, and my grief is gain when you cannot mock it.
Jason
  o children, what a wicked mother she was to you!
Medea
  They died from a disease they caught from their father.
Jason
  I tell you it was not my hand that destroyed them.
Medea
  But it was your insolence, and your virgin wedding.
Jason
  And just for the sake of that you chose to kill them.
Medea
  Is love so small a pain, do you think, for a woman?
Jason
  For a wise one, certainly. But you are wholly evil.
Medea
  The children are dead. I say this to make you suffer.
Jason
  The children, I think, will bring down curses on you.
Medea
  The gods know who Was the author of this sorrow.
Jason
  Yes, the gods know indeed, they know your loathsome heart.
Medea
  Hate me. But I tire of your barking bitterness.
Jason
  And I of yours. It is easier to leave you.
Medea
  How then? What shall I do? I long to leave you too.
Jason
  Give me the bodies to bury and to mourn them.
Medea
  No, that I will not. I will bury them myself, Bearing them to Hera's temple on the promontory; So that no enemy may evilly treat them By tearing up their grave. In this land of Corinth I shall establish a holy feast and sacrifice Each year for ever to atone for the blood guilt. And I myself go to the land of Erechtheus To dwell in Aegeus' house, the son of Pandion. While you, as is right, will die
without distinction, Struck on the head by a piece of the Argo's timber, And you will have seen the bitter end of my love.

Jason

May a Fury for the children's sake destroy you, And justice, Requitor of blood.

Medea

What heavenly power lends an ear To a breaker of oaths, a deceiver?

Jason

Oh, I hate you, murderess of children.

Medea

Go to your palace. Bury your bride.

Jason

I go, with two children to mourn for.

Medea

Not yet do you feel it. Wait for the future.

Jason

Oh, children I loved!

Medea

I loved them, you did not.

Jason

You loved them, and killed them.

Medea

To make you feel pain.

Jason

Oh, wretch that I am, how I long To kiss the dear lips of my children!

Medea

Now you would speak to them, now you would kiss them. Then you rejected them.

Jason

Let me, I beg you, Touch my boys' delicate flesh.

Medea

I will not. Your words are all wasted.

Jason

O God, do you hear it, this persecution, These my sufferings from this hateful Woman, this monster, murderess of children? Still what I can do that I will do: I will lament and cry upon heaven, Calling the gods to bear me witness How you have killed my boys and prevent me from Touching their bodies or giving them burial. I wish I had never begot them to see them Afterward slaughtered by you.
Chorus
  Zeus in Olympus is the overseer
  Of many doings. Many things the gods
  Achieve beyond our judgment. What we thought Is not confirmed and what
  we thought not god Contrives. And so it happens in this story.
When Philonieus, the Thessalian, offered the horse named Bucephalus in sale to Philip [Alexander's father], at the price of thirteen talents, the king, with the prince and many others, went into the field to see some trial made of him. The horse appeared extremely vicious and unmanageable, and was so far from suffering himself if to be mounted, that he would not bear to be spoken to, but turned fiercely on all the grooms. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse, and bade them take him away. But Alexander, who had observed him well, said, "What a horse they are losing, for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of this, but, upon the prince's often repeating the same expression, and showing great uneasiness, said, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better." "And I certainly could," answered the prince. "If you should not be able to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?" "I will pay the price of the horse." Upon this all the company laughed, but the king and prince agreeing as to the forfeiture, Alexander ran to the horse, and laying hold on the bridle, turned him to the sun; for he had observed, it seems, that the shadow which fell before the horse, and continually moved as he moved, greatly disturbed him. While his fierceness and fury abated, he kept speaking to him softly and stroking him; after which he gently let fall his mantle, leaped lightly upon his back, and got his seat very safe. Then, without pulling the reins too hard, or using either whip or spur, he set him a-going. As soon as he perceived his uneasiness abated, and that he wanted only to run, he put him in a full gallop, and pushed him on both with the voice and spur. Philip and all his court were in great distress for him at first, and a profound silence took place. But when the prince had turned him and brought him straight back, they all received him with loud acclamations, except his father, who wept for joy, and kissing him, said, "Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities; for Macedonia is too small for thee..." [Philip] sent for Aristotle, the most celebrated and learned of all the philosophers; and the reward he gave him for forming his son Alexander was not only honorable, but remarkable for its propriety. He had formerly dismantled the city of Stagira, where that philosopher was born, and now he re-built it, and re-established the inhabitants, who had either fled or been reduced to slavery... Aristotle was the man Alexander admired in his younger years, and, as he said himself, he had no less affection for him than for his own father... [Alexander] was only twenty years old when he succeeded to the crown, and he found the kingdom torn into pieces by dangerous parties and implacable animosities. The barbarous nations, even those that bordered upon Macedonia, could not brook subjection, and they longed for their natural kings... Alexander was of opinion, that
the only way to security, and a thorough establishment of his affairs, was to proceed with spirit and magnanimity. For he was persuaded, that if he appeared to abate of his dignity in the least article, he would be universally insulted. He therefore quieted the commotions, and put a stop to the rising wars among the barbarians, by marching with the utmost expediency as far as the Danube, where he fought a great battle... The barbarians, we are told, lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse, whereas Alexander had no more than thirty-four men killed, nine of which were the infantry. To do honor to their memory, he erected a statue to each of them in brass, the workmanship of Lysippus. And that the Greeks might have their share in the glory of the day, he sent them presents out of the spoil: to the Athenians in particular he sent three hundred bucklers. Upon the rest of the spoils he put this pompous inscription, WON BY ALEXANDER THE SON OF PHILIP, AND THE GREEKS (EXCEPTING THE LACEDAEMONIANS), OF THE BARBARIANS IN ASIA. The greatest part of the plate, the purple furniture, and other things of that kind which he took from the Persians, he sent to his mother.
Callimachus, “Prologue to the Aetia”

The malignant gnomes who write reviews in Rhodes are muttering about my poetry again - tone-deaf ignoramuses out of touch with the Muse - because I have not consummated a continuous epic of thousands of lines on heroes and lords but turn out minor texts as if I were a child although my decades of years are substantial. To which brood of cirrhotic adepts I, Callimachus, thus:

A few distichs in the pan outweight Demeter's Cornucopia and Mimnermos is sweet for a few subtle lines, not that fat Ladypoem Let "cranes fly south to Egypt" when they lust for pygmy blood, and "the Massagetai arch arrows long distance" to lodge in a Mede, but nightingales are honey-pale and small poems are sweet. So evaporate, Green-Eyed Monsters, or learn to judge poems by the critic's art instead of by the parasang, and don't snoop around here for a poem that rumbles: not I but Zeus owns the thunder.

When I first put a tablet on my knees, the Wolf-God Apollo appeared and said: Fatten your animal for sacrifice, poet, but keep your muse slender." And "follow trails unrutted by wagons, don't drive your chariot down public highways, but keep to the back roads though the going is narrow. We are the poets for those who love the cricket's high chirping, not the noise of the jackass."

Long-eared bray for others, for me delicate wings, dewsip in old age and bright air for food, mortality dropping from me like Sicily shifting its triangular mass from Enkelados's chest.
No nemesis here:
the Muses do not desert the gray heads
of those on whose childhood
their glance once brightened.
Ardea belonged to the Rutuli, who were a nation of commanding wealth, for that place and period. This very fact was the cause of the war, since the Roman king was eager not only to enrich himself, impoverished as he was by the splendour of his public works, but also to appease with booty the feeling of the common people; who, besides the enmity they bore the monarch for other acts of pride, were especially resentful that the king should have kept them employed so long as artisans and doing the work of slaves.

An attempt was made to capture Ardea by assault. Having failed in this, the Romans invested the place with intrenchments, and began to beleaguer the enemy. Here in their permanent camp, as is usual with a war not sharp but long drawn out, furlough was rather freely granted, more freely however to the leaders than to the soldiers; the young princes for their part passed their idle hours together at dinners and drinking bouts. It chanced, as they were drinking in the quarters of Sextus Tarquinius, where Tarquinius Collatinus, son of Egerius, was also a guest, that the subject of wives came up. Every man fell to praising his own wife with enthusiasm, and, as their rivalry grew hot, Collatinus said that there was no need to talk about it, for it was in their power to know, in a few hours' time, how far the rest were excelled by his own Lucretia. "Come! If the vigour of youth is in us let us mount our horses and see for ourselves the disposition of our wives. Let every man regard as the surest test what meets his eyes when the woman's husband enters unexpectedly." They were heated with wine. "Agreed!" they all cried, and clapping spurs to their horses were off for Rome.

Arriving there at early dusk, they thence proceeded to Collatia, where Lucretia was discovered very differently employed from the daughters-in-law of the king. These they had seen at a luxurious banquet, whiling away the time with their young friends—but Lucretia, though it was late at night, was busily engaged upon her wool, while her maidens toiled about her in the lamplight as she sat in the hall of her house. The prize of this contest in womanly virtues fell to Lucretia. As Collatinus and the Tarquinii approached, they were graciously received, and the victorious husband courteously invited the young princes to his table.

It was there that Sextus Tarquinius was seized with a wicked desire to debauch Lucretia by force; not only her beauty, but her proved chastity as well provoked him. However, for the present they ended the boyish prank of the night and returned to the camp.

58. When a few days had gone by, Sextus Tarquinius, without letting Collatinus know, took a single attendant and went to Collatia. Being kindly welcomed, for no one suspected his purpose, he was brought after dinner to a guest-chamber. Burning with passion, he waited until it seemed to him that all about him
was secure and everybody fast asleep; then, drawing his sword, he came to the sleeping Lucretia. Holding the woman down with his left hand on her breast, he said, "Be still, Lucretia! I am Sextus Tarquinius. My sword is in my hand. Utter a sound, and you die!"

In fear the woman started out of her sleep. No help was in sight, but only imminent death. Then Tarquinius began to declare his love, to plead, to mingle threats with prayers, to bring every resource to bear upon her woman's heart. When he found her obdurate and not to be moved even by fear of death, he went farther and threatened her with disgrace, saying that when she was dead he would kill his slave and lay him naked by her side, that she might be said to have been put to death in adultery with a man of base condition. At this dreadful prospect her resolute modesty was overcome, as if with force, by his victorious lust; and Tarquinius departed, exulting in his conquest of a woman's honour.

Lucretia, grieving at her great disaster, dispatched the same message to her father in Rome and to her husband at Ardea: she asked that they should each take a trusty friend and come, that they must do this and do it quickly, for a frightful thing had happened. Spurius Lucretius came with Publius Valerius, Volesus' son. Collatinus brought Lucius Junius Brutus, with whom he chanced to be returning to Rome when he was met by the messenger from his wife. They found Lucretia sitting sadly in her chamber. The entrance of her friends brought the tears to her eyes, and to her husband's question, "Is all well?," she replied, "Far from it; for what can be well with a woman when she has lost her honour? The print of a strange man, Collatinus, is in your bed. Yet my body only has been violated; my heart is guiltless, as death shall be my witness. But pledge your right hands and your words that the adulterer shall not go unpunished. Sextus Tarquinius is he that last night returned hostility for hospitality, and brought ruin on me, and on himself no less—if you are men—when he worked his pleasure with me."

They give their pledges, every man in turn. They seek to comfort her, sick at heart as she is, by diverting the blame from her who was forced to the doer of the wrong. They tell her it is the mind that sins, not the body; and that where purpose has been wanting there is no guilt.

"It is for you to determine," she answers, "what is due to him, for my own part, though I acquit myself of the sin, I do not absolve myself from punishment; nor in time to come shall ever unchaste woman live through the example of Lucretia."

Taking a knife which she had concealed beneath her dress, she plunged it into her heart, and sinking forward upon the wound, died as she fell. The wail for the dead was raised by her husband and her father.

59. Brutus, while the others were absorbed in grief; drew out the knife from Lucretia's wound, and holding it up, dripping with gore, exclaimed, "By this blood,
most chaste until a prince wronged it, I swear, and I take you, gods, to witness, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius Superbus and his wicked wife and all his children, with sword, with fire, aye with whatsoever violence I may; and that I will suffer neither them nor any other to be king in Rome!"

The knife he then passed to Collatinus, and from him to Lucretius and Valerius. They were dumbfounded at this miracle. Whence came this new spirit in the breast of Brutus? As he bade them, so they swore. Grief was swallowed up in anger; and when Brutus summoned them to make war from that very moment on the power of the kings, they followed his lead. They carried out Lucretia's corpse from the house and bore it to the market-place, where men crowded about them, attracted, as they were bound to be, by the amazing character of the strange event and its heinousness. Every man had his own complaint to make of the prince's crime and his violence. They were moved, not only by the father's sorrow, but by the fact that it was Brutus who chid their tears and idle lamentations and urged them to take up the sword, as befitted men and Romans, against those who had dared to treat them as enemies.

"The boldest of the young men seized their weapons and offered themselves for service, and the others followed their example. Then, leaving Lucretia's father to guard Collatia, and posting sentinels so that no one might announce the rising to the royal family, the rest, equipped for battle and with Brutus in command, set out for Rome. Once there, wherever their armed band advanced it brought terror and confusion; but again, when people saw that in the van were the chief men of the state, they concluded that whatever it was it could be no meaningless disturbance. And in fact there was no less resentment at Rome when this dreadful story was known than there had been at Collatia. So from every quarter of the city men came running to the Forum.

No sooner were they there than a crier summoned the people before the Tribune of the Celeres, which office Brutus the happened to be holding. There he made a speech by no means like what might have been expected of the mind and the spirit which he had feigned up to that day. He spoke of the violence and lust of Sextus Tarquinius, of the shameful defilement of Lucretia and her deplorable death, of the bereavement of Tricipitinus, in whose eyes the death of his daughter was not so outrageous and deplorable as was the cause of her death. He reminded them, besides, of the pride of the king himself and the wretched state of the commons, who were plunged into ditches and sewers and made to clear them out. The men of Rome, he said, the conquerors of all the nations round about, had been transformed from warriors into artisans and stone-cutters. He spoke of the shameful murder of King Tullius, and how his daughter had driven her accursed chariot over her father's body, and he invoked the gods who punish crimes against parents.

With these and, I fancy, even fiercer reproaches, such as occur to a man in the
very presence of an outrage, but are far from easy for an historian to reproduce, he
inflamed the people, and brought them to abrogate the king's authority and to exile
Lucius Tarquinius, together with his wife and children. Brutus himself then enrolled
the juniors, who voluntarily gave in their names, and arming them set out for the
camp at Ardea to arouse the troops against the king. The command at Rome he left
with Lucretius, who had been appointed Prefect of the City by the king, some time
before. During this confusion Tullia fled from her house, cursed wherever she went
by men and women, who called down upon her the furies that avenge the wrongs of
kindred.

60. When the news of these events reached the camp, the king, in alarm at the
unexpected danger, set out for Rome to put down the revolt. Brutus, who had
perceived the king's approach, made a circuit to avoid meeting him, and at almost
the same moment, though by different roads, Brutus reached Ardea and Tarquinius
Rome. Against Tarquinius the gates were closed and exile was pronounced. The
liberator of the City was received with rejoicings in the camp, and the sons of the
king were driven out of it. Two of them followed their father, and went into exile at
Caere, in Etruria. Sextus Tarquinius departed for Gabii, as though it had been his
own kingdom, and there the revengers of old quarrels, which he had brought upon
himself by murder and rapine, slew him.

Lucius Tarquinius Superbus ruled for five and twenty years. The rule of the
kings at Rome, from its foundation to its liberation, lasted two hundred and forty-
four years. Two consuls were then chosen in the centuriate comitia, under the
presidency of the Prefect of the City, in accordance with the commentaries of Servius
Tullius. These were Lucius Junius Brutus and Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus.
THE THREE kinds of government, monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, were all found united in the commonwealth of Rome. And so even was the balance between them all, and so regular the administration that resulted from their union, that it was no easy thing to determine with assurance, whether the entire state was to be estimated an aristocracy, a democracy, or a monarchy. For if they turned their view upon the power of the consuls, the government appeared to be purely monarchical and regal. If, again, the authority of the senate was considered, it then seemed to wear the form of aristocracy. And, lastly, if regard was to be had to the share which the people possessed in the administration of affairs, it could then scarcely fail to be denominated a popular state. The several powers that were appropriated to each of these distinct branches of the constitution at the time of which we are speaking, and which, with very little variation, are even still preserved, are these which follow.

The consuls, when they remain in Rome, before they lead out the armies into the field, are the masters of all public affairs. For all other magistrates, the tribunes alone excepted, are subject to them, and bound to obey their commands. They introduce ambassadors into the senate. They propose also to the senate the subjects of debates; and direct all forms that are observed in making the decrees. Nor is it less a part of their office likewise, to attend to those affairs that are transacted by the people; to call together general assemblies; to report to them the resolutions of the senate; and to ratify whatever is determined by the greater number. In all the preparations that are made for war, as well as in the whole administration in the field, they possess an almost absolute authority. For to them it belongs to impose upon the allies whatever services they judge expedient; to appoint the military tribunes; to enroll the legions, and make the necessary levies, and to inflict punishments in the field, upon all that are subject to their command. Add to this, that they have the power likewise to expend whatever sums of money they may think convenient from the public treasury; being attended for that purpose by a quaestor; who is always ready to receive and execute their orders. When any one therefore, directs his view to this part of the constitution, it is very reasonable for him to conclude that this government is no other than a simple royalty. Let me only observe, that if in some of these particular points, or in those that will hereafter be mentioned, any change should be either now remarked, or should happen at some future time, such an alteration will not destroy the general principles of this discourse.

To the senate belongs, in the first place, the sole care and management of the public money. For all returns that are brought into the treasury, as well as all the payments
that are issued from it, are directed by their orders. Nor is it allowed to the quaestors
to apply any part of the revenue to particular occasions as they arise, without a decree
of the senate; those sums alone excepted. which are expended in the service of the
consuls. And even those more general, as well as greatest disbursements, which are
employed at the return every five years, in building and repairing the public edifices,
are assigned to the census for that purpose, by the express permission of the senate.
To the senate also is referred the cognizance of all the crimes, committed in any part
of Italy, that demand a public examination and inquiry: such as treasons,
conspiracies, poisonings, and assassinations. Add to this, that when any
controversies arise, either between private men, or any of the cities of Italy, it is the
part of the senate to adjust all disputes; to censure those that are deserving of blame:
and to yield assistance to those who stand in need of protection and defense. When
any embassies are sent out of Italy; either to reconcilecontending states; to offer
exhortations and advice; or even, as it sometimes happens, to impose commands; to
propose conditions of a treaty; or to make a denunciation of war; the care and
conduct of all these transactions is entrusted wholly to the senate. When any
ambassadors also arrive in Rome, it is the senate likewise that determines how they
shall be received and treated, and what answer shall be given to their demands.

In all these things that have now been mentioned, the people has no share. To those,
therefore, who come to reside in Rome during the absence of the consuls, the
government appears to be purely aristocratic. Many of the Greeks, especially, and of
the foreign princes, are easily led into this persuasion: when they perceive that
almost all the affairs, which they are forced to negotiate with the Romans, are
determined by the senate.

And now it may well be asked, what part is left to the people in this government:
since the senate, on the one hand, is vested with the sovereign power, in the several
instances that have been enumerated, and more especially in all things that concern
the management and disposal of the public treasure; and since the consuls, on the
other hand, are entrusted with the absolute direction of the preparations that are made
for war, and exercise an uncontrolled authority on the field. There is, however, a part
still allotted to the people; and, indeed, the most important part. For, first, the people
are the sole dispensers of rewards and punishments; which are the only bands by
which states and kingdoms, and, in a word, all human societies, are held together.
For when the difference between these is overlooked, or when they are distributed
without due distinction, nothing but disorder can ensue. Nor is it possible, indeed,
that the government should be maintained if the wicked stand in equal estimation
with the good. The people, then, when any such offences demand such punishment,
frequently condemn citizens to the payment of a fine: those especially who have
been invested with the dignities of the state. To the people alone belongs the right to sentence any one to die. Upon this occasion they have a custom which deserves to be mentioned with applause. The person accused is allowed to withdraw himself in open view, and embrace a voluntary banishment, if only a single tribe remains that has not yet given judgment; and is suffered to retire in safety to Praeneste, Tibur, Naples, or any other of the confederate cities. The public magistrates are allotted also by the people to those who are esteemed worthy of them: and these are the noblest rewards that any government can bestow on virtue. To the people belongs the power of approving or rejecting laws and, which is still of greater importance, peace and war are likewise fixed by their deliberations. When any alliance is concluded, any war ended, or treaty made; to them the conditions are referred, and by them either annulled or ratified. And thus again, from a view of all these circumstances, it might with reason be imagined, that the people had engrossed the largest portion of the government, and that the state was plainly a democracy.

Such are the parts of the administration, which are distinctly assigned to each of the three forms of government, that are united in the commonwealth of Rome. It now remains to be considered, in what manner each several form is enabled to counteract the others, or to cooperate with them.

When the consuls, invested with the power that has been mentioned, lead the armies into the field, though they seem, indeed, to hold such absolute authority as is sufficient for all purposes, yet are they in truth so dependent both on the senate and the people, that without their assistance they are by no means able to accomplish any design. It is well known that armies demand a continual supply of necessities. But neither corn, nor habits, nor even the military stipends, can at any time be transmitted to the legions unless by an express order of the senate. Any opposition, therefore, or delay, on the part of this assembly, is sufficient always to defeat the enterprises of the generals. It is the senate, likewise, that either compels the consuls to leave their designs imperfect, or enables them to complete the projects which they have formed, by sending a successor into each of their several provinces, upon the expiration of the annual term, or by continuing them in the same command. The senate also has the power to aggrandize and amplify the victories that are gained, or, on the contrary, to depreciate and debase them. For that which is called among the Romans a triumph, in which a sensible representation of the actions of the generals is exposed in solemn procession to the view of all the citizens, can neither be exhibited with due pomp and splendor, nor, indeed, be in any other manner celebrated, unless the consent of the senate be first obtained, together with the sums that are requisite for the expense. Nor is it less necessary, on the other hand, that the consuls, how soever far they may happen to be removed from Rome, should be careful to preserve the good affections
of the people. For the people, as we have already mentioned, annuls or ratifies all treaties. But that which is of greatest moment is that the consuls, at the time of laying down their office are bound to submit their past administration to the judgment of the people. And thus these magistrates can at no time think themselves secure, if they neglect to gain the approbation both of the senate and the people.

In the same manner the senate also, though invested with so great authority, is bound to yield a certain attention to the people, and to act in concert with them in all affairs that are of great importance. With regard especially to those offences that are committed against the state, and which demand a capital punishment, no inquiry can be perfected, nor any judgment carried into execution, unless the people confirm what the senate has before decreed. Nor are the things which more immediately regard the senate itself less subject than the same control. For if a law should at any time be proposed to lessen the received authority of the senators, to detract from their honors and pre-eminence, or even deprive them of a part of their possessions, it belongs wholly to the people to establish or reject it. And even still more, the interposition of a single tribune is sufficient, not only to suspend the deliberations of the senate, but to prevent them also from holding any meeting or assembly. Now the peculiar office of the tribunes is to declare those sentiments that are most pleasing to the people: and principally to promote their interests and designs. And thus the senate, on account of all these reasons, is forced to cultivate the favor and gratify the inclinations of the people.

The people again, on their part, are held in dependence on the senate, both to the particular members, and to the general body. In every part of Italy there are works of various kinds, which are let to farm by the censors, such are the building or repairing of the public edifices, which are almost innumerable; the care of rivers, harbors, mines and lands; every thing, in a word, that falls beneath the dominion of the Romans. In all these things the people are the undertakers: inasmuch as there are scarcely any to be found that are not in some way involved, either in the contracts, or in the management of the works. For some take the farms of the censors at a certain price; others become partners with the first. Some, again, engage themselves as sureties for the farmers; and others, in support also of these sureties, pledge their own fortunes to the state. Now, the supreme direction of all these affairs is placed wholly in the senate. The senate has the power to allot a longer time, to lighten the conditions of the agreement, in case that any accident has intervened, or even to release the contractors from their bargain, if the terms should be found impracticable. There are also many other circumstances in which those that are engaged in any of the public works may be either greatly injured or greatly benefited by the senate; since to this body, as we have already observed, all things that belong to these
transactions are constantly referred. But there is still another advantage of much
greater moment. For from this order, likewise, judges are selected, in almost every
accusation of considerable weight, whether it be of a public or private nature. The
people, therefore, being by these means held under due subjection and restraint, and
doubtful of obtaining that protection, which they foresee that they may at some time
want, are always cautious of exciting any opposition to the measures of the senate.
Nor are they, on the other hand, less ready to pay obedience to the orders of the
consuls; through the dread of that supreme authority, to which the citizens in general,
as well as each particular man, are obnoxious in the field.

Thus, while each of these separate parts is enabled either to assist or obstruct the
rest, the government, by the apt contexture of them all in the general frame, is so
well secured against every accident, that it seems scarcely possible to invent a more
perfect system. For when the dread of any common danger, that threatens from
abroad, constrains all the orders of the state to unite together, and co-operate with
joint assistance; such is the strength of the republic that as, on the one hand, no
measures that are necessary are neglected, while all men fix their thoughts upon the
present exigency; so neither is it possible, on the other hand, that their designs should
at any time be frustrated through the want of due celerity, because all in general, as
well as every citizen in particular, employ their utmost efforts to carry what has been
determined into execution. Thus the government, by the very form and peculiar
nature of its constitution, is equally enabled to resist all attacks, and to accomplish
every purpose. And when again all apprehensions of foreign enemies are past, and
the Romans being now settled in tranquility, and enjoying at their leisure all the fruits
of victory, begin to yield to the seduction of ease and plenty, and, as it happens
usually in such conjunctures, become haughty and ungovernable; then chiefly may
we observe in what manner the same constitution likewise finds in itself a remedy
against the impending danger. For whenever either of the separate parts of the
republic attempts to exceed its proper limits, excites contention and dispute, and
struggles to obtain a greater share of power, than that which is assigned to it by the
laws, it is manifest, that since no one single part, as we have shown in this discourse,
is in itself supreme or absolute, but that on the contrary, the powers which are
assigned to each are still subject to reciprocal control, the part, which thus aspires,
must soon be reduced again within its own just bounds, and not be suffered to insult
or depress the rest. And thus the several orders, of which the state is framed, are
forced always to maintain their due position: being partly counter-worked in their
designs; and partly also restrained from making any attempt, by the dread of falling
under that authority to which they are exposed.
My dear Tacitus,

You ask me to write you something about the death of my uncle so that the account you transmit to posterity is as reliable as possible. I am grateful to you, for I see that his death will be remembered forever if you treat it [sc. in your Histories]. He perished in a devastation of the loveliest of lands, in a memorable disaster shared by peoples and cities, but this will be a kind of eternal life for him. Although he wrote a great number of enduring works himself, the imperishable nature of your writings will add a great deal to his survival. Happy are they, in my opinion, to whom it is given either to do something worth writing about, or to write something worth reading; most happy, of course, those who do both. With his own books and yours, my uncle will be counted among the latter. It is therefore with great pleasure that I take up, or rather take upon myself the task you have set me.

He was at Misenum in his capacity as commander of the fleet on the 24th of August [sc. in 79 AD], when between 2 and 3 in the afternoon my mother drew his attention to a cloud of unusual size and appearance. He had had a sunbath, then a cold bath, and was reclining after dinner with his books. He called for his shoes and climbed up to where he could get the best view of the phenomenon. The cloud was rising from a mountain—at such a distance we couldn't tell which, but afterwards learned that it was Vesuvius. I can best describe its shape by likening it to a pine tree. It rose into the sky on a very long "trunk" from which spread some "branches." I imagine it had been raised by a sudden blast, which then weakened, leaving the cloud unsupported so that its own weight caused it to spread sideways. Some of the cloud was white, in other parts there were dark patches of dirt and ash. The sight of it made the scientist in my uncle determined to see it from closer at hand.

He ordered a boat made ready. He offered me the opportunity of going along, but I preferred to study—he himself happened to have set me a writing exercise. As he was leaving the house he was brought a letter from Tascius' wife Rectina, who was terrified by the looming danger. Her villa lay at the foot of Vesuvius, and there was no way out except by boat. She begged him to get her away. He changed his plans. The expedition that started out as a quest for knowledge now called for courage. He launched the quadriremes and embarked himself, a source of aid for more people than just Rectina, for that delightful shore was a populous one. He hurried to a place from which others were fleeing, and held his course directly into danger. Was he afraid? It seems not, as he kept up a continuous observation of the various...
movements and shapes of that evil cloud, dictating what he saw.

Ash was falling onto the ships now, darker and denser the closer they went. Now it was bits of pumice, and rocks that were blackened and burned and shattered by the fire. Now the sea is shoal; debris from the mountain blocks the shore. He paused for a moment wondering whether to turn back as the helmsman urged him. "Fortune helps the brave," he said, "Head for Pomponianus."

At Stabiae, on the other side of the bay formed by the gradually curving shore, Pomponianus had loaded up his ships even before the danger arrived, though it was visible and indeed extremely close, once it intensified. He planned to put out as soon as the contrary wind let up. That very wind carried my uncle right in, and he embraced the frightened man and gave him comfort and courage. In order to lessen the other's fear by showing his own unconcern he asked to be taken to the baths. He bathed and dined, carefree or at least appearing so (which is equally impressive). Meanwhile, broad sheets of flame were lighting up many parts of Vesuvius; their light and brightness were the more vivid for the darkness of the night. To alleviate people's fears my uncle claimed that the flames came from the deserted homes of farmers who had left in a panic with the hearth fires still alight. Then he rested, and gave every indication of actually sleeping; people who passed by his door heard his snores, which were rather resonant since he was a heavy man. The ground outside his room rose so high with the mixture of ash and stones that if he had spent any more time there escape would have been impossible. He got up and came out, restoring himself to Pomponianus and the others who had been unable to sleep. They discussed what to do, whether to remain under cover or to try the open air. The buildings were being rocked by a series of strong tremors, and appeared to have come loose from their foundations and to be sliding this way and that. Outside, however, there was danger from the rocks that were coming down, light and fire-consumed as these bits of pumice were. Weighing the relative dangers they chose the outdoors; in my uncle's case it was a rational decision, others just chose the alternative that frightened them the least.

They tied pillows on top of their heads as protection against the shower of rock. It was daylight now elsewhere in the world, but there the darkness was darker and thicker than any night. But they had torches and other lights. They decided to go down to the shore, to see from close up if anything was possible by sea. But it remained as rough and uncooperative as before. Resting in the shade of a sail he drank once or twice from the cold water he had asked for. Then came an smell of sulfur, announcing the flames, and the flames themselves, sending others into flight but reviving him. Supported by two small slaves he stood up, and immediately
collapsed. As I understand it, his breathing was obstructed by the dust-laden air, and his innards, which were never strong and often blocked or upset, simply shut down. When daylight came again 2 days after he died, his body was found untouched, unharmed, in the clothing that he had had on. He looked more asleep than dead.

Meanwhile at Misenum, my mother and I—but this has nothing to do with history, and you only asked for information about his death. I'll stop here then. But I will say one more thing, namely, that I have written out everything that I did at the time and heard while memories were still fresh. You will use the important bits, for it is one thing to write a letter, another to write history, one thing to write to a friend, another to write for the public. Farewell.
Augustus, *Res Gestae*

Extracts of the things done by the Divine Augustus, the things by which he subjected the orb of the lands to the Imperium of the People of Rome, and of the money which for the Res Publica and the People of Rome he spent—the (original) is incised upon two bronze pillars set up at Rome—a copy (of his own account) follows.

[5] Dictatorship, offered to me both when I was absent and when I was present by both the People and the Senate when M. Marcellus and L. Arruntius were consuls [22 B.C.], I did not accept. I did not beg off, when there was a great shortage of grain, from the management of its supply, which I so administered that within a few days from its immediate fear and danger I freed the entire state at my own expense and by my own care. Consulship, annual and also perpetual, at that time offered to me, I did not accept [22 B.C.].

[6] When the consuls were M. Vinicius and Q. Lucretius [19 B.C.], and afterwards when they were P. and Cn. Lentulus [18 B.C.], and a third time when they were Paullus Fabius Maximus and Q. Tubero [11 B.C.], even with the Senate and the Roman People consenting that I should be made sole curator of laws and public morals with imperium, I accepted no magistracy offered contrary to the custom of our ancestors. The things which at that time the Senate wanted done through me, I accomplished through my tribunician power; and a colleague in that power I myself, of my own accord, five times demanded from the Senate and received.

[17] Four times from my own money I helped out the Public Treasury...

[19] I built the Curia [the Senate house] and the Chalcidicum which adjoins it, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine with its porticoes, the temple of the Divine Julius, the Lupercal, the portico near the Flaminian Circus (which I suffered to be named the Octavian Portico, after the man who had built the earlier one at that same site), the shrine near the Circus Maximus, the temples of Jupiter Feretrius and Jupiter the Thunderer on the Capitoline, the temple of Quirinus, the temples of Minerva and of Queen Juno and of Jupiter of Liberty on the Aventine, the temple of the Lares at the top of the Sacred Way, the temple of the Divine Penates in the Velian district, the temple of Youth, the temple of the Great Mother on the Palatine.

[20] At great expense I rebuilt both the Capitoline temple and the theater of Pompey, without inscribing my name on either. In many areas I repaired water channels which had fallen into disrepair with age, and I doubled the output of the Marcian aqueduct by introducing a new water source to its channel. I completed the Julian forum and
the Julian basilica—the one between the temple of Castor and the temple of Saturn—both of which were begun and nearly completed by my father, and when this same basilica was destroyed by fire I enlarged its foundations and began to rebuild it in the name of my sons, with commands that, should I not have lived to complete the work, it should be completed by my heirs. In my sixth consulship [28 B.C.], on the authority of the senate, I rebuilt 82 temples of the gods in the city, with none omitted which at that time were in need of repair. In my seventh consulship [27 B.C.] I rebuilt the Flaminian Way from the city to Arminum [modern Rimini] and all the bridges with the exception of the Mulvian and Minucian bridges.

[21] On private ground I built the temple of Mars the Avenger and the Forum of Augustus [A.D. 2], out of war-spoils....

[22] Three gladiatorial games I gave in my own name and five in my sons' or grandsons' names; in these games there fought around 10,000 men.... I gave hunts of beasts from Africa in my name or in that of my sons or grandsons in the circus or forum or amphitheater 26 times; in these were used up around 3,500 beasts.

[23] I gave the spectacle of a naval battle to the People, across the Tiber in the place where now is the Grove of the Caesars, having excavated a piece of ground 1,800 feet in length and 1,200 in width; in this 30 beaked triremes or biremes and even more smaller ships fought amongst themselves; in these fleets fought—besides the rowers—around 3,000 men.

[24] In the temples of all the cities of the province of Asia I as victor put back the ornaments which, when he had despoiled the temples, the one against whom I waged the war had possessed privately. Statues of myself—on foot, on horse, or in chariots—silver ones, stood in the city, around 80 of them; these I myself took up, and from that money I put golden gifts in the temple of Apollo in my own name and in the names of those who had done me the honor of [commissioning] the statues.

When I wrote this my age was seventy-six.
But the queen, injured for a long time now by a terrible passion feeds the wound in her life-blood and is eaten up by the hidden fire. The man's great courage and the great distinction of his family keep coming back to her; his face and his words stick fast in her heart, and her anxiety gives no calm rest to her limbs. [5] Next day, the goddess of the dawn was brightening the earth with Apollo's torch, and had cleared the dewy darkness from the sky, when, distraught, she spoke thus to her sympathetic sister: "Anna my sister, what fearful dreams I've been having! Who is this stranger newly arrived at our home? What a noble look he has, what a brave heart, and what weapons! [11] I believe indeed, and it is no foolish belief, he is descended from the gods. Baseborn hearts are shown up by fear. Alas, what misfortunes he has been through! What wars he sang of that he had survived! If it were not fixed and settled for me in my heart to refuse to marry anyone, after my first love failed me by his death; if I were not weary of the marriage-bed and the wedding-torch, I could perhaps have given in to this one temptation. [19] Anna - for I will confess - since the death of my poor husband Sychaeus, and the home that was bespattered with blood my brother shed, this is the only man to have altered my feelings, and conquered my wavering heart. I recognize the traces of the old passion. [23] But I would wish that either the ground should first open deep for me, or the almighty father blast me with a thunderbolt to hell - hell with its pallid ghosts and deep darkness - before I dishonour my conscience or break its laws. [before, conscience, I dishonour you...] He who first joined me to him has taken away my love; let him have it with him and keep it safe in his grave." So saying, she soaked her dress with the tears that welled up. [30]

Unhappy Dido burns and wanders through the whole city distraught, like a doe, who, when an arrow has been fired, a shepherd hunting with his weapons among the woods of Crete has hit from a distance off her guard, and loosed the feathered shaft in ignorance: she, in flight, wanders through the woods and thickets of Mount Dicte; the deadly shaft sticks to her flank. [73] Now she takes Aeneas with her on a tour of the walls, and shows off the Phoenician wealth and her city now ready. She begins to speak, but stops in mid-sentence; now, as the day slips away, she seeks the same banquet, and in her mad passion demands to hear again of the sufferings of Troy, and hangs again on the story-teller's lips. Afterwards, when they had parted, and the dim moon hides her light in turn, and the setting stars urge sleep, she grieves alone in the empty house and flings herself on the abandoned couches. He is not there, but she both sees and hears him, or holds Ascanius in her lap, smitten by his likeness to his father, to see if she could rid herself of the passion she could not mention. [85] The towers that were started rise no more, the young
men do not practise their weapon-drills, or keep the harbours and ramparts safe from war: the building operations are suspended with the massive threatening walls and the crane silhouetted against the sky. [89] Meanwhile, the goddess of dawn has left the Ocean. As the sun's light rose, there went through the gates the pick of the young men, wide-meshed nets, snares, hunting-spears with broad steel blades, and out rushed the African horsemen and a keen-scented pack of dogs. The queen, who is lingering in her room, is awaited at the entrance by the Carthaginian leaders, and by her horse, who stands resplendent in purple and gold and fiercely champs at his foaming bit. [135] At last she comes forth, a great crowd surrounding her, wearing a Phoenician cloak with a purple border; she has a golden quiver, her hair is tied back with gold, and a golden brooch fastens her purple dress. The Trojan companions and a joyful Iulus also arrive. More handsome than all the rest Aeneas himself comes forward as her escort and joins the band. [142]

When they had reached the high mountains and the trackless expanses, see, driven from the rocky summit wild goats come running down the ridges; on the other side deer cross the open plains at speed and gather in herds that raise the dust as they run to leave the mountains. But young Ascanius in the middle of the valley is delighted with his lively horse, and overtakes at a gallop now this party, now the other, and prays to be given among the harmless herds a foaming wild boar, or for a tawny lion to come down from the mountains. [159] Meanwhile the sky begins to resound with mighty rumbling, and there follows a rainstorm mixed with hail. The Carthaginian companions and the young Trojans - and the Trojan grandson of Venus - made for shelter in different directions throughout the area; rivers rushed down the mountainsides. Dido and the Trojan leader reached the same cave. First Mother Earth and Juno as the bride's attendant gave the signal; lightning flashed and heaven was a witness to the wedding - while the Nymphs screamed from the summit. That day was the beginning of the disaster and the beginning of the tragedy; for Dido was not influenced by appearances or reputation and no longer planned a secret love: she called it marriage, and with this name cloaked her misdeed. [172]

As soon as Mercury landed at the huts with his winged feet, he caught sight of Aeneas laying the foundations of the citadel and building new houses. He had a sword studded with darkly-gleaming jasper, and hanging from his shoulders there blazed bright with Tyrian purple a cloak, a gift that wealthy Dido had made, and interwoven with gold thread. [264] He immediately accosted him: “Are you now laying the foundations of lofty Carthage, and building a beautiful city besotted with your wife? Alas, you forget your kingdom and your own destiny! The ruler of the
gods himself, who controls heaven and earth with his divine power, sends me
down to you from famed Olympus, he himself orders me to deliver this message
through the swift breezes: what are you planning? With what in mind are you
wasting time in African lands? If you are not moved at the thought of your glorious
future, consider your growing son Ascanius and the hopes of Iulus your heir, to
whom the kingdom of Italy and the land of Rome is promised.” Having spoken
such words, Mercury left mortal sight in the middle of his speech and vanished
from their gaze far off into thin air. [278]

But indeed Aeneas, horrified, was struck dumb at the sight, his hair stood on end
with fright and his voice stuck in his throat. He longed to flee away and leave the
sweet land, amazed at such a stern warning and command from the gods. Alas,
what was he to do? With what words now might he dare to win over the furious
queen? What should he take as his place to begin? He cast his mind rapidly now
this way now that; he snatched at one idea after another, and turned everything
over. As he hesitated, this decision seemed the better: [287] he summoned
Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus. They were to make the fleet ready
silently, and assemble their friends on the beach. They were to prepare their
weapons, and hide the reason for the change in plan; he himself, meanwhile, since
his best beloved Dido did not know and would not be expecting so serious an affair
to be broken off, would try to find a way of approach, and the most appropriate
time to speak, and what would be the right course of action in the circumstances.
All joyfully obeyed his command and carried out his orders. [295] But the queen -
who could deceive one in love? - realised the treachery in advance, and was the
first to hear of the intended movements. She feared everything that seemed normal.
As she raged, the same evil Rumour reported that the fleet was being readied, and a
voyage prepared for. Helplessly she raged and in passion rushed madly through the
city, like a worshipper of Bacchus excited by the brandishing of the sacred
emblems, when the triennial festival arouses her and she hears the Bacchic shout,
and Mount Cithaeron summons her by night with chanting. At last, before he could
speak, she accused Aeneas with these words: [304]

“Did you really hope, you traitor, to be able to hide so foul a crime and to sneak
quietly away from my land? Does not our love, or my right hand which once I gave
you, or Dido destined to die a cruel death deter you? Even worse, do you struggle to
prepare the fleet in the wintry season, and hurry to cross the sea when the North
Winds blow, you savage? [311] If you were not making for foreign fields and an
unknown home, and ancient Troy still stood, would you be heading for Troy in
your ships across the stormy sea? Is it me that you flee? I beg you, by these tears,
and by your right hand - since I have left myself with nothing else - by our
wedding, by our marriage that we began, I beg you, if I ever deserved well of you, or anything of mine was sweet to you, have pity on my failing house and, if there is any room still for prayers, give up your intention. [319] It is because of you that the nations of Africa and the Numidian rulers hate me, and my own people are hostile; it is because of you again that my honour and my former reputation - my only route to heaven - have been destroyed. Who are you abandoning me to, to die, my “guest” - since this is the only name for you instead of “husband”? [324] Why do I delay? Until my brother Pygmalion destroys my walls or Gaetulian Iarbas leads me off a captive? At least if I could have conceived a child for you before your desertion, if I had a baby Aeneas to play in the palace, whose expression could remind me of you, I should not seem so utterly lost and abandoned.” [330]

She had spoken. He, thanks to Jupiter's commands, held his eyes motionless, and with a struggle hid his concern in the depths of his heart. At last he made a brief reply: “I shall never, my queen, deny that you did with kindness all the many things you were able to list, nor shall I be ashamed to remember Dido, as long as my memory lasts, while there is breath in my body. [336] I shall speak briefly and to the point. I did not intend to hide my escape with secrecy - don't imagine I did, and I never held out the wedding-torch or entered into this contract. If the fates allowed me to lead my life according to my own choice and to settle my worries to my own liking, I should be caring for the city of Troy first and the dear remains of my household, Priam's high roofs would remain and I would have restored the citadel of Troy for the conquered. [344] But now it is great Italy that Apollo of Gryneum, it is Italy that the Lycian oracles have ordered me to make for; this is my love, this is my homeland. If it is the citadels of Carthage and the sight of an African city that captivate you, a Phoenician, what is your objection, tell me, to Trojans settling in an Italian land? It is right for us to to seek kingdoms abroad. [350] Whenever night hides the earth with its damp shadows, whenever the fiery stars come out, the troubled ghost of my father Anchises rebukes me in my dreams and terrifies me; so to does my boy Ascanius, and the wrong I do to one so dear, whom I am robbing of the kingship of Italy and the lands ordained by destiny. Now indeed the messenger of the gods sent by Jupiter himself - I swear on both our lives - has brought orders through the racing winds: I saw the god in a clear light entering the walls and drank in his words with these ears. Stop inflaming us both with your complaints; I do not seek Italy of my free will.” [361]

Anna begged him with such words, and such was the tearful message that Dido's sister took and took again. [437] But he was not moved by any weeping and heard no appeals sympathetically; the fates prevented it, and the god blocked the man's ears. Just as when the North Winds from the Alps struggle amongst themselves to
uproot a sturdy oak with its ancient timber with gusts now from this side now from that; there is a creaking, and as the trunk is battered the leaves from the treetop cover the ground; [445] the tree itself clings to the rocks and reaches down as far with its roots to Hell as it strains towards the heavenly breezes with its crown: in just the same way the hero was wounded with continual appeals from this side and that, and felt the full force of her troubles in his mighty heart; His mind held fast, the tears poured down in vain. [449]

It was night and tired bodies were enjoying peaceful sleep all over the world. [523] The woods and the restless seas had grown quiet, when the stars turn in mid course, when all the countryside is quiet, the cattle and the colourful birds - both those who haunt the bright lakes far and wide and those live in thickets in the harsh countryside - are settled in silent sleep at night's command. [527] But not Dido: wretched at heart she never relaxes into sleep or welcomes the night with her eyes or her heart; her cares redouble and her love returning seethes and is tossed on a mighty tidal wave of rage. [532]

But Dido, trembling and maddened by the terrible plans, rolling her bloodshot eyes, her cheeks flecked with a feverish glow yet pale with imminent death, burst through the internal door and in a frenzy climbed the tall funeral pyre. She unsheathed the Trojan sword - a present not intended for this purpose. [647] Here, after she saw the Trojan clothing and the bed she knew so well, delaying a little for tears and thought, she flung herself on the couch and spoke her last words: [650] “Souvenirs, that were dear while the fates and god allowed, receive this soul of mine and free me from my cares. I have had my life, and finished the span which Fortune gave me, and now my great spirit will go beneath the earth. [654] I have built a famous city, I have seen my walls. To avenge my husband I punished my evil brother - I should have been happy, alas too happy, if only the Trojan ships had never touched our shores.” [658] She spoke, and pressing her face on the couch, “I shall die unavenged,” she said, “but let me die. Thus, thus I am determined to go down to the shades. May the heartless Trojan gaze on this fire from out to sea, and let him take with him the omens of my death.” [662] She had spoken, and in the midst of all this, her friends saw her collapse on to the sword, and the sword foaming with blood and her outstretched hands. The noise reached the lofty halls: Rumour rushed madly through the stricken city. [666]

Then all-powerful Juno, having pitied her long agony and her protracted death, sent down Iris from Olympus to set free the struggling soul and relax the knotted limbs. [695] For because she was dying deserving neither of fate or death, but wretchedly before her time had been fired by a sudden madness, Proserpine had not yet taken a lock of fair hair from her head and condemned her soul to the hellish god of the underworld. [699] And so Iris with dew on her saffron wings
drawing a thousand colours reflecting the sunlight flew down and stood above her head. "As ordered, I take this lock dedicated to Dis, and I release you from your body." Thus she spoke and with her right hand cut the lock of hair, and at the same time all her warmth and life passed away into the winds.
Juvenal, Satires “On the City of Rome”

The sick die here because they can’t sleep,  
Though most people complain about the food  
Rotting undigested in their burning guts.  
For when does sleep come in rented rooms?  
It costs a lot merely to sleep in this city!  
That’s why everyone’s sick: carts clattering  
Through the winding streets, (1) curses hurled  
At some herd standing still in the middle of the road,  
Could rob Claudius (2) or a seal of their sleep!  
When duty demands it, crowds fall back to allow  
The wealthy to pass, who sail past the coast  
In a mighty Liburnian ship,(3) while on the way  
They read or write or even take a nap,  
For the litter and its shut windows bring on sleep.  
Yet he still arrives first; while we are blocked  
In our hurry by a wave before us, while the great crowd  
Crushes our backs from behind us; an elbow or a stick  
Hits you, a beam or a wine-jar smacks you on the head;  
My leg is covered in crud, from every side  
I’m trampled by shoes, and some soldier spears  
My foot with his spiked shoes. Look over there:  
See the baskets belching out smoke? A picnic!  
There must be a hundred guests and each  
Dragging behind his own portable kitchen!  
Corbulo (4) could scarcely carry such huge dishes--  
And so many--as are placed on the heads of the servants,  
Poor schmucks, walking bolt upright  
And madly fanning the flames while they run.  
Mended tunics are torn, the massive trunk  
Of a fir passes by in a cart, a pine over here  
In a wagon, both sway and menace the crowd.  
If the axle supporting a load of Ligurian marble (5)  
Gave way, and spilled its mountain on the heads of the crowd,  
What would be left over? Bodies? Hardly.  
Who’d be able to find any limbs or bones?  
The body of the ordinary man would utterly perish  
Just like his soul. Meanwhile, his family, unawares,
Is washing dishes, blowing the fire with their mouths,
Making a racket with oily scrapers and washing
Spots from the linens. The house-boys are busy
With their chores, but the poor bastard's sitting
On the infernal shore, newly arrived,
Frightened of the horrible ferryman, (6) despairing and unhappy
For stuck in the mud he has no coin in his mouth
To offer to buy his passage across the waters.(7)

Think now about all those other perils
Of the night: how high it is to the roof up there
From which a tile falls and smashes your brains;
How many times broken, leaky jars
Fall from windows; how hard they strike and break
The pavement. You could be thought lazy and careless
If you go to dinner without writing a will.
There are as many deaths waiting for you
As there are open windows above your head.
Therefore you should hope and fervently pray
That they only dump their sewage on you.

Don't forget the drunkard who likes to fight:
If he hasn't killed anyone yet, he suffers,
And he mourns all night like Achilles for Patroclus, (8)
Lying first on his face and then on his back, tossing
And turning all night. He can't get to sleep otherwise:
Only a brawl puts some people to sleep!
But even though he's young and flushed with wine,
He carefully avoids the man with the crimson cloak
And the long procession of servants and burning lamps.
As for me, led home only by the moon
Or a small candle, whose wick I tend with care,
Me he despises. Thus begins a wretched fight--
If you can call it a fight when he punches
And I take a beating: he stands in front of me
And orders me to halt. What can I do?
Especially in the face of a frenzied maniac
Who, by the way, is stronger than I am?
"Where are you coming from? Whose beans and vinegar
Are you farting out your ass? What low-life
Shoemaker have you been eating leeks with
And stuffing your face with boiled sheep's head?
Why don't you answer me? Speak!
You want I should kick some sense in you!
Where do you beg? What synagogue
Do you pray at?" (9) You can try to say something,
Or you can try to slip quietly away,
It really doesn't matter one way or another:
You're going to get pounded, and taken to court
The next day because you bothered him.
You see, this alone is the poor man's freedom:
After being beaten and punched you have the right
To ask that a few teeth be left in your mouth.

This doesn't exhaust all the dangers in the city.
For there is always someone to rob you,
No matter how tightly you lock your house
Or seal all the shutters of your shop with fastened chains.
Sometimes thugs do their job quickly with a knife.
Whenever the Pomptine Marshes or the pine forests
Of Gallinaria (10) are protected by armed guards,
They all rush to Rome as if it were
A game preserve!

On what forge or anvil
Is there anything else except heavy chains?
Iron is mainly used to fashion fetters,
So much so we risk a shortage of ploughshares
And the complete disappearance of hoes and mattocks.
Happy were ourgrandfathers' ancestors,
Happy those ages of the kings and tribunes of old
When Rome wascontent with only a single jail.

I could add many more reasons,
But the mules call and the daylight is passing away.
It's time.
The mule driver there has been signalling
For some time now with his driving stick.
Farewell, and remember me whenever Rome
Allows you to return to your native Aquinum,
For however brief a time, and tear me away
From Cumae to the altars built for Ceres by Helvius
And the ones built for Diana by your own people,
And I'll lace up my thick boots (11) and come through the fields
To your chilly country and help you write your satires.

But only if they aren't ashamed to have me in them.
There are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected it, and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say that I have escaped Meletus. And I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmae, as is evident.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is that which I ought to pay or to receive? What shall be done to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care about - wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to follow in this way and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to everyone of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the state before he looks to the interests of the state; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such a one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no more fitting reward than maintenance in the Prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty justly, I say that maintenance in the Prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you may think that I am braving you in saying this, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But that is not the case. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged anyone, although I cannot convince you of that - for we have had a short conversation only; but if there were a law at Athens, such as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you; but now the time is too short. I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? Because I am afraid of the
penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a
good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty which would certainly be an evil?
Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the
magistrates of the year - of the Eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and
imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to lie
in prison, for money I have none, and I cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may
possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love
of life if I were to consider that when you, who are my own citizens, cannot endure
my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you
would fain have done with them, others are likely to endure me. No, indeed, men of
Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering
from city to city, living in ever-changing exile, and always being driven out! For I
am quite sure that into whatever place I go, as here so also there, the young men will
come to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their desire:
and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Someone will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then
you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great
difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that this
would be a disobedience to a divine command, and therefore that I cannot hold my
tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that the greatest
good of man is daily to converse about virtue, and all that concerning which you
hear me examining myself and others, and that the life which is unexamined is not
worth living - that you are still less likely to believe. And yet what I say is true,
although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Moreover, I am not
accustomed to think that I deserve any punishment. Had I money I might have
proposed to give you what I had, and have been none the worse. But you see that I
have none, and can only ask you to proportion the fine to my means. However, I
think that I could afford a minae, and therefore I propose that penalty; Plato, Crito,
Crito, and Cratobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minae, and they will
be the sureties. Well then, say thirty minae, let that be the penalty; for that they will
be ample security to you.

The jury condemns Socrates to death.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you
will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise
man; for they will call me wise even although I am not wise when they want to
reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled
in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not
far from death. I am speaking now only to those of you who have condemned me to
death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words - I mean, that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words - certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defence, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they, too, go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award - let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated, - and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges - for you I may truly call judges
- I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: - either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king, will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too!
What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth - that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason also, I am not angry with my accusers, or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, - then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways - I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.