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CLAUDIAN

II

[i]

[ii]

CLAUDIAN

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IN TWO VOLUMES

II

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CLAUDIAN

**CLAUDII CLAUDIANI
CARMINA
DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS**

LIBER SECUNDUS

(XXII.)

Hactenus armatae laudes: nunc qualibus
orbem
moribus et quanto frenet metuendus
amore,
quo tandem flexus trabeas auctore
rogantes
induerit fastisque suum concesserit annum,
5 mitior incipiat fidibus iam Musa remissis.
Principio magni custos dementia mundi,
quae Iovis incoluit zonam, quae temperat
aethram
frigoris et flammae medio, quae maxima
natu
caelicolum. nam prima chaos Clementia
solvit
congeriem miserata rudem vultuque sereno
10 discussis tenebris in lucem saecula fudit.
haec dea pro templis et ture calentibus aris
te fruitur posuitque suas hoc pectore sedes.
haec docet ut poenis hominum vel sanguine
pasci
16 turpe ferumque putes; ut ferrum, Marte
cruentum,
siccum pace feras; ut non infensus alendis

**THE POEMS OF CLAUDIAN
ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP**

BOOK II

(XXII.)

Thus far the warrior's praise! Now let my gentler Muse relax the strings and tell by what virtues he governs the world, tempering fear with love, say what counsel moved him at last to assume those consular robes that cried out to him, and bestowed on our annals a year named after himself.

In the beginning Love^[1] was the guardian of this vast universe, she who dwelt in the sphere of Jove, who attempers the sky 'twixt cold and heat, who is eldest of the immortals. For Love, pitying the elemental confusion, first disentangled Chaos; with a smile she scattered the darkness and bathed the world in light. She dwelleth now not in temples nor by altars warm with incense but in thy heart wherein she has made her home. Taught by her thou accountest it cruel and barbarous to batten on suffering and human slaughter; the sword that drips blood in war thou wearest unstained in peace;

[1] Claudian seems to have in his mind partly the Epicurean doctrine of ἔρωϛ and partly the personification of the *Clementia Caesaris*, well known as a legend on so many Roman coins. See, also, for *Clementia* as a goddess, Claud. xvii. 166, and Stat. *Theb.* xii. 481 *et sqq.*

materiem praestes odiis; ut sontibus ultro
 ignovisse velis, deponas ocius iram
 quam moveas, precibus numquam
 implacabilis obstes,
 20 obvia prosternas prostrataque more leonum
 despicias, alacres ardent qui frangere
 tauros,
 transiliunt praedas humiles. hac ipse
 magistra
 das veniam victis, hac exorante calores
 horrificos et quae, numquam nocitura,
 timentur
 25 iurgia contentus solo terrore coerces
 aetherii patris exemplo, qui cuncta sonoro
 concutiens tonitru Cyclopum spicula differt
 in scopulos et monstra maris nostrique
 cruoris
 parcus in Oetaeis exercet fulmina silvis.
 Huic divae germana Fides eademque
 30 sorori
 corde tuo delubra tenens sese omnibus
 actis
 inserit. haec docuit nullo livescere fuco,
 numquam falsa loqui, numquam promissa
 morari;
 invisos odisse palam, non virus in alto
 condere, non laetam speciem praemittere
 35 fraudi,
 sed certum mentique parem componere
 vultum;
 occulto saevire vetat, prodesse remittit.
 haec et amicitias longo plus tempore firmat
 mansuroque adamante ligat; nec mobile
 mutat
 40 ingenium, parvae strepitu nec vincula
 noxae
 dissolvi patitur, nec fastidire priorem
 inlicitur veniente novo. benefacta tenere,
 respuere offensas facilis, pariterque
 minoris
 officii magnique memor superare laborat

though angered thou feedest with no fuel the
 flame of hatred; thou forgivest the guilty even
 before they ask, thou layest aside thy wrath
 more readily than thou art moved to wrath,
 thou never turnest a deaf ear to prayers, all
 who oppose thee thou overthrowest, but
 deignest not to touch them when overthrown,
 like a lion who lusts to rend in pieces the fierce
 bull, but passes by the cowering prey. At her
 bidding thou extendest pardon to the
 conquered; at her prayer thou refrainest the
 dread fires of thine anger and those threats,
 not the less terrible for being unfulfilled; it is
 enough for thee to inspire awe, even as the
 heavenly Father who, shaking the world with
 his loud thunder, hurls the bolts of the Cyclops
 upon rocks and sea-monsters and, sparing the
 blood of man, expends his lightnings on the
 forests of Oeta.

Good Faith too, Love's sister, has made her
 shrine in thy heart and joins herself to all thine
 actions. She has taught thee to practise no
 hypocrisy, never to speak falsehood, never to
 postpone the fulfilment of thy promises; to hate
 openly those thou hatest, and not to hide the
 poison of resentment in thy heart nor let a false
 smile mask treachery but to make thy
 countenance the sure mirror of thy mind. She
 gainsayeth secret vengeance but encourageth
 secret benefits. She strengthens friendships
 also, that grow more firm by lapse of time and
 binds them with chains of lasting adamant; not
 hers is the fickle change of mood, nor does she
 permit close ties to be broken by the rumour of
 some petty injury, nor is she lured to scorn the
 old friend when a new one comes. Mindful of
 past benefits, quick to forget wrongs, she
 remembers services alike small or great and
 strives to outdo

45 utque hostes armis, meritis sic vincit
 amicos.
 haec fovet absentes, haec longe sola
 remotis
 consulit, haec nullis avidam rumoribus
 aurem
 pandit, ut ignarum numquam laesura
 clientem
 insidiosa tuos alienent murmura sensus.
 50 Nec vivis adnexus amor meminisse
 sepultos
 desinit; in prolem transcurrit gratia
 patrum.
 hac tu Theodosium, tenuit dum scepra,
 colebas,
 hac etiam post fata colis; nec pignora curas
 plus tua quam natos, dederat quos ille
 monendos
 55 tutandosque tibi. iustos nimiumque fideles
 fama putat, qui, cum possint commissa
 negare,
 maluerint nullo violati reddere quaestu:
 at Stilicho non divitias aurique relictum
 pondus, sed geminos axes tantumque
 reservat
 depositum teneris, quantum sol igneus
 60 ambit.
 quid non intrepidus credas, cui regia tuto
 creditur?
 Hoc clipeo munitus Honorius
 altum
 non gemuit patrem vitaeque et lucis in ipso
 limine, contemptus numquam, dat iura
 subactis
 65 gentibus et secum sentit crevisse
 triumphos.
 quem tu sic placida formas, sic mente
 severa,
 ut neque desidia tradas, dum pronus ad
 omne
 quod libet obsequeris, nec contra nixus
 ovariantem
 confringas animum: secreto consona regno
 ceu iuvenem doceas, moles quid publica
 70 poscat:
 ceu sanctum venerere senem patriisque
 gubernes
 imperium monitis; dominum summissus
 adores;
 obsequiis moderere ducem, pietate
 parentem.

them, overcoming friends with devotion as an
 enemy with arms. She safeguards the absent
 and is the sole protector of those far away; she
 opens not a greedy ear to rumours, so that
 never does the stealthy whisper that would
 injure some unsuspecting client estrange thy
 sympathies.

Nor does the love that clings to the living
 forget the dead, and the gratitude a father
 earned is paid to his children. This kept thee
 loyal to Theodosius while yet he wielded the
 sceptre, loyal, too, after his death; nor carest
 thou more for thine own offspring than for the
 sons he entrusted to thy guidance and
 protection. Just and most faithful does Fame
 account those, who, though they might deny a
 trust, have chosen rather to fulfil it, unpolluted
 by greed of gain; but it is not riches, not a huge
 heritage of gold that Stilicho holds in trust for
 the young heirs, but two hemispheres and all
 that is embraced within the sun's fiery orbit.
 What wouldst thou not fearlessly entrust to him
 to whom a kingdom is entrusted safely?

Defended by this buckler Honorius did not
 mourn his noble sire, and on life's very
 threshold, ne'er scorned by any, he dictates
 laws to conquered races and sees his triumphs
 increase with his years. Him thou dost seek to
 shape as with kindly so with severe mind;
 neither to sloth dost thou deliver him by a
 ready yielding to all his wishes, nor by
 opposing dost thou crush his eager spirit: as a
 youth thou teachest him in secret a king's
 lesson—his duty to his people; as a reverend
 senior thou payest him honour and governest
 the empire at a father's bidding; to thy lord
 thou givest humble worship; thou guidest thy
 master with obedience, thy sire

hinc fuit ut primos in coniuge disceret
ignes

75 ordiri que virum non luxuriante iuventa,
sed cum lege tori, casto cum foedere vellet.
principe tu felix genero: felicior ille
te socero.

Fratrem levior nec cura tuetur
Arcadium; nec, si quid iners atque impia
turba

80 praetendens proprio nomen regale furori
audeat, adscribis iuveni. discordia quippe
cum fremeret, numquam Stilicho sic
canduit ira,
saepe lacessitus probris gladiisque petitus,
ut bello furias ultum, quas pertulit, iret
85 inlicito causamque daret civilibus armis:
cuius fulta fide mediis dissensibus aulae
intemeratorum stabat reverentia fratrum.
quin et Sidonias chlamydes et cingula bacis
aspera gemmatasque togas viridesque
smaragdo

90 loricas galeasque redundantes hyacinthis
gestatosque patri capulis radiantibus enses
et vario lapidum distinctas igne coronas
dividis ex aequo, ne non augusta supellex
ornatusque pares geminis heredibus
essent.

95 mittitur et miles, quamvis certamine partes
iam tumeant. hostem muniri robore mavis
quam peccare fidem: permittis iusta petenti
idque negas solum, cuius mox ipse repulsa
gaudeat et quidquid fuerat deforme mereri.

100 Omnes praeterea, puro quae crimina
pellunt
ore, deae iunxere choros unoque receptae

with love. Hence it was that he knew not
passion before matrimony and preferred to
vindicate his manhood not in a youth of
debauchery, but in the chaste bonds of legal
wedlock. Blessed art thou in having an emperor
for a son-in-law; more blessed he with thee for
father.

Care no less tender watched over Honorius'
brother, Arcadius. Rightly thou ascribest not to
that youth the outrages of the feeble, vicious
mob that seeks to screen its own mad folly
behind the name of a king. Nay, even when
discord raged never did Stilicho so burn with
anger, though oft assailed by insult, oft
attacked with the sword, that he sought to
avenge the frenzy he endured by unholy war
and give a handle to civil strife; stayed on his
loyalty, mid all the factions of a court, the
hallowed friendship of those brothers stood
inviolable. Nay more, thou dividedst equally with
him Sidonian cloaks, belts studded with pearls,
jewelled togas, breastplates thick with green
emeralds, helmets flashing with sapphires,
swords with gleaming handles thy sire had
wielded, crowns bright with the glint of
manifold jewels, that both might be equal heirs
of their imperial sire's rich furniture and
apparel. Thou didst send soldiers to Byzantium
also, though civil strife was already raising its
head. Rather wouldst thou reinforce a foe than
fail thy pledge; all that he fairly asks thou
grantest and refusest only that the withholding
of which he himself will shortly approve, and
that to obtain which were shameful.

Moreover, all the virtues whose pure aspect
puts all wickedness to flight live conjoined in
thee and, dwelling within thine heart, aid thee
in the

pectore diversos tecum cinguntur in usus.
 Iustitia utilibus rectum praeponere suadet
 communesque sequi leges iniustaque
 numquam
 105 largiri sociis. durum Patientia corpus
 instruit, ut nulli cupiat cessasse labori;
 Temperies, ut casta petas; Prudentia, ne
 quid
 inconsultus agas; Constantia, futilis ne quid
 infirmumque geras. procul importuna
 fugantur
 110 numina, monstriferis quae Tartarus edidit
 antris:
 ac primam scelerum matrem, quae semper
 habendo
 plus sitiens patulis rimatur faucibus aurum,
 trudit Avaritiam; cuius foedissima nutrix
 Ambitio, quae vestibulis foribusque
 potentum
 excubat et pretiis commercia pascit
 115 honorum,
 pulsa simul. nec te gurgis corruptior aevi
 traxit ad exemplum, qui iam firmaverat
 annis
 crimen et in legem rapiendi verterat usum.
 denique non dives sub te pro rure paterno
 120 vel laribus pallet; non insidiator oberrat
 facturus quemcumque reum. non obruta
 virtus
 paupertate latet. lectos ex omnibus oris
 evehis et meritum, non quae cunabula,
 quaeris,
 et qualis non unde satus. sub teste benigno
 125 vivitur; egregios invitant praemia mores.
 hinc priscae redeunt artes; felicibus inde
 ingeniis aperitur iter despectaque Musae
 colla levant, opibusque fluens et pauper
 eodem
 nititur ad fructum studio, cum cernat
 uterque
 quod nec inops iaceat probitas nec inertia
 130 surgat
 divitiis.

Nec te iucunda fronte fefellit

manifold businesses of life. Justice teaches thee
 to prefer the right to the useful, to obey the
 general laws of mankind and never to enrich
 thy friends at other's cost. Patience
 strengthens thy body so that it seeks never to
 yield to toil. Temperance guides thee to chaste
 desires. Prudence will have thee do nought
 without forethought, Constancy nought without
 decision and firm purpose. The deadly vices
 which Tartarus sends up from his monstrous
 abyss fly far from thee; but first and foremost
 thou banishest Avarice, mother of crimes,
 greedy for more the more she possesses,
 searching ever open-mouthed for gold; with her
 thou drivest out her most foul nurse, Ambition,
 who watches at the gate of the powerful and
 haunts their dwelling-places, cherishing the
 sale of honours for gold. This age's more turbid
 stream of corruption has not drawn thee to
 follow its examples—corruption which had with
 lapse of time established crime and turned the
 custom of rapine into a law. Beneath thy rule
 the rich tremble not for the safety of ancestral
 lands or houses; no informer stalks the world
 set on making no matter whom his victim.
 Virtue suffers no eclipse by poverty. Thou
 exaltest men of all countries, asking what are
 their merits not their place of birth, what their
 character not whence their origin. A generous
 prince takes note of our life; rewards allure
 into the ways of virtue. Hence it comes that the
 arts of old flourish once more; the path to
 fortune is open to genius, while poesy again
 raises her despised head. Rich and poor strive
 with equal zeal towards their ends, for both
 see that, as poverty cannot depress merit, so
 riches cannot elevate incapacity.

Fair-fronted wantonness deceives thee not,
 wantonness,

luxuries, praedulce malum, quae dedita
 semper
 corporis arbitriis hebetat caligine sensus
 membraque Circaeis effeminat acrius
 herbis,
 blanda quidem vultus, sed qua non taetrior
 135 ulla
 interius: fucata genas et amicta dolosis
 inlecebris torvos auro circumlinit hydros.
 illa voluptatum multos innexuit hamis:
 te numquam conata capit. non prava libido
 stupris advigilat; non tempora somnus
 140 agendi
 frustratur; nullo citharae convivia cantu,
 non pueri lasciva sonant. quis cernere curis
 te vacuum potuit? quis tota mente
 remissum
 aut indulgentem dapibus, ni causa iuberet
 145 laetitiae? non indecores aeraria lassant
 expensae; parvo non improba littera libro
 absentum condonat opes. a milite parcus
 diligeris; neque enim neglectas pace
 cohortes
 tunc ditas, cum bella fremunt. scis nulla
 placere
 munera, quae metuens illis, quos spreverat,
 150 offert
 serus et incassum servati prodigus auri.
 antevenis tempus non expectantibus ultro
 munificus mensaeque adhibes et nomine
 quemque
 compellas clari, sub te quod gesserat olim,
 admonitum facti, figendaque sensibus addis
 155 verba, quibus magni geminatur gratia nodi.
 [2]
 Nec, si quid tribuas, iactatum saepius
 idem
 exprobrare soles nec, quos promoveris, alto
 turgidus adloqueris fastu nec prospera
 flatus

[2] I retain *Birt's nodi (VPTI)*, but *doni (V² and the other MSS.)* is very tempting.

that sweet curse, which surrendering to the
 arbitrament of the body dulls the wits with
 darkness, enervating the limbs with bane more
 deadly than that of Circe. Fair, indeed, is her
 face but none is fouler within; dyed are her
 cheeks; clothed about is she with treacherous
 lures, and deadly vipers hide them in her
 golden hair. Many hath she caught with the
 bait of pleasure, thee, though often has she
 tried, she has never ensnared. No lust bids thee
 wake for adultery's sake, nor does sleep cheat
 the hours of toil. Neither the strains of the lyre
 nor the wanton song of boys accompany thy
 repast. Has any seen thee free from care, thy
 mind entirely at rest, or indulging in the
 banquet unless some public rejoicing
 commanded? No shameful expenditure strains
 the resources of the treasury, no pitiless
 missive in a tiny roll disposes of the property of
 the absent. Though thrifty thou art beloved of
 the army, for thou neglectest not thy soldiers in
 peace, and dost not only enrich them when war
 is toward. Thou knowest that belated gifts,
 offered in fear to those hitherto scorned, earn
 no gratitude: 'tis but a useless flinging away of
 gold as uselessly hoarded. Thou preventest thy
 soldier's needs and art generous over and
 above their expectations; thou callest them to
 thy board and addressest each by his name,
 mindful of all the brave deeds ever done by
 each beneath thy banners. To thy gifts thou
 addest praises that will ever be remembered,
 whereby the grace of your close bond is
 doubled.

When bountiful thou dost not also turn the
 bounty into a reproach, nor dost thou address
 those whom thou hast advanced with the
 language of disdainful patronage; nor yet does
 prosperity make thee

- 160 attollunt nimios. quin ipsa Superbia longe
 discessit, vitium rebus sollemne secundis
 virtutumque ingrata comes. contingere
 passim
 adfarique licet. non inter pocula sermo
 captatur, pura sed libertate loquendi
- 165 seria quisque iocis nulla formidine miscet.
 quem videt Augusti socerum regnique
 parentem,
 miratur conviva parem, cum tanta potestas
 civem lenis agat. te doctus prisca
 loquentem,
- 169 te matura senex audit, te fortia miles
 adpersis salibus, quibus haud Amphion
 quisquam
 praeferat Aonios meditantem carmine
 muros
 nec velit Orpheo migrantes pectine silvas.
 Hinc amor, hinc veris et non fallacibus
 omnes
 pro te solliciti votis; hinc nomen ubique
 plausibus, auratis celebrant hinc ora
- 175 figuris.
 quae non incudes streperent, quae flamma
 vacaret
 fabrilis, quantis fluerent fornacibus aera
 effigies ductura tuas, quis devius esset
 angulus aut regio quae non pro numine
 vultus
- 180 dilectos coleret, talem ni semper honorem
 respueres? decus hoc rapiat, quem falsa
 timentum
 munera decipiunt, qui se diffidit amari.
 hoc solus sprevisse potest, qui iure
 meretur.
 Undique legati properant generique sub
 ore
- 185 in tua centenas optant praeconia voces.
 grates Gallus agit, quod limite tutus inermi
 et metuens hostile nihil nova culmina totis

puffed up. Nay, pride itself is far removed from thee, pride, a vice so familiar in success, ungracious attendant on the virtues. All, no matter when or where, may meet and address thee. Talk over the wine is not watched, but each guest, at liberty to say just what he pleases, mingles grave converse with gay and fears not for his words. Each marvels to find an equal in the emperor's father-in-law and the father of his country, when one so powerful acts the citizen so graciously. With the learned thou discoursest of antiquity, with the aged of experience, with the soldier of valiant deeds, and dost mingle thy talk with such pleasant wit that none would rather hear the strains whereby Amphion built the walls of Thebes or Orpheu's lute drew the woods to follow him.

Hence all love thee, all anxiously pray heaven for thee with no feigned intercession, all shout applause at the mention of thy name and reproduce thy form in gilded statues. What anvil should not ring, what forge be idle, from what vast furnaces should bronze not flow that is to shape thine image? What corner of the world, what region so remote but should worship thy beloved countenance as divine,—hadst thou not always refused such honour? Nay, let him snatch at such glory whom hollow gifts inspired by fear can beguile and who despairs of a people's love. He who in truth deserves can alone afford to despise them.

Embassies arrive from every quarter and in the presence of thy son-in-law pray for a hundred voices to herald thy renown. The Gallic envoy gives thee thanks for that, safe from attack though no legion guards his frontier, and fearing no hostile

aedificat ripis et saevum gentibus amnem
Thybridis in morem domibus praevelat
amoenis.

190 hinc Poeni cumulant laudes, quod rura
tyranno
libera possideant; hinc obsidione solutus
Pannonius potorque Savi, quod clausa tot
annis
oppida laxatis ausus iam pandere portis
rursum cote novat nigras rubigine falces
195 exesosque situ cogit splendere ligones
agnoscitque casas et collibus oscula notis
figit et impresso glaebis non credit aratro,
exsectis,^[3] inculta dabant quas saecula,
silvis
restituit terras et opacum vitibus Histrum
conserit et patrium vectigal solvere gaudet,
200 immunis qui clade fuit. te sospite fas est
vexatum laceri corpus iuvenescere regni.
sub tot principibus quaecumque amisimus
olim,
tu reddis. solo poterit Stilichone medente
205 crescere Romanum vulnus tectura cicatrix;
inque suos tandem fines redeunte colono
Illyricis iterum ditabitur aula tributis.
Nec tamen humano cedit caeleste favori
iudicium: cingunt superi concordibus unum
praesidiis hostesque tuos aut litore produnt
210 aut totum oppositi claudunt fugientibus
aequor
aut in se vertunt furiis aut militis ense

[3] *Birt suggests exsectisque.*

incursion, he builds new dwelling-places along the banks of the Rhine and fringes the river, famed once for the savagery of its tribes, with houses as pleasant as those by Tiber's stream. Here Carthaginians crown thy praise, because they possess their lands delivered from the tyrant's rule; there the Pannonian, freed from the blockade, and he who drinks the Save, grateful because he now dare throw open the gates of cities closed for so many years. Such sharpen once more upon the whetstone their sickles dark with rust and cause their mattocks, foul with want of use, to shine as of old. Each sees again his well-remembered cottage, kisses his native hills, and can scarce believe real the furrows cut by his heavy plough. He hews down the forests and renders again fit for cultivation fields which generations had let run wild. Once more he covers the banks of the Danube with vineyards and rejoices to pay the taxes his forefathers paid, for it was bloodshed that brought immunity. While thou art safe, heaven allows the harassed body of our distracted empire to regain its youthful vigour. Thou dost restore all that we have lost of old under so many princes. Only when Stilicho's hand brings remedy can grow a scar to hide Roman wounds, and when at last the husbandman of Illyria returns to his farms the treasury will again be enriched with Illyrian tribute.

But heaven's judgement is not a whit behind man's favour. The gods unite for thine especial protection and deliver thine enemy into thy hands upon the sea shore or hinder his flight by the ocean's immense barrier or make him turn his arms madly against himself; and so, a second Pentheus, he is hewn in

bacchati laniant Pentheo corpora ritu;
 insidias retegunt et in ipsa cubilia fraudum
 215 ducunt ceu tenera venantem nare Molossi.
 omnibus ventura notant aut alite
 monstrant
 aut monitos certa dignantur imagine
 somnos.
 Pro quibus innumerae trabearum insignia
 terrae
 certatim petiere tibi. poscentibus ipse
 220 restiteras et mens, aliorum prona favori,
 iudex dura sui, facibus succensa pudoris
 tarda verecundis excusat praemia causis.
 ergo avidae tantosque novi spe consulis
 annos
 elusae dominae pergunt ad limina Romae,
 si minus adnuerit precibus, vel cogere
 225 certae
 cunctantem votoque moras auferre paratae.
 conveniunt ad tecta deae, quae candida
 lucent
 monte Palatino. glaucis tum prima
 Minervae
 nexa comam foliis fulvaeque intexta
 micantem
 230 veste Tagum tales profert Hispania voces:
 "Cuncta mihi semper Stilicho,
 quaecumque poposci,
 concessit tantumque suos invidit honores.
 Augusti potuit soceri contemnere fasces:
 iam negat et genero. si non ut ductor ab
 orbe
 quem regit, accipiat saltem cognatus ab
 235 aula.
 exiguumne putat, quod sic amplexus
 Hiberam
 progeniem nostros inmoto iure nepotes
 sustinet, ut patrium commendet purpura
 Baetim?
 quod pulchro Mariae fecundat germine
 regnum?

pieces by his own soldier's frenzied blades. The
 gods discover for thee plots against thy life and
 lead thee to the very lair of treason, even as
 Molossan hounds guide the huntsman with
 their subtle scent. They show forth the future
 by omens or by birds or they deign to give thee
 clear warning in dreams.

For which thing's sake countless lands in
 rivalry have sought for thee the consul's robe,
 but thou thyself didst oppose their desire, and
 thy mind, so ready to grant favour to another,
 so rigorous a critic of itself, kindling with the
 torch of modesty, with bashful pleading
 deprecates that late reward. And so, anxious to
 see accomplished the hopes, vainly conceived
 through so many years, of seeing in thee their
 new consul, they hasten to the gates of royal
 Rome, determined, should she not listen to
 their entreaties, to constrain her hesitation,
 and prepared to sweep away all hindrances
 that delay their prayer. They meet at the
 temple of the goddess that shines bright upon
 the Palatine.^[4] First to speak was Spain, her
 head crowned with a grey-leaved garland from
 Minerva's olive and golden Tagus woven into
 her shining robe: "Everything that I have ever
 asked of Stilicho he has granted me, and has
 begrudged only honour for himself. Once he
 found it in his heart to refuse the consulship at
 the hands of an emperor, his father-in-law; he
 now refuses it also from his son-in-law. If not as
 a guardian from the world he rules, at least let
 him receive it as a kinsman from his emperor.
 Counts he it a small thing that, taking my
 offspring to his arms, he so upholds my
 grandsons^[5] in their undisturbed rule, that the
 purple ennobles their native Baetis? That by
 means of fair Maria he dowers

[4] The temple, that is, of the goddess Roma.

[5] Arcadius and Honorius who, as sons of Theodosius, the Spaniard, are grandsons of Spain.

240 quod dominis speratur avus?"
 Tum flava repexo
 Gallia crine ferox evinctaque torque decoro
 binaque gaesa tenens animoso pectore
 fatur:
 "qui mihi Germanos solus Francosque
 subegit,
 cur nondum legitur fastis? cur pagina
 tantum
 nescit adhuc nomen, quod iam numerare
 245 decebat?
 usque adeone levis pacati gloria Rheni?"
 Inde Caledonio velata Britannia monstro,
 ferro picta genas, cuius vestigia verrit
 caerulus Oceanique aestum mentitur
 amictus:
 "me quoque vicinis pereuntem gentibus"
 250 inquit
 "munivit Stilicho, totam cum Scottus
 Hivernen
 movit et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
 illius effectum curis, ne tela timerem
 Scottica, ne Pictum tremerem, ne litore toto
 prospicerem dubiis venturum Saxona
 255 ventis."
 Tum spicis et dente comas inlustris
 eburno
 et calido rubicunda die sic Africa fatur:
 "sperabam nullas trabeis Gildone perempto
 nasci posse moras. etiam nunc ille repugnat
 260 et tanto dubitat fasces praebere triumpho,
 qui mihi Maurorum penitus lacrimabile
 nomen
 ignorare dedit?"
 Post has Oenotria lentis
 vitibus intorquens hederas et palmitibus largo
 vana fluens: "si vos adeo Stilichone curules
 265 augeri flagratis" ait "quas sola iuvare
 fama potest, quanto me dignius incitat
 ardor,

Rome with a dynasty? That he is looked to as
 the ancestor of kings?"

Then warlike Gaul, her hair combed back, a
 rich necklace about her neck, and javelins
 twain in her hands, thus spake with kindling
 heart: "Why is his title not yet read in the
 annals of Rome, who by his own might
 o'ercame for me the Germans and the Franks?
 Why is the page of history still ignorant of a
 name that by now should have been inscribed
 therein so often? Is, then, bringing peace to the
 Rhine so light a title to fame?"

Next spake Britain clothed in the skin of some
 Caledonian beast, her cheeks tattooed, and an
 azure cloak, rivalling the swell of ocean,
 sweeping to her feet: "Stilicho gave aid to me
 also when at the mercy of neighbouring tribes,
 what time the Scots roused all Hibernia against
 me and the sea foamed to the beat of hostile
 oars. Thanks to his care I had no need to fear
 the Scottish arms or tremble at the Pict, or
 keep watch along all my coasts for the Saxon
 who would come whatever wind might blow."

Then up spake Africa, her hair gay with wheat
 ears and an ivory comb and her face all sun-
 burned: "I hoped that after Gildo's death no
 obstacle could prevent Stilicho's acceptance of
 the consulship. Does he even yet refuse and
 hesitate to honour with the fasces so great a
 triumph—he who has enabled me utterly to
 forget the tearful name of Moor?"

After these came Italy, pliant vine and ivy
 interlacing on her head, pressing the wine from
 plentiful ripe grapes. Said she: "If you are thus
 eager that Stilicho should augment the dignity
 of the curule chair, you to whom the mere
 report can bring delight, how much more
 rightly does a longing

ut praesente fruar conscendentemque
tribunal
prosequar atque anni pandentem claustra
salutem?"

Talibus alternant studiis Romamque
precantes,

- 270 pro cunctis, hortantur, eat. nec segnius illa
paruit officio, raptis sed protinus armis
ocior excusso per nubila sidere tendit.
transvehitur Tuscos Appenninusque volatu
stringitur. Eridanus clipei iam fulgurat
umbra;
constitit ante duces tetrica nec Pallade
275 vultum
deterior nec Marte minor. tremit orbe
corusco
iam domus et summae tangunt laquearia
cristae:
tum prior attonitum gratis adfata querellis:
"Servatas, Stilicho, per te, venerande,
curules,
280 ornatas necdum fateor. quid profuit anni
servilem pepulisse notam? defendis
honorem
quem fugis, et spernis tota quem mole
tueris?
respis oblatum, pro quo labente resistis?
quae iam causa morae? quo me cunctabere
rursus
ingenio? nullus Boreae metus, omnis et
285 Austri
ora silet: cecidit Maurus, Germania cessit
et Ianum pax alta ligat. te consule necdum
digna feror? titulumne levem parvique
nitoris
credimus, Augusti quo se decorare
fatentur,
290 sub iuga quo gentes captivis regibus egi?
"Non, si prodigiis casus natura futuros
signat, polluimur macula. quod reris, Eois

inspire me to enjoy his presence, to attend him
as he mounts his seat and to salute his opening
of the new year's course?"

One after another they pour forth these
entreaties and beg Rome to approach Stilicho
in the name of them all. Right swiftly she
obeyed their behest and seizing at once her
arms winged her way quicker than a shooting
star through the clouds of heaven. Over Etruria
she flew, grazed the Apennines in her flight,
and lit Eridanu's wave with the reflexion of her
shield. She stood before the general, imposing
as mighty Pallas, terrible as Mars. The palace
trembled at the glitter of her aegis and her
helmet plumes brushed the pannelled ceiling.
Then as he stood astonished she first addressed
him with flattering reproaches: "I acknowledge,
revered Stilicho, that thou hast saved but not
yet brought honour to the curule chair. Of what
avail to have rid the year of the brand of
slavery? Dost thou defend a dignity thou
shunest? scorn what with all thy might thou
madest? reject when offered what thou didst
save when falling? Why dost thou hold back?
Why disappoint my prayers? No danger
threatens from the north, the south is quiet; the
Moors have been subdued, Germany has
yielded, profound peace holds fast the doors of
Janu's temple. Am I not yet worthy to have thee
for my consul? Can we believe that office
unimportant and of slender dignity to hold
which emperors think themselves honoured,
that office by means of which I have caused
conquered peoples and captive kings to pass
beneath the yoke?

"If nature by her portents foreshadow coming
ills I am not besmirched therewith. Nay, that
thou

omen erat. quamquam nullis mihi cognita
 rebus
 fabula; vix tanto risit de crimine rumor.
 295 opprobrii stat nulla fides nec littera venit
 vulgatura nefas: in quo vel maxima virtus
 est tua quod, nostros qui consulis omnia
 patres,
 de monstris taceas. pellendi denique nulla
 dedecoris sanctum violant oracula coetum
 300 nec mea funestum versavit curia nomen.
 pars sceleris dubitasse fuit: quaecumque
 profana
 pagina de primo venisset limine Phoebi,
 ante fretum deleta mihi, ne turpia castis
 auribus Italiae fatorum^[6] exempla
 nocerent.
 publicus ille furor, quantum tua cura
 305 peregit,
 secretum meruit. laetetur quisquis Eeos
 scribere desierit fastos: portenta Gabinos
 ista latent; propriam labem texisse
 laborent.
 cur ego, quem numquam didici sensive
 creatum,
 310 gratuler exemptum? delicti paenitet illos:
 nos nec credidimus.
 "Fuert tamen omnibus
 unum
 crimen et ad nostras manaverit usque
 secures:
 plus ideo sumenda tibi fastigia vitas,
 ne pereat tam priscus honos, qui portus
 honorum
 315 semper erat. nullo sarciri consule damnum
 excepto Stilichone potest. bene praescia
 tempus
 mens tua distulerat; titulo tunc crescere
 posses,
 nunc per te titulus. consul succurre
 gravatis
 consulibus, quicumque fuit, quicumque
 futurus;
 annum redde tuum, quem iam segura
 320 sequatur

[6] *Birt prints* factorum (*EII*); *the other* mss. have fatorum; *Koch suggests* fractorum (*in the sense of "effeminate"*).

countest ill omen was for the East. Yet no facts confirm the tale I have heard; Rumour's self scarce smiled at such a tale of guilt.^[7] The disgrace has no proof; no letter came to divulge the wicked secret. In this lies thine especial virtue, that, while consulting the senate on every question, thou hast not mentioned this portent. No decree for the suppression of this scandal has impaired the dignity of this august assembly, nor has that ill-omened name been heard in my senate. To have hesitated would have been to share his guilt. All letters telling of this profanation that came from the far East were destroyed e'er they could cross the sea, that fortune's shameful turn should not offend the chaste ears of Italy. That infatuation of a people was best rewarded with silence—and how strenuous were thine endeavours that it should so be! Joy should be his who needs no longer pen the annals of the East. Our Latin story knows no such blot: let others take pains to conceal their own disgrace. Why should I applaud the downfall of one of whose elevation I never heard nor knew? 'Tis for the guilty to repent; we have never even believed.

"Yet had the guilt of all been one and this pollution stained *our* axes, all the more shouldst thou have taken the high office thou dost shun lest that ancient dignity—ever the goal of all dignities—should be destroyed. No consul, save Stilicho alone, can repair that ruin. With what foreknowledge had thy soul delayed the hour: once it would have added lustre unto thee, now thou dost add lustre unto it. Do thou as consul wipe out the insult offered to all consuls that have been and yet shall be. Give thy name to the year that posterity

[7] Claudian is referring to the consulship of Eutropius.

posteritas nec iam doleat defensa vetustas.
 sic trabeis ultor Stilicho Brutusque
 repertor.

libertas populi primo tunc consule Bruto
 reddita per fasces; hic fascibus expulit ipsis
 servitium. instituit sublimem Brutus

325 honorem;

adseruit Stilicho. plus est servasse
 repertum,

quam quaesisse novum. quid tardius ore
 rubenti

adnuis et solitus frontem circumfluit ignis?
 tandem vince tuum, vincis qui cuncta,
 pudorem.

330 "Hos etiam, quamvis corrumpi munere
 nullo

te certum est, mirare libens ac suscipe
 cinctus,

quos tibi divino mecum Tritonia duxit
 pectine: tincta simul repetito murice fila
 contulimus pensis et eodem nevimus auro,
 aurea quo Lachesis sub te mihi saecula
 335 textit.

hic ego promissam subolem sperataque
 mundo

pignora praelusi. veram mox ipse probabis
 me vatem nostraeque fidem venientia telae
 fata dabunt."

Dixit gremioque rigentia profert
 dona, graves auro trabeas. insigne
 340 Minervam

spirat opus, rutilis hic pingitur aula
 columnis

et sacri Mariae partus; Lucina dolores
 solatur; residet fulgente puerpera lecto;
 sollicitae iuxta pallescunt gaudia matris.
 susceptum puerum redimitae tempora

345 Nymphae

auri fonte lavant: teneros de stamine risus
 vagitusque audire putes. iam creverat
 infans

may dwell thereafter securely, and that
 antiquity, thus vindicated, may cease from her
 complaints. Brutus was the founder of the
 office, let Stilicho be its avenger. Brutus, the
 first consul, won liberty for the Roman people
 by means of the consular fasces: Stilicho
 banished the taint of slavery from those fasces.
 Brutus instituted this supreme dignity; Stilicho
 saved it; and it is greater to preserve what
 already is than to create that which is not. Why
 do thy blushes grant so tardy an acceptance of
 our prayers? Why does the accustomed flush
 o'erspread thy brow? World-conqueror,
 conquer now thine own diffidence.

"Full well I know that no gift can seduce thee,
 yet be pleased to admire and receive this cloak,
 woven for thee on no mortal loom by Minerva
 and myself. Twice together have we dipped the
 thread that goes to make the cloth in purple
 dye and interwoven therewith that same gold of
 which Lachesis has woven the golden centuries
 that are to be mine beneath thy rule. See here I
 have prefigured thy destined progeny, those
 thy children for whom the world prays; soon
 shalt thou confess me a true prophet and
 coming fate prove that my embroidery is true."

She spake and drew from her bosom the gift, a
 consul's cloak, stiff and heavy with gold. The
 glorious woof breathes Minerva's skill. Here is
 depicted a palace with columns of red marble
 and Maria's sacred travail. Lucina eases her
 labour. On a splendid couch lies the young
 mother, by her side sits her own mother, pale
 with anxiety yet happy withal. The flower-
 crowned Nymphs take up the babe and wash
 him in a golden basin. Almost could one hear
 rising from the embroidery the little child's
 mingled laughter and wailing. And now the
 babe

ore ferens patrem: Stilicho maturior aevi
 Martia recturo tradit praecepta nepoti.
 350 parte alia spumis fucantem Serica frena
 sanguineis primae signatus flore iuventae
 Eucherius flectebat equum iaculisque vel
 areu
 aurea purpureos tollentes cornua cervos
 aureus ipse ferit. Venus hic invecta
 columbis
 355 tertia regali iungit conubia nexu,
 pennatique nurum circumstipantur Amores
 progenitam Augustis Augustorumque
 sororem.
 Eucherius trepido iam flammea sublevat
 ore
 virginis; adridet retro Thermantia fratri.
 iam domus haec utroque petit diademata
 360 sexu
 reginasque parit reginarumque maritos.
 Talibus invitat donis dextraque gerendum
 diva simul porrexit ebur; sollemnibus
 urnam
 commovet auspiciis avibusque incepta
 secundat.
 tunc habiles armis umeros iam vestibus
 365 ambit
 Romuleis; Latii sederunt pectore cultus
 loricaeque locum decuit toga. talis ab
 Histro
 vel Scythico victor rediens Gradivus ab axe
 deposito mitis clipeo candentibus urbem
 ingreditur trabeatus equis; spatiosa
 370 Quirinus
 frena regit currumque patris Bellona
 cruentum
 ditibus exuviis tendens ad sidera quercum
 praecedit, lictorque Metus cum fratre
 Pavore
 barbara ferratis innectunt colla catenis

had grown up, recalling his father in countenance; Stilicho, riper in years, teaches his grandson, the emperor that is to be, the science of war. In another part Eucherius, the down of early manhood on his cheeks, rode his horse that flecked its silken reins with bloody foam. Woven himself of gold he smites with javelin or arrow the purple stags that raise their golden horns. Here Venus, borne in her dove-drawn chariot, unites for the third time the hero's family with the princely house^[8] and the winged Loves through the affianced bride, daughter and sister of an emperor. Eucherius now lifts the veil from the bashful maiden's face; Thermantia smiles upon her brother's joy. This house now seeks the crown in the person of either sex, it gives birth to queens and the husbands of queens.

Such are the gifts wherewith the goddess sought to win Stilicho, handing to him at the same time the ivory staff.^[9] She shook the urn to obtain the customary signs and confirmed the beginning of his task by favourable auspices. Then she clothed with the vesture of Romulus those shoulders better accustomed to armour. The garb of Latium covers his breast and the toga graces what erstwhile the cuirass protected. Thus Mars, returning victorious from the Danube or the Scythian clime, a god of peace now his shield is laid aside, enters the city wearing the consul's cloak and in a chariot drawn by white horses; Quirinus directs the ample reins and Bellona marches before her father's car holding aloft the bloody oak-branch decked with the spoils won in single combat; Fear and his brother Terror are the lictors and cast chains of iron on the necks of captive

^[8] Claudian seems to refer to the marriages (1) of Stilicho and Serena; (2) of Honorius and Maria (both, of course, accomplished facts); and (3) of Eucherius, son of Stilicho, and Placidia (the "nurus"), sister of Honorius. As a matter of fact Placidia subsequently married Ataulf, brother-in-law of Alaric.

^[9] One of the insignia of the consulship.

375 velati galeas lauro, propiusque iugales
 formido ingentem vibrat succincta securim.
 Vidit ut optato se consule Roma potitam:
 "nunc" ait "Elysii lucos intrumpere campi,
 nunc libet, ut tanti Curiis miracula voti
 Fabriciisque feram, famae qui vulnere
 380 nuper
 calcatam Severe togam: iam prata choreis
 pulsent nec rigidos pudeat luisse Catones.
 audiat hoc senior Brutus Poenisque
 tremendi
 Scipiadae, geminis tandem quod libera
 damnis
 385 unius auxilio fasces Libyamque recepi.
 quod superest unum precibus, fortissime
 consul,
 adde meis, urbique tuum largire parumper,
 quem rogat, adventum, quam tu belloque
 fameque
 depulsa terris iterum regnare dedisti.
 splendida suscipiant alium te rostra
 390 Camillum,
 ultorem videant servatoremque Quirites
 et populus quem ductor ames: quibus
 Africa per te
 nec prius auditas Rhodanus iam donat
 aristas,
 ut mihi vel Massyla Ceres vel Gallica prosit
 fertilitas messesque vehat nunc umidus
 395 Auster,
 nunc Aquilo, cunctis ditescant horrea
 ventis.
 "Quae tunc Flaminiam stipabunt milia
 vulgi!
 fallax o quotiens pulvis deludet amorem
 suspensum, veniens omni dum crederis
 hora!
 spectabunt cupidae matres, spargentur et
 400 omnes
 flore viae, superet cum Pincia culmina
 consul

barbarians, their helmets wreathed with laurel,
 while Panic, her robe upgirt, walks by the yoke-
 horses, brandishing a mighty battle-axe.

When Rome saw herself possessed of the
 consul for whom she had prayed, "Now," she
 said, "fain would I hasten to the fields and
 woods of Elysium to bear the news of this
 wondrous answer to our universal prayer to the
 Curii and Fabricii who have wept for the
 dignity of the consul's toga so lately outraged.
 Let them now tread the meads in joyous dance
 and the austere Catos not blush to join their
 sport. Let the elder Brutus hear the news and
 the Scipios, terror of Carthage, learn that by
 one man's help I have been rescued from a
 double danger and have recovered both Libya
 and the fasces. One thing only is left, and do
 thou, brave consul, add it to my prayers—
 bestow awhile that presence she entreats upon
 the city which thou hast rescued from war and
 famine, and restored to the overlordship of the
 world. Let our famous rostrum welcome a
 second Camillus and our citizens look upon
 their avenger and saviour, ay, and the common
 people whom thou, their leader, lovest, the
 people to whom Africa, because of thee, offers
 her harvests and the Rhone her crops till now
 unheard of, whereby Libyan fields and Gallic
 abundance are at my service and now the rainy
 south-wind and now the north wafts grain to
 my shores and my granaries are full whatever
 breeze may blow.

"What thousands will then throng the
 Flaminian Way! How often will the deceptive
 dust disappoint the loving expectation of those
 who trust to see thee arrive every minute!
 Anxiously our mothers watch for thee; every
 road will be strewn with flowers

arduus, antiqui species Romana senatus.
 Pompeiana dabunt quantos proscaenia
 plausus!
 ad caelum quotiens vallis tibi Murcia ducet
 405 nomen Aventino Pallanteoque recussum!
 nunc te conspiciam castris, permitte,
 relictis
 mox et cum genero trabeis visura
 secundis."
 Haec dum Roma refert, iam Fama
 loquacibus alis
 pervolat Oceanum, linguis et mille citatos
 410 festinare iubet proceres, nullique senectus,
 non iter hibernis obstant nec flatibus Alpes:
 vincit amor. meriti pridem clarique vetustis
 fascibus ad socii properant et vindicis
 annum.
 sic ubi fecunda reparavit morte iuventam
 415 et patrios idem cineres collectaque portat
 unguibus ossa piis Nilique ad litora tendens
 unicus extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro:
 conveniunt aquilae cunctaeque ex orbe
 volucres,
 ut Solis mirentur avem; procul ignea lucet
 420 ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.
 Nec minor in caelo chorus est; exultat
 uterque
 Theodosius divique tui; Sol ipse quadrigis
 vere coronatis dignum tibi praeparat
 annum.
 Est ignota procul nostraeque impervia
 menti,
 425 vix adeunda deis, annorum squalida mater,
 inmensi spelunca aevi, quae tempora vasto
 suppeditat revocatque sinu. complectitur
 antrum,
 omnia qui placido consumit numine,
 serpens
 perpetuumque viret squamis caudamque
 reductam
 430 ore vorat tacito relegens exordia lapsu.

while the consul, true image of Rome's ancient senate, climbs the steep summit of the Pincian hill. What applause from the theatre of Pompey! How often will the Murcian valley raise to heaven thy name re-echoed by Aventine and Palatine! Leave the camp and let me behold thee now, soon to see thee, consul for a second time, along with thy son-in-law."

While Rome so spake, Fame, on wings of rumour, flies over the sea and with her thousand tongues bids the chiefs speed to the capital. Not one can age hold back, nor the long journey, nor the Alp's wintry blasts; Love wins the victory. Veterans whom the fasces ennobled long since hasten to greet the year of their colleague and avenger. So when by that birth in death the Phoenix renews its youth and gathers its father's ashes and carries them lovingly in its talons, winging its way, sole of its kind, from the extreme east to Nile's coasts, the eagles gather together and all the fowls from every quarter to marvel at the bird of the sun; afar its living plumage shines, itself redolent of the spices of its father's fragrant pyre.

There is like joy in heaven: the two Theodosii and thine own protecting deities are glad; the Sun himself, decking his chariot with spring flowers, prepares a year worthy of thee.

Far away, all unknown, beyond the range of mortal minds, scarce to be approached by the gods, is a cavern of immense age, hoary mother of the years, her vast breast at once the cradle and the tomb of time. A serpent^[10] surrounds this cave, engulfing everything with slow but all-devouring jaws; never ceases the glint of his green scales. His mouth devours the back-bending tail as with silent movement he traces his own beginning. Before

[10] Eternity, in the sense of endless time, was pictured by the Egyptians as a snake devouring its own tail; cf. Plut. *De Is. et Osir.* i. 2, p. 5.

vestibuli custos vultu longaeva decoro
 ante fores Natura sedet, cunctisque
 volantes
 dependent membris animae. mansura
 verendus
 scribit iura senex, numeros qui dividit
 astris
 435 et cursus stabilesque moras, quibus omnia
 vivunt
 ac pereunt fixis cum legibus. ille recenset,
 incertum quid Martis iter certumque
 Tonantis
 prospiciat mundo; quid velox semita Lunae
 pigraque Saturni; quantum Cytherea
 sereno
 440 curriculo Phoebique comes Cyllenius erret.
 Illius ut magno Sol limine constitit antri,
 occurrit Natura potens seniorque superbis
 canitiem inclinat radiis. tum sponte
 reclusus
 laxavit postes adamas, penetrabile
 profundum
 445 panditur et sedes aevique arcana
 patescunt.
 hic habitant vario facies distincta metallo
 saecula certa locis: illic glomerantur aena,
 hic ferrata rigent, illic argentea candent.
 450 eximia regione domus, contingere terris
 difficilis, rutili stabat grex aureus anni:
 quorum praecipuum pretioso corpore Titan
 signandum Stilichone legit; tunc imperat
 omnes
 pone sequi dictisque simul compellat
 euntes:
 "En, cui distulimus melioris saecula
 metalli,
 455 consul adest. ite optati mortalibus anni,
 ducite virtutes; hominum florescite rursus
 ingeniis hilares Baccho frugumque feraces.
 non inter geminos Anguis glaciale Triones
 sibilet, inmodico nec frigore saeviat Ursa.

the entrance sits Nature, guardian of the
 threshold, of age immense yet ever lovely,
 around whom throng and flit spirits on every
 side. A venerable old man writes down
 immutable laws: he fixes the number of stars in
 each constellation and causes these to move
 and those to be at rest, whereby everything
 lives or dies by pre-ordained laws. 'Tis he
 decides Mar's uncertain orbit, Jupiter's fixed
 course through the heaven, the swift path of
 the moon, and the slow march of Saturn; he
 limits the wanderings of Venu's bright chariot
 and of Mercury, Phoebu's companion.

When the Sun rested upon the spacious
 threshold of this cavern dame Nature ran to
 meet him and the old man bent a hoary head
 before his proud rays. The adamantine door
 swung open of its own accord and revealed the
 vast interior, displaying the house and the
 secrets of Time. Here in their appointed places
 dwell the ages, their aspect marked by varying
 metals: there are piled those of brass; here
 those of iron stand stiff; there the silver ones
 gleam bright. In a fairer part of the cave, shy of
 contact with the earth, stood the group of
 golden years; of these Phoebus chooses the one
 of richest substance to be marked with the
 name of Stilicho. Then, bidding the rest follow
 behind him, he addresses them thus as they
 pass. "Lo! the consul is at hand for whom we
 have delayed an age of nobler ore. Go ye, years
 long prayed for by man, bring back virtue; let
 genius flourish once more; may Bacchus give
 you joy and fruitful Ceres bless you. Let not the
 constellation of the Serpent breathe forth too
 icy an air from between the two Ploughing
 Oxen nor the Bear vent his excessive

non toto fremat ore^[11] Leo, nec brachia
 460 Cancri
 urat atrox aestas, madidae nec prodigus
 urnae
 semina praerupto dissolvat Aquarius imbre.
 Phrixus roseo producat fertile cornu
 ver Aries, pingues nec grandine tundat
 olivas
 465 Scorpius; autumni maturet germina Virgo,
 lenior et gravidis adlatret Sirius uvis."
 Sic fatus croceis rorantes ignibus hortos
 ingreditur vallemque suam, quam flammeus
 ambit
 rivus et inriguis largum iubar ingerit
 herbis,
 quas Solis pascuntur equi; flagrantibus inde
 470 caesariem sertis et lutea lora iubasque
 subligat alipedum. gelidas hinc Lucifer
 ornat,
 hinc Aurora comas iuxtaque adludit habenis
 aureus et nomen praetendit consulis Annus:
 475 inque novos iterum revoluto cardine cursus
 scribunt aetheriis Stilichonem sidera fastis.

[11] ore *II*; the other MSS. give *igne*. But *ore* better corresponds with *brachia*.

cold; let not the Lion rage with his gaping maw
 nor pitiless summer inflame the claws of
 Cancer. Let not Aquarius, too prodigal of his
 rainy urn, flood the young seedlings with
 sudden storms. Let Phrixus's ram, his horns
 twined with roses, extend the fertile spring and
 let not the Scorpion beat down the ripe olives
 with his hail. Let the Virgin mature the fruits of
 Autumn and the Dog-star, more gentle than his
 wont, refrain from barking at the heavy grape-
 clusters."

So saying he entered his garden starred with
 fiery dew, the valley round which runs a river
 of flame feeding with its bounteous rays the
 dripping weeds whereon the horses of the sun
 do pasture. Here he gathers fragrant flowers
 wherewith he decks the heads, the golden
 reins, and manes of his steeds. With leaves
 from hence Lucifer and Aurora entwine their
 oozy locks. Hard by the golden year, displaying
 the consul's name, smiles upon his chariot, and
 the stars, recommencing their courses, inscribe
 the name of Stilicho in the annals of the sky.

DE CONSULATU STILICHONIS

LIBER TERTIUS PRAEFATIO

(XXIII.)

Maior Scipiades, Italis qui solus ab oris
 in proprium vertit Punica bella caput,
 non sine Pieriis exercuit artibus arma:
 semper erat vatum maxima cura duci.
 5 gaudet enim virtus testes sibi iungere
 Musas;
 carmen amat quisquis carmine digna
 gerit.
 ergo seu patriis primaevus manibus ultor
 subderet Hispanum legibus Oceanum,
 10 seu Tyrias certa fracturus cuspide vires
 inferret Libyco signa tremenda mari,
 haerebat doctus lateri castrisque solebat
 omnibus in medias Ennius ire tubas,
 illi post lituos pedites favere canenti
 laudavitque nova caede cruentus eques.
 15 cumque triumpharet gemina Carthagine
 victa
 (hanc vindex patri vicerat, hanc patriae),

ON STILICHO'S CONSULSHIP

BOOK III PREFACE

(XXIII.)

The elder Scipio, who single-handed turned the
 Punic wars back from Italy's coasts to their
 own home, fought not his battles unmindful of
 the Muse's art; poets were ever the hero's
 special care. For valour is always fain to seek
 alliance with the Muses that they may bear
 witness to her deeds; he loves song whose
 exploits deserve the meed of song. Therefore,
 whether to avenge his sire's^[12] death the
 young warrior brought into subjection the
 Spanish seas or embarked upon the Libyan
 wave his dreadful standards, resolved to break
 with sure spear the strength of Carthage, the
 poet Ennius was ever at his side and in all his
 campaigns followed the trumpet's call into the
 midst of the fray. Him after the battle the
 soldiers loved to hear sing, and the trooper,
 still dripping with blood, would applaud his
 verses. When Scipio had triumphed over either
 Carthage—over the one to avenge his sire, over
 the other his fatherland—and when at last,
 after the

[12] P. Cornelius Scipio (*cos.* 218 B.C.) was defeated and killed by Hasdrubal in Spain in 211 B.C. The famous P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus was the younger of his two sons.

cum longi Libyam tandem post funera belli
 ante suas maestam cogeret ire rotas:
 advexit reduces secum Victoria Musas
 20 et sertum vati Martia laurus erat.
 Noster Scipiades Stilicho, quo concidit
 alter
 Hannibal antiquo saevior Hannibale,
 te mihi post quintos annorum Roma
 recursus
 reddidit et votis iussit adesse suis.

disasters of a long war, he drove weeping Libya
 a captive before his chariot wheel, Victory
 brought back the Muses in her train and Mar's
 laurel crowned the poet's brow.

Thee, Stilicho, our new Scipio, conqueror of a
 second Hannibal more terrible than the first,—
 thee after five long years Rome has given back
 to me and bidden me celebrate the completion
 of her vows.

LIBER TERTIUS

(XXIV.)

Quem populi plausu, procerum quem voce
 petebas,
 adspice, Roma, virum. iam tempora desine
 longae
 dinumerare viae visoque adsurgere semper
 pulvere: non dubiis ultra torquere votis.
 5 totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus
 olim,
 spe maior, fama melior. venerare curulem,
 quae tibi restituit fasces; complectere
 dextram,
 sub iuga quae Poenos iterum Romana
 redegit.
 excipe magnanimum pectus, quo frena
 reguntur
 10 imperii, cuius libratur sensibus orbis.
 os sacrum, quod in aere colis, miraris in
 auro,
 cerne libens: hic est felix bellator ubique,
 defensor Libyae, Rheni pacator et Histri.
 Ostentare suos prisco si more labores
 et gentes cuperet vulgo monstrare
 15 subactas,
 certassent utroque pares a cardine laurus:
 haec Alamannorum spoliis, Australibus illa
 ditior exuviis; illinc flavente Sygambri

BOOK III

(XXIV.)

Behold, O Rome, the hero whose presence the
 cries of thy people and the voice of thy nobles
 has long demanded. Cease now to count the
 stages of his long journey and to rise as though
 to greet him at the sight of every storm of dust;
 no further shall uncertainty torment thee. Full
 before thine eye is he who was long before thy
 mind, greater than thy hopes, more glorious
 than his fame. Honour thou the consul who has
 restored its dignity to the consulship; grasp the
 hand which has made the Carthaginians pass
 once more under the Roman yoke. Welcome the
 noble heart that directs the reins of empire and
 secures by its providence the equipoise of the
 world. Look with joy upon the sacred face thou
 worshippest cast in bronze and adorest in gold.
 Behold the warrior successful in every field, the
 defender of Africa, the conqueror of Rhine and
 Danube.

Should he wish in accordance with ancient
 custom to display the picture of his labours and
 show to the people the tribes he has subdued,
 crowns of laurel from north and south would
 contend in equally matched rivalry. Here is a
 triumph rich with the spoils of the Germans,
 there with those of the South; here would pass
 the Sygambri with their yellow

caesarie, nigris hinc Mauri crinibus irent.
 ipse albis veheretur equis currumque
 20 secutus
 laurigerum festo fremuisset carmine miles.
 hi famulos traherent reges; hi facta metallo
 oppida vel montes captivaque flumina
 ferrent.
 hinc Libyci fractis lugerent cornibus amnes;
 25 inde catenato gemeret Germania Rheno.
 sed non inmodicus proprii iactator honoris
 consul, Roma, tuus. non illum praemia
 tantum
 quam labor ipse iuvat; strepitus fastidit
 inanes
 inque animis hominum pompa meliore
 triumphat.
 30 Non alium certe Romanae clarius arces
 suscepere ducem, nec cum cedente rediret
 Fabricius Pyrrho nec cum Capitolia curru
 Pellaeae domitor Paullus conscenderet
 aulae.
 nec similis Latias patefecit gloria portas
 post Numidas Mario, post classica Martis
 35 Eoi
 Pompeio. nulli pars aemula defuit umquam,
 quae gravis obstreperet laudi, stimulisque
 malignis
 facta sequebatur quamvis ingentia livor:
 solus hic invidiae fines virtute reliquit
 humanumque modum. quis enim livescere
 40 possit,
 quod numquam pereant stellae? quod
 Iuppiter olim
 possideat caelum? quod noverit omnia
 Phoebus?
 est aliquod meriti spatium, quod nulla
 furentis
 invidiae mensura capit. ductoribus illis
 45 praeterea diversus erat favor: aequior ille
 patribus invisus plebi; popularibus illi
 munito studiis languebat gratia patrum.

locks, there the black-haired Moors. He himself
 would be drawn in a laurel-decked chariot by
 white horses, and followed by his soldiers
 chanting their festive songs. Some would lead
 captive kings, others carry conquered towns
 wrought in bronze or mountains or rivers. Here
 would go in sad procession the river-gods of
 Libya, their horns broken, there Germany and
 the Rhine god in chains. Yet is not thy consul, O
 Rome, an unbridled boaster of his own
 prowess. 'Tis not the rewards of toil but the toil
 itself that he loves. He scorns empty applause
 and celebrates a happier triumph in the hearts
 of his fellow-citizens.

Of a surety the citadel of Rome has never
 welcomed home any of her generals with
 greater magnificence, no, not even Fabricius
 when he returned after the surrender of
 Pyrrhus, nor Aemilius Paulus, conqueror of
 Pella's king, when he ascended the Capitol in
 his chariot. No such triumph as this threw open
 the gates of Rome to Marius after his conquest
 of Numidia or to Pompey after his victories in
 the East. Each of these suffered from a rival
 faction that murmured uneasily against their
 success, and envy pursued their actions, no
 matter how noble, with spiteful stings. Stilicho
 alone was raised above the range of envy and
 the measure of mankind. For who could be
 jealous of the star's eternity, of Jove's ancient
 rule in heaven, of Phoebus's omniscience^[13]?
 There are some merits so transcendent that
 furious envy's bounds cannot contain them.
 Moreover, those other heroes owed a divided
 allegiance: one gained the favour of the nobles,
 but was hated of the people, one, supported by
 the suffrage of the commons, enjoyed but
 faintly the favour of the

[13] Phoebus is said to "know everything"
 because, as the sun, he is the all-beholding
 (πανόπτης).

omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 ordinibus; laetatur eques plauditque
 senator
 50 votaue patricio certant plebeia favori.
 O felix servata vocat quem Roma
 parentem!
 o mundi communis amor, cui militat omnis
 Gallia, quem regum thalamis Hispania
 nectit,
 cuius et adventum crebris petiere Quirites
 vocibus et genero meruit praestante
 55 senatus!
 non sic virginibus flores, non frugibus
 imbres,
 prospera non fessis optantur flamina
 nautis,
 ut tuus adspetus populo. quae numine
 tanto
 litora fatidicas attollunt Delia laurus,
 60 venturi quotiens adfulsit Apollinis arcus?
 quae sic aurifero Pactoli fonte tumescit
 Lydia, cum domitis adparuit Euhius Indis?
 nonne vides et plebe vias et tecta latere
 matribus? his, Stilicho, cunctis inopina
 reluxit
 te victore salus! septem circumspice
 65 montes,
 qui solis radios auri fulgore lacessunt,
 indutosque arcus spoliis aequataque templa
 nubibus et quidquid tanti struxere
 triumphi.
 quantum profueris, quantam servaveris
 urbem,
 70 attonitis metire oculis. haec fabula certe
 cuncta forent, si Poenus adhuc incumberet
 Austro.
 Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora
 quercu
 velaret, validis fuso qui viribus hoste
 casurum potuit morti subducere civem.

senate. In Stilicho's case alone class rivalry has
 not raised its head: the knights welcome him
 with joy, the senate with enthusiasm, while the
 people's prayers rival the goodwill of the
 nobles.

Blessed mortal, whom the Rome that thou hast
 saved calls her father; darling of the world to
 whose banner flocks the whole of Gaul, whom
 Spain connects by marriage with the imperial
 house, for whose advent the citizens cried with
 ceaseless prayer, and whose presence the
 senate owed to thine illustrious son-in-law. Not
 such a girl's delight in flowers, not such the
 desire of the crops for rain, or of weary sailors
 for a prosperous breeze as is the longing of thy
 people for the sight of thee. Under no such
 influence as this do the prophetic laurels wave
 on Delo's coast when the brightness of Apollo's
 bow announces the deity's approach. Never did
 Pactolus' golden wave so swell in pride when
 Bacchus from conquered Ind visited his banks.
 Markest thou not how the roads cannot be seen
 for the people, the roofs for the matrons?
 Thanks to thy victories, Stilicho, salvation has
 dawned on all beyond their hopes. Look round
 on Rome's seven hills whose sheen of gold
 rivals the very sun's rays; see the arches
 decked with spoil, the temples towering to the
 sky, and all the buildings that celebrate this
 signal triumph. Let thine astonished glance
 measure the magnitude of the city thou hast
 saved and the immensity of thy services. All
 this would live but in the memory were the
 African still master of the south.

It was the custom in campaigns of olden time to
 crown with oak the brow of him who by his
 valour had put the enemy to flight and
 succeeded in rescuing a fellow-citizen from
 imminent death.

75 at tibi quae poterit pro tantis civica reddi
 moenibus? aut quantae pensabunt facta
 coronae?
 nec solam populi vitam debere fatetur
 armis Roma tuis; sed, quo iucundior esset
 lucis honoratae fructus, venerabile famae
 80 pondus et amissas vires et regna recepit.
 iam non praetumidi supplex Orientis
 ademptam
 legatis poscit Libyam famulosve precatur
 (dictu turpe) suos: sed robore freta Gabino
 te duce Romana tandem se vindicat ira.
 85 ipsa iubet signis bellaturoque togatus
 imperat et spectant aquilae decreta
 senatus.
 ipsa tibi trabeas ultro dedit, ipsa curulem
 obtulit ultori fastosque ornare coëgit.
 Nil perdit decoris prisci nec libera quaerit
 saecula, cum donet fasces, cum proelia
 90 mandet;
 seque etiam crevisse videt. quis Gallica
 rura,
 quis meminit Latio Senonum servisse
 ligones?
 aut quibus exemplis fecunda Thybris ab
 Arcto
 vexit Lingonico sudatas vomere messes?
 95 illa seges non auxilium modo praebuit urbi,
 sed fuit indicio, quantum tibi, Roma,
 liceret:
 admonuit dominae gentes instarque tropaei
 rettulit ignotum gelidis vectigal ab oris.
 Hoc quoque maiestas augescit plena
 Quirini,

But to thee what civic crown can we give for
 the salvation of so many cities? Or what
 honours can recompense thy deeds? Nor is it
 only for her people's life that Rome owns
 herself a debtor to thine arms, but that so she
 might have sweeter enjoyment of this glorious
 dawn she has won back her ancient burden of
 renown, her lost strength and her conquered
 kingdoms. No longer do her ambassadors kneel
 suppliant before the proud East and beg that
 Libya may be given back to her; gone the
 shameful spectacle of our city a suitor to her
 own slaves. No, relying now on her native Latin
 vigour, Rome under thy leadership fights her
 own battles with Roman spirit. She herself bids
 the standards advance; the toga-clad consul
 directs the future conqueror, and the eagles
 wait upon the orders of the senate. Of her own
 free choice hath Rome bestowed on thee the
 consul's robe, offered thee, her avenger, the
 curule chair and compelled thee to adorn her
 annals.

Nothing of her ancient dignity hath she lost, no
 regret has she for the age of republican
 freedom, since it is she who bestows the
 consular honour, she who gives the order for
 battle. Nay, she sees the growth of her power.
 Whose memory can recall a time when the
 fields of Gaul and the hoes of the Senones were
 at our service? Has it ever happened before
 that Tiber's wave has carried grain from the
 fertile north over the ploughing of whose fields
 the Lingones have toiled? Such a harvest not
 only fulfilled Rome's needs but also
 demonstrated the greatness of her power; it
 reminded the peoples who was their mistress
 and brought in triumph from those chill climes
 a tribute never before paid.

This, too, augments the majesty of Rome that
 the

100 rectores Libyae populo quod iudice pallent
 et post emeritas moderator quisque secures
 discrimen letale subit, quid Poenus arator
 intulerit, madidus quantum transmiserit
 Auster.
 ardua qui late terris responsa dedere,
 hic trepidant humiles; tremuit quos Africa
 105 nuper,
 cernunt rostra reos. cani virtutibus aevi
 materiam pandit Stilicho populumque
 vetusti
 culminis inmemorem dominandi rursus in
 usum
 excitat, ut magnos calcet metuendus
 honores,
 110 pendat iustitia crimen, pietate remittat
 errorem purosque probet damnetque
 nocentes
 et patrias iterum clemens exerceat artes.
 Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe
 credit
 servitium. numquam libertas gratior extat
 quam sub rege pio. quos praeficit ipse
 115 regendis
 rebus, ad arbitrium plebis patrumque
 reducit
 conceditque libens, meritis seu praemia
 poscant
 seu punire velint. posito iam purpura fastu
 de se iudicium non indignatur haberi.
 120 sic docuit regnare socer, sic cauta iuventae
 frena dedit, teneros sic moribus induit
 annos
 verior Augusti genitor, fiducia belli,
 pacis consilium: per quem squalore remoto
 pristina Romuleis in floruit artibus aetas,
 per quem fracta diu translataque paene
 125 potestas

chiefs of Libya tremble before the judgement-
 throne of our people, and that, his office ended,
 each governor must account under pain of
 death for all the corn the Carthaginian farmer
 has brought in, all that the rainy south-wind
 has dispatched to Rome. Those who of late
 uttered their proud judgements to broad
 domains here are cowed and tremble; those
 whom Africa held in dread Rome's forum sees
 accused.

Stilicho gives scope for the virtues of a bygone
 age and rouses a people, forgetful of their
 former glory, to resume their accustomed
 sovereignty, to make themselves feared, to
 tread powerful magistrates beneath their heel,
 to mete out to crime its due reward, to show
 mercy towards the erring, favour to the
 innocent, punishment to the guilty, and to
 exercise once more their native virtue of
 clemency.

He errs who thinks that submission to a noble
 prince is slavery; never does liberty show more
 fair than beneath a good king. Those he himself
 appoints to rule he in turn brings before the
 judgement-seat of people and senate, and
 gladly yields whether they claim reward for
 merit or seek for punishment. Now the purple
 lays aside its pride and disdains not to have
 judgement passed upon itself. Such were the
 principles of rule taught by Stilicho to his son-
 in-law, Honorius; 'twas thus he guided his
 youth with the reins of prudence, and with
 precepts such as these directed his tender
 years, a truer father to the emperor than
 Theodosius, his stay in war, his adviser in
 peace. Thanks to him dishonour is banished
 and our age blossoms with Rome's ancient
 virtues; thanks to him power, long degraded
 and all but transferred,^[14] no longer, forgetful

[14] *i.e.* (apparently) to Constantinople.
 Throughout this confused passage Claudian
 seems to be labouring the point that now
 the capital of the West (Rome) is restored
 to an equal importance with that of the
 East (Constantinople).

non oblita sui servilibus exulat arvis,
 in proprium sed ducta larem victricia reddit
 fata solo fruiturque iterum, quibus haeserat
 olim,
 auspiciis capitique errantia membra
 reponit.

130 Proxime dis consul, tantae qui prospicis
 urbi,
 qua nihil in terris complectitur altius
 aether,
 cuius nec spatium visus nec corda decorem
 nec laudem vox ulla capit; quae luce metalli
 aemula vicinis fastigia conserit astris;
 quae septem scopulis zonas imitatur
 135 Olympi;
 armorum legumque parens quae fundit in
 omnes
 imperium primique dedit cunabula iuris.
 haec est exiguis quae finibus orta tetendit
 in geminos axes parvaque a sede profecta
 140 dispersit cum sole manus. haec obvia fatis
 innumeras uno gereret cum tempore
 pugnas,
 Hispanas caperet, Sicalas obsideret urbes
 et Gallum terris prosterneret, aequore
 Poenum,
 numquam succubuit damnis et territa nullo
 vulnere post Cannas maior Trebiamque
 145 fremebat
 et, cum iam premerent flammae murumque
 feriret
 hostis, in extremos aciem mittebat Hiberos
 nec stetit Oceano remisque ingressa
 profundum
 vincendos alio quaesivit in orbe Britannos.
 haec est in gremium victos quae sola
 150 recepit
 humanumque genus communi nomine fovit
 matris, non dominae ritu, civesque vocavit
 quos domuit nexuque pio longinqua
 revinxit.

of itself, is exiled in lands of servitude but, returned to its rightful home, restores to Italy its victorious destiny, enjoys the promised auspices of its foundation and gives back its scattered limbs to the head of the empire.

Consul, all but peer of the gods, protector of a city greater than any that upon earth the air encompasseth, whose amplitude no eye can measure, whose beauty no imagination can picture, whose praise no voice can sound, who raises a golden head amid the neighbouring stars and with her seven hills imitates the seven regions of heaven, mother of arms and of law, who extends her sway o'er all the earth and was the earliest cradle of justice, this is the city which, sprung from humble beginnings, has stretched to either pole, and from one small place extended its power so as to be co-terminous with the sun's light. Open to the blows of fate while at one and the same time she fought a thousand battles, conquered Spain, laid siege to the cities of Sicily, subdued Gaul by land and Carthage by sea, never did she yield to her losses nor show fear at any blow, but rose to greater heights of courage after the disasters of Cannae and Trebia, and, while the enemy's fire threatened her, and her foe^[15] smote upon her walls, sent an army against the furthest Iberians. Nor did Ocean bar her way; launching upon the deep, she sought in another world for Britons to be vanquished. 'Tis she alone who has received the conquered into her bosom and like a mother, not an empress, protected the human race with a common name, summoning those whom she has defeated to share her citizenship and drawing together distant races with bonds of

[15] Hannibal.

huius pacificis debemus moribus omnes,
 quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
 155 quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere
 Thylen
 lusus et horrendos quondam penetrare
 recessus;
 quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus
 Orontem;
 quod cuncti gens una sumus. nec terminus
 umquam
 160 Romanae dicionis erit, nam cetera regna
 luxuries vitiis odiisque superbia vertit:
 sic male sublimes fregit Spartanus Athenas
 atque idem Thebis cecidit; sic Medus
 ademit
 Assyrio Medoque tulit moderamina Perses;
 165 subiecit Persen Macedo, cessurus et ipse
 Romanis. haec auguriis firmata Sibyllae,
 haec sacris animata Numae. huic^[16]
 fulmina vibrat
 Iuppiter; hanc tota Tritonia Gorgone velat.
 arcanas huc Vesta faces, huc orgia Bacchus
 transtulit et Phrygios genetrix turrita
 170 leones;
 huc defensurus morbos Epidaurius hospes
 reptavit placido tractu, vectumque per
 undas
 insula Paeonium texit Tiberina draconem.
 Hanc tu cum superis, Stilicho praeclare,
 tueris,
 protegis hanc clipeo patriam regumque
 175 ducumque
 praecipueque tuam. dedit haec exordia
 lucis
 Eucherio puerumque ferens hic regia mater
 Augusto monstravit avo; laetatus at ille
 sustulit in Tyria reptantem veste nepotem,
 180 Romaque venturi gaudebat praescia fati,
 quod te iam tanto meruisset pignore civem.
 Nec tamen ingratum nec, qui benefacta
 referre

[16] *Birt keeps the hinc of the better mss., comparing xxvi. 509 seu caelum seu Roma tonat; huic ç.*

affection. To her rule of peace we owe it that
 the world is our home, that we can live where
 we please, and that to visit Thule and explore
 its once dreaded wilds is but a sport; thanks to
 her all and sundry may drink the waters of the
 Rhone and quaff Orontes' stream, thanks to her
 we are all one people. Nor will there ever be a
 limit to the empire of Rome, for luxury and its
 attendant vices, and pride with sequent hate
 have brought to ruin all kingdoms else. 'Twas
 thus that Sparta laid low the foolish pride of
 Athens but to fall herself a victim to Thebes;
 thus that the Mede deprived the Assyrian of
 empire and the Persian the Mede. Macedonia
 subdued Persia and was herself to yield to
 Rome. But Rome found her strength in the
 oracles of the Sibyl, her vigour in the hallowed
 laws of Numa. For her Jove brandishes his
 thunderbolts; 'tis she to whom Minerva offers
 the full protection of her shield; to her Vesta
 brought her sacred flame, Bacchus his rites,
 and the turret-crowned mother of the gods her
 Phrygian lions. Hither to keep disease at bay
 came, gliding with steady motion, the snake
 whose home was Epidaurus, and Tiber's isle
 gave shelter to the Paeonian^[17] serpent from
 beyond the sea.

This is the city whom thou, Stilicho, and heaven
 guard, her thou protectest, mother of kings and
 generals, mother, above all, of thee. Here
 Eucherius first beheld the light, here the queen
 his mother showed the babe to his imperial
 grandsire who rejoiced to lift a grandson upon
 his knee and to let him crawl upon his purple
 robes. Rome had foreknowledge of his destined
 glory and was glad, for so dear a pledge would
 keep thee ever her faithful citizen.

But think not this people ungrateful nor such as

[17] *i.e.* Aesculapius. "Paeonian" from the Greek Παιών, the Healer.

nesciat, hunc credas populum. si volvere
 priscos
 annales libeat: quotiens hic proelia sumpsit
 185 pro sociis! quotiens dono concessit amicis
 regibus Ausonio quaesitas sanguine terras!
 publica sed numquam tanto se gratia fudit
 adsensu: quis enim princeps non omnibus
 egit
 obsequiis dominum sese patremque vocari,
 quod tibi continuis resonant convexa
 190 diebus?
 macte novis consul titulis! Mavortia plebes
 te dominum Bruto non indignante fatetur
 et, quod adhuc nullo potuit terrore coacta
 libertas Romana pati, Stilichonis amori
 195 detulit. exultant avidi, quocumque decorus
 conspiciare loco, nomenque ad sidera
 tollunt
 nec vaga dilecto satiantur lumina vultu:
 seu circum trabeis fulgentibus aureus
 intres,
 seu celebres ludos, solio seu fultus eburno
 200 cingas iure forum, denso seu turbine vulgi
 circumfusa tuae descendant rostra
 secures.
 Quae vero procerum voces, quam certa
 fuere
 gaudia, cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
 ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet aedes!
 205 o palma viridi gaudens et amica tropaeis
 custos imperii virgo, quae sola mederis
 vulneribus nullumque doces sentire
 laborem,
 seu tibi Dictaeae placuerunt astra Coronae
 seu magis aestivo sedes vicina Leoni,
 seu sceptrum sublime Iovis seu Palladis
 210 ambis
 aegida, seu fessi mulces suspiria Martis,
 adsis perpetuum Latio votisque senatus
 adnue, diva, tui. Stilicho tua saepius ornet

knows not how to repay benefits. Turn but the
 pages of history and thou wilt find how often it
 has faced war for an ally's sake, how often
 bestowed as a gift on friendly monarchs lands
 won at the expense of Italian blood. Yet never
 were public thanks poured forth with such
 consent. For what prince has not sought with
 every blandishment to be called lord and father
 —titles which the amphitheatres echo back to
 thee day after day? Hail, consul, to thy new
 titles! Mars' people calls thee lord and Brutus
 gainsays them not; what till now no terror
 could compel Rome's free citizens to endure,
 they freely offered to their love for Stilicho.
 Wheresoever thy shining form is seen they
 haste to greet thee and raise to heaven thy
 name; nor is their wandering gaze ever sated
 with looking upon thee whom they love when
 thou enterest the Circus in thy shining robes of
 gold or art present at the games or, seated on
 thine ivory throne, dispensest justice in the
 forum or, with thine attendant lictors, mountest
 the rostrum thronged with the dense and
 surging crowd.

But what were the acclamations of the great,
 how unfeigned their rejoicings when Victory,
 soaring aloft with outspread wings, herself
 threw open her holy temple to the hero?
 Maiden that lovest the green bay, thou that art
 decked in robes of triumph, guardian of our
 empire, sole healer of our wounds, that makest
 our toils as though they were not, whether it
 pleaseth thee to dwell amid the stars of
 Ariadne's crown or nearer to the fervid Lion,
 whether thou art seated on the lofty sceptre of
 Jove or Pallas' shield or callest the sighs of
 weary Mars, be ever present to Latium and
 grant, goddess, the prayers of thy senate. May
 Stilicho often crown thy portals

limina teque simul rediens in castra
 reducat.
 hunc bellis comitare favens, hunc redde
 215 togatum
 consiliis. semper placidis te moribus egit
 servavitque piam victis nec polluit umquam
 laurum saevitia. cives nec fronte superba
 despicit aut trepidam vexat legionibus
 urbem;
 220 sed verus patriae consul cessantibus armis
 contentus lictore venit nec inutile quaerit
 ferri praesidium solo munitus amore.
 Magnarum nec parcus opum geminare
 profundas
 distulit impensas, sed post miracula castris
 225 edita vel genero Romae maiora reservat.
 auratos Rhodiis imbres nascente Minerva
 indulsisse Iovem perhibent, Bacchoque
 paternum
 iam pulsante femur mutatus palluit Hermus
 in pretium, votique famem passurus avari
 230 ditabat rutilo quidquid Mida tangeret auro;
 fabula seu verum canitur: tua copia vicit
 fontem Hermi tactumque Midae
 pluviamque Tonantis.
 obscurat veteres obscurabitque futuros
 par donis armisque manus: si solveret ignis
 quot dedit inmanes vili pro pondere massas
 235 argenti, potuere lacus et flumina fundi.
 Nec tibi, quae pariter silvis dominaris et
 astris,
 exiguam Stilicho movit, Latonia, curam:
 tu quoque nobilibus spectacula nostra
 laboras
 240 inlustrare feris summoque in vertice rupis
 Alpinae socias arcu cessante pudicas

and bear thee back with him to his armies.
 Accompany and bless him in war and give him
 back in robes of peace to our council-chambers.
 Always has he brought thee home in a spirit of
 mercy and kept thee kindly to the vanquished
 nor ever stained thy laurels with cruelty. He
 neither looks with disdain on his fellow-citizens
 nor harries the anxious city with his
 legionaries; but true consul now that the war is
 ended he comes accompanied only by his
 lictors nor seeks the useless protection of the
 sword, guarded only by a people's love.

Handling his great wealth in no niggard spirit
 he does not hesitate to double his lavish
 expenses and after giving wondrous games in
 honour of his soldiery and of Honorius reserves
 yet greater for Rome. They say that Jove at
 Minerva's birth showered gold upon lucky
 Rhodes; that while Bacchus forced an egress
 from his father's thigh Hermus grew pale and
 turned to that same metal; that Midas, fated to
 suffer hunger as a punishment for his greed,
 converted to shining gold everything that he
 touched. Be these stories true or false thy
 liberality exceeds the waters of Hermus, the
 touch of Midas, the Thunderer's shower. Thy
 hands, as prodigal of gifts as of daring deeds,
 o'ershadow the past and will o'ershadow the
 future. Should fire have melted the countless
 mass of silver thou bestowest as though it were
 the cheapest of metals, lakes and rivers of
 silver might have been formed.

Thou too, Latonia, queen alike of the woods and
 of the stars, art moved by no small care for
 Stilicho; thou toilest to distinguish our
 spectacles with the forest's noblest denizens,
 and on the dizzy summits of Alpine rocks layest
 aside thy bow and summonest

et pharetratarum comitum inviolabile cogis
 concilium. veniunt umeros et brachia nudae
 armataeque manus iaculis et terga sagittis,
 incomptae pulchraeque tamen; sudoribus
 245 ora
 pulverulenta rubent, sexum nec cruda
 fatetur
 virginitas; sine lege comae; duo cingula
 vestem
 crure tenus pendere vetant. praecedit
 amicas
 flava Leontodame, sequitur nutrita Lycaeo
 Nebrophone telisque domat quae Maenala
 250 Thero.
 ignea Cretaea properat Britomartis ab Ida
 et cursu Zephyris numquam cessura
 Lycaste.
 iungunt se geminae metuenda feris
 Hecaerge
 et soror, optatum numen venantibus, Opis
 progenitae Scythia: divas nemorumque
 255 potentes
 fecit Hyperboreis Delos praelata pruinis.
 hae septem venero duces; exercitus alter
 Nympharum incedunt, acies formosa
 Dianae,
 centum Taygeti, centum de vertice Cynthi
 et totidem casto genuit quas flumine Ladon.
 260 has ubi collectas vidit, sic Delia coepit:
 "O sociae, mecum thalami quae iura
 perosae
 virgineo gelidos percurritis agmine montes,
 cernitis ut Latio superi communibus ornent
 hunc annum studiis? quantos Neptunus
 265 equorum
 donet ab orbe greges? laudi quod nulla
 canendae
 fratris plectra vacent? nostram quoque
 sentiat idem
 quam meritis debemus opem. non spicula
 poscit
 iste labor; maneant clausis nunc sicca
 pharetris,
 270 omnis et a solitis noster venatibus arcus

thy virgin companions and the chaste band of
 thy quiver-bearing followers. Thither they
 come, their shoulders and arms bare, spears in
 their hands and arrows slung across their
 backs, beautiful though unadorned; red their
 cheeks, dusty and suffused with sweat; their
 fierce virginity betrays not their sex; disordered
 their hair; girdles twain prevent their dresses
 from flowing down below their knees. Golden-
 haired Leontodame precedes her comrades,
 Nebrophone, foster child of Mount Lycaeus,
 follows her, and Thero whose arrows hold
 Maenalus in subjection. Fiery Britomartis
 hastens from Cretan Ida and Lycaste, peer of
 the western winds in flight. There join them the
 twin sisters Hecaerge, terror of beasts, and
 Opis, deity beloved of hunters, Scythian maids;
 their preference for Delos^[18] over the frosts of
 the north made them goddesses and queens of
 the woods. These were the seven chiefs who
 came; there followed them a second band of
 Nymphs, Diana's lovely company, a hundred
 from Taygetus, a hundred from Cynthus'
 summit, a hundred more whose first home was
 beside the chaste waters of Ladon. When she
 saw these gathered together Delia thus began:

"Friends who hate the rites of wedlock even as
 I hate them, who scour the snowy mountains in
 virgin companies, mark you how the gods with
 unanimous favour glorify this year for Latium?
 How many herds of horses Neptune provides
 from every quarter of the world? How that
 none of my brother Apollo's lyres can refrain
 from sounding the praises of Stilicho? From us
 too let Stilicho receive the favour we justly owe
 him; the task needs no javelin; let our arrows
 remain bloodless in our unopened quivers. Let
 every bow refrain from its

[18] *i.e.* they became goddesses through
 association with Diana whose chosen island
 was Delos.

temperet; in solam cruor hic servetur
 harenam.
 retibus et clatris dilata morte tenendae
 ducendaeque ferae. cupidas arcete
 sagittas;
 consulis in plausum casuris parcite
 monstros.
 acceleret divisa manus: mihi cursus anhelas
 275 tenditur ad Syrtes, mecum Dictynna
 Lycaste
 et comes Opis eat; steriles iuvat ire per
 aestus:
 namque feras aliis tellus Maurusia donum
 praebuit, huic soli debet sed victa tributum.
 dum nos horribiles Libyae scrutamur
 280 alumnos,
 Europae vos interea perquirite saltus
 et scopulos. posita ludat formidine pastor
 securisque canat Stilichonem fistula silvis.
 pacet muneribus montes qui legibus
 urbes."
 285 Dixit et extemplo frondosa fertur ab Alpe
 trans pelagus; cervi currum subiere
 iugales,
 quos decus esse deae primi sub limine caeli
 roscida fecundis concepit Luna cavernis:
 par nitor intactis nivibus; frons discolor
 auro
 germinat et spatio summas aequantia fagos
 290 cornua ramoso surgunt procera metallo.
 Opis frena tenet, fert retia rara Lycaste
 auratasque plagas, immortalesque Molossi
 latrantes mediis circum iuga nubibus ibant.
 quinque aliae paribus (Phoebe sic iusserat)
 295 armis
 diversa regione ruunt ducitque cohortem
 quaeque suam. variae formis et gente
 sequuntur
 ingenioque canes. illae gravioribus aptae
 morsibus, hae pedibus celeres, hae nare
 sagaces,

wanted hunting and the blood of our prey be
 spilled but in the arena. Not for now their
 death; close the glades with net and cages and
 lead the beasts captive; withhold your
 impatient arrows; spare the monsters of the
 forest whose death shall win applause for our
 consul. Divide and haste in every direction; my
 breathless course is towards the Syrtes; do you,
 Cretan Lycaste and Opis, bear me company. My
 purpose is to traverse the unfruitful desert;
 Mauretania has given ere now her animals to
 other consuls as a gift, to this consul alone she
 owes them as a conquered land owes tribute.
 While we track out the dread progeny of Libya
 do you hunt the glades and rocks of Europe.
 Let joy banish fear from the shepherd's breast
 and his pipe hymn Stilicho in the dreadless
 forests. As his laws have given peace to the
 cities so let his shows give peace to the
 mountains."

She spake and straightway is borne from the
 leafy Alps across the sea. Hinds bow their
 necks to her chariot's yoke, hinds whom the
 dewy moon conceived in her fertile caverns
 beneath the threshold of the morning sky to be
 the glory of the goddess. White their skins as
 driven snow; gold marks their foreheads
 whence spring branching golden horns lofty as
 the tallest beech-trees. Opis holds the reins.
 Lycaste carries the fine-wrought nets and
 golden snares, and deathless Molossian hounds
 run barking about the chariot amid the clouds.
 Five others thus equipped (such were Diana's
 orders) hasten this way and that, each at the
 head of her own company; there follow them
 dogs of various shape, breed and character;
 some whose heavy jowls fit them for big game,
 some swift of foot,

300 hirsutaeque fremunt Cressae tenuesque
 Lacaenae
 magnaue taurorum fracturae colla
 Britannae.
 Dalmatiae lucos abruptaque brachia Pindi
 sparsa comam Britomartis agit. tu Gallica
 cingis
 lustra, Leontodame, Germanorumque
 paludes
 305 eruis et si quis defensus harundine Rheni
 vastus aper nimio dentes curvaverat aevo.
 nubiferas Alpes Appenninique recessus
 Garganique nives Hecaërge prompta
 fatigat.
 speluncas canibus Thero rimatur Hiberas
 310 informesque cavis ursos detrudit ab antris,
 quorum saepe Tagus manantes sanguine
 rictus
 non satiavit aquis et quos iam frigore
 segnes
 Pyrenaea tegit latebrosis frondibus ilex.
 Cynaëis Siculoque iugis venata virago
 Nebrophone cervos aliasque in vincula
 315 cogit
 non saevas pecudes, sed luxuriantis
 harenae
 delicias, pompam nemorum.
 Quodcumque
 tremendum
 dentibus aut insigne iubis aut nobile cornu
 aut rigidum saetis, capitur decus omne
 timorque
 320 silvarum. non cauta latent, non mole
 resistunt
 fortia, non volucris fugiunt pernicia cursu.
 haec laqueis innexa gemunt; haec clausa
 feruntur
 ilignis domibus. fabri nec tigna polire
 sufficiunt; rudibus fagis texuntur et ornis
 frondentes caveae. ratibus pars ibat onustis
 325 per freta vel fluvios: exanguis dextera
 torpet
 remigis et propriam metuebat navita
 mercem.
 per terram pars ducta rotis, longoque
 morantur

some keen of scent; shaggy Cretans bay,
 slender Spartans, and Britons that can break
 the backs of mighty bulls. Britomartis scours
 the woods of Dalmatia and the precipitous
 ridges of Pindus, her hair flying in the wind.
 Thou, Leontodame, surroundest the glades of
 Gaul and huntest the marshes of Germany,
 tracking out any huge boar, his tusks flexed
 with age, that may have taken shelter among
 the sedges that flank the Rhine. Swift Hecaërge
 tires the cloud-capped Alps, the valleys of the
 Apennines, and the snows of Garganus. Thero
 with her dogs explores the caves of Spain and
 from their recesses ousts the horrid bears of
 whose bloody jaws full oft Tagus' flood has
 failed to quench the thirst, and whose bodies,
 numbed with cold, the holm-oak of the
 Pyrenees o'ershadows with its leaves. The
 manlike maiden Nebrophone hunts the
 mountains of Corsica and Sicily and captures
 deer and other harmless beasts, beasts that are
 the joy of the rich amphitheatre and the glory
 of the woods.

Whatsoever inspires fear with its teeth, wonder
 with its mane, awe with its horns and bristling
 coat—all the beauty, all the terror of the forest
 is taken. Guile protects them not; neither
 strength nor weight avails them; their speed
 saves not the fleet of foot. Some roar enmeshed
 in snares; some are thrust into wooden cages
 and carried off. There are not carpenters
 enough to fashion the wood; leafy prisons are
 constructed of unhewn beech and elm. Boats
 laden with some of the animals traverse seas
 and rivers; bloodless from terror the rower's
 hand is stayed, for the sailor fears the
 merchandise he carries. Others are transported
 over land in wagons that block the roads with
 the long procession,

ordine plaustra vias montanis plena
 triumphis
 330 et fera sollicitis vehitur captiva iuvenis,
 explebat quibus ante famem, quotiensque
 reflexi
 conspexere boves, pavidi temone recedunt.
 Iamque pererratis Libyae flagrantibus
 oris
 legerat eximios Phoebi germana leones,
 Hesperidas qui saepe fugant ventoque
 335 citatis
 terrificant Atlanta iubis armentaque longe
 vastant Aethiopum quorumque impune
 fragosa
 murmura pastorum numquam venere per
 aures.
 non illos taedae ardentis, non strata
 superne
 340 lapsuro virgulta solo, non vocibus haedi
 pendentis stimulata fames, non fossa
 fefellit;
 ultro se voluere capi gaudentque videri
 tantae praeda deae. respirant pascua
 tandem;
 agricolae reserant iam tuta mapalia Mauri,
 345 tum virides pardos et cetera colligit Austri
 prodigia inmanesque simul Latonia dentes,
 qui secti ferro in tabulas auroque micantes
 inscripti rutilum caelato consule nomen
 per proceres et vulgus eant. stupor
 omnibus Indis
 350 plurimus ereptis elephas inglorius errat
 dentibus: insedit nigra cervice gementum
 et fixum dea quassat ebur penitusque
 cruentis
 stirpibus avulsis patulos exarmat hiatus,
 ipsos quin etiam nobis miracula vellet
 355 ducere: sed pigra cunctari mole veretur.
 Tyrrhenas fetus Libycos amplexa per
 undas

bearing the spoils of the mountains. The wild
 beast is borne a captive by those troubled
 cattle on whom in times past he sated his
 hunger, and each time that the oxen turned and
 looked at their burden they pull away in terror
 from the pole.

By now Phoebus' sister had wandered o'er the
 torrid plains of Libya and chosen out superb
 lions who had often put the Hesperides to
 flight, filled Atlas with alarm at their wind-
 tossed manes, and plundered far and wide the
 flocks of Ethiopia, lions whose terrible cries
 had never struck upon the herdsmen's ears but
 as heralding their destruction. To catch them
 had been used no blazing torches, no twigs
 strewn over turf undermined; the voice of a
 tethered kid had not allured their hunger nor
 had a diggèd pit ensnared them: of their own
 free will they gave themselves up to capture
 and rejoiced at being seen the prey of so great
 a goddess. At length the countryside breathes
 again and the Moorish farmers unbar their now
 safe huts. Then Latonia collected grey-
 spotted^[19] leopards and other marvels of the
 south and huge ivory tusks which, carved with
 iron into plaques and inlaid with gold to form
 the glistening inscription of the consul's name,
 should pass in procession among lords and
 commons. All India stood in speechless amaze
 to see many an elephant go shorn of the glory
 of his tusks. Seated upon their black necks
 despite their cries the goddess shook the fixèd
 ivory and tearing it up from its bloody roots
 disarmed the monstrous mouths. Nay, she fain
 would have brought the elephants themselves
 as a spectacle but feared that their vast weight
 would retard the ships.

Fiercely o'er the Tyrrhene wave echoes the
 fleet

[19] Literally "green." Latin (and Greek)
 colour epithets are often strangely at
 variance with ours.

classis torva^[20] sonat, caudamque in puppe
 retorquens
 ad proram iacet usque leo: vix sublevat
 unum
 tarda ratis! fremitus stagnis auditur in imis
 cunctaque prosiliunt cete terrenaque
 360 Nereus
 confert monstra suis et non aequare
 fatetur.
 aequora sic victor quotiens per rubra
 Lyaeus
 navigat, intorquet clavum Silenus et acres
 adsudant tonsis Satyri taurinaque pulsu
 Baccharum Bromios invitant tympana
 365 remos:
 transtra ligant hederæ, malum circumflua
 vestit
 pampinus, antennis inlabitur ebria serpens,
 perque mero madidos currunt saliuntque
 rudentes
 lynces et insolitæ mirantur carbasa tigres.

[20] torva *Birt*; MSS. *have turba*.

that holds the Libyan breed, and, as he coils his
 tail upon the stern, a lion stretches to the prow;
 that single beast the labouring bark can scarce
 uplift; deep down below the waters is heard the
 roaring. Out rushes the leviathan. Neptune
 compares these land prodigies to his and
 admits that his are not their equal. So whene'er
 victorious Bacchus ploughs the Red Sea's
 waves, Silenus sways the helm, the urgent
 Satyrs sweat upon their oars and the oxhide
 drums, smitten by the Bacchants, summon the
 rowers of Bromius to toil at the thwarts; ivy-
 wreaths deck the benches, the pliant vine
 entwines the mast; a drunken snake glides out
 upon the yardarms; lynxes run and leap along
 the sheets that drip with wine, and
 unaccustomed tigers stare in amaze at the
 canvas.

**PANEGYRICUS DE SEXTO
CONSULATU HONORII AUGUSTI**

PRAEFATIO

(XXVII.)

Omnia, quae sensu voluntur vota diurno,
pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
mens tamen ad silvas et sua lustra redit.
5 iudicibus lites, aurigae somnia currus
vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
furto gaudet amans, permutat navita
merces
et vigil elapsas quaerit avarus opes,
blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus aegris
10 inriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte
silenti
artibus adsuetis sollicitare solet.
namque poli media stellantis in arce
videbar
ante pedes summi carmina ferre Iovis;
utque favet somnus, plaudebant numina
15 dictis
et circumfusi sacra corona chori.
Enceladus mihi carmen erat victusque
Typhoeus:
hic subit Inarimen, hunc gravis Aetna
domat.

**PANEGYRIC ON THE SIXTH
CONSULSHIP OF THE EMPEROR
HONORIUS (A.D. 404)**

PREFACE

(XXVII.)

All things that with waking sense desire
ponders kindly repose brings back to the
slumbering mind. The huntsman stretches his
weary limbs upon the couch, yet his mind ever
returns to the woods where his quarry lurks.
The judge dreams of law-suits, the charioteer of
his chariot the nightly steeds of which he
guides past a shadowy turning-point. The lover
repeats love's mysteries, the merchant makes
exchange of goods, the miser still watchfully
grasps at elusive riches, and to thirsty sufferers
all-pervading sleep offers from a cooling spring
idly alluring draughts.

I am a lover of the Muses and in the silent night
I too am haunted by that my accustomed task.
For meseemed I stood upon the very summit of
the starry sky and laid my songs at Jove's feet,
and, in the flattery of sleep, the gods and all the
sacred band gathered about Jove's throne gave
applause to my words. I sang of Enceladus and
conquered Typhoeus, the first a prisoner
beneath Inarime, the second oppressed by the
weight of Etna. How

quam laetum post bella Iovem susceperat
aether

- 20 Phlegraeae referens praemia militiae!
Additur ecce fides nec me mea lusit
imago,
inrita nec falsum somnia misit ebur.
en princeps, en orbis apex aequatus
Olympo!
en quales memini, turba verenda, deos!
25 fingere nil maius potuit sopor, altaque vati
conventum caelo praebuit aula parem.

joyous was that Jove whom, after the war with
the giants, heaven welcomed, enriched with the
spoils from Phlegra's field!

My dream has come true; 'twas no vain
imagining; nor did the false ivory gate^[21] send
forth an unaccomplished dream. Behold our
lord, behold earth towering to heaven's height!
Here before me are gods such as I then saw,
gods worthy of all reverence. Nought greater
could dreams have fancied; this noble assembly
offers the poet an audience like to that of
heaven.

[21] A reference to the famous epilogue of
Verg. *Aen.* vi. (ll. 893-96). Dreams which
come through the ivory gate are false,
those which issue from the gate of horn,
true.

PANEGYRICUS

(XXVIII.)

Aurea Fortunae Reduci si templa priores
 ob reditum vovere ducum, non dignius
 umquam
 haec dea pro meritis amplas sibi posceret
 aedes,
 quam sua cum pariter trabeis reparatur et
 urbi
 5 maestas: neque enim campus sollemnis et
 urna
 luditur in morem, species nec dissona coetu
 aut peregrina nitet simulati iuris imago.
 indigenas habitus nativa palatia sumunt,
 et, patriis plebem castris sociante Quirino,
 10 Mars augusta sui renovat suffragia campi.
 qualis erit terris, quem mons Euandrius
 offert
 Romanis avibus, quem Thybris inaugurat,
 annus?
 quamquam omnes, quicumque tui
 cognominis, anni
 semper inoffensum dederint successibus
 omen
 15 sintque tropaea tuas semper comitata
 secures,
 hic tamen ante omnes miro promittitur
 ortu,
 urbis et Augusti geminato numine felix.
 namque velut stellas Babylonia cura
 salubres
 optima tunc spondet mortalibus edere fata,
 caelicolae cum celsa tenent summoque
 20 feruntur

THE PANEGYRIC

(XXVIII.)

If our ancestors vowed temples to "Home-
 bringing Fortune" in honour of the return of
 their generals, never would this goddess more
 worthily claim for her services a noble temple
 than when their proper majesty is restored
 alike to the consulship and to Rome. The
 annual election in the Campus Martius is not
 the accustomed farce, nor see we a consul of
 other race than his electors nor a foreigner
 claiming pretended rights.^[22] The palace now
 our own wears a native dress, and while
 Quirinus associates the people with the armies
 of Italy, Mars gives back to his own Field its
 imperial suffrage. What will the year be like for
 mortals that is ushered in by omens on the
 Palatine Hill so favourable to true sons of Rome
 and inaugurated on the banks of the Tiber? 'Tis
 true that years marked by thy name have ever
 been rich in omens of success and that victory
 has always accompanied thy consulship, yet by
 its wondrous dawn is this year set before all
 years, blessed by the twofold deity of Rome and
 of her Emperor. For as Babylonian lore gives
 assurance that propitious stars do then promise
 the best fortune to mortals when they hold the
 summit of the sky and their course is at the
 zenith, not dimming their

[22] Claudian means that this year there is
 a real election (*cf.* Lucan, v. 392 for a
 similar passage) and that the new consul is
 a true Roman.

cardine nec radios humili statione
 recondunt:
 haud aliter Latiae sublimis Signifer aulae,
 imperii sidus propria cum sede locavit,
 auget spes Italas; et certius omina surgunt
 victrici concepta solo.

- 25 Cum pulcher Apollo
 lustrat Hyperboreas Delphis cessantibus
 aras,
 nil tum Castaliae rivis communibus undae
 dissimiles, vili nec discrepat arbore laurus,
 antraque maesta silent inconsultique
 recessus.
 30 at si Phoebus adest et frenis grypha
 iugalem
 Riphaeo tripodas repetens detorsit ab axe,
 tunc silvae, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere
 fontes,
 tunc sacer horror aquis adytisque
 effunditur Echo
 35 clarior et doctae spirant praesagia rupes.
 ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti
 exultatque habitante deo potioraque
 Delphis
 supplicibus late populis oracula pandit
 atque suas ad signa iubet revirescere
 laurus.
 Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis
 esse larem, nulloque magis se colle
 40 potestas
 aestimat et summi sentit fastigia iuris;
 attollens apicem subiectis regia rostris
 tot circum delubra videt tantisque deorum
 cingitur excubiis! iuvat infra tecta Tonantis
 45 cernere Tarpeia pendentes rupe Gigantas
 caelatasque fores mediisque volantia signa
 nubibus et densum stipantibus aethera
 templis
 aeraque vestitis numerosa puppe columnis
 consita subnixasque iugis inmanibus aedes,

light by a low position in the sky; so the Standard-bearer of the Latin palace^[23] at *his* zenith gives hope of a brighter future for Italy in placing the star of our empire in its true position. Omens that have their origin in Rome's victorious soil are the more sure of fulfilment.

When fair Apollo leaves Delphi's shrine and visits the altars of the north, Castalia's waters differ in no wise from those of any common stream, nor the laurel from any common tree; sad and silent is the cave and the shrine without a worshipper. But if Phoebus is there, Phoebus returned from Scythian climes to his Delphic tripod, guiding thither his yoked griffins, the woods, the caves regain their voice, the streams their life; the sacred ripple revisits the face of the waters, a clearer echo resounds from the shrine and the now inspired rocks tremble to the voice of prophecy. Now the Palatine Mount is exalted with honour and rejoices in the return of its native deity; far and wide among the suppliant peoples it spreads oracles surer even than those of Delphi and bids its laurels grow green again to deck the standards of Rome.

Of a truth no other city could fitly be the home of the world's rulers; on this hill is majesty most herself, and knows the height of her supreme sway; the palace, raising its head above the forum that lies at its feet, sees around it so many temples and is surrounded by so many protecting deities. See below the Thunderer's temple the Giants suspended from the Tarpeian rock, behold the sculptured doors, the cloud-capped statues, the sky-towering temples, the brazen prows of many a vessel welded on to lofty columns, the temples built on massy crags where the

[23] *i.e.* the Emperor. *Signifer* also means the zodiac. Claudian puns on the ambiguity.

naturam cumulante manu, spoliisque
 50 micantes
 innumeros arcus. acies stupet igne metalli
 et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro.
 Agnoscisne tuos, princeps venerande,
 penates?
 haec sunt, quae primis olim miratus in
 annis
 55 patre pio monstrante puer. nil optimus ille
 divorum toto meruit felicius aevo,
 quam quod Romuleis victor sub moenibus
 egit
 te consorte dies, cum se melioribus addens
 exemplis civem gereret terrore remoto,
 60 alternos cum plebe iocos dilectaque passus
 iurgia patriciasque domos privataque
 passim
 visere deposito dignatus limina fastu.
 publicus hinc ardescit amor, cum moribus
 aequis
 inclinat populo regale modestia culmen.
 teque rudem vitae, quamvis diademate
 65 necdum
 cingebare comas, socium sumebat honorum
 purpureo fotum gremio, parvumque
 triumphis
 imbuit et magnis docuit praeludere fati.
 et linguis variae gentes missique rogatum
 foedera Persarum proceres cum patre
 70 sedentem
 hac quondam videre domo positoque tiaram
 summisere genu. tecum praelarga vocavit
 ditandas ad dona tribus; fulgentia tecum
 collecti trabeatus adit delubra senatus
 75 Romano puerum gaudens offerre favori,
 ut novus imperio iam tunc adsuesceret
 heres.

hand of man has added to the work of nature,
 the countless triumphal arches glittering with
 spoils. The eyes are dazed by the blaze of metal
 and blink outwearied by the surrounding gold.

Adored Prince, dost thou recognize thy house?
 'Tis the same that thy loving sire showed to thy
 wondering eyes while yet thou wert a boy of
 tender years. Never in all his life did
 Theodosius, best of all the gods, better deserve
 our love than when, triumphant over all his
 foes, he came with thee to Rome to sojourn
 within its walls, and there, following the
 example of the noblest emperors, lived as a
 simple citizen, not seeking to inspire terror by
 his name but condescending to exchange
 banter and harmless raillery with the people
 and as ready to lay aside his rank and visit the
 homes of the poor as to enter the palaces of the
 noble. 'Tis thus the public love is kindled when
 with just humanity modesty bids royal state
 stoop to the people. And thee, while still but a
 boy, though the crown had not yet encircled thy
 head, thy father took to share his honours,^[24]
 cherishing thee in his royal bosom, giving thy
 youth its first taste of triumphs and teaching it
 the prelude of its mighty destiny. Peoples of
 every tongue and Persian chiefs sent to solicit
 alliance in Rome^[25] once saw thee seated with
 thy father in this very palace and bowing the
 knee laid their crowns at thy feet. Thou wert at
 his side when he summoned the tribes to
 receive a bounteous largess: with thee he
 entered the hallowed portals of the assembled
 senate clad in the consul's robe, right glad to
 introduce his son to the goodwill of the Roman
 Fathers, that so his youthful heir might grow
 familiar with empire.

[24] Honorius was made Augustus Nov. 20, 393, shortly after his ninth birthday.

[25] The Persians seem to have sent embassies to Rome both in 387 and 389 (Themistius, *Orat.* xix. p. 227).

Hinc tibi concreta radice tenacius haesit
 et penitus totis inolevit Roma medullis,
 dilectaeque urbis tenero conceptus ab
 ungue
 tecum crevit amor. nec te mutare reversum
 80 evaluit propria nutritor Bosphorus arce.
 et quotiens optare tibi quae moenia malle
 adludens genitor regni pro parte dedisset,
 divitis Aurorae solium sortemque paratam
 sponte remittebas fratri: "regat ille
 85 volentes
 Assyrios; habeat Pharium cum Tigride
 Nilum;
 contingat mea Roma mihi." nec vota fefellit
 eventus. Fortuna novum molita tyrannum
 iam tibi quaerebat Latium belloque secundo
 90 protinus Eoa velox accitus ab aula
 suscipis Hesperiam patrio bis Marte
 receptam.
 ipsa per Illyricas urbes Oriente relicto
 ire Serena comes nullo deterrita casu,
 materna te mente fovens Latioque futurum
 rectorem generumque sibi seniore
 95 supernas
 iam repetente plagas. illo sub cardine
 rerum
 sedula servatum per tot discrimina pignus
 restituit sceptris patrum castrisque mariti.
 certavit pietate domus, fidaeque reductum
 100 coniugis officio Stilichonis cura recepit.
 Felix ille parens, qui te secures Olympum
 succedente petit! quam laetus ab aethere
 cernit
 se factis crevisse tuis! duo namque fuere

Hence taking firmer root the love of Rome
 clung to thee more closely and grew strong,
 deep-planted in all thy heart. As thou grewest
 the affection which thou hadst found in
 childhood for the city grew too; nor was
 Bosphorus, whose cherished town was thy nurse,
 able on thy return to seduce thee from that
 love. Every time that thy sire in sport gave thee
 thy choice of whatsoever cities thou didst
 prefer to govern as thy share of empire, thou
 didst leave to thy brother Arcadius the throne
 and riches of the East and the lands which by
 inheritance should be his. "Let him rule over
 the servile Assyrians," thou saidst, "let Nile, the
 river of Egypt, and the Tigris be his; let me
 have my beloved Rome." Thy wishes have been
 fulfilled. Fortune set up a new tyrant only to
 ensure for thee the governance of Latium. So
 soon as ever the war was brought to a
 successful conclusion thou wert summoned
 from the court of Byzantium to undertake the
 rule of Italy twice conquered by thy father's
 arms. Serena herself left the East and
 accompanied thee in thy journey across Illyria:
 fearless in face of danger she bestowed a
 mother's care on thee who wert to be lord of
 Latium and her own son-in-law after
 Theodosius' translation to the sky. She kept
 careful guard over the child entrusted to her
 protection through the dangers of that critical
 time and brought thee safe to her uncle's
 throne and her husband's army. Stilicho and
 Serena vied in love toward thee and what
 Serena's care had brought safe home Stilicho's
 affection welcomed there.

Happy father to enter heaven with no fears for
 the future; he knew that thou wert to succeed
 him. With what joy he looks down from above
 and sees his glory enhanced by thine exploits!
 Europe and

Europae Libyaeque hostes: Maurusius Atlas
 105 Gildonis Furiis, Alaricum barbara Peuce
 nutrierat, qui saepe tuum sprevere profana
 mente patrem. Thracum venienti e^[26]
 finibus alter
 Hebri clausit aquas; alter praecepta
 vocantis
 respuit auxiliisque ad proxima bella negatis
 110 abiurata palam Libyae possederat arva:
 quorum nunc meritam repetens non
 inmemor iram
 suppliciiis fruitur natoque ultore triumphat.
 ense Thyestiadae poenas exegit Orestes,
 sed mixtum pietate nefas dubitandaque
 caedis
 gloria, materno laudem cum crimine
 115 pensat;
 pavit Iuleos invisio sanguine manes
 Augustus, sed falsa pii praeconia sumpsit
 in luctum patriae civili strage parentans:
 at tibi causa patris rerum coniuncta saluti
 bellorum duplicat laurus, isdemque
 120 tropaeis
 reddita libertas orbi, vindicta parenti.
 Sed mihi iam pridem captum Parnasia
 Maurum
 Pieriis egit fidibus chelys; arma Getarum
 nuper apud socerum plectro celebrata
 recenti.
 125 adventus nunc sacra tui libet edere Musis
 grataque patris exordia sumere bellis.
 Iam Pollentini tenuatus funere campi
 concessaque sibi (rerum sic admonet usus)
 luce, tot amissis sociis atque omnibus una
 130 direptis opibus, Latio discedere iussus

[26] *Birt prints the venientem finibus of A and B (the other MSS. have veniens e), and the aquis (l. 108) of the better MSS. I have adopted Heinsius' emendation venienti with some hesitation.*

Africa were alike threatened by foes: from
 Mount Atlas came fierce Gildo; Alaric from
 Peuce's savage isle. Often had both with
 impious daring set at nought the commands of
 thy sire. When he came from the lands of
 Thrace Alaric closed against him the waters of
 the Danube; Gildo scorned his command and,
 refusing assistance for a neighbouring war, had
 seized on the fields of Libya he had long
 forsworn. Theodosius recalls the anger he then
 justly felt and rejoices to witness their
 discomfiture, proud to have his son for his
 avenger. Orestes' sword took vengeance on the
 son of Thyestes^[27], but guilt was blent with
 piety, and the sword-stroke brings doubtful
 glory when honour is balanced by a mother's
 murder; Augustus sated the shade of Caesar
 with his enemies' blood, but he made a false
 advertisement of piety when, to the grief of his
 fatherland, he offered the blood of citizens to
 his father's ghost. But for thee thy sire's cause,
 linked as it is with the general safety, doubles
 thy warlike fame; the same victory that has
 avenged thy sire has restored peace to the
 world.

My lyre inspired by the Muses of Pieria has
 long since sung of the defeat and capture of the
 Moor; but of late, too, in Stilicho's presence I
 have celebrated in verse the wars against the
 Getae. To-day I would fain sing the glories of
 thy home-coming and, ceasing to tell of wars,
 would prelude a theme of thankfulness.

Alaric, his hopes ruined by his bloody defeat at
 Pollentia, though policy dictated that his life
 should be spared, was nevertheless deserted by
 all his allies and bereft of all his resources. He
 was forced to leave Latium and to retrace his
 steps in ruin and

[27] Aegisthus.

hostis et immensi revolutus culmine fati
 turpe retexit iter. qualis piratica puppis,
 quae cunctis infensa fretis scelerumque
 referta
 divitiis multasque diu populata carinas
 incidit in magnam bellatricemque triremim,
 135 dum praedam de more putat; viduataque
 caesis
 remigibus, scissis velorum debilis alis,
 orba gubernaculis, antennis saucia fractis
 ludibrium pelagi vento iactatur et unda,
 140 vastato tandem poenas luitura profundo:
 talis ab urbe minas retro flectebat inanes
 Italiam fugiens, et quae venientibus ante
 prona fuit, iam difficilis, iam dura reversis.
 clausa putat sibi cuncta pavor, retroque
 relictos
 quos modo temnebat, rediens exhorruit
 145 amnes.
 Undosa tum forte domo vitreisque sub
 antris
 rerum ignarus adhuc ingentes pectore
 curas
 volvebat pater Eridanus: quis bella maneret
 exitus? imperiumne Iovi legesque placerent
 150 et vitae Romana quies, an iura perosus
 ad priscos pecudum damnaret saecula
 ritus?
 talia dum secum movet anxius, advolat una
 Naiadum resoluta comam, complexaque
 patrem
 "en Alaricus" ait "non qualem nuper
 ovantem
 vidimus; exangues, genitor, mirabere
 155 vultus.
 percensere manum tantaque ex gente
 iuvabit
 reliquias numerasse breves. iam desine
 maesta
 fronte queri Nymphasque choris iam redde
 sorores."
 Dixerat; ille caput placidis sublime
 fluentis
 160 extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis

disgrace; such was the complete reversal of his
 fortune.^[28] As when a pirate ship, the terror of
 every sea, laden with the spoils of violence and
 the booty taken from many a captured
 merchantman, falls in with a great man-of-war
 and hopes to secure it for its prey as vessels
 heretofore, then indeed crippled by the
 slaughter of its oarsmen and the rending of its
 sails, deprived of its rudder and all but
 destroyed by the breaking of its yardarms, it is
 driven this way and that at the mercy of wind
 and wave and at last pays the penalty for its
 piracy; even so Alaric turned backwards his
 vain threatenings, fleeing from Italy that, once
 so easy for his advance, was now so difficult
 for his retreat. His fear makes him believe every
 road barred, and rivers, erstwhile left behind in
 scorn, fill him with alarm on his return.

Meanwhile, as it fell out, father Eridanus in his
 watery home beneath the crystal caverns,
 ignorant as yet of what had happened, was
 pondering weighty cares. What, he wondered,
 would be the outcome of the war: would Jove
 approve empire and law and Rome's days of
 peace, or would he, abhorring order, condemn
 future ages to the primal ways of brute beasts?
 As he anxiously ponders such things one of the
 Naiads with hair unbound came and embraced
 her sire and said, "Alaric is other now than
 once we saw him in his hour of triumph: thou
 wilt wonder at the pallor of his countenance.
 Joy it will be to reckon up his army and number
 the remains of so great a host. Frown no more
 nor complain; let my sister nymphs once more
 enjoy their dances."

So spake she and he lifted his gracious head
 above the gliding stream and on his dripping
 forehead

^[28] Claudian did not live to see the next
 "reversal of fortune," Alaric's capture of
 Rome six years later.

aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
 non illi madidum vulgaris harundine crinem
 velat honos; rami caput umbravere virentes
 Heliadum totisque fluunt electra capillis.
 165 palla tegit latos umeros, curruque paterno
 intextus Phaëthon glaucos incendit
 amictus.
 fultaque sub gremio caelatis nobilis astris
 aetherium probat urna decus. namque
 omnia luctus
 argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo:
 mutatumque senem plumis et fronde
 170 sorores
 et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli;
 stat gelidis Auriga plagis; vestigia fratris
 germanae servant Hyades, Cygnique
 sodalis
 lacteus extentas adspergit circulus alas;
 175 stelliger Eridanus sinuatis flexibus errans
 clara Noti convexa rigat gladioque
 tremendum
 gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriona.
 Hoc deus effulgens habitu prospexit
 euntes
 deiecta cervice Getas; tunc talia fatur:
 180 "sicine mutatis properas, Alarice, reverti
 consiliis? Italae sic te iam paenitet orae?
 nec iam cornipedem Thybrino gramine
 pascis,
 ut rebare, tuum? Tuscis nec figis aratrum
 collibus? o cunctis Erebi dignissime poenis,
 185 tune Giganteis urbem temptare deorum
 adgressus furiis? nec te meus, improbe,
 saltem
 terruit exemplo Phaëthon, qui fulmina
 praeceps
 in nostris efflavit aquis, dum flammea caeli

gleamed the golden horns that cast their
 brilliance all along the banks. No common
 crown of reeds adorned his oozy locks. The
 green branches of the daughters of the sun^[29]
 shadowed his head and amber dripped from all
 his hair. A cloak was flung over his broad
 shoulders, a cloak whose grey texture was set
 aflame with an embroidery of Phaëthon and his
 father's chariot. Resting beneath his breast an
 urn glorious with engraved stars makes clear
 its heaven-sent beauty. For there Phoebus had
 set in the sky all the sad stories of his woe:
 Cycnus changed into a swan, Phaëthon's sisters
 transformed into trees, and the river that
 washed the wounds of his dying son; the
 charioteer is there in his icy zone, the Hyades
 follow on their brother's traces, while the Milky
 Way sprinkles the outstretched wings of
 Cycnus who bears him company; the
 constellation of Eridanus^[30] himself wets the
 clear southern sky in its tortuous course and
 with starry stream flows beneath Orion's dread
 sword.

Glorious in such guise the god looked forth and
 saw the Getae advancing with bowed necks.
 Then he spake: "What, Alaric, hast thou then
 changed thy plans? Why hastenest thou back?
 Art wearied so soon of the coasts of Italy?
 Feedest thou not thy horses on Tiber's grassy
 bank as thou thoughtest to do? Drivest not the
 plough on Etruria's hills? Fit object of all the
 punishments of Hell, thinkest thou to attack the
 city of the gods with a Giant's rage? If none
 other, was not my Phaëthon a warning to thee,
 Phaëthon fall'n from heaven to quench his
 flames in my waters, what time he

[29] The poplar.

[30] Eridanus was a mythical river of the
 far West, generally identified with the Latin
 Padus (mod. Po). Phaëthon is said to have
 fallen into it when he attempted to drive
 the horses of his father, the sun. After this
 Eridanus, the river god, became a
 constellation—hence Eridanus is said to
 "wet" the southern sky.

190 flectere terrenis meditatur frena lacertis
 mortalique diem sperat diffundere vultu?
 crede mihi, simili bacchatur crimine,
 quisquis
 adspirat Romae spoliis aut Solis habenis.”
 Sic fatus Ligures Venetosque erectior
 amnes
 magna voce ciet. frondentibus umida ripis
 195 colla levant: pulcher Ticinus et Addua visu
 caerulus et velox Athesis tardusque meatu
 Mincius inque novem consurgens ora
 Timavus.
 insultant omnes profugo pacataque laetum
 invitant ad prata pecus; iam Pana Lycaeam,
 iam Dryadas revocant et rustica numina
 200 Faunos.
 Tu quoque non parvum Getico, Verona,
 triumpho
 adiungis cumulum, nec plus Pollentia rebus
 contulit Ausoniis aut moenia vindicis
 Hastae.
 hic, rursus dum pacta movet damnisque
 coactus
 205 extremo mutare parat praesentia casu,
 nil sibi periurum sensit prodesse furorem
 converti nec fata loco, multisque suorum
 diras pavit aves, inimicaque corpora
 volvans
 Ionios Athesis mutavit sanguine fluctus.
 210 Oblatum Stilicho violato foedere Martem
 omnibus adripuit votis, ubi Roma periculo
 iam procul et belli medio Padus arbiter
 ibat.
 iamque opportunam motu strepuisse rebelli
 gaudet perfidiam praebensque exempla
 labori
 215 sustinet accensos aestivo pulvere soles.
 ipse manu metuendus adest inopinaque
 cunctis

sought with mortal hand to hold the fiery reins of the sky and hoped to spread day's brilliance from a mortal countenance? 'Tis the same mad crime, I tell thee, whosoever aspires to spoil Rome or drive the sun's chariot."

So spake he, and rising yet farther out of the stream he loudly summoned the rivers of Liguria and Venetia. These raise their dripping heads from among their leafy banks, fair Ticinus, blue Addua, swift Athesis, slow Mincius, and Timavus with his nine mouths. All mock at the fugitive and recall the happy flocks to the now peaceful meadows; Lycaean Pan is bidden to return and the Dryads and Fauns, gods of the countryside.

Thou too, Verona,^[31] didst add no small makeweight to Rome's victory over the Getae; not even Pollentia nor the walls of avenging Hasta did more for the salvation of Italy. Here, as once again he breaks his bond, and driven by his losses risks all in the attempt to change his present fortune, Alaric learned that his mad treachery availed him nothing and that change of place changes not destiny. The vultures fed on the countless bodies of his slain, and Athesis, carrying down the corpses of Rome's enemies in its stream, turned the waters of the Ionian sea into blood.

The treaty violated, Stilicho with all eagerness grasped at the conflict proffered where Rome was now far away from danger and Padus flowed between witnessing the strife. He rejoices that now opportune treachery has broken out in rebellious risings and, setting an example of endurance, he shirks neither fiery sun nor scorching dust. Himself he is everywhere with dreadful arm; he stations troops

[31] The chroniclers do not mention this battle. It is probably to be attributed to the summer of 403.

instruit arma locis et qua vocat usus ab
 omni
 parte venit. fesso si deficit agmine miles,
 utitur auxiliis damni securus, et astu
 220 debilitat saevum cognatis viribus Histrum
 et duplici lucro committens proelia vertit
 in se barbariem nobis utrimque cadentem.
 ipsum te caperet letoque, Alarice, dedisset,
 ni calor incauti male festinatus Alani
 dispositum turbasset opus; prope captus
 225 anhelum
 verbere cogis equum, nec te vitasse
 dolemus.
 i potius genti reliquus tantisque superstes
 Danuvii populis, i, nostrum vive tropaeum.
 Non tamen ingenium tantis se cladibus
 atrox
 230 deicit: occulto temptabat tramite montes,
 si qua per scopulos subitas exquirere
 posset
 in Raetos Gallosque vias. sed fortior obstat
 cura ducis. quis enim divinum fallere
 pectus
 possit et excubiis vigilantia lumina regni?
 cuius consilium non umquam repperit
 235 hostis
 nec potuit texisse suum. secreta Getarum
 nosse prior celerique dolis occurrere sensu.
 Omnibus exclusus coeptis consedit in uno
 colle tremens; frondesque licet depastus
 amaras
 240 arboreo figat sonipes in cortice morsus
 et taetris collecta cibis annique vapore

at every point, even where the enemy little expected them, and hastens in any and every direction to the succour of him who needs it. If the soldiers flag with wearied ranks he throws the auxiliaries into the line heedless of their loss; thus he cunningly weakens the savage tribes of the Danube by opposing one tribe to another and with twofold gain joins battle that turns barbarians against themselves to perish in either army for our sake. Thee too, Alaric, he had captured and delivered over to death had not the hasty zeal of the rash Alan chief upset his carefully laid scheme. All but a prisoner thou dost lash thy panting steed, nor do we regret that escape. Rather get thee gone, thou last remnant of thy race, sole survivor of so many Danubian tribes; get thee gone, the living witness of Rome's triumph.

Yet was his^[32] fierce spirit not cast down by these great reverses; he still attempted to discover an unknown path across the mountains, hoping that over their rocky summits he might fall suddenly on the peoples of Raetia and Gaul. But Stilicho's more soldierly vigilance put a stop to his projects. Who indeed could hope to deceive that unsleeping brain, those godlike eyes that watched o'er Italy? Never did an enemy succeed in discovering Stilicho's plans or had power to conceal his own. Before they knew them themselves the secrets of the Getae were known to Stilicho, whose generalship was quick to meet their every ruse.

Balked in every attempt Alaric camped panic-stricken on a single hill. Though the horses, feeding on bitter leaves, gnawed even the tree-bark, though pestilence raged, brought on by foul food and

[32] *i.e.* Alaric's.

saeviat aucta lues et miles probra superbus
 ingerat obsesso captivaque pignora
 monstret:
 non tamen aut morbi tabes aut omne
 periculum
 docta subire fames aut praedae luctus
 245 ademptae
 aut pudor aut dictis movere procacibus
 irae,
 ut male temptato totiens se credere campo
 comminus auderet. nulla est victoria maior,
 quam quae confessos animo quoque
 subiugat hostes.
 iamque frequens rarum decerpere
 250 transfuga robur
 coeperat inque dies numerus decrescere
 castris,
 nec iam deditio paucis occulta parari,
 sed cunei totaeque palam discedere
 turmae.
 consequitur vanoque fremens clamore
 retentat
 cumque suis iam bella gerit; mox nomina
 255 supplex
 cum fletu precibusque ciet veterumque
 laborum
 admonet et frustra iugulum parcentibus
 offert,
 defixoque malis animo sua membra
 suasque
 cernit abire manus: qualis Cybeleia
 quassans
 Hyblaeus procul aera senex revocare
 260 fugaces
 tinnitu conatur apes, quae sponte relictis
 descivere favis, sonituque exhaustus inani
 raptas mellis opes solitaeque oblita
 latebrae
 perfida deplorat vacuis examina ceris.
 265 Ergo ubi praclusae voci laxata remisit
 frena dolor, notas oculis umentibus Alpes
 adspicit et nimium diversi stamine fati

aggravated by the season's heat, though the
 soldiers arrogantly heaped abuse on their
 beleaguered leader and reminded him of their
 captured children; yet neither the ravages of
 disease nor famine that teaches men to face all
 dangers, nor grief for spoils lost, nor the voice
 of shame nor anger at bitter gibes could tempt
 him to brave the perils of a hand-to-hand fight,
 tried so often before and with such ill success.
 What triumph more complete than that of
 extorting from a conquered foe the admission
 that he is conquered? And now numbers of
 deserters began to weaken his already reduced
 strength and day by day his forces were
 diminished. Sediton was not now the hidden
 work of a few but meant the open defection of
 whole sections and squadrons. Their general
 rides after them and with angry curses and vain
 clamour seeks to hold them back, waging war
 now on his own troops. He weeps, calls the
 men by name, recalls them with prayers and
 supplications; he reminds them of past
 campaigns and all to no purpose offers his
 throat to their reluctant hands. His mind a prey
 to melancholy he sees his forces desert him, his
 army melt away, even as an old bee-master of
 Hybla, beating Cybele's gong, tries, by means
 of that noise, to recall his scattered bees who
 have wantonly left their combs and fled the
 hive, till, himself wearied of the useless sound,
 he weeps the loss of his store of honey and
 cries out upon the faithless swarm that has
 forgotten its accustomed home and left its cells
 empty.

And so when grief loosed the string of his
 tongue that had long been mute he looked with
 tear-dimmed eyes upon the well-known Alps
 and pondered upon his present retreat,
 attended by a fate so different

praesentes reditus fortunatosque revolvit
 ingressus: solo peragens tum murmure
 bellum
 270 protento leviter frangebatur moenia conto
 inridens scopulos; nunc desolatus et expes
 debita pulsato reddit spectacula monti.
 tunc sic Ausonium respectans aethera
 fatur:
 "Heu regio funesta Getis, heu terra
 sinistra
 275 auguriis calcata mihi, satiare nocentum
 cladibus et tandem nostris inflectere
 poenis!
 en ego, qui toto sublimior orbe ferebar
 ante tuum felix aditum, ceu legibus exul
 addictusque reus flatu propiore sequentum
 terga premor. quae prima miser, quae
 funera dictis
 posteriora querar? non me Pollentia tantum
 281 nec captae cruciastis opes; hoc aspera fati
 sors tulerit Martisque vices. non funditus
 armis
 concideram; stipatus adhuc equitumque
 catervis
 integer ad montes reliquo cum robore
 285 cessi,
 quos Appenninum perhibent. hunc esse
 ferebat
 incola, qui Siculum porrectus ad usque
 Pelorum
 finibus ab Ligurum populos complectitur
 omnes
 Italiae geminumque latus stringentia longe
 utraque perpetuo discriminat aequora
 290 tractu.
 haec ego continuum si per iuga tendere
 cursum,
 ut prior iratae fuerat sententia menti,
 iam desperata voluissem luce, quid ultra?
 omnibus oppeterem fama maiore perustis!
 et certe moriens propius te, Roma, viderem,
 295 ipsaque per cultas segetes mors nostra
 secuto
 victori damnosa foret. sed pignora nobis

from that which had prospered his advance.
 Then with a single whisper he made war, with
 an outstretched spear lightly overthrew walls,
 making a mock of precipices; now deserted and
 in despair he offered a just spectacle to the
 mountains he had so scornfully crossed. Then
 looking up at the sky of Italy he said: "Land of
 death for the Getae, trod by me with such
 omens of disaster, let thy wrath be now
 appeased by the sacrifice of so many of the
 guilty; let my sufferings at last excite thy
 compassion. Behold me, once lord of the world,
 the friend of fortune till I invaded thee; now,
 like an exile or an adjudged criminal, I feel
 upon my back the nearer breath of my
 pursuers. Alas! which of my disasters shall I
 lament first, which last? Not thou, Pollentia,
 nor ye, my captured treasures, have thus
 tortured me; be that destiny's harsh lot or the
 chance of war. I had not then lost all my forces;
 with troops still at my back, with my cavalry
 intact, I retired with the remnant of my army to
 the hills they call the Apennines. Its inhabitants
 told me that this mountain stretched from the
 confines of Liguria as far as the promontory of
 Pelorus in Sicily and embraced all the peoples
 of Italy, dividing with its unbroken chain the
 two seas that wash their country's two coasts.
 If I had pursued the plan that anger first
 dictated to me and had in my desperation
 continued my march along its crest, what lay
 beyond? Giving everything to the flames I
 might have died with loftier fame. Ay, and my
 dying eyes had beheld thee, Rome, from not so
 far away, and my very death would have cost
 the victor dear as he pursued me over the well-
 tilled cornfields. But Rome held my

Romanus carasque nurus praedamque
tenebat.

hoc magis exertum raperem succinctior
agmen.

300 "Heu, quibus insidiis, qua me circumdedit
arte

fatalis semper Stilicho! dum parcere fingit,
rettudit^[33] hostiles animos bellumque
remenso

evaluit transferre Pado. pro foedera saevo
deteriora iugo! tunc vis extincta Getarum;
tunc mihi, tunc letum pepigi. violentior
305 armis

omnibus expugnat nostram clementia
gentem,
Mars gravior sub pace latet, capiorque
vicissim

fraudibus ipse meis. quis iam solacia fesso
consiliumve dabit? socius suspectior hoste.

310 "Atque utinam cunctos licuisset perdere
bello!

nam quisquis duro cecidit certamine,
numquam

desinit esse meus. melius mucrone
perirent,

aufferetque mihi luctu levioere sodales
victa manus quam laesa fides. nullusne
clientum

permanet? offensi comites, odere
315 propinqui.

quid moror invisam lucem? qua sede
recondam

naufragii fragmenta mei? quaeve arva
requiram,

in quibus haud umquam Stilicho
nimiumque potentis

Italiae nomen nostras circumsonet aures?"

Haec memorans instante fugam
Stilichone tetendit

expertas horrens aquilas; comitatur euntem

321 Pallor et atra Fames et saucia lividus ora
Luctus et inferno stridentes agmine Morbi.
lustralem tum rite facem, cui lumen
odorum

[33] rettudit *Is engr. mg.*; *Birt reads rettulit,*
following EVA.

children captive, my wives, my wealth—yet,
freed from such hindrances, my advance had
been the more rapid.

"With what cunning, with what skill, did
Stilicho, that ever fatal enemy, ensnare me! His
pretended mercy did but blunt my warlike
spirit, and availed him to shift the war
backwards across the Po. A curse on that
armistice, more damaging than the yoke of
slavery. 'Twas then the cause of the Getae was
undone, then that I signed my own death-
warrant. More rudely than any weapon did
mercy destroy our people, beneath that
semblance of peace lay the deadliest form of
war, and I myself fell into the snare I had laid
for others. I am weary of it all; where shall I
find comfort or counsel? I fear my friends more
than my foes.

"Would God I had lost them all on that field. He
is ever mine that has fallen in hard conflict.
Better all had perished by the sword; less bitter
had been my grief for losses inflicted by a
victorious foe than for those brought upon me
by treachery. Is there not left one faithful
follower? My comrades have turned against
me, my friends hate me. My life is a burden;
why prolong it? Where hide the remnants of my
shipwrecked fortunes? To what land shall I flee
where the names of Stilicho and all too
powerful Italy shall not sound for ever in mine
ears?"

So spake he, and with Stilicho pressing hard
upon him fled in terror before our eagles. With
him goes Pallor, black Hunger, Despair with
bloodless, wounded countenance and a hellish
company of shrieking Diseases. Then the
learned priest whirls around the sick body^[34]
the torch of purification

[34] *i.e.* the sick body of Italy which has to
be purified after the polluting presence of
Alaric. With "rore pio spargens" *cf.* Verg.
Aen. vi. 230, and for the throwing over the
head of the purificatory instrument see
Verg. *Ec.* viii. 102.

sulphure caeruleo nigroque bitumine
 325 fumat,
 circum membra rotat doctus purganda
 sacerdos
 rore pio spargens, et dira fugantibus herbis
 numina purificumque Iovem Triviamque
 precatus
 trans caput aversis manibus iaculatur in
 Austrum
 330 secum rapturas cantata piacula taedas.
 Acrior interea visendi principis ardor
 accendit cum plebe patres et saepe
 negatum
 flagitat adventum; nec tali publica vota
 consensu tradunt atavi caluisse per urbem,
 Dacica bellipotens cum fregerat Ulpus
 335 arma
 atque indignantes in iura redegerat Arctos,
 cum fasces cinxere Hypanin mirataque
 leges
 Romanum stupuit Maeotia terra tribunal.
 nec tantis patriae studiis ad templa
 vocatus,
 clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus
 undique cinctam
 341 exuit Hesperiam paribus Fortuna periclis.
 laus ibi nulla ducum; nam flammeus imber
 in hostem
 decedit; hunc dorso trepidum fumante
 ferebat
 ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
 345 subsedit galea liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
 conduit et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
 tum contenta polo mortalis nescia teli
 pugna fuit: Chaldaea mago seu carmina ritu
 armavere deos, seu, quod reor, omne
 Tonantis
 350 obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.
 nunc quoque praesidium Latio non deesset
 Olympi,
 deficeret si nostra manus; sed providus
 aether

with its smoky, odorous flame of blue sulphur
 and black bitumen; he sprinkles the limbs with
 holy water and with herbs that banish evil
 influences and, praying to Jove the Purifier and
 to Diana, with back-turned hands throws over
 his head towards the South the torches which
 are to carry off with them the spells cast over
 the sick.

Meanwhile the ardent desire of both senate and
 people to behold their emperor demands his
 often denied return. Not with such consent, our
 grandsires report, were public vows eagerly
 offered throughout the city when warlike
 Trajan had broken the power of Dacia and
 reduced the indignant north once more to
 subjection, what time the Scythian river
 Hypanis beheld the Roman axes and Lake
 Maeotis looked in amaze on a Roman court
 administering Roman law. It was a lesser
 enthusiasm which recalled the gentle Marcus
 Aurelius to give thanks in Rome's temples for
 Fortune's deliverance of Italy from a similar
 pressure of surrounding nations. Then 'twas no
 thanks to the generals: one man his scorched
 courser bore trembling on its smoking back;
 another sank down beneath his fire-wasted
 helmet; spears glowed molten by lightning and
 swords vanished suddenly into smoke. Heaven
 it was that fought that battle with no mortal
 weapons, whether it was that Chaldean
 seers^[35] had by their magic spells won over the
 gods to our side or, as I rather think, that
 Marcus' blameless life had power to win the
 Thunder's homage. To-day, also, assuredly
 Heaven's favour would not be wanting to
 Latium should our own hand fail, but a
 beneficent providence has

^[35] Claudian refers to the famous legend
 of the "Thundering" legion, saved from
 dying of lack of water by a miraculous rain-
 storm. This miracle occurred during M.
 Aurelius' war against the Marcomanni
 (*circ.* A.D. 175) and is attributed (1) to the
 prayers of the Christians; (2) to an
 Egyptian magician on Marcus' staff (Dio
 Cassius lxxi. 8. 10); (3) to the emperor's
 own prayers.

noluit humano titulos auferre labori,
 ne tibi iam, princeps, soceri sudore
 paratam,
 355 quam meruit virtus, ambirent fulmina
 laurum.
 Iam totiens missi proceres responsa
 morandi
 rettulerant, donec differri longius urbis
 communes non passa preces penetralibus
 altis
 prosiluit vultusque palam confessa coruscos
 impulit ipsa suis cunctantem Roma
 360 querellis:
 "Dissimulata diu tristes in amore repulsas
 vestra parens, Auguste, queror. quonam
 usque tenebit
 praelatus mea vota Ligus? vetitumque
 propinqua
 luce frui, spatiis discernens gaudia parvis,
 365 torquebit Rubicon vicino nomine Thybrim?
 nonne semel sprevisse satis, cum reddita
 bellis
 Africa venturi lusit spe principis urbem
 nec duras tantis precibus permovimus
 aures?
 ast ego frenabam geminos, quibus altior
 ires,
 370 electi candoris equos et nominis arcum
 iam molita tui, per quem radiante decorus
 ingrederere toga, pugnae monumenta
 dicabam
 defensam titulo Libyam testata perenni.
 iamque parabantur pompae simulacra
 futurae
 375 Tarpeio spectanda Iovi: caelata metallo
 classis ut auratum sulcaret remige fluctum,
 ut Massyla tuos anteirent oppida currus

shown itself unwilling to rob human endeavour
 of its honour or to let the lightning win the
 crown of laurel which the efforts of thy father-
 in-law, Stilicho, have secured for thy brows.

Full often had the nobles, sent to urge thy
 return, brought back the answer that as yet
 thou couldst not come, until Rome herself,
 unable to bear any longer the frustration of her
 citizens' common prayer, came forth from the
 depths of her sanctuary and, openly displaying
 her radiant face, urged the hesitating emperor
 with complaints of her own. "Too long, my
 emperor, have I, thy mother, borne in silence
 the hurt thy refusal to return hath done me.
 How long shall favoured Liguria possess that
 for which I desire? How long shall the Rubicon,
 separating me from the object of my prayers by
 so narrow a space, torture the Tiber by the all-
 but-presence of that divine being whose nearer
 sojourn it is not allowed to enjoy? Was it not
 enough to have scorned me once when Africa,
 again at war, mocked the city with hopes of its
 emperor's coming, nor could we move thine
 obstinate ears with all our prayers? Yet did I
 harness for thee two steeds whiter than snow
 to draw the chariot wherein thou shouldst ride;
 already had I builded in thy name a triumphal
 arch through the which thou shouldst pass clad
 in the garb of victory, and I was dedicating it as
 a memorial of the war with an inscription to be
 the undying witness of the salvation of Libya.
 Even then were being prepared for Jove to see
 from the Tarpeian rock models for the coming
 triumph: a fleet of ships was cast in metal,
 ships whose oar-blades smote the golden sea;
 the cities of Africa were made to go before thy
 chariot and

405 desuetam iam redde mihi iustisque furoris
 externi spoliis sotes absolve triumphos.
 "Quem, precor, ad finem laribus seiuncta
 potestas
 exulat imperiumque suis a sedibus errat?
 cur mea quae cunctis tribuere palatia
 nomen
 410 neglecto squalent senio? nec creditur orbis
 illinc posse regi? medium non deserit
 umquam
 caeli Phoebus iter, radiis tamen omnia
 lustrat.
 segnius an veteres Histrum Rhenumque
 tenebant,
 qui nostram coluere domum? leviusve
 timebant
 Tigris et Euphrates, cum foedera Medus et
 415 Indus
 hinc peteret pacemque mea speraret ab
 arce?
 hic illi mansere viri, quos mutua virtus
 legit et in nomen Romanis rebus adoptans
 iudicio pulchram seriem, non sanguine
 duxit;
 420 hic proles atavum deducens Aelia Nervam
 tranquillique Pii bellatoresque Severi.
 hunc civis dignare chorum conspectaque
 dudum
 ora refer, pompam recolens ut mente
 priorem,
 quem tenero patris comitem susceperat
 424 aevo,
 nunc duce cum socero iuvenem te Thybris
 adoret."
 Orantem medio princeps sermone refovit:
 "numquam aliquid frustra per me voluisse
 dolebis,
 o dea, nec legum fas est occurrere matri.
 sed nec post Libyam (falsis ne perge
 querellis
 430 incusare tuos) patriae mandata vocantis
 sprevimus: advectae misso Stilichone
 curules,
 ut nostras tibi, Roma, vices pro principe
 consul
 impleret generoque socer. vidistis in illo

fame won from the enemy, and make good
 guilty triumphs by the lawful spoils of foreign
 madness.

"How long shall our emperor's rule be a
 stranger to its true home and his governance
 stray from its rightful seat? Why does my
 palace which has given its name to all palaces
 mourn in neglected decay? Cannot the world be
 ruled therefrom? Phoebus never deserts his
 centre path though his beams are shed upon
 all. Was the hand of those old emperors who
 made me their home any lighter laid upon the
 tribes of Danube and Rhine? Was the awe felt
 by those of Tigris and Euphrates any less real
 when Mede and Indian came to this my capital
 of Rome to beg for alliance or sue for peace?
 Here dwelt those emperors whom merit chose
 for merit, and so, adopting them as consuls for
 the Roman state, made judgement not blood
 continue a noble line. Here lived the Aelian
 family that traced its descent from Nerva, the
 peaceful Antonines, the warlike Severi. Thou
 art a citizen; disdain not such a band; give us
 back the countenance we beheld long since,
 that Father Tiber, remembering the glory that
 was, may with thy father-in-law welcome thee
 as a man whom as a boy he saw leave my city
 at his father's side."

While yet she entreated the emperor reassured
 her with these words: "Never shalt thou
 complain that I have been deaf to thine
 entreaties; I could not thwart thee, goddess,
 who art the mother of our laws. Bring no railing
 accusation against thy sons. Did I disregard my
 country's call after the African war? Nay, I sent
 thee Stilicho to sit in the curule chair to take
 my place, a consul instead of an emperor, a
 father- instead of a son-in-law. In him thy

me quoque; sic credit pietas non sanguine
 solo,
 435 sed claris potius factis experta parentem.
 cuncta quidem centum nequeam
 perstringere linguis,
 quae pro me mundoque gerit; sed ab
 omnibus unum,
 si fama necdum patuit, te, Roma, docebo
 subiectum nostris oculis et cuius agendi
 440 spectator vel causa fui.
 "Populator Achivae
 Bistoniaeque plagae, crebris successibus
 amens
 et ruptas animis spirans inmanibus Alpes
 iam Ligurum trepidis admoverat agmina
 muris
 tutior auxilio brumae (quo gentibus illis
 445 sidere consueti favet inclementia caeli)
 meque minabatur calcato obsidere vallo
 spem vano terrore fovens, si forte, remotis
 praesidiis, urgente metu, qua vellet obirem
 condicione fidem; nec me timor impulit
 ullus
 et duce venturo fretum memoremque
 450 tuorum,
 Roma, ducum, quibus haud umquam vel
 morte parata
 foedus lucis amor pepigit dispendia famae.
 nox erat et late stellarum more videbam
 barbaricos ardere focos; iam classica
 primos
 excierant vigiles, gelida cum pulcher ab
 455 Arcto
 adventat Stilicho. medius sed clauserat
 hostis
 inter me socerumque viam pontemque
 tenebat,
 Addua quo scissas spumiosior incitat undas.
 quid faceret? differret iter? discrimina
 nullas
 nostra dabant adeunda moras. perrumperet
 agmen?
 sed paucis comitatus erat; nam plurima
 461 retro,
 dum nobis properat succurrere, liquerat
 arma
 extera vel nostras acies. hoc ille locatus

citizens saw also myself; so my love believes,
 for it has found that not blood alone but rather
 glorious deeds can show a parent. Had I a
 hundred tongues I could not touch on all the
 benefits he has bestowed upon me and upon
 the empire; one deed alone of them all will I
 recount to thee, goddess, if so be it is as yet
 unknown to thee, a deed of which I was the
 spectator or the cause.

"Alaric had laid waste Greece and the coasts of
 Thrace and in the mad pride of his many
 victories and the arrogance inspired by his
 crossing of the Alps had laid siege to the
 trembling cities of Liguria with winter as his
 ally—a season that favours a race accustomed
 to inclement skies; he then threatened to break
 down my defences and to lay strait siege to me
 also, bolstering up his hopes with the thought
 that, at the terror of his name and in fear of
 having none to aid me, I should come to terms
 with him on any conditions he chose. But I felt
 no fear, for I relied on the advance of Stilicho,
 and was mindful, O goddess, of those thy
 leaders who, even in face of death, never
 through base love of life made terms at the cost
 of honour. It was night; where'er I looked I saw
 the watchfires of the enemy shining like stars.
 The bugle had already summoned the soldiers
 to the first watch when glorious Stilicho arrived
 from the frozen north. But the enemy held the
 road between my father-in-law and myself, and
 the bridge whose obstructing piers churn
 turbid Addua to yet fuller foam. What was
 Stilicho to do? Halt? My danger forbade the
 least delay. Break through the enemy's line?
 His force was too small. In hastening to my aid
 he had left behind him many auxiliaries and
 legionary troops. Placed in this dilemma he

465 ancipiti, longum socias tardumque putavit
 expectasse manus et nostra pericula tendit
 posthabitis pulsare suis mediumque per
 hostem
 flammatus virtute pia propriaeque salutis
 inmemor et stricto prosternens obvia ferro
 barbara fulmineo secuit tentoria cursu.
 "Nunc mihi Tydiden attollant carmina
 470 vatum,
 quod iuncto fidens Ithaco patefacta Dolonis
 indicio dapibusque simul religataque somno
 Thracia sopiti penetraverit agmina Rhesi
 Graiaque rettulerit captos ad castra
 iugales,
 quorum, si qua fides audentibus omnia
 475 Muis,
 impetus excessit Zephyros candorque
 pruinas.
 ecce virum, taciti nulla qui fraude soporis
 ense palam sibi pandit iter remeatque
 cruentus
 et Diomedes tantum praeclarior ausis,
 quantum lux tenebris manifesta proelia
 480 furtis!
 adde quod et ripis steterat munitior hostis
 et cui nec vigilem fas est componere
 Rhesum:
 Thrax erat, hic Thracum domitor. non tela
 retardant,
 obice non haesit fluvii. sic ille minacem
 Tyrrhenam labente manum pro ponte
 485 repellens
 traiecit clipeo Thybrim, quo texerat urbem,
 Tarquinio mirante Cocles mediisque
 superbus
 Porsennam respexit aquis. celer Addua
 nostro
 sulcatus socero: sed, cum transnaret,
 Etruscis
 ille dabat tergum, Geticis hic pectora bellis.
 490

thought it long and tedious to wait for
 reinforcements and, putting aside his own peril,
 was eager only to deliver me from mine;
 inspired by the courage that is born of love,
 heedless of his own danger, he broke through
 the enemy's midst and, sword in hand, cutting
 down all who sought to bar his passage, he
 passed like lightning through the barbarians'
 camp.

"Now let poets' songs praise me the son of
 Tydeus because, relying on Odysseus' help
 when the way was opened by Dolon's wiles and
 all was sunk in feasting and slumber, he broke
 into the Thracian camp of Rhesus and brought
 back to the Greek lines his captured steeds,
 which—if we may trust the too generous Muses
 —surpassed the winds in speed, the snows in
 whiteness. Here was a man who, with no
 treachery 'mid silent slumber, clave a path for
 himself with his sword in the open light of day
 and arrived within our lines covered with blood,
 thus surpassing the brave deeds of Diomedes by
 as much as day surpasses night and open battle
 ambush. Alaric's position, moreover, on the
 river bank was a stronger one, and he himself a
 warrior with whom Rhesus, even when awake,
 could not be compared. Rhesus was king, Alaric
 the conqueror, of Thrace. Neither weapons nor
 the river's bar could stop Stilicho. So Horatius,
 standing on the falling bridge, drove back the
 threatening hosts of Etruria and then swam the
 Tiber, still carrying the shield wherewith to the
 amazement of Tarquin he had defended Rome,
 and from mid stream looked back with scornful
 gaze upon Porsenna. 'Twas the swift Addua my
 father breasted; but, as he swam the flood,
 Horatius turned his back upon the Etruscans,
 Stilicho faced the barbarian foe.

"Exere nunc doctos tantae certamina
 laudis,
 Roma, choros et, quanta tuis facundia
 pollet
 ingeniis, nostrum digno sonet ore
 parentem."
 Dixit et antiquae muros egressa
 Ravennae
 495 signa movet; iamque ora Padi portusque
 relinquit
 flumineos, certos ubi legibus advena Nereus
 aestuat et pronas puppes nunc amne
 secundo,
 nunc redeunte vehit nudataque litora fluctu
 deserit, Oceani lunaribus aemula damnis.
 500 laetior hinc Fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
 despiciturque vagus praerupta valle
 Metaurus,
 qua mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu
 admisitque viam sectae per viscera rupis,
 exuperans delubra Iovis saxoque minantes
 505 Appenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras.
 quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
 candida quae Latiis praebent armenta
 triumphis,
 visere cura fuit; nec te miracula fontis
 praetereunt, tacito passu quem si quis
 adiret,
 510 lentus erat; si voce gradum maiore citasset,
 commixtis fervebat aquis; cumque omnibus
 una
 sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis undas
 ostendant, haec sola novam iactantia
 sortem
 humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
 celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia
 515 campum
 regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
 non procul amnis abest, urbi qui nominis
 auctor:
 ilice sub densa silvis artatus opacis

"Now, O Rome, lead forth the chorus that shall
 hymn a contest of such high renown and let thy
 best genius with all its eloquence voice the
 well-merited praises of my foster parent."

So spake he and, issuing from the walls of old
 Ravenna, advanced his standards. He crossed
 the mouths of the Po and left behind him that
 river harbour^[38] where, in fixed succession, in
 flows the foaming main and bears up the
 vessels that ride there at anchor on forward
 and backward flowing stream, and again
 deserts the waveless shore, like moon-led tides
 upon the marge of Ocean. Next he comes to the
 old city of Fortune's Temple that bids him glad
 welcome and from its height looks down upon
 Metaurus threading its rocky valley where an
 arch, tunnelled through the living rock, affords
 a path through the mountain's very heart,
 rising above the temple of Jove and the dizzy
 altars set up by the shepherds of the
 Apennines. 'Twas thy good pleasure, too, to
 visit Clitumnus' wave,^[39] beloved of them that
 triumph, for thence do victors get them white-
 coated animals for sacrifice at Rome. Thou
 markest well also the stream's strange
 property, flowing gently on when one
 approaches with silent step, but swirling and
 eddying should one hasten with louder
 utterance; and while it is the common nature of
 water to mirror the exact image of the body it
 alone boasts the strange power that it mimics
 not human form but human character. Next thy
 royal charger treads the streets of Narnia,
 looking out from its eminence upon the plain
 below: not far therefrom flows the strange-
 coloured stream which gives the town its name,
 its sulphurous waters

^[38] Classis Portus, a harbour formed by
 means of the Fossa Augusta which led the
 southern arm of the Po to Ravenna. It was
 in existence in 38 B.C. (App. *B.C.* v. 78, 80)
 and held 250 ships (Jordanes, *Get.* 150; *cf.*
 Pliny, *H.N.* iii. 119; Sid. Apol. *Epp.* i. 5. 5).

^[39] For a description of the Clitumnus see
 Pliny, *Epp.* viii. 8.

inter utrumque iugum tortis anfractibus
albet.

520 inde salutato libatis Thybride lymphis
excipiunt arcus operosaque semita vastis
molibus et quidquid tantae praemittitur
urbi.

Ac velut officii trepidantibus ora puellae
spe propiore tori mater sollertior ornat
adveniente proco vestesque et cingula

525 comit
saepe manu viridique angustat iaspide
pectus
substringitque comam gemmis et colla
monili

circuit et bacis onerat candentibus aures:
sic oculis placitura tuis insignior auctis
530 collibus et nota maior se Roma videndam
obtulit. addebant pulchrum nova moenia
vultum

audito perfecta recens rumore Getarum,
profecitque opifex decori timor, et vice
mira,

535 quam pax intulerat, bello discussa senectus
erexit subitas turres cunctosque coëgit
septem continuo colles iuvenescere muro.
ipse favens votis solitoque decentior aër,
quamvis adsiduo noctem foedaverat imbre,
principis et solis radiis detersa removit
nubila; namque ideo pluviis turbaverat

540 omnes
ante dies lunamque rudem madefecerat
Auster,

ut tibi servatum scirent convexa serenum.

Omne Palatino quod pons a colle recedit
Mulvius et quantum licuit consurgere
tectis,

flowing in tortuous course between opposed
mountains through dense forests of holm-oak.
Then when in greeting to Father Tiber thou
hast poured a libation of his waters thou art
welcomed by Rome's arches and all the
magnificent buildings which line the roads of
that noble city's suburbs.

And as a careful mother at the approach of her
daughter's lover does all that trembling hand
can do to enhance the charms that are to win a
husband, oft readjusts dress and girdle,
confines her breast with bands of green jasper,
gathers up her hair with jewels, sets a necklace
about her neck, and hangs glistening pearls
from her ears, so Rome, in order to be pleasing
in thy sight, offers herself to thy admiring gaze
more glorious and with hills made higher and
herself greater than thou hadst known her. Still
fairer than of old she seemed by reason of
those new walls that the rumour of the Getae's
approach had just caused to be built; fear was
the architect of that beauteous work and, by a
strange freak of fortune, war put an end to the
decay that peace had brought. For fear it was
that caused the sudden upspringing of all those
towers and renewed the youth of Rome's seven
hills by enclosing them all within one long wall.
Even the weather listened favourably to our
prayers and was finer than its wont, although
continuous rain had spoiled the preceding
night; but the clouds melted away before the
glory of the sun and the emperor. All the days
before had the south wind troubled with rain
and dimmed the moon's young disc that heaven
might know it was for thee that the sunshine
waited.

One huge crowd filled all the slope between the
Palatine hill and the Mulvian bridge and as far
up

545 una replet turbae facies: undare videres
 ima viris, altas effulgere matribus aedes.
 exultant iuvenes aequaevi principis annis;
 temnunt prisca senes et in hunc sibi
 prospera fati
 gratantur durasse diem moderataque
 laudant
 tempora, quod clemens aditu, quod pectore
 550 solus
 Romanos vetuit currum praecedere patres:
 cum tamen Eucherius, cui regius undique
 sanguis,
 atque Augusta soror fratri praeberet ovanti
 militis obsequium; sic illum dura parentis
 555 instituit pietas in se vel pignora parci
 quique neget nato, procerum quod praestat
 honori.
 haec sibi curva^[40] senum maturaque
 comprobata aetas
 idque inter veteris speciem praesentis et
 aulae
 iudicat: hunc civem, dominos venisse
 priores.
 Conspicuas tum flore genas, diademate
 560 crinem
 membraque gemmato trabeae viridantia
 cinctu
 et fortes umeros et certatura Lyaeo
 inter Erythraeas surgentia colla smaragdos
 mirari sine fine nurus; ignaraque virgo,
 cui simplex calet ore pudor, per singula
 565 cernens
 nutricem consultat anum: quid fixa
 draconum
 ora velint? ventis fluitent an vera minentur
 sibila suspensum rapturi faucibus hostem?
 ut chalybe indutos equites et in aere
 latentes
 vidit cornipedes: "quanam de gente"
 570 rogabat
 "ferrati venere viri? quae terra metallo
 nascentes informat equos? num Lemnius
 auctor

[40] curva *Birt; codd. cura.*

as it was possible to go on the house roofs; the ground seethed with men, the lofty buildings were aglow with women. Those who are young rejoice in an emperor of their own age, the old cease to belaud the past and count their destiny happy that they have lived to see such a day, blessing the kindly times when a prince so easy of access, so singular in courtesy, forbade the senators of Rome to march before his chariot, even though Eucherius, in whose veins ran regal blood on father's and on mother's side, and his own sister did honour to his triumph like simple soldiers. Such has been the teaching of that stern but loving parent who showed no more favour to his children than to himself, and refused a son honours he granted to nobles. Bent age and upstanding youth alike are loud in his praises and, comparing the new with the ancient rule, recognize in Honorius a true citizen, in his predecessors tyrants.

The women of Rome never tire of gazing at those blooming cheeks, those crowned locks, those limbs clothed in the consul's jasper-studded robes, those mighty shoulders, and that neck, beauteous as Bacchus' own, with its necklace of Red Sea emeralds. Many an innocent maid, while simple modesty blushes in her cheek, would bend her gaze o'er all and inquire of her aged nurse the meaning of the dragons on the colours. "Do they," she would ask, "but wave in the air or is theirs a veritable hiss, uttered as they are about to seize an enemy in their jaws?" When she sees the mail-clad knights and brazen-armoured horses she would fain know whence that iron race of men is sprung and what land it is gives birth to steeds of bronze. "Has the god of Lemnos,"

indidit hinnitum ferro simulacraque belli
 viva dedit?" gaudet metuens et pollice
 monstrat.
 575 quod picturatas galeae Iunonia cristas
 ornet avis vel quod rigidos vibrata per
 armos
 rubra sub aurato crispentur serica dorso.
 Tunc tibi magnorum mercem Fortuna
 laborum
 persolvit, Stilicho, curru cum vectus eodem
 urbe triumphantem generum florente
 580 iuventa
 conspiceres illumque diem sub corde
 referres,
 quo tibi confusa dubiis formidine rebus
 infantem genitor moriens commisit
 alendum.
 virtutes variae fructus sensere receptos;
 depositum servasse, fides; constantia,
 585 parvum
 praefecisse orbi; pietas, fovisse
 propinquum.
 hic est ille puer, qui nunc ad rostra Quirites
 evocat et solio fultus genitoris eburno
 gestarum patribus causas ex ordine rerum
 eventusque refert veterumque exempla
 590 secutus
 digerit imperii sub iudice facta senatu.
 nil cumulat verbis quae nil fiducia celat;
 fucati sermonis opem mens conscia laudis
 abnuit. agnoscunt proceres; habituque
 Gabino
 595 principis et ducibus circumstipata togatis
 iure paludatae iam curia militat aulae.
 adfuit ipsa suis ales Victoria templis
 Romanae tutela togae: quae divite penna
 patricii reverenda fovet sacraria coetus

she would ask, "bestowed on metal the power to neigh, and forged living statues for the fight?" Joy and fear fill her mind; she points with her finger how Juno's bird decks the gay crests upon their helmets, or how, beneath the golden armour on their horses' backs, the red silk waves and ripples over the strong shoulders.

Then it was, Stilicho, that Fortune repaid thee for the labour of so many years when, mounted in the same chariot, thou sawest thy son-in-law in his prime pass in triumph through the streets of Rome, and didst recall that day when in troubled terror mid uncertain fortune the dying father entrusted his son to thy care. Now thy many virtues have found their meet reward: loyalty that has kept safe that which was confided to it, singleness of purpose that made a boy the master of the world, affection that has bestowed such loving care on an adopted son. This is the boy who to-day summons Rome's citizens to the place of meeting and from his father's ivory throne tells to the fathers the causes and the issues of his acts, and, following ancient precedent, directs the deeds of empire at the judgement-seat of the Senate. He piles up no words, for confidence has nothing to conceal; his mind, conscious of true worth, refuses the aid of artificial speech. The senators learn to know him; their chief wears the Sabine^[41] garb, and thronged with generals in the rôle of peace the Senate-house prepares for service under the auspices of the warlike court. Winged victory herself, Rome's faithful guardian, was in her temple;^[42] her golden pinions stretched in protection over the holy sanctuary where the fathers meet together, and she herself, a tireless

[41] See note on vii. 3.

[42] A reference to the statue of Victory in the Senate House. Ambrose had persuaded Gratian to turn it out (A.D. 384) but Honorius had had it replaced (*cf.* xxiii. 19 and Paulinus, *Vita S. Ambr.* viii. § 26).

600 castrorumque eadem comes indefessa
 tuorum
 nunc tandem fruitur votis atque omne
 futurum
 te Romae seseque tibi promittit in aevum.
 Hinc te iam patriis laribus via nomine
 vero
 605 sacra refert. flagrat studiis concordia vulgi,
 quam non inlecebris dispersi colligis auri;
 nec tibi venales captant aeraria plausus
 corruptura fidem: meritis offertur inemptus
 pura mente favor. nam munere carior omni
 obstringit sua quemque salus. procul
 ambitus erret!
 non quaerit pretium, vitam qui debet amori.
 610 O quantum populo secreti numinis addit
 imperii praesens genius! quantamque
 rependit
 maiestas alterna vicem, cum regia circi
 conexum gradibus veneratur purpura
 vulgus,
 adsensuque cavae sublatus in aethera vallis
 615 plebis adoratae reboat fragor, unaque totis
 intonat Augustum septenis arcibus Echo!
 nec solis hic cursus equis: adsueta
 quadrigis
 cingunt arva trabes, subitaeque adspectus
 harenae
 620 diffundit Libycos aliena valle cruores.
 haec et belligeros exercuit area lusus,
 armatos haec saepe choros, certaue
 vagandi
 textas lege fugas inconfusosque recursus
 et pulchras errorum artes iucundaue
 Martis
 625 cernimus. insonuit cum verbere signa
 magister,

attendant on thine armies, now at last has had her wish granted and is able to promise that for all time to come thou shalt be Rome's guardian and she thine.

Hence the Sacred Way (now truly named) brings thee back to thy home. Eagerly breaks out the world's one-hearted welcome, that thou dost not woo with lure of scattered gold; nor for thee does the treasury, seeking to corrupt good faith, court venal applause; to worth unpurchased love is offered by a pure heart. For life that is dearer than any gift makes all thy debtors. Away with wooing of applause! He can ask no payment who owes his life to love.

Oh what mysterious power over the people does the Empire's guardian-genius bring! What majesty bows to majesty as the prince, clad in imperial scarlet, returns the salutations of the people that crowd the tiers of the Circus! The shouts of the adoring populace rising from that immense circle thunder to the sky, while the echoes of Rome's seven hills repeat as with one voice the name of Honorius. Nor does the Circus display only horse-races; its floor, whereon chariots were wont to drive, is surrounded by a palisade, and in this new amphitheatre, so far, so different, from their native valleys, Libyan lions shed their blood. This is the scene, too, of a military display; here we often see armed bands advancing and retiring in mazèd movements that are nevertheless executed according to a fixed plan; we watch them wheel in perfect order, extend with disciplined precision, affording us the pleasing spectacle of mimic warfare. The leader cracks his whip and a thousand bodies execute in unison

mutatos edunt pariter tot pectora motus
 in latus adlisis clipeis aut rursus in altum
 vibratis; grave parma sonat, mucronis
 acutum
 murmur, et umbonum pulsu modulante
 resultans
 630 ferreus alterno concentus clauditur ense.
 una omnis summissa phalanx tantaeque
 salutant
 te, princeps, galeae. partitis inde catervis
 in varios docto discurritur ordine gyros,
 quos neque semiviri Gortynia tecta iuveni
 flumina nec crebro vincant Maeandria
 635 flexu.
 discreto revoluta gradu torquentur in orbes
 agmina, perpetuisque inmoto cardine
 claustris
 Ianus bella premens laeta sub imagine
 pugnae
 armorum innocuos paci largitur honores.
 Iamque novum fastis aperit felicibus
 640 annum
 ore coronatus gemino; iam Thybris in uno
 et Bruti cernit trabeas et sceptrum Quirini.
 consule laetatur post plurima saecula viso
 Pallanteus apex; agnoscunt rostra curules
 645 auditas quondam proavis, desuetaque
 cingit
 regius auratis fora fascibus Ulpia lictor,
 et sextas Getica praevelans fronde secures
 colla triumphati proculcat Honorius Histri.
 exeat in populos cunctis inlustrior annus,
 650 natus fonte suo, quem non aliena per arva
 induit hospes honos, cuius cunabula fovit
 curia, quem primi tandem videre Quirites,
 quem domitis auspex peperit Victoria
 bellis!

their new movements; now they clap their
 bucklers to their sides, now they brandish them
 above their heads; deeply sound the clashing
 shields, sharply ring the engaging swords, and,
 to the rhythm of beaten targes, the echoing
 song of steel is punctuated by the interclash of
 weapons. Suddenly the whole phalanx falls on
 its knees before thee and a thousand helmets
 bow down in reverence. Then the companies
 separate, wheeling and counter-wheeling with
 ordered skill, following a course more tortuous
 than the corridors of the Minotaur's Cretan
 palace or the reaches of Meander's wandering
 stream. Then wheeling apart they form with
 circular masses, and Janus,^[43] imprisoning
 war behind his ever unopening doors, after a
 happy mimicry of battle bestows on peace the
 innocent rewards of combat.

And now, his double head crowned with laurel,
 Janus opens the new year with auspicious
 calendar; now Tiber sees united in Honorius
 Brutus' consular robe and Romulus' kingly
 sceptre. The Palatine hill rejoices after many
 generations again to look upon a consul; the
 rostra learn to know the curule chair famed of
 old among our forefathers, and royal lictors, a
 long unwonted sight, encircle with their golden
 fasces the Forum of Trajan; while Honorius,
 wreathing with Getic laurels the axes borne for
 the sixth time before him, places a conqueror's
 foot upon the neck of subdued Danube. Let this
 year springing from its true source go forth
 among the nations more glorious than any—a
 year the consul inaugurated, not a stranger in a
 strange land, whose cradle the Senate-house
 guarded, that Roman citizens first beheld, that
 Victory, all wars o'ercome, auspiciously

[43] Mentioned, no doubt, as symbolical of the New Year.

hunc et privati titulis famulantibus anni
 et, quos armipotens genitor retroque
 655 priores
 diversis gessere locis, ceu numen adorent;
 hunc et quinque tui vel quos habiturus in
 urbe
 post alios, Auguste, colant. licet unus in
 omnes
 consul eas, magno sextus tamen iste
 superbit
 660 nomine: praeteritis melior, venientibus
 auctor.

brought to birth. Years in which mere
 commoners held the consulship, and ye years
 when Theodosius and his predecessors graced
 that office in Rome or elsewhere, count your
 honours as nought and worship this present
 year. Ay, you five previous consulships of
 Honorius, even you that our emperor shall hold
 in Rome in the days to come, give place to this
 one. Wert thou, Honorius, to be consul every
 year, yet is this thy sixth to be magnified above
 all thy consulships, excelling all that are past
 and model of all that are to come.

DE BELLO GOTHICO**PRAEFATIO**

(XXV.)

Post resides annos longo velut excita somno
 Romanis fruitur nostra Thalia choris.
 optatos renovant eadem mihi culmina
 coetus,
 personat et noto Pythia vate domus:
 5 consulis hic fasces cecini Libyamque
 receptam,
 hic mihi prostratis bella canenda Getis.
 Sed prior effigiem tribuit successus
 aenam,
 oraque patricius nostra dicavit honos;
 adnuit his princeps titulum poscente
 senatu;
 10 respice iudicium quam grave, Musa,
 subis!
 ingenio minuit merces properata favorem:
 carminibus veniam praemia tanta negant;
 et magis intento studium censore laborat,
 quod legimur medio conspicimurque foro.
 15 Materies tamen ipsa iuvat solitumque
 timorem
 dicturo magna sedula parte levat.
 nam mihi conciliat gratas impensius aures
 vel meritum belli vel Stilichonis amor.

THE GOTHIC WAR**PREFACE**

(XXV.)

After years of sloth my Muse, as if startled from
 long slumber, rejoices to sing a Roman song to
 Roman ears. Once more the same halls bring
 the gathering I longed for, and Apollo's temple
 echoes to the voice of a familiar bard. 'Twas
 here I sang of the consular fasces and of the
 winning back of Libya and here must I sing of
 the war that overthrew the Getae.

But my former success won for me a brazen
 statue^[44] and the Fathers set up my likeness in
 my honour; at the Senate's prayer the Emperor
 allowed the claim—bethink thee, Muse, how
 strict a judgement thou dost face! Wit wins less
 favour when too soon rewarded, and so great a
 gift refuses indulgence for my song. Now that
 my name is read and my features are known in
 the forum my Muse labours for a sterner critic
 than before.

Yet my theme itself brings cheer and, as I begin
 to speak, eagerly lightens much of my
 accustomed fear. A gracious and more devoted
 hearing is secured for me, be it by the war's
 deserving or be it by Stilicho's love.

[44] For Claudian's statue see Introduction, p. xii. For a similar honour conceded to Sidonius *cf.* Sid. Apol. *Epp.* ix. 16. 3; *Carm.* viii. 8.

(XXVI.)

Intacti cum claustra freti, coëuntibus
 aequor
 armatum scopulis, audax inrumperet Argo
 Aetam Colchosque petens, propiore
 periclo
 omnibus attonitis, solus post numina Tiphys
 5 incolumem tenui damno servasse carinam
 fertur et ancipitem montis vitasse ruinam
 deceptoque vagae concursu rupis in altum
 victricem duxisse ratem; stupuere superbae
 arte viri domitae Symplegades et nova
 passae
 iura soli cunctis faciles iam puppibus
 10 haerent,
 ut vinci didicere semel. quodsi ardua
 Tiphyn
 navis ob innocuae meritum sic gloria vexit,
 quae tibi pro tanti pulso discrimine regni
 sufficient laudes, Stilicho? licet omnia vates
 in maius celebrata ferant ipsamque
 15 secandis
 Argois trabibus iactent sudasse Minervam
 nec nemoris muti iunxisse carentia sensu
 robora, sed caeso Tomari Iovis augure luco
 arbore praesaga tabulas animasse
 loquaces.
 plurima sed quamvis variis miracula
 20 monstris
 ingeminent, teneras victuri carmine
 mentes,

(XXVI.)

When the intrepid Argo, passing between the
 clashing rocks that guarded its entrance, burst
 through the portals of the unfurrowed sea
 making for Colchis where Aeëtes ruled, it is
 said that, when all were panic-stricken by the
 nearing danger, Tiphys alone—with heaven's
 help—kept safe the almost uninjured bark.
 'Twas thanks to him that the Argo escaped the
 cliffs threatening ruin and came out victorious
 into the open sea, cunningly eluding the
 meeting shock of the floating rocks. Amazed
 were the proud Symplegades thus subdued by
 the hero's skill, and, submitting to the novel
 laws of the fixed earth, offer unmoved an easy
 passage to all ships since once they have
 learned defeat. But if the merit of saving a
 single vessel from ruin won, and rightly won,
 for Tiphys such meed of honour, what praises
 shall suffice for thee, Stilicho, who hast freed
 so great an empire from destruction? Poets
 may exaggerate the story; they may boast that
 Minerva toiled with her own hands to hew the
 Argo's beams, and that she fitted together no
 senseless timber from a dumb forest, but felled
 the augural grove of Tomarian^[45] Jove and with
 those prophetic trees quickened its planks to
 speech. But though they burden their recital
 with the story of countless prodigies to
 captivate the mind of the unlettered

[45] A reference to the "talking oaks" of
 Dodona, Tomarus (or Tmarus) being a
 mountain in Epirus near Dodona.

Harpyiasque truces insopitisque refusum
 tractibus aurati custodem velleris anguem
 et iuga taurorum rapidis ambusta favillis
 25 et virides galeis sulcos fetasque novales
 Martis et in segetem crescentis semina
 belli:
 nil veris aequale dabunt. prohibere rapaces
 scilicet Harpyias unaque excludere mensa
 nobilior titulus, quam tot potuisse paratas
 30 in Latii praedam Geticas avertere fauces?
 anne ego terrigenas potius mirabor in ipsis
 procubuisse satis, vitae quibus attulit idem
 principium finemque dies, quam caesa
 Getarum
 agmina, quos tantis aluit Bellona tropaeis
 35 totaque sub galeis Mavortia canuit aetas?
 Per te namque unum mediis exuta
 tenebris
 imperio sua forma redit, claustrisque
 solutae
 tristibus exangues audent procedere leges.
 iamque potestates priscus discriminat ordo
 40 iustitiae, quas ante pares effecerat una
 nube timor. tua nos urgenti dextera leto
 eripuit, tectisque suis redduntur et agris
 damnati fato populi, virtute renati.
 iam non in pecorum morem formidine
 clausi
 45 prospicimus saevos campis ardentibus
 ignes
 alta nec incertis metimur flumina votis
 excidio latura moram nec poscimus amnes

young, though they tell of fierce Harpies, of the
 dragon whose unsleeping length lay curled in
 protecting folds about the golden fleece, of
 yoked bulls afire with flickering flames, of a
 springing crop of helmets, a field from out
 whose furrows grew a Martian race, of seeds of
 war whose increase yielded a harvest, too, of
 war, yet do these fictions fall short of the truth.
 Is it a nobler title to fame to have driven off the
 greedy Harpies and banished them from the
 table of a single man than to have had the
 strength to beat back those countless Getic
 maws that thirsted for the spoil of Latium? Am I
 to look with more admiration upon those earth-
 born warriors struck down in the very furrows
 from which they sprang, born and dying in a
 single day, than upon the slaughtered ranks of
 Getae whom the goddess of war reared on so
 many spoils and whose martial life came to
 grey hairs, passed ever beneath helmets?

Thou and thou alone, Stilicho, hast dispersed
 the darkness that enshrouded our empire and
 hast restored its glory; thanks to thee
 civilization, all but vanished, has been freed
 from the gloomy prison and can again advance.
 The old order of justice now makes distinction
 between magistracies which fear had made
 equal in a common gloom. Thy right hand has
 snatched us from impending death and
 restored to their homes and lands peoples
 whom fate sentenced and thy valour saved. No
 longer, herded together like sheep by reason of
 our fears, do we watch from the ramparts our
 fields ablaze with the enemy's fire, no longer
 measure the depth of rivers which we feebly
 hope will retard our destruction nor ask the
 streams and flying clouds to

undosam servare fidem nubesque fugaces
aut coniuratum querimur splendere
serenum.

- 50 Ipsa quoque internis furiis exercita plebis
securas iam Roma leva tranquillior arces;
surge, precor, veneranda parens, et certa
secundis
fide deis, humilemque metum depone
senectae.
urbs aequaeva polo, tum demum ferrea
sumet
- 55 ius in te Lachesis, cum sic mutaverit axem
foederibus natura novis, ut flumine verso
inriget Aegyptum Tanais, Maeotida Nilus,
Eurus ab occasu, Zephyrus se promat ab
Indis
Caucasiisque iugis calido nigrantibus
Austro
Gaetulas Aquilo glacie constringat harenas.
- 60 Fatales hucusque manus, crebrisque
notatae
prodigiis abiere minae. nec sidera pacem
semper habent, ipsumque Iovem turbante
Typhoeo,
si fas est, tremuisse ferunt, cum brachia
centum
montibus armaret totidem spiramque
retorquens
- 65 lamberet attonitas erectis anguibus Arctos.
quid mirum, si regna labor mortalia vexat,
cum gemini fratres, genuit quos asper
Aloeus,
Martem subdiderint vinclis et in astra
negatas
- 70 temptarint munire vias steteritque revulsis
paene tribus scopulis caelesti machina
bello?
sed caret eventu nimius furor; improba
numquam
spes laetata diu, nec pervenere iuventae
robur Aloidae, dum vellere Pelion Otus
nititur, occubuit Phoebus, moriensque
- 75 Ephialtes
in latus obliquam proiecit languidus Ossam.

keep the promise of their waters or complain
that the sunshine conspires against us with its
splendour.

Thou, too, Rome, so long vexed with internal
discord, lift up thy hills at last more peacefully
in safety. Arise, honoured mother, be sure that
God's favour is with thee; banish the lowly
timorousness of age. City that art coëval with
the world, inexorable Lachesis shall not
exercise against thee her rights of destruction
until Nature has so changed the immutable
laws of the universe that Tanais turn his course
and water Egypt, Nile flow into Lake Maeotis,
Eurus blow from the west, Zephyr from India,
and the south wind rage in tempest o'er the
summit of Caucasus, while that of the north
binds the deserts of Africa with its frost.

Thus far came the fatal hordes; now their
threats, whereof so many omens warned us,
have vanished away. Heaven's self was not
always at peace: they tell how even Jove
trembled (if one may dare to say so) when
Typhoeus attacked him, arming his hundred
hands with a hundred mountains and touching
the astonished constellation of the Bear with
his towering snaky coils. What wonder if
trouble harasses mortal realms when cruel
Aloeus' two sons cast Mars in chains and
attempted to build that forbidden road to the
stars so that the universe almost ceased to
move, what time the three rocks^[46] were
uprooted in the war of heaven? But their blind
fury was of no effect; wicked hopes never exult
for long. Aloeus' children never reached man's
estate; Otus, attempting to uproot Pelion, was
stricken down by Phoebus, and Ephialtes as he
died wearily let Ossa fall athwart his side.

[46] *i.e.* the mountains Pelion, Ossa and
Olympus.

Adspice, Roma, tuum iam vertice celsior
 hostem,
 adspice quam rarum referens inglorius
 agmen
 Italia detrusus eat quantumque priori
 80 dissimilis, qui cuncta sibi cessura ruenti
 pollicitus patrii numen iuraverat Histri
 non nisi calcatis loricam ponere rostris.
 o rerum fatigue vices! qui foeda parabat
 Romanas ad stupra nurus, sua pignora vidit
 coniugibus permixta trahi; qui mente
 85 profundas
 hauserat urbis opes, ultro victoribus ipse
 praeda fuit; nostri quondam qui militis auro
 adgressus temptare fidem, desertus ab
 omni
 gente sua manibusque redit truncatus et
 armis.
 90 Hoc quoque, quod veniam leti valuere
 mereri,
 si positis pendas odiis, ignoscere pulchrum
 iam misero poenaeque genus vidisse
 precantem.
 quae vindicta prior quam cum formido
 superbos
 flectit et adsuetum spoliis adfligit egestas?
 95 sed magis ex aliis fluxit dementia causis,
 consulitur dum, Roma, tibi. tua cura coëgit
 inclusis aperire fugam, ne peior in arto
 saeviret rabies venturae conscia mortis;
 nec tanti nomen stirpemque abolere
 Getarum,
 ut propius peterere, fuit. procul arceat
 100 altus
 Iuppiter, ut delubra Numae sedesque
 Quirini
 barbaries oculis saltem temerare profanis
 possit et arcanum tanti deprendere regni.

Lift up thy head, Rome, and behold thine
 enemy; see how, leading back in dishonour a
 shattered host, he is cast forth from Italy. How
 different is he from what he was when he swore
 that everything should yield to his onset and
 took an oath by Danube whom he and his
 fathers worshipped that he would never
 unbuckle his breastplate until he had marched
 in triumph through the Forum. How strange
 are the changes Fate brings about! He who
 destined the women of Rome as victims of his
 lust has seen his own wives and children led
 away captive; he who in imagination had
 drained the countless wealth of our city became
 himself his victor's easy prey; he who once
 sought to corrupt the loyalty of our troops has
 been deserted by his own people and has
 returned to his country beggared of men and
 arms.

Then too if, laying hatred aside, thou shouldst
 weigh the cause that won them pardon from
 their doom, surely to spare a fallen foe is itself
 a triumph and to see him on his knees
 punishment enough. What vengeance so
 satisfying as when terror makes pride stoop,
 and want bows down him who before bore
 spoils? But our clemency was in part due to
 another cause, for we thought of thee, O Rome.
 Concern for thee constrained us to offer a way
 of escape to the beleaguered foe lest, with the
 fear of death before their eyes, their rage
 should grow the more terrible for being
 confined. An enemy before thy very walls would
 have been too heavy a price to pay for the
 destruction of the race and name of the Getae.
 May Jove from on high forbid that the
 barbarian should outrage even with a glance
 Numa's shrine or Romulus' temple, or discover
 aught of the secrets of our empire.

Quamquam, si veterum certamina rite
 recorde,
 105 tunc etiam, pulchra cum libertate vigerent
 et proprio late florerent milite patres,
 semper ab his fama petiere insignia bellis,
 quae diversa procul tuto trans aequora
 vires
 exercere dabant: currus regumque catenae
 110 inter abundantis fati ludibria ductae.
 at vero Italiam quotiens circumstetit atrox
 tempestas ipsumque caput laesura
 pependit,
 non illis vani ratio ventosa furoris,
 sed graviter spectata salus ductorque
 placebat,
 non qui praecipiti traheret semel omnia
 115 casu,
 sed qui maturo vel laeta vel aspera rerum
 consilio momenta regens, nec tristibus
 impar
 nec pro successu nimius, spatiumque
 morandi
 vincendique modum mutatis nosset
 habenis.
 120 cautius ingentes morbos et proxima cordi
 ulcera Paeoniae tractat sollertia curae
 parcendoque secat, ferro ne largius acto
 inrevocandus eat sectis vitalibus error.
 Sublimi certe Curium canit ore vetustas,
 125 Aeaciden Italo pepulit qui litore Pyrrhum,
 nec magis insignis Pauli Mariique
 triumphus,
 qui captos niveis reges egere quadrigis;
 plus fuga laudatur Pyrrhi quam vincla
 Iugurthae;
 et, quamvis gemina fessum iam clade
 fugavit,
 130 post Decii lituos et nulli pervia culpae
 pectora Fabricii, donis invicta vel armis,

And yet—if duly I recall ancient conflicts—then
 also when, fair liberty lending vigour, the
 senate was everywhere successful with native
 troops, they sought trophies from such wars as
 were waged far away across the sea where our
 soldiers could exercise their courage without
 danger to their homes; chariots and fettered
 kings were accounted but the shows that
 overflowing fortune gave. But whenever a
 dread storm burst upon Italy or hung
 threateningly over her head their thought was
 not how to give vent to profitless fury but how
 best at such a crisis to secure the safety of the
 state. The leader of their choice was not he who
 hazarded all on one rash throw but one who
 gave careful thought to each eventuality, were
 it fortunate or the reverse, one who could bear
 adversity with fortitude and success with
 moderation, and by slackening or tightening
 the reins of government knew how to make use
 of victory and to temporize after a setback. The
 physician's skill deals more carefully with grave
 diseases and ulcers that are near the heart:
 here he is more sparing of the knife for fear
 lest the blade, driven too deep, should slip and
 sever beyond healing some vital organ.

Proud assuredly is the strain in which bards of
 old sing of Curius who drove Pyrrhus, son of
 Aeacus, from the shores of Italy,^[47] not more
 resplendent were the triumphs of Paulus and of
 Marius who dragged captive kings behind their
 white-horsed chariots. The expulsion of Pyrrhus
 is more praised than the capture of Jugurtha;
 and although Curius drove out a prince whose
 spirit had already been broken by two reverses,
 at the hands of Decius and of the blameless
 Fabricius whom neither bribes

[47] After his defeat by Curius Dentatus
 near Beneventum in 277 B.C. Pyrrhus, king
 of Epirus, was forced to evacuate Italy.
 Claudian, in this section, is at pains
 tactfully to justify Stilicho's *expulsion* of
 Alaric from Italy, as opposed to his *capture*.

plena datur Curio pulsi victoria Pyrrhi.
 quanto maius opus solo Stilichone
 peractum
 cernimus! his validam gentem, quam dura
 nivosis
 135 educat Ursa plagis, non Chaonas atque
 Molossos,
 quos Epirus alit, nec Dodonaea subegit
 agmina fatidicam frustra iactantia
 quercum.
 Primus fulmineum lento luctamine
 Poenum
 compressit Fabius, campo post ausus
 aperto
 140 Marcellus vinci docuit, sed tertia virtus
 Scipiadae Latiis tandem deterruit oris.
 unus in hoc Stilicho diversis artibus hoste
 tris potuit complere duces fregitque
 furem
 cunctando vicitque manu victumque
 relegat.
 Atque haec tanta brevi. miscentem
 incendia Pyrrhum
 146 sustinuit toto maerens Oenotria lustris,
 et prope ter senas Itali per graminis herbas
 Massylus Poeno sonipes vastante cucurrit
 Hannibalemque senem vix ad sua reppulit
 arva
 vindex sera patrum post bellum nata
 150 iuventus.
 his celer effecit, bruma ne longior una
 esset hiems rerum, primis sed mensibus
 aestas
 temperiem caelo pariter patriaeque^[48]
 referret.
 Sed quid ego Hannibalem contra
 Pyrrhumque tot annis
 certatum memorem, vilis cum Spartacus
 155 omne
 per latus Italiae ferro bacchatus et igni
 consulibusque palam totiens congressus
 inertes
 exuerit castris dominos et strage pudenda

[48] *codd.* belloque; *Birt* suggests regnoque; *Postgate* patriaeque.

nor arms could overcome, yet the whole glory
 of that expulsion is given to him. But how much
 greater the task we see fulfilled by Stilicho
 alone! He has conquered not Chaones or
 Molossi, Epirot tribes, nor yet the armies of
 Dodona that idly boast their prophetic grove,
 but a mighty people whose home lies in those
 snowy regions beneath the icy constellation of
 the Bear.

Fabius was the first to stay by his slow
 struggles Hannibal's lightning rush; then
 Marcellus, meeting him in the open field,
 taught him defeat, but it was the valour of
 Scipio that drove him from the shores of Italy.
 In the case of our latest foe Stilicho succeeded
 in combining in himself the diverse skill of all
 these three; he broke their frenzy by delaying,
 vanquished them in battle and drove the
 vanquished host from Italy.

And all this in so short a time. Full five years
 did Italy mourn beneath the scattered fires of
 Pyrrhus, for well-nigh eighteen years did the
 African steeds of the Carthaginians tread down
 and devastate our harvests, and it was a second
 generation, born after the outbreak of the war,
 that, exacting a tardy vengeance for the first,
 with difficulty drove an aged Hannibal back to
 his own country. Stilicho acted more quickly:
 he saw to it that the winter of our distress
 should last but one winter^[49] but that spring in
 its earliest months should bring back fair
 weather alike to heaven and to fatherland.

Why should I make mention of the wars waged
 all those weary years against Hannibal and
 Pyrrhus when that vile gladiator Spartacus,
 ravaging all the countryside with fire and
 sword, oft engaged the consuls in open war
 and, driving out its feeble masters

[49] The winter of 401-402.

fuderit imbelles aquilas servilibus armis?
 160 nos terrorum expers et luxu mollior aetas
 deficiamus queruli, si bos abductus aratro,
 si libata seges. non hanc ergastula nobis
 inmisere manum nec coniurantis harenae
 turba fuit; qualem Stilicho deiecerit
 hostem,
 Thraces et Haemonii poterunt Moesique
 165 fateri.
 Frigida ter decies nudatum frondibus
 Haemum
 tendit hiems vestire gelu totiensque solutis
 ver nivibus viridem monti reparavit
 amictum,
 ex quo iam patrios gens haec oblita Triones
 atque Histrum transvecta semel vestigia
 170 fixit
 Threicio funesta solo. seu fata vocabant
 seu gravis ira deum, seriem meditata
 ruinis,
 ex illo, quocumque vagos impegit Erinys,
 grandinis aut morbi ritu per devia rerum,
 praecipites per clausa ruunt, nec contigit
 175 ullis
 amnibus aut scopulis proprias defendere
 terras.
 nil Rhodope, nil vastus Athos, nil profuit
 Hebrus
 Odrysiis; facili contemptum Strymona saltu
 et frustra rapidum damnant Haliacmona
 Bessi.
 nubibus intactum Macedo miratur
 180 Olympum
 more pererratum campi; gemit inrita
 Tempe
 Thessalus et domitis inrisam cautibus
 Oeten.
 Sperchiusque et virginibus dilectus Enipeus
 barbaricas lavere comas. non obice Pindi
 185 servati Dryopes nec nubifer Actia textit
 litora Leucates; ipsae, quae durius olim
 restiterant Medis, primo conamine ruptae

from the Roman camp, put to rout the
 unwarlike eagles defeated with shameful
 carnage by a band of slaves? We, unused to
 war's alarms, an age enervated with luxury,
 grumble and give up in despair if a ploughing
 ox is looted or our harvest so much as touched.
 It was no slaves' prison that loosed on us the
 Getic hordes; these were not a crowd of
 rebellious gladiators. Thrace, Haemus and
 Moesia can tell you what manner of foe Stilicho
 expelled. Thrice ten times has chill winter cast
 her snowy mantle over leafless Haemus; as oft
 has spring, when those snows were melted,
 renewed the mountain's verdant cloak since the
 Getic race, forgetful of its native stars and once
 having crossed the Danube, set destructive foot
 on Thracian soil. Whether fate led them or the
 heavy anger of the gods planning disaster upon
 disaster, from that day, whithersoever the
 Furies have driven those errant bands, they
 have poured pell-mell over remote lands, over
 every obstacle, like a storm of hail or a
 pestilence. No streams or rocks availed to
 defend their country. Neither Rhodope nor
 huge Athos nor Hebrus could save Thrace; the
 Bessi cursed the Strymon crossed with scornful
 ease and the Haliacmon that flowed swiftly and
 to no purpose. The Macedonians in amaze saw
 Olympus, too high even for clouds, trodden by
 them as it had been a plain. Thessaly bewails
 the uselessness of Tempe and conquered Oeta's
 ridges made a mock. Sperchius and Enipeus,
 loved of maidens, served to wash the
 barbarians' hair. The barrier of Pindus could
 not save the Dryopes nor cloud-capped
 Leucates the coasts of Actium. Thermopylae
 itself that had once more boldly withstood the
 Persians yielded a passage

Thermopylae; vallata mari Scironia rupes
 et duo continuo conectens aequora muro
 Isthmos et angusti patuerunt claustra
 190 Lechaei:
 nec tibi Parrhasios licuit munire colonos
 frondosis, Erymanthe, iugis, equitataque
 summi
 culmina Taygeti trepidae vidistis Amyclae.
 Tandem supplicium cunctis pro montibus
 Alpes
 195 exegere Getas; tandem tot flumina victor
 vindicat Eridanus. docuit nunc exitus alte
 fatorum secreta regi. quisquamne reclusis
 Alpibus ulterius Latii fore credidit umbram?
 nonne velut capta rumor miserabilis urbe
 trans freta, trans Gallos Pyrenaeumque
 200 cucurrit?
 Famaque nigrantes succincta pavoribus
 alas
 secum cuncta trahens a Gadibus usque
 Britannum
 terruit Oceanum et nostro procul axe
 remotam
 insolito belli tremefecit murmure Thylen?
 Mandemusne Noti flabris quoscumque
 205 timores
 pertulimus, festae doleant ne tristibus
 aures?
 an potius meminisse iuvat semperque
 vicissim
 gaudia praemissi cumulant inopina dolores?
 utque sub occidua iactatis Pleiade nautis
 commendat placidum maris inclementia
 210 portum,
 sic mihi tunc maior Stilicho, cum laeta
 periculis
 metior atque illi redeunt in corda tumultus.
 Nonne videbantur, quamvis adamante
 rigentes,
 turribus invalidis fragiles procumbere muri
 215 ferrataeque Getis ultro se pandere portae?

at the first onset. Sciron's cliffs protected by the waves, the wall that joins sea to sea across the Isthmus of Corinth, the narrow pass of Lechaeum, all lay open to their approach. Thou, Erymanthus, couldst not protect the people of Arcadia with thy leafy ridges and thou, Amyclae, didst tremble to see the enemy's cavalry on the heights of Taygetus.

At last, however, the Alps avenged on the Getae the disgrace of all mountains else and victorious Eridanus that of all other rivers. The event has proved that deep hidden are the ways of destiny. Who would have believed that, once a passage had been forced over the Alps, so much as the shadow of Italy's name would survive? Did not the awful report of Rome's fall cross the sea and spread beyond Gaul and over the Pyrenees? Did not Rumour, her sable wing sped on with panic, sweeping all before her in her flight, affright Ocean from Britain's coast to Gades' city and far away from our world make distant Thule tremble with the unaccustomed echoes of war?

And shall we fling to the South-wind's blasts all the terrors we endured, lest mid feasting sadness trouble our ears? Or rather does such memory delight and does precursive pain ever changefully heighten unexpected joy? Even as to sailors storm-tossed at the Pleiads' setting the rudeness of the sea commends the harbour's calm, so to me does Stilicho appear greater when I compare happiness with hazard and all those troubles come again before my mind.

Did not our steel-girt walls seem to fall at the enemy's attack, feeble as the towers that crowned them, and our doors of iron to open of their own accord to give him entry? It seemed as though

nec vallum densaeque sudes arcere
 volantes
 cornipedum saltus? iamiam conscendere
 puppes
 Sardoniosque habitare sinus et inhospita
 Cyrni
 saxa parant vitamque freto spumante tueri.
 220 ipsa etiam diffisa brevi Trinacria ponto,
 si rerum natura sinat, discedere longe
 optat et Ionium refugo laxare Peloro.
 fultaque despiciens auro laquearia dives
 tutior Aeoliis mallet vixisse cavernis;
 225 iamque oneri creduntur opes tandemque
 libido
 haesit avaritiae gravioribus obruta curis.
 utque est ingenioque loquax et plurima
 fingi
 permittens credique timor, tunc somnia
 vulgo
 narrari, tunc monstra deum monitusque
 sinistri:
 quid meditentur aves, quid cum mortalibus
 aether
 fulmineo velit igne loqui, quid carmine
 231 poscat
 fatidico custos Romani carbasus aevi.
 territat adsiduus lunae labor atraque
 Phoebe
 noctibus aerisonas crebris ululata per
 urbes.
 235 nec credunt vetito fraudatam Sole sororem
 telluris subeunte globo, sed castra secutas
 barbara Thessalidas patriis lunare venenis
 incestare iubar. tunc anni signa prioris
 et si quod fortasse quies neglexerat omen,
 240 addit cura novis: lapidosos grandinis ictus
 molitasque examen apes passimque
 crematas

no rampart nor palisade were stout enough to
 withstand his cavalry's wind-swift onset. Even
 now they^[50] make ready to go aboard their
 ships, to dwell in Sardinia's creeks and
 Corsica's rocky, inhospitable coast, and to
 guard their lives behind the foaming main.
 Sicily herself, mistrusting the narrow strait,
 would fain retreat, did but Nature permit, and
 open a wider passage for the Ionian waves by
 withdrawing Pelorus. The rich, setting no store
 by their fretted golden ceilings, would rather
 have lived in greater security in an Aeolian
 cave. Soon, too, wealth was considered a
 burden, and greed of gain was curbed at last by
 reason of anxieties more overwhelming. Then—
 for that fear is by nature a babblers and allows
 all sorts of tales to be invented and believed—
 dreams, portents, and omens of ill were
 discussed on all sides. What, men asked, did
 that flight of birds portend, what message
 would heaven fain deliver to mortals by the
 thunderbolt, what did those prophetic books
 demand that guard the destiny of Rome?
 Constant eclipses of the moon alarmed us and
 night after night throughout the cities of Italy
 sounded wailings and the beating of brazen
 gongs to scare the shadow from off her
 darkened face. Men would not believe that the
 moon had been defrauded of her brother the
 sun, forbidden to give light by the interposition
 of the earth; they thought that Thessalian
 witches, accompanying the barbarian armies,
 were darkening her rays with their country's
 magic spells. Then with these new portents
 their troubled minds link the signs of the past
 year and any omens that perchance peaceful
 days had neglected—showers of stones, bees
 swarming in strange places, furious

[50] *i.e.* the inhabitants of Italy.

perbacchata domos nullis incendia causis
 et numquam caelo spectatum impune
 cometem,
 qui primum roseo Phoebi prolatus ab ortu,
 qua micat astrigera senior cum coniuge
 245 Cepheus;
 inde Lycaoniam paulatim expulsus ad
 Arcton
 crine vago Getici foedavit sidera Plaustri,
 donec in exiguum moriens vanesceret
 ignem.
 Sed gravius mentes caesorum ostenta
 luporum
 horrificant. duo quippe lupi sub principis
 250 ora,
 dum campis exercet equos, violenter adorti
 agmen et excepti telis inmane relatu
 prodigium miramque notam duxere futuri.
 nam simul humano geminas de corpore
 palmas
 255 utraque perfossis emisit belua costis:
 illo laeva tremens, hoc dextera ventre
 latebat
 intentis ambae digitis et sanguine vivo.
 scrutari si vera velis, fera nuntia Martis
 ora sub Augusti casurum prodidit hostem,
 260 utque manus utero virides patuere relecto,
 Romula post ruptas virtus sic emicat Alpes.
 sed malus interpres rerum metus omne
 trahebat
 augurium peiore via, truncataque membra
 nutricemque lupam Romae regnoque
 minari.
 265 tunc reputant annos interceptoque volatu
 vulturis incidunt properatis saecula metis.
 Solutus erat Stilicho, qui desperantibus
 augur
 sponderet meliora manu, dubiaeque salutis

fires destroying houses from no known cause, a comet—ne'er seen in heaven without disaster—which first rose where Phoebus lifts his rosy morning beam and old Cepheus shines together with starry Andromeda, his spouse; then it withdrew little by little to the constellation of Lycaon's daughter^[51] and with its errant tail dimmed the stars of the Getic Wain until at last its dying fires grew feeble and vanished.

But what terrified men's minds still more was the portent of the two slaughtered wolves. Ay, before the Emperor's face as he practised his cavalry upon the plain two wolves savagely attacked his escort. Slain by darts they disclosed a horrid portent and a wondrous sign of what was to be. In each animal, on its being cut open, was found a human hand, in the stomach of one a left hand, in that of the other a right was discovered, both still twitching, the fingers stretched out and suffused with living blood. Wouldest thou search out the truth, the beast as messenger of Mars foretold that the foe would fall before the emperor's eyes. As the hands were found to be living when the stomachs were cut open, so, when the Alps had been broken through, the might of Rome was to be discovered unimpaired. But fear, ever a poor interpreter, read disaster in the portent; severed hands, 'twas said, and nursing wolf threatened destruction on Rome and her empire. Then they reckoned up the years and, cutting off the flight of the twelfth vulture, tried to shorten the centuries of Rome's existence by hastening the end.^[52]

'Twas Stilicho alone who by his courage assured despairing Rome the promise of a better fate; at

[51] *i.e.* The Great Bear.

[52] The twelve vultures seen by Romulus (Livy i. 7. 1) were interpreted as twelve centuries of Roman power. Taking the traditional date of the founding of the city (754 B.C.) more than eleven centuries had already passed.

dux idem vatesque fuit. "durate parumper"
 inquit "et excussis muliebribus ore querellis
 270 fatorum toleremus onus. nil nautica prosunt
 turbatae lamenta rati nec segnibus undae
 planctibus aut vanis mitescunt flamina
 votis.
 nunc instare manu, toto nunc robore niti
 275 communi pro luce decet: succurrere velis,
 exhaurire fretum, varios aptare rudentes
 omnibus et docti iussis parere magistri.
 non, si perfidia nacti penetrabile tempus
 inrupere Getae, nostras dum Raetia vires
 occupat atque alio desudant Marte
 280 cohortes,
 idcirco spes omnis abit. mirabile posset
 esse mihi, si fraude nova vel calle reperto
 barbarus ignotas invaderet inscius Alpes;
 nunc vero geminis clades repetita tyrannis
 285 famosum vulgavit iter nec nota fefellit
 semita praestructum bellis civilibus
 hostem.
 per solitas venere vias, aditusque
 sequendos
 barbarico Romana dedit discordia bello.
 "Sed nec praeteritis haec res incognita
 saeclis:
 290 saepe lacessitam, sed non impune, fatemur
 Ausoniam. haec Senonum restinxit
 sanguine flammis,
 haec et Teutonico quondam patefacta furori
 colla catenati vidit squalentia Cimbri.
 vile decus, quod non erexit praevius horror;
 ingentes generant discrimina magna
 295 triumphos.
 "Quid turpes iam mente fugas, quid
 Gallica rura

this crisis he showed himself by his courage at
 once general and seer. "A little patience," said
 he; "away with womanly repinings: let us bear
 with fortitude whatever fate lays upon us. What
 good do the sailors' cries do to the storm-driven
 vessel? Neither waves nor winds will abate
 their fury for coward tears or useless prayer.
 Now for the general safety it befits us to use
 every effort, to struggle with all our strength—
 to attend to the sails, work the pumps, manage
 the various ropes, and obey every order of the
 skilful captain. Because the Getae have broken
 through, seizing by treachery the hour for
 striking home, what time Raetia claimed our
 attention and our regiments were busied with
 another war—not for that is all hope lost.
 Marvel indeed I might, if by some new guile,
 some discovered path, the barbarian ignorantly
 marched over the unexplored Alps; now,
 however, the successive defeats of the two
 tyrants^[53] have made the road notorious, nor
 has the foeman missed the well-known track
 that was built for him by our civil strife. They
 have come a well-known way and Roman
 discord has opened the approach to barbaric
 war.

"Past generations have known a like fate. Full
 often, we know, has Italy been attacked—but
 never without the enemy's paying dear. With
 their own blood did our country extinguish the
 fires lit by the Senones and, once the victim of
 a German invasion, she soon saw the squalid
 necks of Teutons and Cimbri loaded with the
 chains of captivity. Of little value is that glory
 whose worth has not been augmented by
 previous hardship; 'tis great dangers that beget
 great triumphs.

"Do you meditate shameful flight and fix your

[53] Maximus and Eugenius.

respicitis Latioque libet post terga relicto
 longinquum profugis Ararim praecingere
 castris?
 scilicet Arctois concessa gentibus urbe
 considet regnum Rhodano capitique
 300 superstes
 truncus erit? vestros stimulant si pignora
 sensus,
 me quoque non impar naturae cura
 remordet,
 nec ferro sic corda rigent ut nosse recusem
 quam sanctum soceri nomen, quam dulce
 mariti,
 quantus prolis amor. sed numquam oblita
 decoris
 obscaenam latebram pietas ignava requiret.
 306 nec vobis fortis monitor, mihi cautior uni:
 hic coniunx, hic progenies, hic carior omni
 luce gener; pars nulla mei subducta
 procellae.
 310 accipe tu nostrae, tellus Oenotria, mentis
 vincula communes tecum subeuntia casus,
 exiguamque moram muris impende tuendis,
 dum redeo lectum referens in classica
 robur."
 His dictis pavidi firmavit inertia vulgi
 pectora migrantisque fugam compescuit
 315 aulae;
 ausaque tum primum tenebris emergere
 pulsis
 Hesperia, ut secum iunxisse pericula vidit
 Augustum, tantoque sui stetit obside fati.
 protinus, umbrosa vestit qua litus oliva
 320 Larius et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
 parva puppe lacum praetervolat; ocius inde
 scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes
 nil hiemis caelive memor. sic ille relinquens
 ieiunos antro catulos inmanior exit

eyes on Gaul? Would you leave Latium and
 establish on the banks of the Saône a camp of
 refugees? Is Rome to be ceded to Arctic tribes,
 our empire to settle on the Rhone, and shall the
 trunk survive the head? If the thought of your
 children has any weight with you, remember
 that I too am not unaffected by similar feelings
 of nature; my heart is not so hard that I do not
 nor will not recognize the sacred ties that bind
 son to father-in-law, wife to husband and
 children to sire. But never, forgetting honour,
 shall cowardly affection seek refuge in
 ignominious flight. Nor do I give you bold
 advice, more careful for myself alone; here is
 my family, my wife, and her father whom I love
 more than life itself; not one of my relations is
 beyond the reach of this tempest. O land of
 Italy, know that my heart is set on bearing with
 thee whatsoever ills thou art called on to bear.
 Romans, hold your walls but for a short while
 till I return, bringing back to the sound of
 trumpets the flower of your host."

With these words he instilled courage into the
 fearful hearts of the citizens and checked any
 inclination towards flight in the Court. The dark
 shadow fled and Italy dared raise her head
 once more seeing her emperor ready to share
 her perils, and stood her ground with such a
 hostage for fortune. Where Larius clothes his
 banks with shady olive-trees and with his fresh
 water imitates the sea's salt waves, Stilicho
 crossed the lake with all speed in a small boat.
 Next he ascended those mountains,
 inaccessible in winter, with no thought for the
 season or the weather. Even so a lion, leaving
 his starving cubs within the

algentem pulsabat equum. nec mollia fesso
strata dedere torum; tenebris si caeca
repressit

nox iter, aut spelaea subit metuenda
ferarum

355 aut pastorali iacuit sub culmine fultus
cervicem clipeo. stat pallidus hospite
magno

pastor et ignoto praeclarum nomine vultum
rustica sordenti genetrix ostendit alumno.

360 illa sub horrendis praedura cubilia silvis,
illi sub nivibus somni curaeque laborque
pervigil hanc requiem terris, haec otia
rebus

insperata dabant; illae tibi, Roma, salutem
Alpinae peperere casae.

Iam foedera gentes

exuerant Latiiq̄ue audita clade feroces

365 Vindelicos saltus et Norica rura tenebant.
ac veluti famuli, mendax quos mortis erilis
nuntius in luxum falso rumore resolvit,
dum marcent epulis atque inter vina
chorosque

persultat vacuis effrena licentia tectis,
si reducem dominum sors improvisa

370 revexit,
haerent attoniti libertatemque perosus
conscia servilis praecordia concutit horror:
sic ducis adspectu cuncti stupuere rebelles,
inque uno princeps Latiumque et tota
refulsit

Roma viro. frons laeta parum, non tristior
aequo,

376 non deiecta malis, mixta sed nobilis ira:
qualis in Herculeo, quotiens infanda
iubebat

Eurystheus, fuit ore dolor vel qualis in
atram

sollicitus nubem maesto Iove cogitur
aether.

380 "Tantane vos" inquit "Getici fiducia belli
erigit? hinc animo frustra tumuistis inani?
non ita Romanum fati violentia nomen

cloak, he urged on his half-frozen steed. No soft
bed received his weary limbs. If the darkness
forced him to halt in his advance he would
either enter some dreadful beast's den or sleep
in some shepherd's hut, his head pillowed upon
his shield. The shepherd stands pale at the
sight of his stately guest, and ignorant of his
name the rustic mother points out to her
squalid infant the glory of his face. It was those
hard couches beneath the rough pines, those
nights amid the snow, all that care and anxious
toil, that won this peace for the world, this
tranquillity it had despaired of for the empire.
From out those Alpine huts, Rome, came thy
salvation.

Now had the peoples broken their treaties and,
encouraged by the news of Latium's trouble,
had seized upon the glades of Vindelicia and
the fields of Noricum. Like slaves whom news
of their master's death lures into luxury with an
idle tale, if mid the debauch and while wild
licence riots with wine and dance some
unexpected chance bring back their lord, then
they stand panic-stricken and, abhorring
liberty, servile terror shakes their guilty souls;
so all the rebels were struck with terror at the
sight of the general and in one man the
Emperor, Latium and all Rome blazed before
their eyes. Joy sat not upon his countenance
nor excess of gloom nor yet dejection by reason
of Rome's reverses but nobility and indignation
mixed, such as filled Hercules at Eurystheus'
inhuman orders, or such as dims the face of
heaven when at Jove's frown the troubled sky is
gathered into a murky cloud.

"Put ye such faith," he cried, "in Getic arms? Is
it they that swell your hearts with empty pride?
Fate has not brought Rome's name so low that
she

opprimit, ut vestros nequeat punire
 tumultus
 parte sui. ne vos longe sermone petito
 demorer, exemplum veteris cognoscite
 385 facti:
 cum ferus Ausonias perfringeret Hannibal
 arces
 et Trebiam saevo geminassent funere
 Cannae,
 nequiquam Emathium pepulit spes vana
 Philippum,
 ut velut adflictos ferro temptaret inertii.
 390 Romanos commovit atrox iniuria patres,
 urgerent maiora licet, graviterque tulere,
 urbibus inter se claris de culmine rerum
 congressis, aliquid gentes audere minores.
 nec poenam differre placet, sed bella
 gerenti
 Punica Laevino regis quoque proelia
 395 mandant.
 paruit imperiis consul, fususque Philippus,
 vilia dum gravibus populis interserit arma,
 praetereunte manu didicit non esse
 potentum
 temptandas, mediis quamvis in luctibus,
 iras."
 Hoc monitu pariter nascentia bella
 400 repressit
 et bello quaesivit opes legitque precantes
 auxilio mensus numerum, qui congruus
 esset
 nec gravis Italiae formidandusve regenti.
 Nec minus accepto nostrae rumore
 cohortes
 (sic ducis urget amor) properantibus
 undique signis
 conveniunt, visoque animi Stilichone
 406 recepti
 singultus varios lacrimosaque gaudia
 miscent:
 sic armenta boum, vastis quae turbida silvis
 sparsit hiems, cantus ac sibila nota magistri

cannot punish your rebellion with but a handful
 of her forces. Not to delay you with foreign
 tales, hear this example from your deeds of old.
 When warlike Hannibal was spreading
 destruction throughout the cities of Italy, and
 Cannae had doubled Trebia's cruel losses, a
 vain hope drove Philip of Macedon to turn his
 feeble sword against a people which, as he
 thought, was in difficulties. The monstrous
 insult roused the Roman Fathers, although
 more pressing dangers were crowding upon
 them, and they took it ill that, while two great
 cities were disputing the mastery of the world,
 a lesser race should be insolent. They
 determine upon instant vengeance and
 command Laevinus, even while he conducts the
 war with Carthage, to do battle also with the
 king of Macedonia. The consul obeyed his
 orders, and Philip, intruding his feeble arms
 between mighty nations, was routed by a
 passing band and learned that it does not do to
 tempt the anger of powerful peoples even when
 they are in distress."

With this warning Stilicho alike checked the
 threatened war and won new allies for war,
 enrolling them at their entreaty and setting
 such number to their forces as should best suit
 —neither a burden to Italy nor a terror to its
 lord.

Then, indeed, at the news of his return, the
 legions, such love they bore their general,
 hastened together from every side, and at the
 sight of Stilicho their courage revived and they
 broke out into sobbings and tears of joy. So
 when a herd of cattle has been scattered
 throughout some vast forest by the storm's
 violence the beasts eagerly make for the sound
 of the ox-herd's well-known song or whistle and

410 certatim repetunt et avitae pascua vallis
 inque vicem se voce regunt gaudentque
 fideles
 reddere mugitus et, qua sonus attigit
 aurem,
 rara per obscuras adparent cornua frondes.
 adcurrit vicina manus, quam Raetia nuper
 415 Vandalicis auctam spoliis defensa probavit;
 venit et extremis legio praetenta Britannis,
 quae Scotto dat frena truci ferroque
 notatas
 perlegit exanimis Picto moriente figuras;
 agmina quin etiam flavis obiecta Sygambri
 quaeque domant Chattos inmansuetosque
 Cheruscos,
 huc omnes vertere minas tutumque remotis
 421 excubiis Rhenum solo terrore relinquunt.
 ullane posteritas credet? Germania
 quondam
 illa ferox populis, quae vix instantibus olim
 principibus tota poterat cum mole teneri,
 425 iam sese placidam praebet Stilichonis
 habenis,
 ut nec praesidiis nudato limite temptet
 expositum calcare solum nec transeat
 amnem,
 incustoditam metuens attingere ripam.
 Celsior o cunctis unique aequande
 430 Camillo!
 vestris namque armis Alarici fracta quievit
 ac Brenni rabies; confusis rebus uterque
 divinam tribuistis opem, sed tardior ille
 iam captae vindex patriae, tu sospitis ultor.
 435 o quantum mutata tuo fortuna regressu!
 ut sese pariter diffudit in omnia regni
 membra vigor vivusque redit color urbibus
 aegris!

the pasture of their native vale, guiding their steps in answer to his voice and glad faithfully to reply with lowing, while, wherever his tones fall upon their ear, horns show themselves here and there through the dark foliage. First hasten up the neighbouring troops, their loyalty attested by their defence of Raetia and their mass of spoil from Vindelicia; next the legion that had been left to guard Britain,^[54] the legion that kept the fierce Scots in check, whose men had scanned the strange devices tattooed on the faces of the dying Picts. Even the legions that faced the flaxen-haired Sygambri, and those who held the Chatti and wild Cherusci in subjection hither turned their threatening arms, leaving the Rhine, whose garrison they had formed, defended by but one thing—the fear of Rome. Will any posterity credit the tale? Germany, once the home of peoples so proud and fierce that former emperors could scarce keep them in check with the whole weight of their armies, now offers herself so willing a follower of Stilicho's guiding hand that she neither attempts an invasion of the territory exposed to her attack by the removal of its frontier troops nor crosses the stream, too timid to approach an undefended bank.

Greater art thou, Stilicho, than all; thine only rival is Camillus, whose arms broke the rash power of Brennus as thine have broken that of Alaric. At a time of dire peril ye both gave the aid of gods; but he too late avenged a captured Rome, thou one still safe. What a reversal of fortune did thy return bring about! A new vigour returned to every part of our empire alike, and the glow of health came back to our suffering cities. A

[54] Legio II. Augusta. The legion referred to in l. 414 is probably III. Italica.

creditur Herculeis lucem renovasse lacertis
 femina dilecti fatis impensa mariti;
 et iuvenem spretae laniatum fraude
 440 novercae
 non sine Circaeis Latonia reddidit herbis.
 Cretaque, si verax narratur fabula, vidit
 Minoum rupto puerum prodire sepulchro,
 quem senior vates avium clangore
 repertum
 445 gramine restituit: mirae nam munere sortis
 dulcia mella necem, vitam dedit horridus
 anguis.
 at tuus adventus non unum corpus ab
 umbris,
 sed tot communi populos sub morte
 iacentes
 totaque Tartareis e faucibus oppida traxit.
 Ipsa Roma die (nec adhuc ostenditur
 450 auctor)
 personuit venisse ducem, laetisque Quirites
 vocibus auspiciū certi plausere triumphī,
 muniti Stilichone suo. quis gaudia vero
 principis, amplexus alacris quis disserat
 aulae?
 pulveris ambiguam nubem speculamur ab
 455 altis
 turribus, incerti socios adportet an hostes
 ille globus. mentem suspensa silentia
 librant,
 donec pulvereo sub turbine sideris instar
 emicuit Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit
 460 canities. gavisā repens per moenia clamor
 tollitur "ipse venit." portas secūra per
 omnes
 turba salutatis effunditur obvia signis.
 non iam dilectus miseri nec falce per agros

woman, so the story goes, who died to save the
 life of a loved husband, was recalled to the
 upper world by the might of Hercules. Diana
 with the help of Circe's magic herbs restored to
 life Hippolytus whom the scorned passion of a
 stepmother had caused to be torn in pieces.
 Crete, if the fable be true, saw Glaucus, son of
 Minos, issue living from the tomb; his body was
 discovered by the cries of birds to Polyidus, the
 aged seer, who restored him to life by means of
 simples; strange indeed was the ruling of fate
 which apportioned sweet honey as the cause of
 his death and a hideous serpent as the restorer
 of his life.^[55] But thy return, Stilicho, recalled
 not one body from the shades but countless
 peoples sunk in a common death, and snatched
 whole towns from the jaws of Hell.

That very day Rome rang with the report
 (though none ever knew its author) that the
 hero had arrived, and the citizens, assured of
 Stilicho's protection, applauded this augury of
 certain victory. Who could tell of the Emperor's
 joy, who of the courtiers' eager greetings?
 From the lofty battlements we sight a distant
 cloud of dust and know not whether its
 obscurity conceals friend or foe. Suspense
 keeps us all in silence. Then suddenly from that
 dusty cloud emerged the helm of Stilicho,
 glittering like a star, and we recognized his
 gleaming white hair. Up rose the happy shout
 from the walls: "'Tis he." Safe at last the crowd
 surges out through the gates to meet and greet
 the army's return. Gone for ever are our
 wretched impressed levies; no longer

^[55] Glaucus, son of Minos, fell into a vat of
 honey and was drowned. Polyidus, the seer,
 led by an oracle, discovered the body, and
 was, at Minos' command, immured with it
 in a tomb until he should find a means of
 restoring it to life. Two snakes approached
 the corpse, one of which Polyidus slew.
 Observing the other bring its dead
 companion to life by placing a certain herb
 in its mouth, Polyidus applied the same
 method with success to the resuscitation of
 Glaucus (Hyginus, *Fab.* 136. Both
 Sophocles and Euripides wrote tragedies
 on the subject; see Soph. *Frag.* ed.
 Pearson, vol. ii. pp. 56 *sqq.*).

deposita iaculum vibrans ignobile messor
 nec temptat^[56] clipeum proiectis sumere
 465 rastris
 Bellona ridente Ceres humilisque novorum
 seditio clamosa ducum: sed vera iuventus,
 verus ductor adest et vivida Martis imago.
 Prospera sed quantum nostrae spes
 addita menti,
 tantum exempta Getis, qui vertice proximus
 astris
 471 post Alpes iam cuncta sibi promisit apertas
 nil superesse ratus, postquam tot lumina
 pubis,
 tot subitos pedites, equitum tot conspicit
 alas
 cinctaque fluminibus crebris ac moenibus
 arva
 seque velut clausum laqueis, sub pectore
 475 furtim
 aestuat et nimium prono fervore petitae
 iam piget Italiae, sperataque Roma teneri
 visa procul. magni subeunt iam taedia
 coepti.
 occultat tamen ore metum primosque
 suorum
 480 consultare iubet bellis annisque verendos.
 crinigeri sedere patres, pellita Getarum
 curia, quos plagis decorat numerosa
 cicatrix
 et tremulos regit hasta gradus et nititur
 altis
 pro baculo contis non exarmata senectus.
 485 hic aliquis gravior natu, cui plurima dictis
 consiliisque fides, defixus lumina terrae
 concutiensque comam capuloque adclinis
 eburno:
 “Si numero non fallor” ait “tricesima
 currit
 bruma fere, rapidum postquam
 transnavimus Histrum,
 Romanamque manum tantis eludimus
 490 annis.
 sed numquam Mavors adeo constrinxit in
 artum

[56] temptat *codd.*; *Birt* temptans.

does the reaper, laying aside his sickle, try to
 hurl the impotent javelin, nor Ceres lay aside
 her harrow and, to the amusement of Bellona,
 essay the buckler. Stilled are the noisy
 wrangles of untried leaders; here is Rome's
 true strength, her true leader, Mars in human
 form.

The more happy hopes grew in our hearts the
 more they deserted the Getae, who, touching
 the stars with their heads, after crossing the
 Alps accounted all their own and deemed
 nothing left to do. But when they saw all our
 glorious youth, all the quickly levied infantry,
 all the squadrons of horse, a countryside
 protected by so many rivers and fortresses, and
 themselves caught in a snare, a trouble they
 dared not voice seized their hearts and a regret
 that they had invaded Italy with too forward
 eagerness; and Rome they hoped within their
 grasp seemed far away. Weariness of their
 mighty undertaking steals over them. Yet
 Alaric's face conceals his fear; he bids to the
 council of war those whose age or prowess had
 gained them the dignity of leadership. There
 sat the senate of long-haired, skin-clad Getic
 leaders. Many a scar received in battle adorned
 their faces, spears guide their tottering steps
 and, instead of a staff, old age, refusing to
 disarm, supports itself on their tall shafts. Then
 arose one older than the rest, trusted for his
 counsel and advice, who, fixing his gaze upon
 the ground, shaking his hoary locks and leaning
 on his ivory hilt, thus spake: "If I miscount not
 the years this is well-nigh the thirtieth winter
 since we swam across the swift Ister. All that
 time we have escaped defeat at the hands of
 Rome. Yet never, Alaric, has Mars brought your
 fortunes to such

res, Alarice, tuas. per tot certamina docto
 crede seni, qui te tenero vice patris ab aevo
 gestatum parva solitus donare pharetra
 atque aptare breves umeris puerilibus
 495 arcus:
 saepe quidem frustra monui, servator ut
 icti
 foederis Emathia tutus tellure maneres;
 sed quoniam calidae rapuit te flamma
 iuventae,
 nunc saltem, si cura tibi manet ulla tuorum,
 his claustris evade, precor, dumque agmina
 longe,
 dum licet, Hesperis praeceps elabere
 501 terris,
 ne nova praedari cupiens et parta reponas
 pastorique lupus scelerum delicta priorum
 intra saepta luas. quid palmitis uber
 Etrusci,
 quid mihi nescioquam proprio cum
 Thybride Romam
 506 semper in ore geris? referunt si vera
 parentes,
 hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
 laetatus violasse redit; nec numina sedem
 destituunt: iactata procul dicuntur in
 hostem
 fulmina divinique volant pro moenibus
 510 ignes,
 seu caelum seu Roma tonat. si temnis
 Olympum,
 a magno Stilichone cave, qui semper
 iniquos
 Fortuna famulante premit. scis ipse, per
 oras
 Arcadiae quam densa rogis cumulaverit
 ossa,
 sanguine quam largo Graios calefecerit
 515 amnes;
 extinctusque fores, ni te sub nomine legum
 proditio regnique favor texisset Eoi."
 Talia grandaevum flammata fronte
 loquentem

straits. Take the advice of an old man who has
 been through countless fights, one who like a
 father was wont to give thee in thine earliest
 youth little quivers to sling across thy back and
 to fit short bows to thy young shoulders. Often
 did I urge in vain that thou should'st observe
 the treaty and remain safe at home in Emathia.
 But if the fire of hot youth hurried thee into
 war, now at least, I beg thee, make good thine
 escape from out this net if thou hast any love
 left for thy people. The enemy's forces are far
 away; thou hast the chance; flee headlong from
 Italy's lands lest, in thy desire for fresh spoils,
 thou lose even what thou hast got and like a
 wolf pay the penalty of former depredations to
 the shepherd by being killed within the
 sheepfold. Why dost thou have ever on thy lips
 the richness of Tuscan vineyards and some
 Rome or other with its Tiber? If our parents
 speak sooth, never has any who has assailed
 that city in mad war returned to boast that he
 has done her violence. The gods desert not
 their own home; thunderbolts, they tell, are
 hurled from afar upon her foes and unearthly
 fires flash before her walls, whether 'tis heaven
 or Rome that thunders. If thou fearest not the
 gods beware the might of Stilicho; fortune is
 ever on his side against assaulting enemies.
 Thou thyself knowest how high with bones he
 piled our funeral pyres in Arcadia, and with
 what vast outpourings of our blood he made the
 rivers of Greece run warm; and thou hadst
 been killed had not treason in the guise of law
 and the goodwill of the Emperor of the East
 protected thee."

While the elder spake thus Alaric, eyeing him

obliquisque tuens oculis non pertulit ultra,
 520 sed rupit rabidas accensa superbia voces:
 "Si non mentis inops fraudataque
 sensibus aetas
 praeberet veniam, numquam haec
 opprobria linguae
 turpia Danuvius me sospite ferret inultus.
 anne, tot Augustos Hebro qui teste fugavi,
 te patiar suadente fugam, cum cesserit
 525 omnis
 obsequiis natura meis? subsidere nostris
 sub pedibus montes, arescere vidimus
 amnes.
 non ita di Getici faxint manesque parentum,
 ut mea converso relegam vestigia cursu.
 530 hanc ego vel victor regno vel morte tenebo
 victus humum. per tot populos urbesque
 cucurri,
 fregi Alpes galeisque Padum victricibus
 hausi:
 quid restat nisi Roma mihi? gens robore
 nostra
 tum quoque pollebat, nullis cum fideret
 armis.
 535 at nunc Illyrici postquam mihi tradita iura
 meque suum fecere ducem, tot tela, tot
 enses,
 tot galeas multo Thracum sudore paravi
 inque meos usus vectigal vertere ferri
 oppida legitimo iussu Romana coëgi.
 sic me fata fovent; ipsi, quos omnibus annis
 540 vastabam, servire dati: nocitura gementes
 arma dabant flammisque diu mollitus et
 arte
 in sua damna chalybs fabro lugente
 rubebat.
 hortantes his adde deos. non somnia nobis
 nec volucres, sed clara palam vox edita
 545 luco:
 ' rumpe omnes, Alarice, moras; hoc impiger
 anno
 Alpibus Italiae ruptis penetrabis ad urbem.'

askance with fiery brow, brooked his words no
 longer, but his enkindled pride broke forth in
 furious speech: "Did not witless age that has
 deprived thee of thy senses grant thee
 indulgence never, on my life, should Danube
 listen unavenged to such coward insults. Am I
 who have routed so many emperors (Hebrus'
 river is my witness) to endure flight at thine
 advice—I whom all nature obeys? Have I not
 seen the mountains levelled at my feet, the
 rivers dried up? Never may my country's gods,
 the spirits of my forefathers, allow that I
 retrace my footsteps on a backward path. This
 land shall be mine whether I hold it in fee as
 conqueror or in death as conquered. I have
 overrun so many peoples and cities, I have
 burst through the Alps and drunk of the waters
 of Eridanus from out a victor's helmet. What is
 left me but Rome? My nation was strong even
 when it has no allied arms to help it. But now
 that I hold sway over Illyria, now that its people
 has made me their leader, I have forced the
 Thracians to forge me spears, swords, helmets
 with the sweat of their brows, and Roman
 towns (whose rightful overlord I now am) to
 contribute iron for mine own uses. Thus is fate
 on my side. Rome, whose territories I have laid
 waste year by year, has become my slave. 'Tis
 she has supplied me with arms; her own metal
 has glowed in the furnace, artfully molten and
 fashioned for her own undoing by reluctant
 smiths. The gods, too, urge me on. Not for me
 are dreams or birds but the clear cry uttered
 openly from the sacred grove: 'Away with
 delay, Alaric; boldly cross the Italian Alps this
 year and thou shalt reach the city.' Thus far the

huc iter usque datur. quis iam post talia
 segnis
 ambigat aut caelo dubitet parere vocanti?"

550 Sic ait hortatusque suos belloque viaeque
 instruit. attollunt vanos oracula fastus.
 o semper tacita sortes ambage malignae
 eventuque patens et nescia vatibus ipsis
 veri sera fides! Ligurum regione suprema
 pervenit ad fluvium miri cognominis

555 "Urbem,"
 atque illic domitus vix tandem interprete
 casu
 agnovit dubiis inlusa vocabula fatis.

Nec non et Stilicho pugnam poscentia
 movit
 pleno castra gradu dictisque instigat
 euntes:

560 "nunc nunc, o socii, temeratae sumite
 tandem

Italiae poenas, obsessi principis armis
 excusate nefas deploratumque Timavo
 vulnus et Alpinum gladiis abolete pudorem.
 hic est, quem totiens campis fudistis

565 Achivis,
 quem discors odiisque anceps civilibus
 orbis,

non sua vis tutata diu, dum foedera fallax
 ludit et alternae periuria venditat aulae.
 credite nunc omnes, quas dira Britannia
 gentes,

quas Hister, quas Rhenus alit, pendere
 paratas

570 in speculis: uno tot proelia vincite bello.
 Romanum reparate decus molemque
 labantis
 imperii fulcite umeris; hic omnia campus

path is mine. Who so cowardly as to dally after
 this encouragement or to hesitate to obey the
 call of Heaven?"

So he spake and made ready his army to take
 the road, exhorting them to combat. Prophecy
 serves to augment his vain pride. Ah! for the
 grudging oracles ever dumb with mystic
 utterance; 'tis the event alone that (too late)
 discloses the true meaning which the seers
 themselves could not read. Alaric reached the
 farthest confines of Liguria where flows a river
 with the strange name of the City.^[57] There he
 suffered defeat and even then scarcely realized
 (though that defeat made it clear) that fate had
 tricked him with an ambiguous word.

Stilicho, too, fails not: at full speed he advanced
 his army clamorous for battle and spurs their
 march with these words: "Friends of Rome, the
 time has now come for you to exact vengeance
 for outraged Italy. Wipe out the disgrace which
 the investment of your emperor by his foes has
 brought upon you, and let your swords end the
 shame which the defeat on the Timavus^[58] and
 the enemy's passage of the Alps has caused to
 Rome. This is the foe whom ye so often put to
 flight on the plains of Greece, whom not their
 own valour but a world torn by civil strife has
 kept safe thus far, as they treacherously mock
 at treaties and traffic in perjury now with the
 West, now the East. Reflect that all the fierce
 peoples of Britain and the tribes who dwell on
 Danube's and Rhine's banks are watching and
 stand ready. Win a victory now and so be
 conquerors in many an unfought war. Restore
 Rome to her former glory; the frame of empire
 is tottering; let your shoulders support it. A

[57] The river on whose banks Pollentia stood. Sozomenes (ix. 6) mentions the oracle.

[58] Little is known of this battle. It is to be attributed presumably to (?) November 401 and is doubtless connected with Alaric's attempt on Aquileia (Jerome, *Contra Ruf.* iii. 21).

vindicat, haec mundo pacem victoria sancit.
 non in Threiciis Haemi decernimus oris
 nec super Alpheas umbrantia Maenala
 575 ripas
 constitimus; non hic Tegean Argosque
 tuemur:
 visceribus mediis ipsoque in corde videtis
 bella geri. patrem clipeis defendite
 Thybrim."
 talia nunc pediti, turmae nunc mixtus
 equestri
 dicta dabat.
 580 Simul externis praecepta ferebat
 auxiliis. ibat patiens dicionis Alanus,
 qua nostrae iussere tubae, mortemque
 petendam
 pro Latio docuit gentis praefectus Alanae,
 cui natura breves animis ingentibus artus
 585 finxerat inmanique oculos infecerat ira;
 vulneribus pars nulla vacat rescissaque
 contis
 gloria foedati splendet iactantior oris.
 ille tamen mandante procul Stilichone
 citatis
 acceleravit equis Italamque momordit
 harenam.
 590 felix Elysiisque plagis et carmine dignus,
 qui male suspectam nobis impensius arsit
 vel leto purgare fidem; qui iudice ferro
 diluit inmeritum laudato sanguine crimen!
 morte viri turbatus eques flectebat habenas
 595 totaque praeciso nutassent agmina cornu,
 ni celer instructa Stilicho legione secutus
 subsidiis peditum pugnam instaurasset
 equestrem.
 Quis Musis ipsoque licet Paeane recepto
 enarrare queat, quantum Gradivus in illa
 600 luce suae dederit fundator originis urbi?
 altius haud umquam toto descendimus ense
 in iugulum Scythiae, tanta nec clade
 superbum

single battle and all will be well; but one victory and the world's peace will be assured. We fight not on the slopes of Thracian Haemus nor await our foe where Maenalus throws his shadow across the banks of Alpheus. We defend not Tegea nor Argos. No: as ye see, the scene of war is the very centre and heart of Italy. Protect Father Tiber with your shields." Thus spake Stilicho to foot and horse.

Orders were at the same time sent to the auxiliary troops. The Alans, now subject to Roman rule, followed our trumpets' call, taught by their chief to lay down their lives in the cause of Italy. Small was his stature but great his soul and fierce anger blazed from his eyes. Covered with wounds was he and with a visage rendered the more glorious and the more proud by reason of the scar some spear-thrust had left. At Stilicho's command he hastened up with his cavalry, fated to bite the soil of Italy in death. Happy warrior, worthy of the Elysian fields and of my meed of song, who wast eager even at the cost of life to cleanse thy loyalty from stain! The sword that spilled thy generous blood, it was thy judge, acquitting thee of that most unjust charge of treachery. Thrown into confusion by the hero's death his horsemen turned rein and, its flank thus exposed, the whole host would have reeled had not Stilicho quickly gathered a legion and hastening to the spot rallied the cavalry to the fight with infantry support.

What poet, were he inspired by the Muses or even by Apollo himself, could relate the blessings showered that day by Mars upon the city whose founder he himself was? Never was the sword of Rome plunged so deep in the Scythians' throat;

contudimus Tanain vel cornua fregimus
 Histri.
 invisum miles sitiens haurire cruorem
 per varias vestes onerataque plaustra
 605 metallo
 transit et argenti cumulos et caedis avarus
 contemptas proculcat opes; pretiosior auro
 sanguis erat; passim neglecti prodiga lucri
 turba furens strictis odium mucronibus
 explet.
 610 purpureos cultus absumptique igne
 Valentis
 exuvias miserisque graves crateras ab
 Argis
 raptaque flagranti spirantia signa Corinthe
 callidus ante pedes venientibus obicit hostis
 incassum; neque enim feralis praeda
 moratur,
 sed iustos praebent stimulos monumenta
 615 doloris.
 Adseritur ferro captivum vulgus, et
 omnes
 diversae vocis populi, quos traxerat hostis
 servitio, tandem dominorum strage
 redempti
 blanda cruentatis adfigunt oscula dextris
 desertosque lares et pignora laeta revisunt.
 620 miratur sua quemque domus cladesque
 renarrant
 ordine; tum grati referunt miracula belli.
 Quis tibi tunc, Alarice, dolor, cum Marte
 perirent
 625 divitiae spoliisque diu quaesita supellex
 pulsaretque tuas ululatus coniugis aures,
 coniugis, invicto dudum quae freta marito
 demens Ausonidum gemmata monilia
 matrum
 Romanasque alta famulas cervice petebat!

never was Tanais' pride abased by such a
 crushing defeat nor the horns of Ister so
 broken. Thirsting to drink the enemy's hateful
 blood our soldiers passed by rich and varied
 raiment, carts laden with gold, heaps of silver,
 and, eager for the foe's destruction, spurned
 his wealth. They held blood of more account
 than gold; none of them would stoop to pick up
 the fortune that lay at their feet but drew their
 swords and sated their wild fury. The crafty foe
 threw in the path of our advancing troops the
 robes of scarlet dye, and other spoils reft from
 Valens^[59] who perished in the flames, heavy
 mixing-bowls looted from unhappy Argos and
 lifelike statues rescued from burning Corinth—
 all in vain, for this ill-omened booty, so far from
 delaying our men, reminded them of past
 reverses and so the more inflamed their
 righteous indignation.

The crowd of prisoners is loosed from its fetters
 and all the peoples of different tongue whom
 the Getae had led away captive. Freed at last
 by the slaughter of their captors they plant
 thankful kisses on the bloody hands of their
 deliverers and hasten back to their long-lost
 homes and their dear children. At each his
 household looks in wonder as they tell the story
 of their woes and then recount the marvel of
 welcome victory.

What must then have been thy despair, Alaric,
 when ruin overwhelmed thy wealth and all that
 gear that years of robbing had won thee, when
 there struck thine ear the cries of that wife of
 thine who, too confident in her long
 unconquered husband, demanded in her
 madness the jewelled necklaces of Italian
 matrons for her proud neck and Roman girls for
 her tire-women! The fair girls

[59] At Adrianople, Aug. 9, 378; see
 Introduction, p. vii.

scilicet Argolicas Ephyreidasque puellas
coeperat et pulchras iam fastidire

630 Lacaenas.

sed dea quae nimiis obstat Rhamnusia votis
ingemuit flexitque rotam: domat aspera
victos

pauperies, unoque die Romana rependit
quidquid ter denis acies amisimus annis.

635 O celebranda mihi cunctis Pollentia
saeclis!

o meritum nomen! felicibus apta triumphis!
virtutis fatale solum, memorabile bustum
barbariae! nam saepe locis ac finibus illis
plena laccessito rediit vindicta Quirino.

640 illic Oceani stagnis excita supremis
Cimbrica tempestas alias emissa per Alpes
isdem procubuit campis. iam protinus aetas
adveniens geminae gentis permisceat ossa
et duplices signet titulos commune
tropaeum:

"hic Cimbros fortesque Getas, Stilichone
peremptos

646 et Mario claris ducibus, tegit Itala tellus.
discite vesanae Romam non temnere
gentes."

of Greece from Corinth and Sparta were, forsooth, not good enough now for so great a lady. But Nemesis, the goddess worshipped at Rhamnus, she whose pleasure it is to check unbridled desire, was wroth and turned her wheel; harsh poverty overwhelms the vanquished, and in one day Rome's arm requites all that we have lost in thirty years.

Thy glory, Pollentia, shall live for ever; worthy is thy name to be celebrated by my song, a fit theme for rejoicing and for triumph. Fate pre-ordained thee to be the scene of our victory and the burial-place of the barbarians. Full often have thy fields and plains seen ample vengeance exacted for aggression against the descendants of Romulus. 'Twas there, in that same countryside, that the Cimbric hordes, bearing down upon Rome from Ocean's farthest shore and crossing the Alps by another pass, suffered their final defeat. The coming generation should mingle the bones of these two races and engrave with this one inscription the monument which records our double victory: "Here beneath the soil of Italy lie the bodies of brave Cimbri and Getae: their death they owed to our famous generals Marius and Stilicho. Learn, presumptuous peoples, not to despise Rome."

**CARMINUM MINORUM
CORPUSCULUM**

I. (XIII.)

Ad Stilichonem.

Solitas galea fulgere comas,
Stilicho, molli necte corona.
cessent litui saevumque procul
Martem felix taeda releget.
5 tractus ab aula rursus in aulam
redeat sanguis. patris officiis
iunge potenti pignora dextra.
gener Augusti pridem fueras,
nunc rursus eris socer Augusti.
10 quae iam rabies livoris erit?
vel quis dabitur color invidiae?
Stilicho socer est, pater est Stilicho.

II. (LXXXV.)

Descriptio portus Smyrnensis.

Urbs in conspectu montana cacumina velat
tranquillo praetenta mari. ducentia portum
cornua pacatas removent Aquilonibus
undae.
hic exarmatum terris cingentibus aequor
5 clauditur et placidam discit servare
quietem.

SHORTER POEMS

I. (XIII.)

To Stilicho.

Crown with a wreath of flowers, Stilicho, that
head more often graced with the shining
helmet. Bid cease the trumpets and let the
happy marriage-torch banish fierce war afar.
Let the blood derived from a kingly race flow
on through royal veins. Do a father's duty and
establish the firm bond of wedlock between thy
daughter and adoptive son. Thou wert an
emperor's son-in-law; now an emperor will be
thine. What cause is there now for envy, what
excuse for jealousy? Stilicho is at once father
and father-in-law.

II. (LXXXV.)

Description of the harbour at Smyrna.

The city that meets our gaze veils the mountain
peaks, fronting a tranquil sea. The two
headlands that enclose the harbour protect the
quiet water from the north wind. Here the sea
is disarmed by the encircling land and learns to
lie in undisturbed tranquillity.

III. (LXXXI.)

Ad Aeternalem.

Quidquid Castalio de gurgite Phoebus
 anhelat,
 quidquid fatidico mugit cortina recessu,
 carmina sunt; sed verba negant communia
 Musae.
 carmina sola loquor: sic me meus implet
 Apollo.

IV. (LIV.)

Descriptio armenti.

Non tales quondam species tulit
 armentorum
 tellus tergemino subdita Geryoni.
 non tales, Clitumne, lavas in gurgite tauros,
 Tarpeio referunt quos pia vota Iovi.
 5 non talis Tyrias sparsisse iuvenus harenas
 dicitur, optatum quando revexit onus.
 non Cretaeus ager nec amati conscia tauri
 Gnosos nec similes paverit Ida feros.
 ipse et dispariles monstro commissus in
 artus
 10 qui crimen matris prodidit^[60] ore novo
 Cres puer haud talem potuisset reddere
 formam,
 portassent totum si fera membra patrem.

[60] prodidit *cod. Med. (and Cuiacius). Birt*
 condidit.

III. (LXXXI.)

To Aeternalis.^[61]

Phoebus' every breath from the Castalian
 spring, the tripod's every moan within the
 shrine of prophecy—all these are poetry. Of
 prose the Muses will have none. In poetry only
 can I express myself, so wholly does my patron,
 Apollo, possess me.

IV. (LIV.)

Description of a Herd.

Not such were the beauteous herds that the
 land once ruled over by triple Geryon
 produced. Not such the bulls thou bathest,
 Clitumnus, in thy stream for pious vows to offer
 duly to Tarpeian Jove. Not such the steer that,
 they say, scattered the sand of Tyre^[62] what
 time he brought home his well-loved burden.
 Not the fields of Crete, nor Gnosos that knew
 of passion for a bull, nor Ida could have
 pastured the like. Even he whose monstrous
 figure united ill-assorted limbs, the Cretan
 child^[63] who by his strange form revealed his
 mother's shame—even he could scarce have
 shown a shape so fair had *all* his rough limbs
 resembled those of his sire.

[61] Aeternalis was proconsul of Asia in
 396 (*Cod. Theod.* iv. 4. 3, xi. 39. 12).

[62] *Tyrias*, because Europa was the
 daughter of Phoenix, eponymous king of
 Phoenicia. Ovid depicts her as being
 carried away from Tyre (*Fasti* v. 605; *Met.*
 ii. 845).

[63] *i.e.* the Minotaur.

V. (LXXXVI.)

Est in conspectu longe locus.

Est procul ingenti regio summota recessu,
 insula qua resides fluctus mitescere cogit
 in longum producta latus, fractasque per
 undas
 ardua tranquillo curvantur brachia portu.

VI. (LXXVIII.)

Rimanti telum ira facit.

In iaculum, quodcumque gerit, dementia
 mutat.
 omnibus armatur rabies. pro cuspidē ferri
 cuncta volant, dum dextra ferox in vulnere
 saevit.
 pro telo geritur quidquid suggesserit ira.

VII. (LXXXVII.)

De quadriga marmorea.

1. Quis dedit innumeros uno de marmore
 vultus?
 surgit in aurigam currus, paribusque
 lupatis
 unanimi frenantur equi: quos forma
 diremit,
 materies cognata tenet discrimine nullo.
2. Vir redit in currum; ducuntur ab axe
 iugales;
 ex alio se quisque facit. quae tanta
 potestas?
 una silex tot membra ligat ductusque per
 artem
 mons patiens ferri varios mutatur in artus.

V. (LXXXVI.)

A distant Scene.

There is a place deep buried in a huge bay
 where an island, stretching far out into the sea,
 stills the rough waves to quiet, and steep cliffs,
 jutting out into the broken water, curve
 themselves into a peaceful harbourage.

VI. (LXXVIII.)^[64]*Anger affords a weapon to him who seeks one.*

Whate'er it carries, that rage converts into a
 weapon. Wrath supplies all with arms. When an
 angry man thirsts for blood anything will serve
 him for a spear. Fury turns a stick into a
 cudgel.

VII. (LXXXVII.)

Statue of a Chariot.

1. Who had the skill to fashion so many figures
 out of one block of marble? The chariot melts
 into the charioteer; the horses with one
 common accord obey the same reins. These are
 distinguishable by their various forms but made
 from one and the same material without
 distinction.
2. The driver is of one piece with the car: to
 this are attached the steeds, each joined to, and
 proceeding out of, another. How admirable the
 artist's skill! A single block combines within
 itself all these bodies: one mass of marble by
 submitting to the chisel has grown into all
 these various shapes.

[64] See Introduction, p. xviii, note 2.

VIII. (LXIX.)

De Polycaste et Perdicca.

Quid non saevus Amor flammaram numine
 cogat?
 sanguinis en fetum mater amare timet.
 pectore dum niveo miserum tenet anxia
 nutrix,
 inlicitos ignes iam fovet ipsa parens.
 5 ultrices pharetras tandem depone, Cupido.
 consule iam Venerem: forsan et ipsa
 dolet.

IX. (XLV.)

De hystrice.

Audieram memorande tuas Stymphale
 volucres
 spicula vulnifico quondam sparsisse volatu,
 nec mihi credibilis ferratae fabula pinnae
 visa diu. datur ecce fides et cognitus hystrix
 Herculeas adfirmat aves.
 5 Os longius illi
 adsimulat porcum. mentitae cornua saetae
 summa fronte rigent. oculis rubet igneus
 ardor.
 parva sub hirsuto catuli vestigia dorso.
 hanc tamen exiguam miro natura tueri
 10 praesidio dignata feram: stat corpore toto
 silva minax, iaculisque rigens in proelia
 crescit
 picturata seges; quorum cute fixa tenaci

VIII. (LXIX.)

Of Polycaste and Perdiccas.^[65]

To what deeds of cruelty will the flames of love
 not inspire mankind? Here is a mother who
 dares not love her child, the fruit of her body.
 Holding the unhappy boy to her snowy breast
 and wishing to give him suck, she conceives for
 him, though she is his mother, a shameful
 passion. Cupid, thou goest too far; put down
 thy cruel quiver. Consult Venus; mayhap she
 feels like pangs.

IX. (XLV.)

The Porcupine.

I had heard the strange tale, Stymphalus, that
 the birds that haunted thy marshes let fall from
 them arrows of death in their flight, and for
 long I could not bring myself to believe this
 story of iron feathers. But here is proof: the
 porcupine who is surely related to those birds
 of Hercules is their warrant.

His long snout is like that of a swine. Stiff
 bristles like horns stand up from his forehead.
 Red and fierce are his fiery eyes. Under his
 bristly back are short legs like those of a small
 dog. Small as this animal is, nevertheless
 Nature has seen fit to dower him with a
 wonderful means of defence. All over the body
 grows a threatening thicket: a harvest of
 brightly coloured spears bristles up ready

[65] Perdiccas, the young hunter, is said to
 have fallen in love with his mother
 Polycaste (or Polycarpe)=the Earth (see
Mythogr. Lat. ii. 130). Claudian inverts the
 story. For details see Höfer in Roscher's
 lexicon, art. "Perdix," col. 1953.

alba subit radix, alternantesque colorum
tincta vices, spatiis internigrantibus, exit
in solidae speciem pinnae, tenuataque
15 furtim

levis in extremum sese producit acumen.

Sed non haec acies ritu silvestris echini
fixa manet. crebris propugnat iactibus ultro
et longe sua membra tegit, tortumque per
20 auras

evolat excusso nativum missile tergo.

interdum fugiens Parthorum more
sequentem

vulnerat; interdum positus velut ordine
castris

terrificum densa mucronum verberat unda
et consanguineis hastilibus asperat armos:

25 militat omne ferae corpus vibrataque rauco
terga fragore sonant. stimulis accensa
tubarum

agmina conlatis credas conflagere signis:
tantus in angusto strepitus furit. additur
armis

calliditas parcusque sui tumor iraque
numquam

30 prodiga telorum, caute contenta minari
nec nisi servandae iactus impendere vitae.
error abest: certum sollertia destinat ictum
nil spatio fallente modum, servatque
tenorem

mota cutis doctique regit conamina nisus.

Quid labor humanus tantum ratione

35 sagaci

proficit? eripiunt trucibus Gortynia capris
cornua; subiectis eadem lentescere cogunt
ignibus; intendunt taurino viscere nervos;
instruitur pinnis ferroque armatur harundo.

40 ecce brevis propriis munitur bestia telis

for battle. The roots of these weapons are white and are firmly fixed in the animal's skin. The quills are themselves parti-coloured with black bands and come to a stiff quill-like point, diminishing in diameter towards the tip which is smooth and sharp.

But his armoury is not fixed like that of the woodland hedgehog. He can take the offensive and also protect himself at a distance by the frequent discharge of these darts of his, hurling through the air the flying missiles which his own back supplies. At times like the flying Parthian he wounds his pursuers; at times he entrenches himself and strikes his foe by the discharge of a storm of these terrible weapons which bristle on his shoulders out of which they grow. He fights with his whole body, and his back, as it moves, emits a raucous sound. You would think it was the trumpet's note stirring an army to close with the foe and fight. Small is the animal but great the din. Besides his arms he displays cunning and a cold, calculated fury that never wastes its weapons but cautiously contents itself with threats, for he never expends a dart but in defence of his life. His aim is sure; the blow, such is his skill, unerring, nor can distance delude his range. The motion of his skin in the act of discharging ensures the speed, and accurately directs the flight, of the weapon.

Has human endeavour, with reason to guide it, ever done the like? Men rob of their horns the wild goats of Crete, then they force them to become pliant over the fire^[66]; they use the guts of cattle to string their bows; they tip their arrows with iron and wing them with feathers. But here is a small animal whose arms are contained in his own body

[66] In the making of bows.

externam nec quaerit opem; fert omnia
 secum:
 se pharetra, sese iaculo, sese utitur arcu.
 unum animal cunctas bellorum possidet
 artes.
 Quodsi omnis nostrae paulatim industria
 vitae
 fluxit ab exemplis, quidquid procul appetit
 hostem,
 hinc reor inventum, morem hinc traxisse
 46 Cydonas
 bellandi Parthosque retro didicisse ferire
 prima sagittiferae pecudis documenta
 secutos.

X. (XCII.)

De birro castoreo.

Nominis umbra manet veteris; nam dicere
 birrum,
 si Castor iuret, castoreum nequeo.
 sex emptus solidis! quid sit, iam scire
 potestis:
 si mihi nulla fides, credite vel pretio.

XI. (XCI.)

In sepulchrum speciosae.

Pulchris stare diu Parcarum lege negatur.
 magna repente ruunt; summa cadunt
 subito.
 hic formosa iacet: Veneris sortita figuram
 egregiumque decus invidiam meruit.

XII. (LXXXIV.)

De balneis Quintianis quae in via posita erant.

Fontibus in liquidis paulum requiesce,
 viator,
 atque tuum rursus carpe reffectus iter.

and who needs no external defence. He carries
 all his own arms; himself his own quiver, arrow,
 and bow. Alone he possesses all the resources
 of war.

But if all human activities as they grow have
 had their source in imitation we may see here
 the exemplar of combat by means of missiles. It
 is from him that the Cretans learned to shoot
 and the Parthians to strike while in flight.
 These did but follow the example of the animal
 that is armed with arrows.

X. (XCII.)

Of Beaver's Overcoat.^[67]

'Tis but the shadow of a name that is left. I
 cannot call it a coat of beaver, not though
 Beaver swear it is one. It cost six shillings. Now
 you know what it is like. If you don't believe
 me, believe the price.

XI. (XCI.)

On the Tomb of a Beauty.

Fate allows not beauty a long life: sudden is the
 end of all that is noble and pre-eminent. Here
 lies a lovely woman: hers was the beauty of
 Venus and hers the illwill of Heaven for a gift
 so rare.

XII. (LXXXIV.)

Quintius' Baths.

Stay awhile and bathe in these waters,
 traveller; then set forth again upon thy journey
 refreshed.

[67] Claudian is, I think, punning on
castor=a beaver, and Castor, the name of
 the owner of the coat. But *castor* in l. 2
 might be taken to refer either to the god or
 to the animal.

lympbarum dominum nimium miraberis,
 hospes,
 inter dura viae balnea qui posuit.

XIII. (LXXIX.)

*In podagrum qui carmina sua non stare
 dicebat.*

Quae tibi cum pedibus ratio? quid carmina
 culpas?
 scandere qui nescis, versiculos laceras?
 "claudicat hic versus; haec" inquit "syllaba
 nutat";
 atque nihil prorsus stare putat podager

XIV. (LXXXII.)

Ad Maximum qui ei mel misit.

Dulcia dona mihi semper tu, Maxime,
 mittis,
 et, quidquid mittis, mella putare decet.

XV. (LXXXIX.)

De paupere amante

Paupertas me saeva domat dirusque
 Cupido:
 sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus
 amor.

XVI. (XC.)

De eodem.

Esuriens pauper telis incendor amoris.
 inter utrumque malum deligo pauperiem.

An thou become its guest, warm will be thy
 gratitude towards him that built this bath and
 set it by the side of this long dusty road.

XIII. (LXXIX.)

To a gouty Critic.

Canst thou talk of feet? Dost blame my verses
 and criticize my lines, thou whose own feet are
 so weak? This couplet, you say, will scarcely
 stand: the scansion is shaky. Dear friend, a
 gouty man thinks nothing at all can stand.

XIV. (LXXXII.)

To thank Maximus for a Gift of Honey.

Thou dost ever send me sweet gifts, Maximus;
 'tis honey whatsoever thou sendest, methinks.

XV. (LXXXIX.)

The Poor Lover.

Biting poverty and cruel Cupid are my foes.
 Hunger I can endure; love I cannot.

XVI. (XC.)

The Same.

A hungry pauper am I, a victim fallen to love.
 Two ills; but poverty is the lesser.

XVII. (L.)

*De piis fratribus et de statu eorum quae sunt
apud Catinam.*

Adspice sudantes venerando pondere
fratres,
divino meritis semper honore coli,
iusta quibus rapidae cessit reverentia
flammae
et mirata vagas reppulit Aetna faces.
5 complexi manibus fultos cervice parentes
attollunt vultus accelerantque gradus.
grandaevi gemina sublimes prole feruntur
et cara natos implicuere mora.
nonne vides, ut saeva senex incendia
monstret?
10 ut trepido genetrix invocet ore deos?
erexit formido comam, perque omne
metallum
fusus in attonito palluit aere tremor.
in iuvenum membris animosus cernitur
horror
atque oneri metuens impavidusque sui.
reiectae vento chlamydes. dextram exerit
15 ille
contentus laeva sustinuisse patrem;
ast illi duplices in nodum colligit ulnas
cautior in sexu debiliore labor.
hoc quoque praeteriens oculis ne forte
relinquas,
20 artificis tacitae quod meruere manus:
nam consanguineos eadem cum forma
figuret,
hic propior matri fit tamen, ille patri.

XVII. (L.)

On the Statues of Two Brothers at Catina.^[68]

See these two brothers toiling beneath a burden piety bade them bear. They deserve the tribute of divine honours at the hands of all men: at the sight of them the respectful flames ceased their ravages and Etna in admiration restrained his flooding lava. Seizing their parents they set them upon their shoulders and, with eyes raised to heaven, hasten their steps. The aged parents, thus carried aloft by their two sons, impede their flight, but dear to the children is that very delay. See, the old man points to the cruel flames; the aged mother's trembling lips call upon the gods for help. Fear has set their hair on end, the bronze is terror-stricken and a pale shiver runs over all the metal. In the countenances of the sons is seen courage in face of danger, and, if fear, then fear for their burdens, none for themselves. The wind has blown back their cloaks. One raises his right hand; his left is enough to sustain his aged sire. But the other needs must clasp his burden with both arms, taking greater care for that it is his mother, one of the weaker sex, that he bears. This, too, as thou passest by, leave not unnoted, for well the craftsman's dumb hands deserve such regard; both he has moulded with a likeness such as brothers bear, yet the one resembles rather his mother, the other his father.

[68] The story of the *pietas* of these brothers has often been told or referred to: the better known passages are Senec. *De benef.* iii. 37. 2; Martial vii. 24. 5; Sil. Ital. xiv. 197. Hyginus (*Fab.* 154) gives the story though with different names. The brothers' heads appear both on Sicilian and Roman coins, e.g. Head, *Hist. Num.* 117; *Brit. Mus. Cat.* Sicily 52, Nos. 70-79; Babelon, *Monn. de la répub.* i. 539, ii. 353.

dissimiles annos sollertia temperat artis:
 alter in alterius redditur ore parens,
 et nova germanis paribus discrimina
 25 praebens
 divisit vultus cum pietate faber.
 O bene naturae memores, documenta
 supernae
 iustitiae, iuvenum numina, vota senum:
 qui spretis opibus medios properastis in
 ignes
 30 nil praeter sanctam tollere canitiem.
 haud equidem inmerito tanta virtute
 repressas
 Enceladi fauces obriguisset reor.
 ipse redundantem frenavit Mulciber
 Aetnam,
 laederet exempli ne monumenta pii.
 senserunt elementa fidem. pater adfuit
 35 aether
 terraque maternum sedula iuvit onus.
 quodsi notus amor provexit in astra
 Laconas,
 Aenean Phrygio raptus ab igne pater,
 si vetus Argolicos inlustrat gloria fratres,
 40 qui sua materno colla dedere iugo:
 cur non Amphinomo, cur non tibi, fortis
 Anapi,
 aeternum Siculus templa dicavit honos?
 plura licet summae dederit Trinacria laudi,
 noverit hoc maius se genuisse nihil;
 nec doleat damnis, quae devius intulit
 45 ardor,
 nec gemat exustas igne furente domos.
 non potuit pietas flamma cessante probari:
 emptum est ingenti clade perenne decus.

The artist's cunning has succeeded in expressing a difference of age in their faces, though a likeness to either parent is apparent in the features of both the sons; while, to ensure a further dissimilarity in that resemblance, he has varied the tenderness that either countenance expresses.

Faithful were ye to Nature's law, bright example of divine justice, model for youth, fond hope of age! Wealth ye despised, and dashed into the flames to rescue nought save your venerable parents. Not undeservedly, methinks, did such piety quench the fires in Enceladus' jaws. Vulcan himself checked the flow of molten lava from Etna that it should not harm those patterns of filial duty. The very elements were influenced thereby: father air and mother earth did their best to lighten the burden.

If signal piety raised Castor and Pollux to the skies, if Aeneas won immortality by rescuing his sire from burning Troy, if ancient story has rendered famous the names of those Argive brothers, Cleobis and Biton,^[69] who harnessed themselves to their mother's car, why does not Sicily dedicate a temple to the ageless memory of Amphinomos and Anapius? Though the three-cornered isle has many titles to fame, let her be sure that she has never given birth to a nobler deed. Let her not weep the destruction wrought by the spreading flames nor lament the houses burned down by the fire's fury. The flames abating had never put affection to the proof; the great disaster purchased immortal fame.

[69] Herodotus tells their story in book i. 31.

XVIII. (LI.)

De mulabus Gallicis.

Adspice morigeras Rhodani torrentis
 alumnas
 imperio nexas imperioque vagas,
 dissona quam varios flectant ad murmura
 cursus
 et certas adeant voce regente vias.
 5 quamvis quaeque sibi nullis discurrat
 habenis
 et pateant duro libera colla iugo,
 ceu constricta tamen servit patiensque
 laborum
 barbaricos docili concipit aure sonos.
 absentis longinqua valent praecepta
 10 magistri,
 frenorumque vicem lingua virilis agit.
 haec procul angustat sparsas spargitque
 coactas:
 haec sistit rapidas, haec properare facit.
 laeva iubet: laevo deducunt limite gressum.
 mutavit strepitum: dexteriora petunt.
 15 nec vinclis famulae nec libertate feroces,
 exutae laqueis, sub dicione tamen
 consensuque pares et fulvis pellibus hirtae
 esseda concordēs multisonora trahunt.
 miraris, si voce feras pacaverit Orpheus,
 20 cum pronas pecudes Gallica verba
 regant?

XIX. (XLIII.)

Epistula ad Gennadium exproconsule.

Italiae commune decus, Rubiconis amoeni
 incola, Romani fama secunda fori,

XVIII. (LI.)

Of French Mules.

Behold the docile children of fast-flowing
 Rhone that at their master's word come
 together and at that word disperse. See how
 they go this way or that according to the
 different cries he utters, and, guided only by
 his voice, take the path he would have them
 take. Though each unguided by the rein takes
 his own course and no collar presses upon their
 necks they obey as though harnessed and,
 insensible to fatigue, hear and follow the
 directions shouted by their barbarous master.
 Though far away from their owner they
 nevertheless respect his commands, obeying
 the word of the muleteer as it were a bridle. It
 is his voice that even at a distance gathers
 them together when scattered or scatters them
 when gathered together; this that checks their
 haste or quickens their dragging steps. Does he
 shout "left," they turn them to the left: does he
 alter his cry to "right," to the right they go.
 Slaves, yet without bonds, free, but without
 licence, they go unbridled but obedient.
 Covered with tawny pelts they haul along the
 rumbling carts, each cheerfully doing his fair
 share. Dost thou wonder that Orpheus tamed
 the wild beasts with his song when the words of
 a Gaul can guide these swift-footed mules?

XIX. (XLIII.)

Letter to Gennadius,^[70] ex-Proconsul.

Glory of all Italy, who dwellest on the pleasant
 banks of Rubicon, ornament of the Roman bar

[70] Gennadius was by birth a Syrian
 (Synesius, *Ep.* 30); prefect of Egypt in 396
 (*Cod. Theod.* xiv. 27. 1). He seems to have
 lived at Ravenna (*Rubiconis incola*). Birt
 (praef. p. xviii) thinks that line 2 refers to
 Symmachus, Gennadius' contemporary, not
 to Cicero.

Graiorum populis et nostro cognite Nilo
 (utraque gens fasces horret amatque
 tuos):
 5 carmina ieiunas poscis solantia fauces?
 testor amicitiam nulla fuisse domi.
 nam mihi mox nidum pennis confisa
 relinquunt
 et lare contempto non reditura volant.

XX. (LII.)

*De sene Veronensi qui Suburbium numquam
 egressus est.*

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
 ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa
 senem;
 qui baculo nitens in qua reptavit harena
 unius numerat saecula longa casae.
 5 illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
 nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
 non freta mercator tremuit, non classica
 miles,
 non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
 indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis
 10 adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
 frugibus alternis, non consule computat
 annum:
 autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
 idem condit ager soles idemque reducit,
 metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem,
 ingentem meminit parvo qui germine
 15 quercum
 aequaevumque videt consenuisse nemus,

second only to Cicero, well known to the
 peoples of Greece and to Egypt, land of my
 birth (for both have feared and loved thy rule),
 dost thou ask for poems to appease thy hungry
 throat?

By our friendship, I swear there are none at
 home. My verses soon learn to trust to their
 own wings and leave the nest, flying far afield
 nor ever returning to their humble home.

XX. (LII.)

*Of an old Man of Verona who never left his
 home.*

Happy he who has passed his whole life mid his
 own fields, he of whose birth and old age the
 same house is witness; he whose stick supports
 his tottering steps o'er the very ground
 whereon he crawled as a baby and whose
 memory knows but of one cottage as the scene
 where so long a life was played out. No turns of
 fortune vexed him with their sudden storms;^[71]
 he never travelled nor drank the waters of
 unknown rivers. He was never a trader to fear
 the seas nor a soldier to dread the trumpet's
 call; never did he face the noisy wrangles of the
 courts. Unpractised in affairs, unfamiliar with
 the neighbouring town, he finds his delight in a
 freer view of the sky above him. For him the
 recurring seasons, not the consuls, mark the
 year: he knows autumn by his fruits and spring
 by her flowers. From the selfsame fields he
 watches the sun rise and set, and, at his work,
 measures the day with his own round of toils.
 He remembers yon mighty oak an acorn, and
 sees the plantation, set when he was born,
 grown old along

[71] This proves the poem to have been
 written before the Gothic irruption of 401.
 Abraham Cowley translated this poem
 (*Essays and Plays, etc.*, Camb. Press, 1906,
 p. 447).

proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
 Benacumque putat litora Rubra lacum.
 sed tamen indomitae vires firmisque
 lacertis
 20 aetas robustum tertia cernit avum.
 erret et extremos alter scrutetur Hiberos:
 plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille viae.

XXI. (LXXX.)

De Theodoro et Hadriano.

Manlius indulget somno noctesque diesque;
 insomnis Pharius sacra profana rapit.
 omnibus hoc, Italiae gentes, exposcite votis,
 Manlius ut vigilet, dormiat ut Pharius.

XXII. (XXXIX.)

Deprecatio ad Hadrianum.

Usque adeone tuae producitur impetus
 irae?
 nullus erit finis lacrimis? subitisque
 favorem
 permutas odiis? quo mens ignara nocendi,
 quo sensus abiere pii? tantumne licebit
 5 invidiae? tantum strepitus valere maligni?
 Me dolor incautus, me lubrica duxerit
 aetas,
 me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit
 ardor:
 te tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere
 telis.
 humanae superos numquam tetigere
 querellae
 10 nec vaga securum penetrant convicia
 caelum.

with him. Neighbouring Verona is, for him, more distant than sun-scorched India; Benacus he accounts as the Red Sea. But his strength is unimpaired and the third generation see in him a sturdy, stout-armed grandsire. Let who will be a wanderer and explore farthest Spain: such may have more of a journey; he of Verona has more of a life.^[72]

XXI. (LXXX.)

Of Theodore and Hadrian.^[73]

Manlius Theodorus sleeps night and day; the sleepless Egyptian steals alike from gods and men. Peoples of Italy, be this your one prayer—that Manlius keep awake and the Egyptian sleep.

XXII. (XXXIX.)

Apology to Hadrian.

Must the violence of thine anger last so long? Are my tears never to cease to flow? Dost thou thus suddenly turn thy favour to hatred? Where, then, is that leniency that knows not to harm any, that loving-kindness? Shall envy have such licence? Has the clamour of calumny so prevailed?

What though rash wrath, though heedless youth tempted me, though pride urged, though passion led me astray, yet shouldst *thou* be above meeting me with like weapons. Human murmurs never touch the gods nor do the loose railings of man disturb the peace of heaven. My punishment has

[72] Claudian plays on the words *vitae* and *viae*.

[73] For M. see xvi. and note (and Introduction, p. xv). H. was *comes sacrarum largitionum* in the East in 395, *magister officiorum* in 397, praetorian prefect of Italy 401. This epigram was probably written in 396: the apology (next poem) perhaps the same year.

excessit iam poena modum. concede
 iacenti.
 en adsum; veniam confessus crimina posco.
 Manibus Hectoreis atrox ignovit Achilles.
 ultrices Furias matris placavit Orestes.
 reddidit Alcides Priamo, quas ceperat,
 15 arces.
 Pellaeum iuvenem regum flexere ruinae:
 Darium famulis manibus doluisse
 peremptum
 fertur et ingenti solatus fata sepulchro;
 tradita captivo spatiosior India Poro.
 conditor hic patriae; sic hostibus ille
 20 pepercit;
 hunc virtus tua digna sequi. quemcumque
 deorum
 laesimus, insultet iugulo pascatque
 furorem.
 Gratia defluxit, sequitur feralis egestas;
 desolata domus, caris spoliatur amicis:
 hunc tormenta necant, hic undique truditur
 25 exul.
 quid superest damnis? quae saeva pericula
 restant?
 Emollit rabiem praedae mortisque
 facultas.
 praetereunt subiecta ferae, torvique leones,
 quae stravisse calent, eadem prostrata
 relinquunt
 30 nec nisi bellantis gaudent cervice iuveni
 nobiliore fame. secuit nascentia vota
 livor et ingesto turbavit gaudia luctu:
 iamiam suppliciiis fessos humilesque
 serenus
 respice. quid tanta dignaris mole clientem?
 in brevibus numquam sese probat Aeolus
 35 undis,
 nec capit angustus Boreae certamina collis:
 Alpes ille quatit, Rhodopeia culmina lassat.
 incubuit numquam caelestis flamma salictis

been too severe; spare a fallen foe. Behold me;
 I confess my faults and ask pardon for my sin.

Fierce Achilles showed mercy to the shade of
 Hector, Orestes appeased his mother's
 avenging furies, Hercules restored to Priam the
 cities which he had taken. A king's overthrow
 won the pity of Pella's youthful monarch, who
 wept, men say, for the death of Darius at a
 slave's hand, and consoled his ghost with a
 lofty mausoleum. To captive Porus Alexander
 gave back an ampler kingdom. 'Twas thus the
 founder of our country^[74] spared his
 conquered foes. Thine own nobility demands
 that thou shouldst follow his example. If it is
 one of the gods that I have insulted let him
 send down punishment upon me and sate his
 anger.

Now that I have lost thy favour I am become a
 prey to grinding poverty, my house is desolate,
 my friends reft from me. Death with torture is
 the fate of one, exile of another. What further
 losses can I suffer? What more cruel plagues
 can befall me?

The power to despoil and kill softens anger.
 Wild beasts turn away from their stricken prey,
 and fierce lions, eager to destroy, abandon the
 dead victim, and with a nobler hunger riot only
 in the flesh of the warlike steer. Envy has
 snapped the thread of my prosperity and
 turned my happiness into mourning. I am
 fordone with punishment and my pride is
 broken; look on me again with favour. Is a
 humble client worth so heavy a weight of
 anger? Aeolus makes not trial of himself where
 the sea's waters are shallow; no lowly hill
 encounters Boreas' blasts; 'tis the Alps he
 shakes, the summit of Rhodope he harasses.
 Never doth the lightning

[74] Alexander is called the founder of
 Claudian's country (Egypt) because the
 first Ptolemy was one of his generals and
 became king of Egypt on Alexander's
 death.

40 nec parvi frutices iram meruere Tonantis:
 ingentes quercus, annosas fulminat ornos.
 Hoc pro supplicibus ramis, pro fronde
 Minervae,
 hoc carmen pro ture damus. miserere
 tuorum.
 me, precor, heu, me redde mihi
 gravibusque medere
 vulneribus vitamque iube famamque
 reverti.
 quae per te cecidit, per te fortuna resurgat.
 45 sanus Achilleis remeavit Telephus herbis,
 cuius pertulerat vires, et sensit in uno
 letalem placidamque manum; medicina per
 hostem
 contigit, et pepulit quos fecerat ipse
 dolores.
 Quodsi nec precibus fletu nec flecteris
 50 ullo,
 eripe calcatis non prospera cingula Musis,
 eripe militiam, comitem me pelle sodalis.
 [75]
 scilicet insignis de paupere vate triumphus.
 scilicet egregiis ornabere victor opimis.
 55 inruat in miseris cognata potentia cives;
 audiat haec commune solum longaeque
 carinis
 nota Pharos, flentemque attollens gurgite
 vultum
 nostra gemat Nilus numerosis funera ripis.

XXIII. (LXXIV.)

Deprecatio in Alethium quaestorem.

Sic non Aethiopum campos aestate
 pererrem
 nec Scythie brumam sub Iove nudus
 agam,

[75] *Birt sodali (EVAJ); sodalis R.*

strike the humble willows nor do the modest
 shrubs deserve the Thunder's angry bolt; lofty
 oaks and agèd elms are his victims.

Instead of the suppliant's branch plucked from
 Minerva's sacred olive, instead of incense, I
 offer thee this poem. Have mercy on thy
 servant. Restore me, even me, to my former
 state, heal my cruel wounds, bid life and
 honour return to me. Do thou, who didst
 overthrow my fortune, build it up again.
 Telephus came back cured by the magic of
 Achilles.^[76] The same hand dealt death and
 healing—an enemy restoring him to health by
 the assuagement of the very pains he had
 inflicted.

But if neither my prayers nor my tears can
 soften thee, spurn the Muses with thy foot and
 take away my unlucky decorations, deprive me
 of my rank, cast me aside who was once thy
 companion. A noteworthy victory this thou hast
 won over a poor poet; redoubtable indeed the
 spoils that will grace such a triumph. Let a
 fellow-countryman's power overwhelm his
 wretched fellows.^[77] Be my fate told to our
 common fatherland and to Pharos, known of all
 who sail the distant seas, and let Father Nile
 raise his weeping head from out the flood and
 mourn my cruel case along the banks of all his
 seven mouths.

XXIII. (LXXIV.)

Apology to Alethius, the Quaestor.^[78]

As I hope never to cross the plains of Ethiopia
 beneath a summer sun, never to pass a winter
 naked

[76] Telephus, wounded by Achilles' spear,
 could only be cured by his "wounder." In
 return for such information about Troy as
 should lead to its capture, Achilles cured
 Telephus by means of the rust on the spear
 that had inflicted the wound.

Herbis must here mean simply magic (*cf.*
Prop. iv. 7. 72), but it is curious, and *hasta*
(e) is tempting.

[77] Both Hadrian and Claudian were
 Egyptians.

[78] Nothing is known about this Alethius.

sic non imbriferam noctem ducentibus
 Haedis
 Ionio credam turgida vela mari,
 5 sic non Tartareo Furiarum verbere pulsus
 irati relegam carmina grammatici:
 nulla meos traxit petulans audacia sensus,
 liberior iusto nec mihi lingua fuit.
 versiculos, fateor, non cauta voce notavi,
 heu miser! ignorans, quam grave crimen
 10 erat.
 Orpheos alii libros impune lacesunt
 nec tua securum te, Maro, fama vehit;
 ipse parens vatum, princeps Heliconis,
 Homerus
 iudicis excepit tela severa notae.
 sed non Vergilius, sed non accusat
 15 Homerus:
 neuter enim quaestor, pauper uterque
 fuit.
 en moveo plausus! en pallidus omnia laudo
 et clarum repeto terque quaterque
 "sophos"!
 ignoscat placidus tandem flatusque
 remittat
 20 et tuto recitet quod libet ore: placet.

XXIV. (LXXXIII.)

De lucusta.

Horret apex capitis; medio fera lumina
 surgunt
 vertice; cognatus dorso durescit amictus.
 armavit natura cutem dumique rubentes
 cuspidibus parvis multos acuere rubores.

beneath the northern pole, never to entrust my
 bellying sails to the Ionian Sea what time the
 Kids bring round the rainy nights, never, driven
 by the Furies' hellish blows, to re-read the
 verses of an angry pedant,^[79] 'twas not, I
 swear, impudent effrontery that moved me, nor
 did my tongue exceed a just outspokenness. I
 admit I incautiously found fault with a few
 lines, not realizing, luckless wight, the
 heinousness of my offence. Others attack the
 books of Orpheus and nothing is said; nor does
 thy fame, Maro, support thee in safety. The
 very father of poetry, Homer, lord of Helicon,
 knew the stigma of the censor's pen. Yet
 neither Vergil nor Homer complains, for
 neither was a quaestor and both were poor.
 See, then, I applaud! See, in terror I praise
 every word and loudly cry again and again
 "bravo!" Let him be appeased and pardon at
 last, let him cease from wrath—and with secure
 voice recite whate'er he will; I applaud.

XXIV. (LXXXIII.)

The Lobster.

Long horns project from his head; fierce eyes
 stand out from his forehead; his back is
 protected by the armour of his self-grown shell.
 Nature herself has rendered his skin a
 sufficient defence, covering it with small, red,
 pointed spikes.

^[79] The "pedant" is doubtless Alethius
 himself and the "verses" the very poem
 which Claudian has already read once and
 criticized unfavourably.

*Epithalamium dictum Palladio V. C. tribuno et
notario et Celerinae.*

PRAEFATIO

Carmina per thalamum quamvis festina
negare

nec volui genero nec potui socero.

hic socius, dux ille mihi nostrique per
aulam

ordinis hic consors emicat, ille prior.

5 hunc mihi coniungit studiis communibus
aetas;

hunc mihi praeponit vel senium vel
honos.

carmen amor generi, soceri reverentia
poscit

officio vatis, militis obsequio.

Forte Venus blando quaesitum frigore
somnum

vitibus intexti gremio successerat antri
densaque sidereos per gramina fuderat
artus

adclinis florum cumulo; crispatur opaca
pampinus et musto sudantem ventilat

5 uvam.

ora decet neglecta sopor; fastidit amictum
aestus et exuto translucent pectore
frondes.

Idaliae iuxta famulae triplexque vicissim
nexa sub ingenti requiescit Gratia quercu.

10 pennati passim pueri quo quemque vocavit
umbra iacent; fluitant arcus ramisque

propinquis

pendentes placido suspirant igne

pharetrae.

Epithalamium of Palladius and Celerina.^[80]

PREFACE

Asked to improvise a song in honour of a marriage I find myself unwilling to refuse the bridegroom and unable to say no to his father-in-law. The former was my comrade-in-arms, the latter my general; at court the first is of equal rank with me, the second my superior. Similarity of age and pursuits made me a friend of Palladius; age and dignity set Celerinus far above me. The love I bear the one demands my good offices as a poet, the awe in which I hold the other a soldier's obedience: I must sing.

It chanced that Venus had one day retired into the bosom of a cave overgrown with vine to woo sleep mid its alluring cool, and had laid her goddess limbs on the thick grass, her head upon a heap of flowers. The vine branches stir gently in the breeze and sway the full-veined grapes. Slumber befits the disorder of her brow, the midday heat will none of coverings, and the leaves show through them the gleam of her bare breast. Round her lie the nymphs of Ida and hard by beneath a lofty oak-tree the three Graces sleep with interlaced arms. Here and there, where'er the shade invites them, repose winged Cupids. Their bows are unstrung and their quivers hang from the branches of neighbouring trees, instinct with latent fire. Some

[80] This poem and the marriage it celebrates probably belong to the year 399. We know little of P. save that he was the friend and colleague (*tribunus et notarius*, cf. Introduction, p. xii) of Claudian. His father (l. 61) was probably prefect of Egypt in 382 (*Cod. Theod.* viii. 5. 37). Celerina's grandfather held the same post (l. 73); her father (ll. 82 *et sqq.*)—the *socer* of line 2 of the preface—was *primicerius notariorum* (so Godefroy on *Cod. Theod.* vi. 2).

pars vigiles ludunt aut per virgulta
 vagantes
 scrutantur nidos avium vel roscida laeti
 mala legunt donum Veneri flexusque
 15 sequuntur
 palmitis et summas pennis librantur in
 ulmos;
 defendunt alii lucum Dryadasque procaces
 spectandi cupidas et rustica numina pellunt
 silvestresque deos longeque tuentibus
 antrum
 20 flammea lascivis intendunt spicula Faunis:
 cum subito varius vicina clamor ab urbe
 et fausti iuvenum plausus mixtaeque
 choreis
 auditae per rura lyrae. Celerina per omnes
 Italiae canitur montes omnisque maritum
 Palladium resonabat ager.
 25 Pervenit ad aures
 vox iucunda deae strepituque excita resedit
 et reliquum nitido deterisit pollice somnum
 utque fuit, turbata comas, intacta papillas,
 mollibus exurgit stratis interque suorum
 agmen et innumeros Hymenaeum quaerit
 30 Amores
 (hunc Musa genitum legit Cytherea
 ducemque
 praefecit thalamis; nullum iunxisse cubile
 hoc sine nec primas fas est attollere
 taedas).
 conspicitur tandem. platano namque ille
 sub alta
 35 fusus inaequales cera texebat avenas
 Maenaiosque modos et pastoralia labris
 murmura temptabat relegens orisque
 recursu
 dissimilem tenui variabat harundine
 ventum.
 Restitit ut vidit Venerem, digitisque
 remissis
 40 ad terram tacito defluxit fistula flatu.

wake and play or wander through the thickets
 in search of birds' nests or take delight in
 plucking dewy apples as a gift for Venus or
 hunt the gadding vine for grapes, and, poised
 on their wings, climb its branches to the very
 tops of the elm-trees. Others keep guard over
 the wood and drive off the wanton, curious
 Dryads, the country gods and the woodland
 deities, discharging flaming darts at the
 amorous Fauns who try from a distance to
 catch a glimpse of Venus' bower. Suddenly
 there arose cries and shoutings from the
 neighbouring city; joyous acclamations of youth
 and the strains of the lyre accompanying
 dancing in the streets. Through all the hills of
 Italy the name of Celerina is chanted and every
 field re-echoes that of her husband Palladius.

The pleasant sound reached the goddess' ears;
 aroused by the noise she sat up and with her
 fair hands rubbed from her eyes the residue of
 sleep; then, just as she was, her hair
 disordered, her breasts uncovered, she leapt
 from her soft couch and summoned Hymen
 from among the unnumbered Loves that
 formed her bodyguard. (Him, son of the Muse,
 Cytherea chose out and made the patron god of
 marriage. Without his sanction is no entry into
 wedlock nor is it lawful but with his leave to
 uplift the first wedding-torches.) At last he is
 found. There he lay stretched beneath a tall
 plane-tree joining with wax pipes of unequal
 length, seeking to repeat with his lips
 Maenalian measures and pastoral tunes, while,
 as his mouth ran over them, he varied his
 breathing upon the slender reed.

Seeing Venus he stopped; noiseless to the
 ground from out the nerveless grasp of his
 fingers fell the

dulce micant oculi; niveas infecerat igni
solque pudorque genas; dubiam lanuginis
umbram
caesaries intonsa tegit. prior ipsa silentem
compellat:

“Numquamne, puer,

dilecta relinques

carmina? maternis numquam satiabere
45 donis

dedite Musarum studio nimiumque parentis
aemule? quid medio tecum modularis in
aestu?

iamne tibi sordent citharae? iam lustra
Lycaei

atque pecus cordi redituraque rupibus
Echo?

50 huc ades et tantae nobis edissere causas
laetitiae, cui pompa toro tam clara resultet,
quae nova dotetur virgo: patriamque
genusque

pande, quibus terris orti, quo semine ducti.
haud ignarus enim, nec te conubia fallunt

55 ulla; tuo primae libantur^[81] foedere
noctes.”

Ille refert: “equidem dudum te, diva,
morantem

mirabar, quod adhuc tanti secura maneres
coniugii. non parva tibi mandatur origo.

60 fascibus insignes et legum culmine fultae
convenere domus et qui lectissimus orbi
sanguis erat. rubris quae fluctibus insula

latrat,
qui locus Aethiopum, quae sic impervia
famae

secessit regio, quo non rumore secundo
Palladii penetravit amor mentisque benigna
temperies doctique sales et grata senectus?

65 ^[81] *Birt* libantur (MSS.); *Delphin ed.*
libantur.

pipe. Affection lights up his eyes; a modest blush suffuses those sun-browned cheeks so snowy-white by nature, clothed, too, with the scarce seen down of youth where ceased the ne'er cut hair. Silent he stood and the goddess first addressed him. “Wilt thou, boy, never leave thy beloved song? Wilt thou never have enough of thy mother's gifts, ever devoted to the Muses' task and too eager to rival thy parent^[82]? What is it thou dost practise all alone in the midday heat? Dost thou now despise the lyre and seekest thou rather the woods of Lycaeus and the herds and Echo resounding from the rocks? Come hither and tell me the reason for this general rejoicing. What marriage is this that is attended with such ceremony and such demonstrations of joy? Who is the newly dowered bride? Of what country, what race are they that are wed? Tell me from what land they spring and what their parentage. Needs must thou know, for no marriage can take place without thee and by covenant with thee are wedlock's joys first tasted.”

He replied: “Long have I been wondering, goddess, at thy delay, and marvelled that thou didst take no notice of so world-famed an union. They are no common folk that now submit them to thy laws. Two families are united illustrious with consulships, upheld by the highest offices, in whose veins flows the noblest blood of all the world. What island on whose coasts thunder the waves of the Red Sea, what tract of Ethiopia, what land so far withdrawn from human intercourse but has heard the blessings that the affection of his country calls down on the head of Palladius' sire for his clemency, his learning, his wit, his genial age? He has trodden

^[82] *i.e.* Calliope. Venus is in effect saying to him: attend to your own business, play your own instrument (the *cithara*) and do not seek the haunts, and imitate the pipes, of Pan.

per cunctos iit ille gradus aulaeque labores
 emensus tenuit summae fastigia sedis
 Eoum stabili moderatus iure senatum.
 hic splendor iuveni. cunabula prima puellae
 Danuvius veteresque Tomi. Mavortia matris
 70 nobilitas spoliis armisque exultat avitis
 immensamque trahit Celerini robore lucem,
 qui quondam Meroën iussus Nilumque
 tueri,
 cum sibi post obitus et Parthica fulmina
 Cari^[83]
 75 scepra daret miles rebusque imponere
 vellet,
 despexit fremitus et praetulit otia regno;
 respuit ingestum, quod vi, quod poscere
 ferro
 posthabita pietate solent. tum purpura
 primum
 80 inferior virtute fuit meruitque repulsam
 obvia maiestas. doluit Fortuna minorem
 se confessa viro. magnum delata potestas,
 maiorem contempta probat.
 "Cognomina sumpsit
 plena ducum genitor. paulatim vectus ad
 altum
 princeps militiae, qua non inlustrior extat
 altera, cunctorum tabulas adsignat
 85 honorum,
 regnorum tractat numeros, constringit in
 unum
 sparsas imperii vires cuneosque recenset
 dispositos: quae Sarmaticis custodia ripis,
 quae saevis obiecta Getis, quae Saxona
 frenat
 90 vel Scottum legio, quantae cinxere cohortes
 Oceanum, quanto pacatur milite Rhenus.

[83] *Birt caro (the reading of E and V); Cari Heinsius.*

every rung of the ladder of honours, has held every place at court, and reached the highest of all offices, directing the deliberations of the senate of the East with a sure authority. Such is the bridegroom's brilliance. The bride first saw the light in the old city of Tomi by the mouth of the Danube. She is descended on her mother's side from noble ancestors famed in war and enriched by war's spoils and derives especial glory from the renown of that stalwart Celerinus who, when appointed to the defence of Meroë and the Nile, and, after the death by lightning of Carus^[84] in Parthia, offered the throne and dominion of the world by his soldiers, paid no heed to their clamour and preferred repose to an empire. Of his own will he refused when it was offered that which men will use every sort of violence and outrage every sort of right to acquire. For the first time virtue was reckoned above a throne and sovereignty, making offer of herself, met with a refusal. Sadly did Fortune confess herself beaten by a mortal. Great it is to deserve high office, still greater to have despised it.

"Celerina's father has won every title that a warrior may. Step by step he has reached the highest of all ranks, that of commander-in-chief; it is he who dispenses titles of honour, settles the garrisons of the provinces, unites the scattered forces of the empire, and checks the disposition of its troops. He decides the defences of Sarmatia and the legions that are to face the wild Getae or keep Saxon and Scot in subjection. He knows how many cohorts fringe the shore of Ocean, how great an army maintains peace along the banks of the Rhine. In the family of Celerina is to be found unspotted

[84] Carus was struck by lightning (or murdered) during his Persian campaign, A.D. 283; (*cf.* Sidon. Apol. c. 23. 91).

casta domus, sincera fides, industria
 sollers.
 elegit Stilicho; nihil ultra laudibus addi
 iudiciove potest. tali nubente puella
 nonne tibi cessare nefas? duc protinus
 95 omnes,
 duc age. marcentes cupio quassare coronas
 et vibrare faces et noctem ducere ludo.
 haec quoque non vilem iam fistula
 commodat usum
 responsura choris.”

Vix haec Hymenaeus;

at illa

100 fontibus abluitur gelidis legemque capillo
 reddit et ornatum formae prelisque solutae
 mira Dioneae sumit velamina telae.
 floribus extruitur currus; iuga floribus
 halant;
 florea purpureas adnectunt frena columbas.
 undique concurrunt volucres, quaecumque
 frementem
 106 permulcent Athesin cantu, quas Larius
 audit,
 quas Benacus alit, quas excipit amne quieto
 Mincius: ereptis obmutuit unda querellis.
 Eridani ripas et raucae stagna Padusae
 110 diffugiens nudavit olor. laetantur Amores
 frenatisque truces avibus per nubila vecti
 ostentant se quisque deae magnoque
 tumultu
 confligunt pronique manus in verbera
 tendunt
 atque impune cadunt: lapsus meliore volatu
 115 consequitur vincitque suos auriga iugales.
 Ut thalami tetigere fores, tum vere
 rubentes
 desuper invertunt calathos largosque
 rosarum
 imbres et violas plenis sparsere pharetris
 collectas Veneris prato, quibus ipse
 pepercit

virtue, unfeigned loyalty, and diligence guided
 by knowledge. She is Stilicho's choice; to such
 choice and judgement no praise can be added.
 It were a shame, Venus, shouldst thou not be
 present at the marriage of such a maid. Come,
 bring all thy train. Fain would I shake the
 withering wreaths, brandish the torches, and
 devote the night to pleasure. Now even this my
 pipe gives no dishonoured service answering
 the choirs' songs.”

Scarce had Hymen spoken and she bathes her
 in the cool stream, gathers her flowing hair,
 and renews her charms, taking from out the
 press the wondrous garments spun by her
 mother Dione. Her chariot is heaped with
 flowers and the yoke thereof is fragrant with
 blossoms. Flowers entwine the reins that fetter
 her bright doves. From all sides the birds flock
 together, those that soothe with their song the
 roar of Athesis, those whom Larius hears,
 Benacus feeds, or Mincius welcomes with his
 quiet flood. Quiet are those waters now that the
 birds' plaintive notes resound there no more.
 The swans have flown away and left the banks
 of Eridanus and the sounding marshes of
 Padusa. Right glad are the wanton Loves; they
 catch and harness the birds and ride them
 through the clouds before the eyes of Venus.
 There they join in noisy battle, lean forward to
 strike one another, and fall but suffer no hurt.
 Fallen they overtake their steeds with flight
 swifter than theirs, for the charioteer is fleet
 than the chariot.

Soon as they reached the doors of the
 marriage-chamber they empty baskets full of
 red spring flowers, pouring forth showers of
 roses and scattering from their laden quivers
 violets gathered in Venus' meadow, violets
 untouched e'en by the heat of the

- 120 Sirius et teneras clementi sidere fovit.
 gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum
 effudere cadis, duro quae saucius ungue
 Niliacus pingui desudat vulnere cortex.
 adgreditur Cytherea nurum flentemque
 pudico
- 125 detraxit matris gremio. matura tumescit
 virginitas superatque nives ac lilia candor
 et patrium flavis testatur crinibus Histrum.
 tum dextram complexa viri dextramque
 puellae
 tradit et his ultro sancit conubia dictis:
 "Vivite concordes et nostrum discite
 munus.
- 130 oscula mille sonent; livescant brachia nexu;
 labra ligent animas. neu tu virtute proterva
 confidas, iuvenis; non est terrore domanda,
 sed precibus placanda tibi. concede marito
 tu quoque neu Scythicas infensis unguibus
- 135 iras
 exercere velis: vinci patiare, rogamus.
 sic uxor, sic mater eris. quid lumina tinguis,
 virgo? crede mihi: quem nunc horrescis,
 amabis."
 Dixit et aligera geminos arcuque
 manuque
 praestantes e plebe vocat. puer ilicet
- 140 Aethon
 et Pyrois rutilas respersi murice plumas
 prosiliunt puroque imbutis melle sagittis
 hic nuptam petit, ille virum. sonuere
 reducta
 cornua; certa notos pariter sulcavit
 harundo
- 145 et pariter fixis haeserunt tela medullis.

Dog-star who had tempered for their frail beauty his accustomed fires. Others throughout the palace poured forth from jewelled caskets unguents gathered by the banks of the Nile from trees whose bark, when wounded by the cruel finger-nail, oozed with rich gum. Cytherea approaches the bride, and, despite her tears, drew her from her mother's arms. Her swelling breast betokens maidenhood ripe for marriage, her skin is whiter than lilies or than snow, and her golden hair points to the Danube as her birthplace. Then, taking the hand of the bridegroom, Venus joins to it that of the bride and with these words blesses their union: "Live as one and fulfil all my rites. Give a thousand kisses, let arm be bruised with enfolding arm, and lips so join that soul may meet soul. And thou, husband, put not thy confidence in rude love-making; thy wife's love cannot be won by threats, but must be gained by entreaty. And do thou yield to thy husband nor seek to show anger; use not thy nails as weapons like the women of Scythia. I beg thee submit to conquest; so shalt thou be indeed a wife, so a mother. Why are there tears in thine eyes? Believe me, thou shalt love him whom now thou fearest."

So spake she, and chose from out her winged attendants the two whose bows were strongest and their aim most sure. At once Aethon and Pyrois leaped forward, their bright wings tinged with purple. Dipping their shafts in pure honey the one aims his at the bride, the other his at the bridegroom. They draw their bows; the strings twang and the sure arrows cleave the air with equal speed and implant themselves at equal depths in the hearts of the twain.

XXVI. (XLIX.)

Aponus.

Fons, Antenoreae vitam qui porrigis urbi
 fataque vicinis noxia pellis aquis,
 cum tua vel mutis tribuant miracula vocem,
 cum tibi plebeius carmina dictet honos
 5 et sit nulla manus, cuius non pollice ductae
 testentur memores prospera vota notae:
 nonne reus Musis pariter Nymphisque
 tenebor,
 si tacitus soli praetereare mihi?
 ludibrium quid enim fas est a vate relinqui
 10 hunc qui tot populis pervolat ora locum?
 Alto colle minor, planis erectior arvis
 conspicuo clivus molliter orbe tumet
 ardentis fecundus aquae; quaecumque
 cavernas
 perforat, offenso truditur igne latex.
 spirat putre solum, conclusaque subter
 15 anhelos
 pumice rimosas perfodit^[85] unda vias.
 umida flammularum regio: Vulcania terrae
 ubera, sulphureae fervida regna plagae.
 quis sterilem non credat humum? fumantia
 vernant
 20 pascua; luxuriat gramine cocta silex
 et, cum sic rigidae cautes fervore
 liquescant,
 contemptis audax ignibus herba viret.
 Praeterea grandes effosso marmore sulci
 25 saucia longinquo limite saxa secant.

[85] perfodit *Koch; codd. (Birt)* perforat.

XXVI. (XLIX.)

Aponus.^[86]

Fount that prolongest life for the dwellers in
 Antenor's city, banishing by thy neighbouring
 waters all harmful fates, seeing that thy
 marvels stir utterance even in the dumb, that a
 people's love bids poets to honour thee in song,
 and that there is no hand whose fingers have
 not traced for thee some lines in thankful
 witness of prayers granted, shall I not be held
 guilty alike by the Muses and the Nymphs if I
 alone sing not thy praises? How can a spot
 whose fame is on so many lips rightly be passed
 over by me in slighting silence?

Lower than a lofty hill yet higher than the level
 plain rises a gentle eminence, clear to see from
 all around. Prolific is it in hot springs, for
 wherever water penetrates its recesses
 encountering fires drive it forth. The crumbling
 ground exhales vapours, and the water, closed
 down in its prison of burning rock, forces its
 way out by many a fissured channel. 'Tis a
 region of liquid fire where Vulcan's flames
 spring forth from earth's breast, a land of
 burning and of sulphur. Who would not think it
 barren? Yet are those fiery fields green with
 verdure; grass grows o'er the burning marl
 and, though the very rocks melt at the heat,
 plants, mocking at the flames, boldly flourish.

Beyond this are vast furrows cut in the rock,
 scarring and cleaving it in long lines. Traces
 are

[86] Aponus (mod. Abano) near Padua,
 famous for its hot mineral springs (*cf.* Mart.
 vi. 42. 4; Lucan, vii. 193; Sil. Ital. xii. 218,
 etc.). Padua (Patavinum) is said to have
 been founded by Antenor.

Herculei (sic fama refert) monstratur aratri
 semita, vel casus vomeris egit opus,
 in medio pelagi late flagrantis imago
 caeruleus inmenso panditur ore lacus
 ingenti fusus spatio; sed maior in altum
 30 intrat et arcanae rupis inane subit:
 densus nube sua tactuque inmitis et haustu,
 sed vitreis idem lucidus usque vadis.
 consuluit natura sibi, ne tota lateret,
 admisitque oculos, quo vetat ire calor:
 35 turbidus impulsu venti cum spargitur aër
 glaucaque fumiferae terga serenat aquae,
 tunc omnem liquidi vallem mirabere fundi,
 tunc veteres hastae, regia dona, micant
 (quas inter, nigrae tenebris obscurus
 harenae,
 40 discolor abruptum flumen hiatus agit;
 adparent infra latebrae, quas gurgis
 opacus
 implet et abstrusos ducit in antra sinus);
 tunc montis secreta patent, qui flexus in
 arcum
 aequora pendenti margine summa ligat.
 Viva coronatos adstringit scaena vapores,
 45 et levis exili cortice terra natat
 calcantumque oneri numquam cessura
 virorum
 sustentat trepidum, fida ruina, pedem.
 facta manu credas, sic levis circuit oras
 50 ambitus et tenuis perpetuusque riget.

they—so tradition tells—of Hercules' plough, or else chance did the ploughshare's work. In the middle of the hill is what seems a broad, steaming sea, an azure lake of vast extent. Great is the space it covers, still greater its depth where it plunges down and loses itself beneath the rocky caverns. A thick pall of steam hangs over it; its waters cannot be touched nor drunk though they are transparent as crystal to the very bottom. Nature took counsel for herself and lest that lake should be entirely beyond our ken she let our eyes penetrate what, because of its heat, our bodies could not enter. When a breeze scatters the thick clouds of steam and clears the grey surface of the erstwhile vaporous water you can gaze with wonder on the valley floor below that glassy flood where glint old weapons, king's gifts^[87] of bygone days (between these a gulf of other hue, dark with the eddyings of black sand, swallows the hastening waters; below there opens a cavern into which the darkling flood pours, filling every nook and cranny with its swirling eddies); then are revealed the hidden places of the hill which, bent round in a bow, encircles the surface of the water with an overhanging rim.^[88]

A verdant amphitheatre surrounds this steaming cauldron, and the ground floats lightly with slender film^[89]; never will it give way beneath the visitor's weight, upholding his timorous feet, trusty though seeming so unsure. One would think it the work of man's hand, so smoothly does its circuit enfold the shore, slight and yet firm all the way. The water

[87] Doubtless *ex voto* offerings.

[88] The "hidden places" (*i.e.* the sides of the mountain below the water-level) are "revealed" because of the translucency of the water.

[89] Claudian describes a film or crust which encircles the lake and forms a path.

haerent stagna lacu plenas aequantia ripas
 praescriptumque timent transiluisse
 modum;
 quod superat, fluvius devexa rupe volutus
 egerit et campi dorsa recurva petit,
 55 devehit exceptum nativo spira^[90] meatu;
 in patulas plumbi labitur inde vias;
 nullo cum strepitu madidis infecta favillis
 despumat niveum fistula cana salem.
 multifidas dispergit opes artemque secutus,
 60 qua iussere manus, mobile torquet iter
 et iunctos rapido pontes subtermeat aestu
 adflatasque vago temperat igne tholos.
 acrior interius, rauci cum murmure saxi,
 spumeus eliso pellitur amne vapor.—
 65 hinc pigras repetunt fessi sudore lacunas,
 frigora quis longae blanda dedere morae.
 Salve Paeoniae largitor nobilis undae,
 Dardanii salve gloria magna soli,
 publica morborum requies, commune
 medentum
 auxilium, praesens numen, inempta salus.
 70 seu ruptis inferna ruunt incendia ripis
 et nostro Phlegethon devius orbe calet,
 sulphuris in venas gelidus seu decidit amnis
 accensusque fluit (quod manifestat odor),
 sive pares^[91] flammis undarum lance
 75 rependens
 arbiter in foedus mons elementa vocat,
 ne cedant superata sibi, sed legibus aequis
 alterius vires possit utrumque pati:

[90] spira *Heinsius*; *Birt* follows mss. spina.

[91] pares *EVJ*; *Birt* reads pari (*A*). If pari, probably a juristic formula (= aequa lance); cf. *Symm. Epp. ii. 56. 1*.

in the lake stands motionless, filling it to the
 brim and fearing to o'erstep its appointed limit.
 The overflow runs in a stream down a sloping
 rock and seeks the undulating plain below. A
 natural but tortuous channel carries the water
 away and thence it flows into an open conduit
 of lead. These pipes, noiselessly impregnated
 with some powderous mineral that the water
 carries down, produce a snow-white distillation
 of salt. The streams branch off in all directions
 carrying with them this natural wealth
 whithersoever art has directed their going,
 flexing this way and that their errant courses,
 flowing in swift torrent below aqueducts and
 warming the arches with the heat of their
 rushing waters. Within the arches, amid the
 roarings of the echoing rock, issues forth
 fiercer steam and vapour as the water rushes
 out. Then the sick, weak with sweating, seek
 next the stagnant pools that long time has
 made pleasantly cool.

Hail to thee, stream, generous giver of the
 waters of healing, chief glory of the land of
 Italy, doctor of all that come to thee, common
 helper of all Aesculapius' sons; a very present
 deity for whose aid there is nought to pay.
 Whether it be that hell's fiery streams have
 burst their banks and that Phlegethon gone
 astray bestows his heat upon the upper world,
 or that a river, originally of cold water, sinks
 down into veins of sulphur and rises thence
 afire (as one would think from the smell), or
 that the mountain in arbitration summons the
 two elements to a treaty, balancing a certain
 quantity of fire against a similar amount of
 water that neither yield to the other but under
 a just law of equipoise each may withstand the
 other's might—whatsoever

quidquid erit causae, quocumque emitteris
ortu,

80 non sine consilio currere certa fides.
quis casum meritis adscribere talibus
audet?

quis negat auctores haec statuisse deos?
ille pater rerum, qui saecula dividit astris,
inter prima poli te quoque sacra dedit
85 et fragilem nostri miseratus corporis usum
telluri medicas fundere iussit aquas,
Parcarum colos exoratura severas
flumina laxatis emicuere iugis.

Felices, proprium qui te meruere, coloni,
90 fas quibus est Aponon iuris habere sui.
non illis terrena lues corrupta nec Austri
flamina nec saevo Sirius igne nocet,
sed quamvis Lachesis letali stamine
damnet,

in te fata sibi prosperiora petunt.

95 quodsi forte malus membris exuberat umor
languida vel nimio viscera felle rubent,
non venas reserant nec vulnere vulnera
sanant

pocula nec tristi gramine mixta bibunt:
amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
100 pacaturque aegro luxuriante dolor.

XXVII. (XLIV.)

Phoenix.

Oceani summo circumfluis aequore lucus
trans Indos Eurumque viret, qui primus
anhelis
sollicitatur equis vicinaque verbera sentit,
umida roranti resonant cum limina curru,

shall prove to be the cause, whatever the
origin, of this we may be sure—that thou
flowest not without design. Who would dare to
ascribe such a miracle to chance? Who could
deny that the overruling gods have so
ordained? Nature's lord, who measures the
centuries by the stars, has given thee a place of
honour among the works of his divinity, and,
pitying the feebleness of our human bodies, has
bidden pour forth healing waters for the earth,
and from the riven hills burst forth streams that
should win pardon from the Fates' relentless
distaffs.

Happy ye whose lot it is to dwell by those banks
and to possess Aponus for your own; you no
plague of earth, no pestilence-fraught winds of
the south, nor Sirius with his cruel fires can
harm. Should Lachesis' fatal thread threaten
death men find in thee a more propitious fate.
If it chance that noxious humours swell their
limbs or that excess of bile inflames their ailing
bowels they need not to open their veins nor to
cure one wound with another nor yet to drink
medicine of bitter herbs. By thy water's aid
they renew their lost strength without
suffering; 'mid luxury the sick find relief from
pain.

XXVII. (XLIV.)

The Phoenix.^[92]

There is a leafy wood fringed by Ocean's
farthest marge beyond the Indes and the East
where Dawn's panting coursers first seek
entrance; it hears the lash close by, what time
the watery threshold echoes to the dewy car;
and hence comes forth the rosy

[92] C. follows Herodotus (ii. 73) fairly
closely.

5 unde rubet ventura dies longeque coruscis
 nox adflata rotis refugo pallescit amictu:
 haec fortunatus nimium Titanius ales
 regna colit solusque plaga defensus iniqua
 10 possidet intactas aegris animalibus oras
 saeva nec humani patitur contagia mundi.
 par volucer superis, stellis qui vividus
 aequat
 durando membrisque terit redeuntibus
 aevum,
 non epulis saturare famem, non fontibus
 ullis
 adsuetus prohibere sitim; sed purior illum
 15 solis fervor alit ventosaque pabula potat
 Tethyos, innocui carpens alimenta vaporis.
 arcanum radiant oculi iubar. igneus ora
 cingit honos. rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
 attollit cristatus apex tenebrasque serena
 20 luce secat. Tyrio pinguntur crura veneno.
 antevolant Zephyros pinnae, quas caeruleus
 ambit
 flore color sparsoque super ditescit in auro.
 Hic neque concepto fetu nec semine
 surgit,
 sed pater est prolesque sui nulloque
 creante
 25 emeritos artus fecunda morte reformat
 et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.
 namque ubi mille vias longinqua retorserit
 aestas,
 tot ruerint hiemes, totiens ver cursibus
 actum,
 quas tulit autumnus, dederit cultoribus
 umbras:
 tum multis gravior tandem subiungitur
 30 annis
 lustrorum numero victus: ceu lassa
 procellis
 ardua Caucasio nutat de culmine pinus
 seram ponderibus pronis tractura ruinam;
 pars cadit adsiduo flatu, pars imbre peresa
 35 rumpitur, abripuit partem vitiosa vetustas.

morn while night, illumined by those far-
 shining wheels of fire, casts off her sable cloak
 and broods less darkly. This is the kingdom of
 the blessed bird of the sun where it dwells in
 solitude defended by the inhospitable nature of
 the land and immune from the ills that befall
 other living creatures; nor does it suffer
 infection from the world of men. Equal to the
 gods is that bird whose life rivals the stars and
 whose reascent limbs weary the passing
 centuries. It needs no food to satisfy hunger
 nor any drink to quench thirst; the sun's clear
 beam is its food, the sea's rare spray its drink—
 exhalations such as these form its simple
 nourishment. A mysterious fire flashes from its
 eye, and a flaming aureole enriches its head. Its
 crest shines with the sun's own light and
 shatters the darkness with its calm brilliance.
 Its legs are of Tyrian purple; swifter than those
 of the Zephyrs are its wings of flower-like blue
 dappled with rich gold.

Never was this bird conceived nor springs it
 from any mortal seed, itself is alike its own
 father and son, and with none to recreate it, it
 renews its outworn limbs with a rejuvenation of
 death, and at each decease wins a fresh lease
 of life. For when a thousand summers have
 passed far away, a thousand winters gone by, a
 thousand springs in their course given to the
 husbandmen that shade^[93] of which autumn
 robbed them, then at last, fardone by the
 number of its years, it falls a victim to the
 burden of age; as a tall pine on the summit of
 Caucasus, wearied with storms, heels over with
 its weight and threatens at last to crash in ruin;
 one portion falls by reason of the unceasing
 winds, another breaks away rotted by the rain,
 another consumed by the decay of years.

[93] *i.e.* given leaves which in turn supply shade.

Iam breve decrescit lumen languetque
 senili
 segnis stella gelu, qualis cum forte tenetur
 nubibus et dubio vanescit Cynthia cornu.
 iam solitae medios alae transcurrere
 nimbos
 40 vix ima tolluntur humo. tum conscius aevi
 defuncti reducisque parans exordia formae
 arentes tepidis de collibus eligit herbas
 et tumulum texens pretiosa fronde
 Sabaeum
 componit, bustumque sibi partumque
 futurum.
 45 Hic sedet et Solem blando clangore
 salutat
 debilior miscetque preces ac supplice cantu
 praestatura novas vires incendia poscit.
 quem procul adductis vidit cum Phoebus
 habenis,
 50 stat subito dictisque pium solatur alumnum:
 "o senium positura rogo falsisque sepulcris
 natales habitura vices, qui saepe renasci
 exitio proprioque soles pubescere leto,
 accipe principium rursus corpusque
 coactum
 desere. mutata melior procede figura."
 Haec fatus prope flavis e crinibus unum
 55 concussa cervice iacit missoque volentem
 vitali fulgore ferit. iam sponte crematur
 ut redeat gaudetque mori festinus in ortum.
 fervet odoratus telis caelestibus agger
 consumitque senem. nitidos stupefacta
 60 iuvencos
 luna premit pigrosque polus non concitat
 axes
 parturiente rogo: curis Natura laborat,

Now the Phoenix's bright eye grows dim and
 the pupil becomes palsied by the frost of years,
 like the moon when she is shrouded in clouds
 and her horn begins to vanish in the mist. Now
 his wings, wont to cleave the clouds of heaven,
 can scarce raise them from the earth. Then,
 realizing that his span of life is at an end and in
 preparation for a renewal of his splendour, he
 gathers dry herbs from the sun-warmed hills,
 and making an interwoven heap of the
 branches of the precious tree of Saba he builds
 that pyre which shall be at once his tomb and
 his cradle.

On this he takes his seat and as he grows
 weaker greets the Sun with his sweet voice;
 offering up prayers and supplications he begs
 that those fires will give him renewal of
 strength. Phoebus, on seeing him afar, checks
 his reins and staying his course consoles his
 loving child with these words: "Thou who art
 about to leave thy years behind upon yon pyre,
 who, by this pretence of death, art destined to
 rediscover life; thou whose decease means but
 the renewal of existence and who by self-
 destruction regainest thy lost youth, receive
 back thy life, quit the body that must die, and
 by a change of form come forth more beauteous
 than ever."

So speaks he, and shaking his head casts one of
 his golden hairs and smites willing Phoenix
 with its life-giving effulgence. Now, to ensure
 his rebirth, he suffers himself to be burned and
 in his eagerness to be born again meets death
 with joy. Stricken with the heavenly flame the
 fragrant pile catches fire and burns the aged
 body. The moon in amaze checks her milk-
 white heifers and heaven halts his revolving
 spheres, while the pyre conceives the new life;
 Nature takes care that the deathless bird

aeternam ne perdat avem, flammasque
fideles
admonet, ut rerum decus inmortale
remittant.

65 Continuo dispersa vigor per membra
volutus
aestuat et venas recidivus sanguis inundat.
victuri cineres nullo cogente moveri
incipiunt plumaque rudem vestire favillam.
70 qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem
succeditque novus: geminae confinia vitae
exiguo medius discrimine separat ignis.
Protinus ad Nilum manes sacrare
paternos
auctoremque globum Phariae telluris ad
oras
75 ferre iuvat. velox alienum pergit in orbem
portans gramineo clausum velamine funus.
innumerae comitantur aves stipatque
volantem
alituum suspensa cohors. exercitus ingens
obnubit vario late convexa meatu.
80 nec quisquam tantis e milibus obvius audet
ire duci, sed regis iter fragrantis adorant.
non ferox accipiter, non armiger ipse
Tonantis
bella movet: commune facit reverentia
foedus.
talis barbaricas flavo de Tigride turmas
ductor Parthus agit: gemmis et divite cultu
85 luxurians sertis apicem regalibus ornat;
auro frenat equum, perfusam murice
vestem
Assyria signatur acu tumidusque regendo
celsa per famulas acies ditione superbit.
90 Clara per Aegyptum placidis notissima
sacris
urbs Titana colit, centumque adcline
columnis
invehitur templum Thebano monte revulsis.

perish not, and calls upon the sun, mindful of
his promise, to restore its immortal glory to the
world.

Straightway the life spirit surges through his
scattered limbs; the renovated blood floods his
veins. The ashes show signs of life; they begin
to move though there is none to move them,
and feathers clothe the mass of cinders. He
who was but now the sire comes forth from the
pyre the son and successor; between life and
life lay but that brief space wherein the pyre
burned.

His first delight is to consecrate his father's
spirit by the banks of the Nile and to carry to
the land of Egypt the burned mass from which
he was born. With all speed he wings his way to
that foreign strand, carrying the remains in a
covering of grass. Birds innumerable
accompany him, and whole flocks thereof
throng his airy flight. Their mighty host shuts
out the sky where'er it passes. But from among
so vast an assemblage none dares outstrip the
leader; all follow respectfully in the balmy wake
of their king. Neither the fierce hawk nor the
eagle, Jove's own armour-bearer, fall to
fighting; in honour of their common master a
truce is observed by all. Thus the Parthian
monarch leads his barbarous hosts by yellow
Tigris' banks, all glorious with jewels and rich
ornament and decks his tiara with royal
garlands; his horse's bridle is of gold, Assyrian
embroidery embellishes his scarlet robes, and
proud with sovereignty he lords it o'er his
numberless slaves.

There is in Egypt a well-known city celebrated
for its pious sacrifices and dedicated to the
worship of the Sun. Its temple rests on a
hundred columns hewn from the quarries of
Thebes. Here, as the

illic, ut perhibent, patriam de more reponit
congeriem vultumque dei veneratus erilem
iam flammae commendat onus, iam
destinat aris

- 95 semina relliquiasque sui: mirata relucet
limina; divino spirant altaria fumo,
et Pelusiacas productus ad usque paludes
Indus odor penetrat nares completque
salubri
tempestate viros et nectare dulcior aura
100 ostia nigrantis Nili septena vaporat.
O felix heresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
hoc tibi suppeditat vires; praebetur origo
per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte
senectus.
vidisti quodcumque fuit; te saecula teste
cuncta revolvuntur; nosti quo tempore
105 pontus
fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas,
quis Phaëthonteis erroribus arserit annus,
et clades te nulla rapit solusque superstes
edomita tellure manes: non stamina Parcae
110 in te dira legunt nec ius habuere nocendi.

XXVIII. (XLVII.)

Nilus.

Felix, qui Pharias proscindit vomere
terras:
nubila non sperat tenebris condentia
caelum
nec graviter flantes pluviali frigore Cauros
invocat aut arcum variata luce rubentem.

story tells, the Phoenix is wont to store his father's ashes and, adoring the image of the god, his master, to entrust his precious burden to the flames. He places on the altar that from which he is sprung and that which remains of himself. Bright shines the wondrous threshold; the fragrant shrine is filled with the holy smoke of the altar and the odour of Indian incense, penetrating even as far as the Pelusiac marshes, fills the nostrils of men, flooding them with its kindly influence and with a scent sweeter than that of nectar perfumes the seven mouths of the dark Nile.

Happy bird, heir to thine own self! Death which proves our undoing restores thy strength. Thine ashes give thee life and though thou perish not thine old age dies. Thou hast beheld all that has been, hast witnessed the passing of the ages. Thou knowest when it was that the waves of the sea rose and o'erflowed the rocks, what year it was that Phaëthon's error devoted to the flames. Yet did no destruction overwhelm thee; sole survivor thou livest to see the earth subdued; against thee the Fates gather not up their threads, powerless to do thee harm.

XXVIII. (XLVII.)

The Nile.^[94]

Blessèd is the man who cleaves the soil of Egypt with his plough; he need not hope for clouds to shroud the heavens in darkness nor call upon the storm-winds that bring the chilling rain or the rainbow bright with its various colours.

[94] Claudian again borrows from Herodotus (ii. 20-27).

5 Aegyptus sine nube ferax imbresque
 serenos
 sola tenet; secura poli, non indiga venti
 gaudet aquis, quas ipsa vehit, Niloque
 redundat:
 qui rapido tractu mediis elatus ab Austris,
 flammiferae patiens zonae cancrique
 calentis,
 10 fluctibus ignotis nostrum procurrit in
 orbem
 secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
 quaerendus ratione latet, nec contigit ulli
 hoc vidisse caput: fertur sine teste creatus
 flumina profundens alieni conscia caeli.
 15 inde vago lapsu Libyam dispersus in
 omnem
 Aethiopum per mille ruit nigrantia regna
 et loca continuo solis damnata vapore
 inrorat populisque salus sitientibus errat
 per Meroën Blemyasque feros atramque
 Syenem.
 20 hunc bibit infrenis Garamas domitorque
 ferarum
 Gyrraeus, qui vasta colit sub rupibus antra,
 qui ramos ebeni, dentes qui vellit eburnos,
 et gens compositis crinem velata sagittis.
 Nec vero similes causas crescentibus
 undis
 25 aut tempus meruit. glacie non ille soluta
 nec circumfuso scopulis exuberat imbre.
 nam cum tristis hiems alias produxerit
 undas,
 tunc Nilum retinent ripae; cum languida
 cessant
 flumina, tunc Nilus mutato iure tumescit.
 quippe quod ex omni fluvio spoliaverit
 30 aestas,
 hoc Nilo natura refert, totumque per orbem
 collectae partes unum revocantur in
 amnem;

Fertile is Egypt without clouds; here alone is
 sunshine and yet rain. She regards not the sky,
 needs not the wind; enough for her the water
 she herself contains, Nile's overflow. This
 swiftly-flowing river rises in the mountainous
 country of the south where it suffers the heats
 of the torrid zone and of the scorching Crab
 and issues forth from regions unknown into our
 world. Whence it comes none knows, for vain
 has ever been the search after its springing nor
 has any ever seen that source. 'Tis said that,
 fashioned without witness, it pours forth waters
 that have known a clime other than ours.
 Thence with errant stream it stretches through
 all Libya, and through Ethiopia's thousand
 dusky kingdoms where it waters lands
 condemned to the sun's unceasing fires,
 saviour of thirsting peoples, and threads its
 course across Meroë and black Syene and
 through the country of the wild Blemyae. The
 unconquered Garamantes and the Gyrraei who
 can tame wild animals drink of its waters, as do
 those tribes who dwell in huge rocky caverns,
 gathering the wood of ebony-trees and robbing
 the elephant of his tusks of ivory, and the folk
 who wear arrows in their hair.

Neither the cause nor yet the season of its
 overflow is the same as that of other rivers. Its
 waters rise neither because of melted snows
 nor by reason of rains flooding its rocky marge;
 for when dull winter giveth increase to other
 rivers Nile keeps within his banks; when other
 rivers flow with diminished stream, Nile, under
 other laws, rises. For of a truth whatever toll
 summer has exacted from all rivers Nature
 repays to the Nile, and waters gathered
 together from the whole world meet thus

quoque die Titana canis flagrantior armat
 et rapit umores madidos venasque calore
 compescit radiisque potentibus aestuat
 35 axis,
 Nilo bruma venit, contraria tempora
 mundo:
 defectis solitum referens cultoribus aequor
 effluit Aegaeo stagnantior, acrior alto
 Ionio seseque patentibus explicat arvis:
 40 fluctuat omnis ager; remis sonuere novalēs;
 saepius, aestivo iaceat cum forte sopore,
 cernit cum stabulis armenta natantia
 pastor.

XXIX. (XLVIII.)

Magnes.

Quisquis sollicita mundum ratione
 secutus
 semina rimatur rerum, quo luna laborat
 defectu, quae causa iubet pallescere solem,
 unde rubescentes ferali crine cometae,
 5 unde fluant venti, trepidae quis viscera
 terrae
 concutiat motus, quis fulgura ducat hiatus,
 unde tonent nubes, quo lumine floreat
 arcus,
 hoc mihi quaerenti, si quid deprendere veri
 mens valet, expediat.
 Lapis est cognomine
 magnes
 10 decolor obscurus vilis. non ille repexam
 caesariem regum, non candida virginis
 ornat
 colla nec insigni splendet per cingula
 morsu;
 sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
 tunc pulchros superat cultus et quidquid
 Eois

in one river. Then when the Dog-star increases
 the heat of the sun and sucks up all moisture,
 drying up earth's veins and filling heaven with
 its scorching rays, winter comes upon the Nile,
 though elsewhere all is summer. Then, bringing
 back to the fainting husbandmen its
 accustomed waters, it o'erflows ampler than
 the Aegean, fiercer than the deep Ionian, and
 spreads itself over the low-lying country. All the
 fields are aswim; plough-land sounds to the
 beat of the oar, and full often the shepherd,
 o'ercome with summer's heat, wakes to see
 flocks and fold carried away by the flood.

XXIX. (XLVIII.)

The Magnet.

Whosoever with anxious thought examines the
 universe and searches out the origin of things—
 the reason of the sun's and moon's eclipse, the
 causes of comets' red and baneful fires, the
 source of the winds, the motion that makes the
 earth to quake, the force that splits the heavens
 in twain, the noise of the thunder, the brilliance
 of the rainbow, let this man (if man's mind has
 any power to conceive the truth) explain to me
 something I would fain understand.

There is a stone called the loadstone; black,
 dull, and common. It does not adorn the
 braided hair of kings nor the snowy necks of
 girls, nor yet shine in the jewelled buckles of
 warriors' belts. But consider the marvellous
 properties of this dull-looking stone and you
 will see that it is of more worth than lovely
 gems and any pearl sought of

- 15 Indus litoribus Rubra scrutatur in alga.
 nam ferro meruit vitam ferrique rigore
 vescitur; hoc dulces epulas, hoc pabula
 novit;
 hinc proprias renovat vires; hinc fusa per
 artus
 aspera secretum servant alimenta vigorem;
 20 hoc absente perit: tristi morientia torpent
 membra fame, venasque sitis consumit
 apertas.
 Mavors, sanguinea qui cuspidē verberat
 urbes,
 et Venus, humanas quae laxat in otia curas,
 aurati delubra tenent communia templi.
 25 effigies non una deis: sed ferrea Martis
 forma nitet, Venerem magnetica gemma
 figurat.
 illis conubium celebrat de more sacerdos.
 ducit flamma choros; festa frondentia myrto
 limina cinguntur, roseisque cubilia surgunt
 floribus, et thalamum dotalis purpura velat.
 30 hic mirum consurgit opus: Cytherea
 maritum
 sponte rapit caelique toros imitata priores
 pectora lascivo flatu Mavortia nectit
 et tantum suspendit onus galeaeque
 lacertos
 35 implicat et vivis totum complexibus ambit.
 ille lacessitus longo spiraminis actu
 arcanis trahitur gemma de coniuge nodis.
 pronuba fit Natura deis ferrumque maritat
 aura tenax: subitis sociantur numina furtis.
 Quis calor infudit geminis alterna metallis
 40 foedera? quae duras iungit concordia
 mentes?
 flagrat anhela silex et amicam saucia sentit
 materiem placidosque chalybs cognoscit
 amores.

Indian amid the seaweed on the Red Sea's shores. It lives on iron and feeds on its inflexible nature; iron is its food and nourishment; from iron it recruits its strength. This seemingly inedible food, circulating throughout its body, renews its hidden powers. Without iron the loadstone dies; its bulk wastes away from lack of nourishment and thirst parches its emptied veins.

Mars, who strikes cities with his bloody spear, and Venus, who changes human cares to ease, share a common shrine and temple built of gold. Each deity has his own image; Mars, a polished iron statue, Venus, one fashioned of the loadstone. The priest duly celebrates their union. The nuptial torch precedes the choir; myrtle wreaths adorn the portals, the couches are piled with roses, while cloth of scarlet dye, as befits a marriage, adorns the bridal chamber. But, lo, a prodigy: Cytherea, without quitting her station, attracts her husband to her, and recalling the scene of which heaven was once witness, clasps Mars to her bosom with amorous breath. There she holds him suspended; her arms enfold the helmet of the god and clasp his whole body in a lifelike embrace. He, stirred by the far-compelling influence of her breath, is drawn towards her by the secret chains of his jewel-bride. Nature presides over the divine marriage; a binding breath woos the steel to wedlock; suddenly two deities are mated in secret union.

What hidden warmth infuses mutual sympathy into these twin metals? What harmony makes one their stubborn souls? The stone sighs and burns, and smitten with love recognizes in the iron the object of its desire, while the iron experiences a

sic Venus horrificum belli compescere
 regem
 et vultum mollire solet, cum sanguine
 45 praeceps
 aestuat et strictis mucronibus asperat iras.
 sola feris occurrit equis solvitque tumorem
 pectoris et blando praecordia temperat
 igni.
 pax animo tranquilla datur, pugnasque
 calentes
 50 deserit et rutilas declinat in oscula cristas.
 Quae tibi, saeve puer, non est permissa
 potestas?
 tu magnum superas fulmen caeloque relicto
 fluctibus in mediis cogis mugire Tonantem.
 iam gelidas rupes vivoque carentia sensu
 55 membra feris, iam saxa tuis obnoxia telis,
 et lapides suos ardor agit, ferrumque
 tenetur
 inlecebris; rigido regnant in marmore
 flammae.

XXX. (XXIX.)

Laus Serenae.

Dic, mea Calliope, tanto cur tempore
 differs
 Pierio meritam serto redimire Serenam?
 vile putas donum, solitam consurgere
 gemmis
 et Rubro radiare mari si floribus ornes
 5 reginae regina comam? sed floribus illis,
 quos neque frigoribus Boreas nec Sirius
 urit
 aestibus, aeterno sed veris honore rubentes

gentle attraction for the stone. It is thus that
 Venus often holds the fierce god of war in
 check and softens his fiery glance when the
 angry blood boils within him and with drawn
 sword he whets his wrath. She alone can face
 his fierce steeds and appease the tumult of his
 heart, calming his anger with gentle flame.
 Peace and quiet are restored within his soul; he
 abjures the heat of battle and bends his head,
 helmed with ruddy plumes, to kiss the goddess.

Cruel boy, is aught beyond thy powers? Thou
 dost master the mighty thunderbolt; thou canst
 force the Thunderer to leave the sky and bellow
 amid the waves. Now thou showest that thou
 canst smite cold rocks and shapes not instinct
 with feeling or life, that stone can be wounded
 by thine arrows. Rocks are stirred by a passion
 of their own; iron is obedient to thy
 blandishments; thy flames exercise dominion
 over hardest marl.

XXX. (XXIX.)

In praise of Serena.^[95]

Say, my Muse, why tarriest thou so long to
 crown Serena's brows with the Pierian garland
 they so well deserve? Thinkest thou the gift too
 poor shouldst thou, a queen, deck but with
 flowers the head of a queen accustomed rather
 to wear a tiara bright with all the jewels of the
 Red Sea? Nay, those flowers of thine are such
 that neither Boreas' cold blast nor Sirius'
 scorching heat can hurt them; theirs is the
 bloom of everlasting spring for they

^[95] For Serena, niece and adoptive
 daughter of Theodosius and wife of
 Stilicho, *cf.* Introduction, p. xvi. I follow
 Vollmer (in Pauly-Wissowa, art.
 "Claudianus") rather than Birt in dating
 this poem *circ.* 398 and XXXI. as 404.

fons Aganippea Permessius educat unda:
unde piae pascuntur apes et prata legentes
transmittunt saeculis Heliconia mella futuris.

- 10 Dignius an vates alios exercuit unum
femineae virtutis opus? quod sponte
redempto
casta maritali successit Thessala fato
inque suos migrare virum non abnuit
annos,
hoc Grai memorant. Latiis movet ora
15 Camenis
praescia fatorum Tanaquil rediensque per
undas
Cloelia Thybrinas et eodem flumine ducens
Claudia virgineo cunctantem crine
Cybeben.
anne aliud toto molitur carminis actu
Maeonii mens alta senis? quod stagna
20 Charybdis
armavit, quod Scylla canes, quod pocula
Circe,
Antiphatae vitata fames surdoque carina
remige Sirenum cantus transvecta tenaces,
lumine fraudatus Cyclops, contempta
Calypso:
25 Penelopae decus est atque uni tanta
paratur
scaena pudicitiae. terrae pelagique labores
et saevi totidem bellis quot fluctibus anni
coniugii docuere fidem. sit Claudia felix
teste dea castosque probet sub numine
mores
30 absolvens puppisque moras crimenque
pudoris:
Penelope trahat arte procos fallatque
furentes
stamina nocturnae relegens Laertia telae:
non tamen audebunt titulis certare
Serena.

have grown by Permessus' fount and been
watered by Aganippe's wave. Those flowers
have fed the holy bees that skim the meadows
and transmit the honey of Helicon to coming
generations.

Did ever the single theme of woman's worth
more fitly stir other bards? The Greeks sing of
Alcestis, that chaste Thessalian, who, to win
her husband from death, freely offered herself
in his stead, allowing him to enjoy her own
span of life. The Latin Muse takes prophetic
Tanaquil^[96] for her theme or Cloelia breasting
Tiber's waves in her return to Rome or the
maiden Claudia dragging with her own hair the
ship which bore Cybele, what time it stuck fast
in that same stream. Does old Homer's soaring
soul essay aught else throughout his song?
Dangers from Charybdis' gulf, from Scylla's
dogs, from Circe's cup, the escape of Ulysses
from the greed of Antiphate, the passage of the
ship between the rocks where sat the Sirens to
whose alluring voices the rowers were deaf, the
blinding of Cyclops, the desertion of Calypso—
all these do but redound to the glory of
Penelope, and the whole scene is set to display
her chastity alone. Toils by land and sea, ten
years of war, ten years of wandering, all do but
illustrate the fidelity of a wife. Let Claudia
rejoice in the goddess' witness and with
heaven's help vindicate her claim to chastity,
freeing at the same moment the vessel's stern
and her own character from shame. Let
Penelope by artful delays deceive the madness
of the suitors and, ever faithful to Ulysses,
delude their solicitations, ever winding up
again by night the warp of her day-spun web.
Yet shall not one of these heroines dare to vie
with Serena.

[96] Tanaquil, sister of the elder Tarquin,
wife of the Etruscan Lucumo; for her
prophetic powers see Livy i. 34. 8. Cloelia,
a hostage with Porsenna, swam back to
Rome (Livy ii. 13. 6). When the image of
Cybele was brought to Rome (204 B.C.) and
the boat stuck in a shallow at the Tiber's
mouth it was said that only a chaste woman
could move it. Claudia, who had been
accused of adultery, took hold of the rope
and towed the vessel to shore.

Quodsi nobilitas cunctis exordia pandit
 laudibus atque omnes redeunt in semina
 35 causae,
 quis venerabilior sanguis, quae maior origo
 quam regalis erit? non hoc privata dedere
 limina nec tantum poterat contingere
 nomen
 angustis laribus; patruo te principe celsam
 bellipotens inlustrat avus, qui signa
 40 Britanno
 intulit Oceano Gaetulaque reppulit arma.
 claram Scipiadum taceat Cornelia gentem
 seque minus iactet Libycis dotata trophaeis.
 cardine tu gemino laurus praetendis avitas:
 45 inde Caledoniis, Australibus inde parentum
 cingeris exuviis. necdum moderamina
 mundi
 sumpserat illa domus, cum te Lucina beatis
 adderet astrorum radiis, o maxima rerum
 gloria: post genitam didicit regnare
 Serenam.
 50 Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania,
 terris
 vox humana valet? primo lavat aequore
 solem
 India: tu fessos exacta luce iugales
 proluis inque tuo respirant sidera fluctu.
 dives equis, frugum facilis, pretiosa
 metallis,
 principibus fecunda piis, tibi saecula
 55 debent
 Traianum; series his fontibus Aelia fluxit.
 hinc senior, pater, hinc iuvenum diademata
 fratrum.
 namque aliae gentes, quas foedere Roma
 recepit
 aut armis domuit, varios aptantur in usus
 60 imperii; Phariae segetes et Punica messis
 castrorum devota cibo; dat Gallia robur

But if noble birth opens the first path to fame
 and all its causes are to be traced to ancestry,
 what blood more noble, what birth more gentle
 than that of royalty? Such majesty could not
 have flourished within the house of a mere
 commoner nor could glory so great have
 sprung from any simple home. Thou art famous
 for that thine uncle was an emperor, more
 famous by reason of the warlike deeds of thy
 grandsire^[97] who carried the Roman eagles
 across the British Channel and repulsed the
 armed bands of the Gaetulians. Cornelia,
 daughter of the Scipios, must cease to vaunt
 her high birth and to boast that she received
 for dower the spoils of Carthage. Thou canst
 point to ancestral triumphs in either
 hemisphere; on thy brow sit two crowns, the
 one won by thy sires from Scotland, the other
 from the South. Thou glory of the world, what
 time Lucina assisted at the birth of thee, our
 new star, thy house had not yet taken on itself
 the government of the whole earth; not till after
 Serena's birth did it know world-empire.

What human voice can worthily sing thy
 praises, Spain? Though India first bathes the
 new-born sun in her ocean yet when the light
 dies thou waterest his wearied steeds and in
 thy waves the stars find refreshment. Rich in
 horses, bounteous in crops, dowered with
 mines, prolific in good emperors, to thee the
 world owes Trajan, from thee sprang the
 Aelian^[98] race. From thy land came the
 brothers who now govern us and their father.
 Other races whom Rome has either received
 into alliance or subdued by arms serve the
 varying needs of empire: the corn of Egypt, the
 harvests of Africa go to feed our armies; Gaul
 recruits our powerful legions;

[97] For Theodosius the elder *cf.* note on xv. 216.

[98] Referring to Hadrian.

militis; Illyricis sudant equitatibus alae:
sola novum Latiis vectigal Hiberia rebus
contulit Augustos. fruges, aeraria, miles
undique conveniunt totoque ex orbe

65

leguntur:
haec generat qui cuncta regant. nec laude
virosum

censeri contenta fuit, nisi matribus aequae
vinceret et gemino certatim splendida sexu
Flaccillam Mariamque daret pulchramque
Serenam.

70

Te nascente ferunt per pingua culta
tumentem

divitiis undasse Tagum; Callaecia risit
floribus et roseis formosus Duria ripis
vellere purpureo passim mutavit ovile.

75

Cantaber Oceanus vicino litore gemmas
expuit; effossis nec pallidus Astur oberrat
montibus: oblatum sacris natalibus aurum
vulgo vena vomit, Pyrenaeisque sub antris
igneae flumineae legere ceraunia Nymphae;
quaeque relabentes undas aestumque
secutae

80

in refluos venere palam Nereides amnes
confessae plausu dominam cecinere futuris
auspiciis thalamis. alio tum parvus in axe
crescebat Stilicho votique ignarus agebat,
debita cui longe coniunx, penitusque
remoto

85

orbe parabatur tanti concordia fati.
Nec tua mortalis meruit cunabula nutrix.
ubera prima dabant gremio redolente
Napaeae

ternaque te nudis innectens Gratia
membris

adflavit docuitque loqui. quacumque per
herbam

90

reptares, fluxere rosae, candentia nasci

Illyria produces stout horsemen for our cavalry.
But Spain alone pays that rarest tribute—the
gift of emperors. Corn, money, soldiers come
from all the world over and are gathered
together from every quarter of the globe; Spain
gives us men to govern and direct all this. Nor
was she content to be esteemed only for her
famous heroes, did she not also excel in
heroines, and, emulous to win glory from either
sex, bestow upon us Flaccilla,^[99] Maria, and
the fair Serena.

At thy^[100] birth they tell how swelling Tagus
o'erflowed the rich fields with gold; Galicia
laughed with flowers and on the rose-covered
banks of Duria's fair stream the once white
fleeces of the sheep were everywhere turned to
purple grain. The Cantabrian main cast up
jewels upon the shore, and the pale Asturian
delves no more into the bowels of the
mountain; on the day hallowed by thy birth
earth poured forth gold as dross from her open
veins. Beneath the caves of the Pyrenees the
river Nymphs gather the fiery thunder-stones.
The Nereids, yielding to the flowing tide,
followed the flooding waves up the river's
courses; there, in the sight of all, they
acknowledged thee their queen by their
applause and celebrated thy coming marriage
in prophetic strains. And all the time beneath
another sky grew the young Stilicho; he lived
unwitting of his fortune, of the destined bride
that awaited him afar, and in a distant world
was the union of such high destinies prepared.

No mortal nurse was worthy to watch over thy
cradle. First the Nymphs gave thee suck at
their fragrant breasts; the three Graces held
thee in their arms and breathing upon thee
taught thee to speak. Roses sprang where'er
thou didst creep over the

[99] Flaccilla, wife of Theodosius the Great
(*cf.* x. 43).

[100] *i.e.* Serena's.

lilia; si placido cessissent lumina somno,
 purpura surgebat violae, factura cubile
 gramineum, vernatque tori regalis imago,
 omina non audet genetrix tam magna fateri
 95 successusque suos arcani conscia voti
 spe trepidante tegit.

Gestabat Honorius arto
 te pater amplexu. quotiens ad limina
 princeps
 Theodosius privatus adhuc fraterna veniret,
 oscula libabat teque ad sua tecta ferebat
 laetior; in matrem teneris conversa
 100 querellis:
 "quid me de propriis auferre penatibus?"
 inquis:
 "imperat hic semper!" praesagia luserat
 error
 et dedit augurium regnis infantia linguae,
 defuncto genitore tuo sublimis adoptat
 105 te patruus magnique animo solacia luctus
 restituens propius quam si genuisset
 amavit
 defuncti fratris subolem; nec carior olim
 mutua Ledaeos devinxit cura Lacones:
 addidit et proprio germana vocabula nato
 quaque datur fratris speciem sibi reddit
 110 adepti.
 denique cum rerum summas electus
 habenas
 susciperet, non ante suis intendit amorem
 pignoribus quam te pariter fidamque
 sororem
 litus ad Eoum terris acciret Hiberis.
 Deseritur iam ripa Tagi Zephyrique
 115 relictis
 sedibus Aurorae famulas properatur ad
 urbes.
 incedunt geminae proles fraterna puellae:
 inde Serena minor, prior hinc Thermantia
 natu,
 expertes thalami, quarum Cythereia
 necdum

grass and white lilies blossomed there; didst
 thou close thine eyes in quiet sleep, there
 burgeoned the purple violet to adorn thy grassy
 couch with her imperial colour. Thy mother
 dared not tell of such great omens and,
 knowing her own secret vow, hides with eager
 hope the fulfilment she prays for.

Thy father Honorius held thee in a close
 embrace. Whenever Theodosius—not emperor
 then—came to his brother's house he covered
 thee with kisses and loved to take thee with
 him to his own home. Then turning to thy
 mother with gentle complaint, "Why," thou
 saidst, "take me from my own home? This man
 ever commands."^[101] Prophetic was the
 sportive word and thine infant lips gave augury
 of empire. At the death of thy sire thine
 illustrious uncle adopted thee and to console
 thee for the bitterness of that loss, bestowed
 upon thee, his brother's child, more love than
 he could have bestowed on any child of his
 own. Leda's twin sons were not united with a
 bond of affection more sure. He gave his own
 son the name his brother had borne, hoping in
 some way to discover in that son the image of
 the brother he had loved and lost. Finally, when
 the people's choice had summoned him to take
 up the reins of empire, Theodosius would not
 vouchsafe his sons any proof of his affection for
 them until he had summoned thee and thy
 faithful sister from Spain to the lands of
 morning.

So now they leave Tagus' banks and the home
 of the west winds and hasten towards the cities
 that recognize the empery of the east. They
 come, the maidens twain, his brother's
 children, on this side Serena the younger, on
 that Thermantia^[102] the elder born, strange as
 yet to love; nor has Hymen bent

[101] Claudian plays on the words *imperat*
 and *imperator*.

[102] This Thermantia is not to be confused
 with her niece Thermantia, daughter of
 Serena and Stilicho (x. 339).

120 sub iuga cervices niveas Hymenaeus
 adegit.
 utraque luminibus timidum micat, utraque
 pulchro
 excitat ore faces. qualis Latonia virgo
 et solo Iove nata soror cum forte revisunt
 aequorei sortem patruī (spumantia cedunt
 aequora castarum gressus venerata
 125 dearum;
 non ludit Galatea procax, non improbus
 audet
 tangere Cymothoën Triton totoque severos
 indicit mores pelago pudor ipsaque Proteus
 arcet ab amplexu turpi Neptunia monstra):
 130 tales sceptri feri visurae tecta parentis
 limen Honoriades penetrant regale sorores.
 ambas ille quidem patrio complexus amore,
 sed merito pietas in te proclivior ibat;
 et quotiens, rerum moles ut publica cogit,
 135 tristior aut ira tumidus flagrante redibat,
 cum patrem nati fugerent atque ipsa
 timeret
 commotum Flaccilla virum, tu sola
 frementem
 frangere, tu blando poteras sermone
 mederi.
 adloquiis haerere tuis, secreta fateri.^[103]
 Prisca puellares reverentia transilit
 140 annos.
 non talem Triviae confert laudator
 Homerus
 Alcinoō genitam, quae dum per litora
 vestes
 explicat et famulas exercet laeta choreis,
 auratam iaculata pilam post naufraga
 somni
 145 otia progressum foliis expavit Ulixen.
 Pierius labor et veterum tibi carmina
 vatum
 ludus erat: quos Smyrna dedit, quos
 Mantua libros

[103] MSS. have *fideli*; *P* marks the passage as corrupt. I adopt *Birt's* *fateri* and, with *Heinsius* and *Buecheler*, suppose a line fallen out between 138 and 139.

their snowy necks to the yoke of Venus. Spirited yet modest is the glance of each; of each the beauty fires the hearts of men. Such as are Diana and her sister, motherless child of Jove, when they visit the realm of their uncle, lord of the sea (the foaming waves grow smooth before them in honour of the approach of the chaste goddesses; Galatea ceases her mad frolics, bold Triton dares not clasp Cymothoë in his embrace; o'er the whole ocean the dictates of purity hold sway and Proteus prevents even Neptune's flocks from indulging in their shameless amours)—even such the daughters of Honorius enter the palace and view the home of their royal parent. Both did the prince embrace with a father's love but justly did affection turn more readily to thee. Often when, his heart troubled by the anxieties of public business, he returned home depressed or angered, when his own sons fled his presence and even Flaccilla feared to approach her exasperated husband, thou alone wert able to stay his wrath and bring healing with sweet converse. On thy words he would hang, to thee confess his secret thoughts.

Thy modesty, worthy of an earlier age, surpassed even that of modest girlhood. Less chaste than thee was that daughter of Alcinoos whom Homer, in his praises of her, compares to Diana; she who spread her clothes on the shore to dry and sported with her attendant maids, throwing a golden ball from hand to hand until she fled in alarm from Ulysses issuing forth from the thicket where he had been enjoying sleep after his shipwreck.

The study of the Muses and the songs of poets of olden time were thy delight. Turning the pages of Homer, bard of Smyrna, or those of Virgil,

percurrrens damnas Helenam nec parcis
 Elissae.
 nobiliora tenent animos exempla pudicos:
 Laodamia sequens remeantem rursus ad
 150 umbras
 Phylaciden et prona ruens Capaneaia
 coniunx
 communes ardente viro mixtura favillas,
 et gravis incumbens casto Lucretia ferro,
 vulnere quae proprio facinus testata
 tyranni
 155 armavit patriae iustos in bella dolores
 exule Tarquinio, memorandaque concidit
 uno
 ulta pudicitiam libertatemque cruore.
 talia facta libens non tu virtute minore,
 sed fato meliore legis.
 Iam nubilis aetas
 160 principe sollicito votis erexerat aulam
 incertis, quem tanta tori fortuna maneret.
 Antiquos loquitur Musarum pagina reges,
 quod dura sub lege procos certare
 iuberent,
 empturos thalamum dubii discrimine leti,
 165 et sua crudeles gauderent pignora mortis
 ambitione peti. curru Pisaea marino
 fugit praeda Pelops; nam perfidus obice
 regis
 prodidit Oenomai deceptus Myrtilus axem.
 Hippomenes trepidus cursu ferroque
 secutam
 170 aurato volucrem flexit Schoeneida pomo.
 Herculeas vidit Fluvio luctante palaestras
 moenibus ex altis Calydon pretiumque
 labori
 Deianira fuit, cum pectore victor anhelo
 Alcides fremeret retroque Acheloius iret
 decolor: attonitae stringebant vulnera
 175 Nymphae;
 saucia truncato pallebant flumina cornu.

poet of Mantua, thou findest fault with Helen
 nor canst approve of Dido. Thy chaste mind
 fastens upon examples more noble: Laodamia
 following Protesilaus as he returned to the
 shades; Eudadne who cast herself on the flaming
 pyre whereon her husband Capaneus perished,
 wishing to mingle her ashes with his; grave
 Lucrece who fell upon a chaste sword, she who
 self-slain bore witness to the tyrant's crime,
 aroused to war her country's righteous wrath,
 drove Tarquin into exile and died gloriously,
 having avenged by her one sacrifice both
 chastity and freedom. Of such deeds thou dost
 read with joy, thyself not less in virtue though
 more blessed of fortune.

Now that thou art of an age for marriage the
 hopes of the young courtiers run high, but the
 prince hesitates to select the happy man who is
 to share thy couch and regal state.

The pages of the poets tell how ancient kings
 bade suitors contend on the hard terms of
 purchasing the bride at hazard of their lives,
 and rejoiced that death should be the wooer of
 their daughters. Pelops escaped the weapons of
 Pisa's king, thanks to the chariot Neptune gave
 him, for it was Myrtilus who tricked King
 Oenomaus by withdrawing the lynch-pin from
 the chariot-wheel. Panting Hippomenes got the
 better of Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus, who
 followed close on his traces, a sword in her
 hand, by means of the golden apples. The
 inhabitants of Calydon watched from their high
 battlements the struggle of Hercules with the
 river-god when, Deianira being the prize of
 victory, the panting hero shouted in triumph
 and Achelous paled and shrank away, shorn of
 his horn, the wound whereof the astonished
 river nymphs sought to heal.

te non Hesperidum pomis, non amne
 subacto,
 non socerum fallente rota, sed iudice
 dignus
 Augusto variis Stilicho spectatus in armis
 180 accipit et regni dotes virtute paravit.
 saepe duces meritis bello tribuere coronas:
 hunc cingit muralis honos; hunc civica
 quercus
 nexuit; hunc domitis ambit rostrata carinis.
 solus, militiae mira mercede, iugalem
 promeruit Stilicho socero referente
 185 coronam.
 Agnovit patrum similem Thermantia
 curam;
 nupsit et illa duci; sed longe fata sororis
 inferiora tuis. alio tibi numine taedas
 accendit Romana Salus magnisque coronis
 coniugium fit causa tuum. dilectus
 190 equorum,
 quos Phrygiae matres Argaeaque gramina
 pastae
 semine Cappadocum sacris praesaepibus
 edunt,
 primus honor, gemino mox inde e
 germine^[104] duxit
 agmina commissosque labor sic gessit
 honores,
 ut semper merito princeps cum magna
 195 dedisset,
 deberet maiora tamen. si bellica nubes
 ingrueret, quamvis annis et iure minori
 cedere grandaevos equitum peditumque
 magistros
 adspiceres totumque palam permittere
 Martem,
 nec gradus aetatisque pudor senioribus
 200 obstat,
 ne iuveni parere velint. ceu flamine molli

[104] *germine is the reading adopted by the Aldine ed. The MSS. vary. Birt conjectures ex ordine.*

But it is neither to the apples of the Hesperides nor to victory over a river nor to treacherous tampering with a chariot-wheel that Stilicho owes the winning of thy hand; the emperor himself adjudged him worthy thereof, for that his valour had been proved in countless wars; his own courage won him an empress to wife. Generals have often bestowed decorations on those who have deserved them in battle: one man wins the mural crown, another the civic wreath, a third, for having defeated an enemy's fleet, the naval decoration. Stilicho is the only warrior who, as the reward for signal services in war, has won from a grateful father's hand the crown of marriage.

Thermantia owes her uncle no lesser debt of gratitude: she too was married to a general. But how far inferior to thine, Serena, was thy sister's fortune! For thee with fairer promise Rome's guardian-angel kindles the torches, and glorious are the garlands that thy marriage brings. First to be set in his charge is the care of the horses reared in the royal stables, whose dams were Phrygian mares, or such as have pastured on Argos' plains, whose sires were Cappadocians. Soon he exercises a double command in the army^[105] and fulfils his functions with such energy and success that, howsoever great the honours heaped upon him by the emperor, his deserts are ever in excess of his reward. Whenever the cloud of war threatened thou mightest have seen experienced commanders of horse and foot give way to a leader younger and of less exalted rank and without more ado entrust to him the whole war. Neither rank nor age stays older men through shame from ready obedience to a youth. As when on a calm sea

[105] *i.e. magister utriusque militiae in the East.*

tranquillisque fretis clavum sibi quisque
 regendum
 vindicat; incumbat si turbidus Auster et
 unda
 pulset utrumque latus, posito certamine
 nautae
 205 contenti meliore manu seseque pavere
 confessi (finem studiis fecere procellae):
 haud aliter Stilicho, fremuit cum Thracia
 belli
 tempestas, cunctis pariter cedentibus unus
 eligitur ductor; suffragia quippe peregit
 iudex vera timor; victus ratione salutis
 Quis tibi tunc per membra tremor
 quantaequae cadebant
 ubertim lacrimae, cum saeva vocantibus
 arma
 iam lituis madido respectans lumina vultu
 215 optares reducem galeaeque inserta minaci
 oscula cristati raperes festina mariti!
 gaudia quae rursus, cum post victricia
 tandem
 classica sidereas ferratum pectus in ulnas
 exciperes, castae tuto per dulcia noctis
 220 otia pugnarum seriem narrare iuberis!
 non illo nitidos umquam bellante capillos
 comere, non solitos gemmarum sumere
 cultus:
 numinibus votisque vacas et supplice crine
 verris humum: teritur neglectae gratia
 formae
 cum proprio reditura viro.
 225 Nec deside cura
 segnis marcet amor: laudem prudentia belli
 feminea pro parte subit. dum gentibus ille
 confligit, vigili tu prospicis omnia sensu,
 ne quid in absentem virtutibus obvia
 semper
 230 audeat invidiae rabies neu fervor iniquus,
 ne qua procul positus furto subsederit armis

every sailor maintains his right to manage the rudder, but if the blustering south wind comes upon them and the waves buffet them on either side, then contention ceases and the sailors accepting a more skilful hand admit their fear (for the storm has set a term to their jealousy), even so Stilicho when the storm of war broke out in Thrace was chosen as commander-in-chief over the heads of all. Fear, that surest of judges, won him the votes of all; regard for safety o'ermastered ambition and jealousy was overthrown by dread.

How thou didst tremble and weep when the cruel bugles summoned thy lord to arms! With a countenance wet with tears thou saw'st him leave thy home praying for his safe return after snatching the final hasty kiss from between the bars of his crested helmet's visor. But again what joy when at length he returned, preceded by the clarion of victory and thou couldst hold his still mailed form in thy loving arms once more! How sweet the long hours of the chaste night wherein thou badest him tell in safety the story of his battles. Whilst he was at the wars thou didst not comb thy shining hair nor wear the jewels that were wont to adorn thee. Thy time is spent in worship and in prayer as thy suppliant tresses sweep the temple floor; uncared for perishes the gracious beauty that shall return with thine own lord.

But love languishes not in idleness and sloth; as far as it could a woman's watchful care seconds his deeds of glory. While he warred with foreign nations thou keepest guard lest mad envy or burning calumny should dare aught against him while far away, and lest, when war was ended abroad, treachery should lie secretly in wait to injure him

calliditas nocitura domi. tu sedula quondam
 Rufino meditante nefas, cum quaereret
 artes
 235 in ducis exitium coniuratosque foveret
 contra pila Getas, motus rimata latentes
 mandatis tremebunda virum scriptisque
 monebas.

XXXI. (XL.)

Epistula ad Serenam.

Orphea cum primae sociarent numina
 taedae
 ruraque compleret Thracia festus Hymen,
 certavere ferae picturataeque volucres,
 dona suo vati quae potiora darent,
 5 quippe antri memores, cautes ubi saepe
 sonorae
 praebuerant dulci mira theatra lyrae.
 Caucasio crystallae ferunt de vertice lynces,
 grypes Hyperborei pondera fulva soli,
 10 furatae Veneris prato per inane columbae
 florea conexisserta tulere rosis,
 fractaque nobilium ramis electra sororum
 cycnus oloriferi vexit ab amne Padi,
 et Nilo Pygmaea grues post bella remenso
 ore legunt Rubri germina cara maris.
 15 venit et extremo Phoenix longaevis ab
 Euro
 adportans unco cinnama rara pede.
 nulla avium pecudumque fuit, quae ferre
 negaret
 vectigal merita conubiale lyrae.
 Tunc opibus totoque Heliconis sedula
 regno
 20 ornabat propriam Calliopea nurum.

at home. Thou didst indeed once show thy
 vigilance what time Rufinus, hatching his plots,
 sought means to destroy his master by
 traitorously stirring up the Getae against
 Rome, for thou didst search out his foul
 conspiracy and in fear for thy husband's safety,
 didst send him warning by letters and
 messages.

XXXI. (XL.)

Letter to Serena.

At the first kindling of Orpheus' marriage-torch
 when festive Hymen filled the countryside of
 Thrace the beasts and gay-plumaged birds
 strove among themselves what best gifts they
 could bring their poet. Mindful of the cave
 whose sounding rocks had offered a wondrous
 theatre for his tuneful lyre, the lynxes brought
 him crystal from the summits of Caucasus;
 griffins golden nuggets from regions of the
 north; doves wreaths of roses and other flowers
 which they had flown to gather from Venus'
 meadow; the swan bore from the stream of its
 native Padus amber broken from the boughs of
 the famed sisters^[106]; while the cranes, after
 their war with the pygmies, recrossed the Nile
 and gathered in their mouths the precious
 pearls of the Red Sea. There came, too,
 immortal Phoenix from the distant East,
 bearing rare spices in his curved talons. No
 bird nor beast was there but brought to that
 marriage-feast tribute so richly deserved by
 Orpheus' lyre.

Busily Calliopea decked her son's bride with
 her riches and all the treasures of Helicon, and,
 moreover,

[106] *i.e.* of Phaëthon, who were changed
 into poplars.

ipsam praeterea dominam stellantis Olympi
 ad nati thalamos ausa rogare parens.
 nec spreuit regina deum vel matris honore
 vel iusto vatis ducta favore pii,
 25 qui sibi carminibus totiens lustraverat aras
 Iunonis blanda numina voce canens
 proeliaque altisoni referens Phlegraea
 mariti,
 Titanum fractas Enceladique minas.
 ilicet adventu noctem dignata iugalem
 30 addidit augendis munera sacra toris,
 munera mortales non admittentia cultus,
 munera, quae solos fas habuisse deos.
 sed quod Threicio Iuno placabilis Orphei,
 hoc poteris votis esse, Serena, meis.
 35 illius expectent famulantia sidera nutum;
 sub pedibus regitur terra fretumque tuis.
 non ego, cum peterem, sollempni more
 procorum
 promisi gregibus pascua plena meis
 nec, quod mille mihi lateant sub palmitibus
 colles
 40 fluctuet et glauca pinguis oliva coma,
 nec, quod nostra Ceres numerosa falce
 laboret
 aurataeque ferant culmina celsa trabes.
 suffecit mandasse deam: tua littera nobis
 et pecus et segetes et domus ampla fuit.
 45 inflexit soceros et maiestate petendi
 textit pauperiem nominis umbra tui.
 quid non perficeret scribentis voce Serenae
 vel genius regni vel pietatis amor?
 Atque utinam sub luce tui contingeret
 oris
 50 coniugis et castris et solio generi

with a mother's pride dared to invite to her
 son's wedding the queen of starry heaven
 herself. The queen of the gods spurned not her
 request either out of respect for Calliopea
 herself or because she was drawn by a just
 affection for the pious poet who had so often in
 her honour chanted his songs before her altars,
 hymning Juno's godhead with his sweet voice
 and telling of the battles of her lord the
 Thunderer waged on the plains of Phlegra, and
 of the menace of Enceladus and the Titans
 there broken. Straightway, counting the
 marriage—night worthy of her presence, she
 brought heavenly gifts to deck the bridal, gifts
 such as stoop not to adorn mortals, gifts that
 the gods alone may possess. But as Juno
 showed herself gracious to Thracian Orpheus,
 so wilt thou, Serena, be favourable to my
 prayers. The stars, her slaves, obey the nod of
 her head; thee land and sea, subdued beneath
 thy feet, obey. I did not, as other suitors use,
 promise at my courtship fields where graze
 unnumbered flocks nor hills covered with
 countless vines, nor rich olive-trees waving in
 the breeze their grey foliage, nor harvests
 reaped by a thousand scythes, nor a lofty
 palace with golden pillars. Enough was the
 mandate of a goddess; thy letter, Serena,
 stands me in stead of flocks, of harvests, of
 palace. The shadow of thy name has won over
 her parents and an imperial prayer concealed
 my poverty. When Serena writes, what with
 such words could not the empire's spirit or
 duteous love accomplish?^[107]

Would heaven had allowed me to solemnize the
 longed-for day in the light of thy presence, in
 thy

[107] Claudian means that Serena's
 imperial position and his own respect
 therefor ensure his obedience. Serena had
 written (*littera*, l. 43) urging Claudian to
 marry, and the poet uses the letter to urge
 his suit (ll. 37-46).

optatum celebrare diem! me iungeret
 auspex
 purpura, me sancto cingeret aula choro.
 et mihi quam scriptis desponderat ante
 puellam,
 coniugiis eadem pronuba dextra daret.
 nunc medium quoniam votis maioribus
 55 aequor
 invidet et Libycae dissidet ora plagae,
 saltem absens, regina, fave reditusque
 secundos
 adnue sidereo laeta supercilio.
 terrarum tu pande vias, tu mitibus Euris
 60 aequora pacari prosperiora iube,
 ut tibi Pierides doctumque fluens Aganippe
 debita servato vota cliente canant.

XXXII. (XCV.)

De salvatore.

Christe potens rerum, redeuntis conditor
 aevi,
 vox summi sensusque dei, quem fudit ab
 alta
 mente pater tantique dedit consortia regni,
 impia tu nostrae domuisti crimina vitae
 5 passus corporea numen^[108] vestire figura
 adfarique palam populos hominemque
 fateri;
 quemque utero inclusum Mariae mox
 numine viso
 virginei tumuere sinus, innuptaque mater
 arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu

[108] numen *Koch*; mundum *Birt* (following
 the MSS.); *he suggests mentem.*

lord's camp, before thy son-in-law's throne. The
 royal purple would have been a good omen for
 our union, the august assembly of the court
 would have graced the ceremony and the hand
 which, by writing that letter, promised me my
 bride would have kindled the torch to light her
 to the altar. Now that the envious sea deprives
 me of my fondest hopes and stretches between
 thee and the coasts of Libya, yet, though
 absent, be gracious unto me, O queen, and of
 thy goodness grant me a safe return as by a
 nod of thy head thou, a goddess, canst do.
 Make straight the paths of earth; bid but gentle
 breezes blow and a calm sea prosper my
 voyage, that the Muses and Aganippe's stream,
 the fount of song, may hymn thy praises in
 gratitude for the saving of their servant, the
 poet.^[109]

XXXII. (XCV.)

Of the Saviour.

Christ, lord of the world, founder of a new age
 of gold, voice and wisdom of the Most High,
 proceeding from the Father's lofty mind and
 given by that Father a share in the governance
 of this great universe, thou hast overcome the
 sins of this our mortal life, for thou hast
 suffered thy Godhead to be clothed in human
 form and hath allowed mankind to address thee
 face to face and confess thee man. The swelling
 womb of the Virgin Mary conceived thee after
 that she had been visited by the angel, and the
 unwed mother, destined to give birth to her
 own creator, was astonished at the unborn

[109] The Muses themselves are to hymn
 Serena for having by her prayers (l. 60)
 secured the safe return of their servant,
 Claudian.

- 10 auctorem paritura suum: mortalia corda
 artificem texere poli, mundique repertor
 pars fuit humani generis, latuitque sub uno
 pectore, qui totum late complectitur orbem,
 et qui non spatiis terrae, non aequoris unda
 nec capitur caelo, parvos confluit in artus.
 15 quin et supplicii nomen nexusque subisti,
 ut nos subriperes leto mortemque fugares
 morte tua, mox aetherias euectus in auras
 purgata repetens laetum tellure parentem.
 20 Augustum foveas, festis ut saepe diebus
 annua sinceri celebret ieiunia sacri.

XXXIII.-XXXIX.

De crystallo cui aqua inerat.

XXXIII. (LVI.)

Possedit glacies naturae signa prioris
 et fit parte lapis, frigora parte negat.
 sollers lusit hiems, imperfectoque rigore
 nobilior vivis gemma tumescit aquis.

XXXIV. (LVII.)

- Lymphae, quae tegitis cognato carcere
 lymphas,
 et, quae nunc estis quaeque fuistis,
 aquae,
 quod vos ingenium iunxit? qua frigoris arte
 torpuit et maduit prodigiosa silex?
 5 quis tepor inclusus securas vindicat undas?
 interior glacies quo liquefacta Noto?
 gemma quibus causis arcano mobilis aestu
 vel concreta fuit vel resoluta gelu?

child that grew within her body. A mortal womb
 hid the artificer of the heavens: the creator of
 the world became a part of human nature. In
 one body was conceived the God who embraces
 the whole wide world, and he whom nor earth
 nor sea nor sky can contain was enclosed by
 the limbs of a little child. Thou wert punished
 and didst suffer too, for our sins, to save us
 from destruction, and didst by thy death
 overcome Death. Then didst Thou ascend into
 Heaven, returning to the Father who rejoiced
 at the salvation of the world.

Bless Thou our Emperor that at holy seasons he
 may for many years to come observe the fast-
 days of the calendar.

XXXIII-XXXIX

On a Crystal enclosing a Drop of Water.

1. This piece of ice still shows traces of its
 original nature: part of it has become stone,
 part resisted the cold. It is a freak of winter's,
 more precious by reason of its incomplete
 crystallization, for that the jewel contains
 within itself living water.

2. Ye waters, who confine waters in a prison
 akin to them, ye that are liquid still and ye that
 were so, what wit has united you? By what trick
 of freezing is the marvellous stone at once hard
 and wet? What containèd heat has protected
 those enclosed waters? what warm wind melted
 that heart of ice? How comes it that the jewel
 in whose heart the water ebbs and flows was
 either made solid or liquid by frost?

XXXV. (LVIII.)

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
 sumebat nimio iam pretiosa gelu
 nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
 sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex.
 auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula
 saxi,
 et conservatae plus meruistis aquae.

XXXVI. (LIX.)

Adspice porrectam splendenti fragmine
 venam,
 qua trahitur limes lucidiore gelu.
 hic nullum Borean nec brumam sentit
 opacus
 umor, sed varias itque reditque vias.
 non illum constrinxit hiems, non Sirius axis,
 5 aetatis spatium non tenuavit edax.

XXXVII. (LX.)

Clauditur immunis convexo tegmine rivus,
 duratisque vagus fons operitur aquis.
 nonne vides, propriis ut spumet gemma
 lacunis
 et refluos ducant pocula viva sinus
 5 udaeque pingatur radiis obstantibus Iris,
 secretas hiemes sollicitante die?
 mira silex mirusque latex, et flumina vincit
 et lapides merito, quod fluit et lapis est.

XXXVIII. (LXI.)

Dum crystallae puer contingere lubrica
 gaudet
 et gelidum tenero pollice versat onus,
 vidit perspicuo deprensas marmore
 lymphas,
 5 dura quibus solis parcere novit hiems,
 et siccum relegens labris sitientibus orbem
 inrita quaesitis oscula fixit aquis.

3. Alpine ice was becoming so hard that the sun could not melt it, and this excess of cold was like to make it precious as diamond. But it could not imitate that stone in its entirety for at its heart lay a drop of water which betrayed its nature. As crystal its value is enhanced, for this liquid rock is accounted a miracle and the water enclosed within it increases its rarity.

4. See this vein which runs in a bright streak through the translucent ice. This hidden water fears not any blast of Boreas nor winter's chill but runs this way and that. It is not frozen by December's cold, nor dried up by July's sun, nor wasted away by all-consuming time.

5. Safely hidden away in this round covering is a stream, an errant spring, enclosed within frozen waters. Mark you not how the crystal is all awash in its cavernous heart where living waters surge this way and that, and how, when the sun penetrates its frozen depths, the hues of the rainbow are reflected in it? Wonderful stone, wonderful water: stranger than all rivers and all stones because it is a stone and yet fluid.

6. Children love to handle this shining crystal and turn its chilly mass over and over in their little hands; they see imprisoned in the transparent rock the water which alone winter forbore to freeze. Placing the dry sphere against their thirsty lips they press useless kisses on that which guards the waters they desire.

XXXIX. (LXII.)

Marmoreum ne sperne globum: spectacula
transit
regia nec Rubro vilior iste mari.
informis glacies, saxum rude, nulla figuræ
gratia, sed raras inter habetur opes.

XL. (XLI.)

Epistula ad Olybrium.

Quid rear, adfatus quod non mihi dirigis
ullos
nec redit alterno pollice ducta salus?
scribendine labor? sed quæ tam prona
facultas,
carmina seu fundis seu Cicerone tonas?
5 cedere divitiis animi fortuna fatetur
et tantas oris copia vincit opes.
An rarus qui scripta ferat? quin tempore
nullo
cessant Flaminiae pulverulenta viae.
cum fluat ingenium, cum sit qui dicta
reportet,
10 quæ, nisi contemnor, causa relicta tibi?
despicias ergo tuum, si fas est credere,
vatem
perfidus, et spatio debilitatur amor.
Excidimusne tibi? lucem iam condet
Hydaspes,
et Tartesiaco, Sol, oriere vado,
15 candescet Geticis Meroë conversa pruinis
claque se vetito proluet Ursa mari,
et, si iam nostros fastidit Olybrius ignes,
constat Oresteam nil valuisse fidem.

7. Do not despise this sphere of rock-crystal. Kings' palaces contain no rarer jewel, nor are the Red Sea's pearls of greater value. It may be shapeless ice, unpolished rock, a rough, uncarven mass, yet is it accounted among the most precious of riches.

XL. (XLI.)

Letter to Olybrius.

What am I to think, that you send me no greeting, that no "Good wishes" traced by your fingers come back to me in turn? Is writing so difficult? Nay, who so eloquent as thou whether thou dost compose verses or, a second Cicero, thunder forth thy speeches? Greater even than thy riches is thy genius, greater thine eloquence even than thy wealth. Are the posts infrequent? Nay, couriers' feet never allow the dust to lie on the Flaminian Way. If, then, thou hast the power to write and messengers in plenty to carry thy letters what reason hast thou for thy silence unless indeed thou wish to slight me? I take it thou hast abandoned thy poet and wilt have none of him (though I can scarce believe it); or distance has made thy heart less fond. Dost thou forget me? Now shall Hydaspes lay the day to rest, and thou, O sun, rise from out the seas of Spain; now shall Egypt change her nature and glisten with Getic frost and the Bear bathe him in forbidden waters. No, if Olybrius now disdains my love then 'tis sure Orestes' loyalty availed nought. Nay come, banish

Quin age rumpe moras solaturusque
sodalem

20 absens eloquio fertiliore doce,
crebraque facundo festinet littera cursu
libris atque animis insinuanda meis.
dignatus tenui Caesar scripsisse Maroni,
nec tibi dedecori Musa futura. vale.

XLI. (XLII.)

Ad Probinum.

Quem, precor, inter nos habitura silentia
finem?

quando dabit caras littera grata vices?
me timidum vel te potius dixisse superbum
convenit? alterius crimen utrumque
tenet.

5 transfluxere dies et, dum scripsisse priorem
paenitet, aeternas itur in usque moras.
sed quid agam? coepisse vetat reverentia
vestri;

hinc amor hortatur scribere. vincat amor.
"fors iuvat audentes" prisci sententia vatis.

10 hac duce non dubitem te reticente loqui;
audax aut si quid penitus peccasse videbor,
arguar, ingrati non subiturus onus.

Romanos bibimus primum te consule fontes
et Latiae accessit Graia Thalia togae,
15 incipiensque tuis a fascibus omina cepi
fataque debebo posteriora tibi.

ergo lacesitus tandem rescribe roganti
et patria florens sorte, Probine, vale.

delay and to console thy friend speak to him
from far away with richer eloquence; hither let
many a letter hasten with winged speech, to
find its way to my shelves and to my heart.
Augustus disdained not to write to poor Vergil
and my muse shall never bring thee shame.
Farewell.

XLI.

Letter to Probinus.^[110]

How long, pray, shall there be silence between
us? When shall a welcome letter win a dear
return? Is it right to call me timid or rather
thee proud? Surely each shares the other's
fault. The days slip away and while each is
ashamed to be the first to write our hesitation
leads to an unbroken silence. Yet what am I to
do? Respect forbids me to write first; love
encourages me to do so. Let love have his way.
Fortune favours the brave, as the old poet
sang. Under her guidance I could not hesitate
to speak, though thou still keep silence. If I
shall seem overbold or guilty of some grave
fault, thou mayst blame but I shall not bear the
burden of ingratitude. 'Twas when thou wert
consul that I first drank of the stream of Latin
song and that my Muse, deserting Hellas,
assumed the Roman toga.^[111] From thy
consulship my youth drew its omens and to
thee I shall owe my future destiny. Be moved by
my importunity and after so long a delay
answer my letter. Farewell, Probinus; be thy
father's fortune thine.

[110] See note on i. 8 and Introduction, p.
xiii.

[111] See Introduction, p. xiii.

XLII. (LIII.)

De apro et leone.

Torvus aper fulvusque leo coiere superbis
 viribus, hic saeta saevior, ille iuba;
 hunc Mars, hunc laudat Cybele. dominatur
 uterque
 montibus; Hercules sudor uterque fuit.

XLIII. (LXXV.)

In Curetium.

Fallaces vitreo stellas componere mundo
 et vaga Saturni sidera saepe queri
 venturumque Iovem paucis promittere
 nummis

5 Cureti genitor noverat Uranius.
 in prolem dilata ruunt periuria patris
 et poenam merito filius ore luit.
 nam spurcos avidae lambit meretricis
 hiatus
 consumens luxu flagitiisque domum
 et, quas fallacis collegit lingua parentis,
 10 has eadem nati lingua refundit opes.

XLIV. (LXXVI.)

In eundem Curetium.

Si tua, Cureti, penitus cognoscere quaeris
 sidera, patre tuo certius ipse loquar.
 quod furis, adversi dedit inclementia
 Martis;
 quod procul a Musis, debilis Arcas erat;

XLII. (LIII.)

The Wild Boar and the Lion.

A dark boar and a tawny lion met once in
 battle, each exulting in his strength: the one
 shook his cruel bristles, the other his dreadful
 mane. One was Mars' favourite, the other
 Cybele's: both are kings of the mountains, both
 engaged the labours of Hercules.

XLIII. (LXXV.)

Against Curetius.^[112]

Uranius, Curetius' father, could set deceptive
 stars in a sphere of glass, gloomily shake his
 head over the errant course of Saturn, or
 ensure for a trifle the favourable influence of
 Jupiter. The father's chicanery meets with its
 punishment, so long deferred, in the son whose
 mouth needs must pay the just penalty. For
 filthy are his delights and he wastes all his
 substance in wantoning and debauchery. And
 so the tongue of the son has squandered all the
 riches which that of his lying father gathered
 together.

XLIV. (LXXVI.)

The Same.

Wouldst thou, Curetius, have sure knowledge of
 thy horoscope, I can give it thee better than
 even thy father. Thy madness thou owest to the
 evil influence of Mars; thine ignorance of
 poetry to

[112] We know nothing further of Curetius.

5 quod turpem pateris iam cano podice
 morbum,
 femineis signis Luna Venusque fuit;
 attrivit Saturnus opes. hoc prorsus in uno
 haereo: quae cunnum lambere causa
 facit?

XLV. (LV.)

De concha.

Transferat huc liquidos fontes Heliconia
 Nais
 et patulo conchae divitis orbe fluat.
 namque latex doctae qui laverit ora
 Serenae,
 ultra Pegaseas numen habebit aquas.

XLVI. (LXXII.)

De chlamyde et frenis.

Non semper clipei metuendum gentibus
 orbem
 dilecto studiosa parens fabricabat Achilli,
 Lemnia nec semper supplex ardentis adibat
 antra dei nato galeam factura comantem,
 5 sed placidos etiam cinctus et mitia pacis
 ornamenta dabat, bello quibus ille peracto
 conspicuus reges inter fulgeret Achivos.
 ipsa manu chlamydes ostro texebat et auro,
 frenaque, quae volucrem Xanthum
 Baliumque decerent,
 10 aequore quaesitis onerabat sedula gemmis.
 At tibi diversis, princeps altissime,
 certant
 obsequiis soceri. Stilicho Mavortia confert
 munera, barbaricas strages Rhenique
 triumphos.
 reginae contenta modum servare Serena
 15 in tua sollicitas urget velamina telas.

enfeebling Mercury; thy shameful disease and
 premature decay to lady Moon and lady Venus;
 Saturn has robbed thee of thy property. But
 this one fact is beyond me:—what causes thy
 filthy ways?

XLV. (LV.)

The Shell.

Nymph, come from Helicon and pour herein thy
 limpid waters; fill all the vast extent of this
 wondrous shell. Surely the water that has
 bathed the face of the poetess Serena will have
 more virtue than all the streams of Castalia.

XLVI. (LXXII.)

On a Cloak and a Bridle.

His loving mother did not always fashion for
 her dear son Achilles those round shields that
 did affright the world; she did not constantly
 approach the fiery caverns of the god of
 Lemnos, begging a plumèd helmet for her son.
 She gave him, besides these, garments of peace
 and unwarlike adornments wherewith, after the
 toils of war, he might shine conspicuous among
 the chiefs of the Achaeans. With her own hand
 she wove him cloaks of purple and gold and
 with patient care studded with ocean gems
 bridles to adorn his fleet steeds, Xanthus and
 Balius.

On thee, most puissant emperor, thy wife's
 parents bestow diverse presents. Stilicho gives
 thee warlike gifts—slaughter of barbarians and
 victories on the Rhine; Serena, content to do
 such work as befits a queen, plies her busy
 loom to weave thee raiment.

XLVII. (LXXIII.)

De equo dono dato.

O felix sonipes, tanti cui frena mereri
 numinis et sacris licuit servire lupatis,
 seu tua per campos vento iuba lusit
 Hiberos,

seu te Cappadocum gelida sub valle
 natantem

5 Argaeae lavere nives, seu laeta solebas
 Thessaliae rapido perstringere pascua
 cursu:

accipe regales cultus et crine superbus
 erecto virides spumis perfunde smaragdos.
 luxurient tumido gemmata monilia collo,

10 nobilis auratos iam purpura vestiat armos,
 et medium te zona liget variata colorum
 floribus et castae manibus sudata Serenae,
 Persarum gentile decus. sic quippe laborat

15 maternis studiis nec dedignatur equestres
 moliri phaleras genero latura decorem.

XLVIII. (LXX.)

*De zona equi regii missa Honorio Augusta a
 Serena.*

Accipe parva tuae, princeps venerande,
 sororis

munera, quae manibus texuit ipsa suis,
 dumque auro phalerae, gemmis dum frena
 reudent,

hac uterum zona cinge frementis equi,
 sive illum Armeniis aluerunt gramina
 campis

5 turbidus Argaea seu nive lavit Halys,
 sanguineo virides morsu vexare smaragdos
 et Tyrio dignum terga rubere toro.

XLVII. (LXXIII.)

On a Gift to a Horse.

Happy steed, whose good fortune it is to obey
 the directing hand of a god and to be guided by
 a sacred bit. Whether on the plains of Spain the
 wind tossed thy mane in sport, or thou didst
 bathe in the melted snows of Mount Argaeus, in
 some fertile valley of Cappadocia, or thou didst
 scour the rich pasture-lands of Thessaly in
 wind-swift course, receive this royal harness
 and, tossing thy proud mane, fleck with foam
 the bridle studded with emeralds. Arch thy
 haughty neck beneath its collar of pearls; let
 cloth of purple and gold clothe thy shoulders
 and a belt of many colours worked by Serena's
 chaste hands pass beneath thy belly. 'Tis an
 ornament worthy the kings of Persia. Such is
 her motherly love that to enhance her son-in-
 law's glory she disdains not to embroider the
 very harness of his horses.

XLVIII. (LXX.)

*On a Strap embroidered by Serena for
 Honorius' Horse.*

Receive at a sister's hand a small gift, revered
 prince, a gift embroidered by her own hand;
 the bridle of thy champing steed is of gold, his
 head-harness studded with jewels; use now this
 strap to pass beneath his belly. Whether his
 home was the grassy plain of Armenia, or by
 the Halys, swollen with the melted snows of
 Mount Argaeus wherein he was wont to bathe,
 he well deserves an emerald-encrusted bit to
 champ in his blood-flecked mouth and cloth of
 Tyrian purple to adorn his back. How

o quantum formae sibi conscius erigit
 armos
 10 spargit et excussis colla superba iubis!
 augescit brevitatis doni pietate Serenae,
 quae volucres etiam fratribus ornat
 equos.

XLIX. (XLVI.)

De torpedine.

Quis non indomitam dirae torpedinis
 artem
 audiit et merito signatas nomine vires?
 Illa quidem mollis segnique obnixa natatu
 reptat et attritis vix languida serpit harenis.
 5 sed latus armavit gelido natura veneno,
 et frigus, quo cuncta rigent animata^[113],
 medullis
 miscuit et proprias hiemes per viscera
 duxit.
 naturam iuvat ipsa dolis et conscia sortis
 utitur ingenio longeque extenta per algas
 10 attactu confisa subit. immobilis haeret:
 qui tetigere iacent. successu laeta resurgit
 et vivos impune ferox depascitur artus.
 Si quando vestita cibus incautior aera
 hauserit et curvis frenari senserit hamis,
 15 non fugit aut vano conatur vellere morsu,
 sed proprius nigrae iungit se callida saetae
 et meminit captiva sui longeque per undas
 pigra venenatis effundit flamina venis.
 per saetam vis alta meat fluctusque
 relinquit
 20 absentem victura virum: metuendus ab imis

[113] MSS. armata which Birt prints, suggesting afflata in a note; animata is Scaliger's emendation.

conscious he is of his own beauty as he steps
 high and shakes his flowing mane over his
 proud neck! The slight nature of the present is
 dignified by the affection of Serena who for her
 brothers decks even their swift steeds.

XLIX. (XLVI.)

The Electric Ray.

Who has not heard of the invincible skill of the
 dread torpedo and of the powers that win it its
 name?

Its body is soft and its motion slow. Scarcely
 does it mark the sand o'er which it crawls so
 sluggishly. But nature has armed its flanks with
 a numbing poison and mingled with its marrow
 chill to freeze all living creatures, hiding as it
 were its own winter in its heart. The fish
 seconds nature's efforts with its own
 guilefulness; knowing its own capabilities, it
 employs cunning, and trusting to its power of
 touch lies stretched full length among the
 seaweed and so attacks its prey. It stays
 motionless; all that have touched it lie
 benumbed. Then, when success has crowned its
 efforts, it springs up and greedily devours
 without fear the living limbs of its victim.

Should it carelessly swallow a piece of bait that
 hides a hook of bronze and feel the pull of the
 jagged barbs, it does not swim away nor seek
 to free itself by vainly biting at the line; but
 artfully approaches the dark line and, though a
 prisoner, forgets not its skill, emitting from its
 poisonous veins an effluence which spreads far
 and wide through the water. The poison's bane
 leaves the sea and creeps up the line; it will
 soon prove too much for the distant fisherman.

emicat horror aquis et pendula fila secutus
transit harundineos arcano frigore nodos
victricemque ligat concreto sanguine
dextram.

damnosum piscator onus praedamque
rebellem

25 iactat et amissa redit exarmatus avena.

L. (LXXVII.)

In Iacobum magistrum equitum.

Per cineres Pauli, per cani limina Petri,
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.
sic tua pro clipeo defendat pectora Thomas
et comes ad bellum Bartholomaeus eat;

5 sic ope sanctorum non barbarus inruat
Alpes,
sic tibi det vires sancta Susanna suas;
sic quicumque ferox gelidum transaverit
Histrum,

mergatur volucres ceu Pharaonis equi;
sic Geticas ultrix feriat romphaea catervas
Romanasque regat prospera Thecla
10 manus;

sic tibi det magnum moriens conviva
triumphum
atque tuam vincant dolia fusa sitim;
sic numquam hostili maculetur sanguine
dextra:
ne laceres versus, dux Iacobe, meos.

LI. (LXVIII.)

In sphaeram Archimedis.

Iuppiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera
vitro,
risit et ad superos talia dicta dedit:

The dread paralysing force rises above the
water's level and climbing up the drooping line,
passes down the jointed rod, and congeals, e'er
he is even aware of it, the blood of the
fisherman's victorious hand. He casts away his
dangerous burden and lets go his rebel prey,
returning home disarmed without his rod.

L. (LXXVII.)

Against James Commander of the Cavalry.^[114]

By the ashes of S. Paul and the shrine of
revered S. Peter, do not pull my verses to
pieces, General James. So may S. Thomas prove
a buckler to protect thy breast and S.
Bartholomew bear thee company to the wars;
so may the blessed saints prevent the
barbarians from crossing the Alps and
Suzanna^[115] endow thee with her strength; so,
should any savage foe seek to swim across the
Danube, let him be drowned therein like the
swift chariots of Pharaoh; so may an avenging
javelin strike the Getic hordes and the favour of
Thecla^[116] guide the armies of Rome; so may
thy guests dying in their efforts to out-drink
thee assure thy board its triumph of hospitality
and the broached casks o'ercome thy thirst; so
may thy hand ne'er be red with an enemy's
blood—do not, I say, pull my verses to pieces.

LI. (LXVIII.)

Archimedes' Sphere.

When Jove looked down and saw the heavens
figured in a sphere of glass he laughed and said
to

[114] Nothing is known of this man. Birt
dates the poem 401.

[115] Suzanna was martyred under
Diocletian.

[116] There were several virgins, saints,
and martyrs of this name. Claudian
probably means the proto-martyr of
Iconium, the friend and companion of S.
Paul.

"hucine mortalis progressa potentia curae?
 iam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor?
 5 iura poli rerumque fidem legesque deorum
 ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.
 inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris
 et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
 percurrit proprium mentitus Signifer
 annum,
 10 et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit,
 iamque suum volvens audax industria
 mundum
 gaudet et humana sidera mente regit.
 quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea
 miror?
 aemula naturae parva reperta manus."

LII. (XXXVII.)

Gigantomachia.

Terra parens quondam caelestibus invida
 regnis
 Titanumque simul crebros miserata dolores
 omnia monstifero complebat Tartara fetu
 invisum genitura nefas Phlegramque retexit
 5 tanta prole tumens et in aethera protulit
 hostes.
 fit sonus: erumpunt crebri necdumque
 creati
 iam dextras in bella parant superosque
 laccessunt
 stridula volventes gemino vestigia lapsu.
 pallescunt subito stellae flectitque rubentes
 Phoebus equos docuitque timor revocare
 10 meatus.
 Oceanum petit Arctos inocciduique Triones
 occasum didicere pati. tum fervida natos
 talibus hortatur genetrix in proelia dictis:
 "O pubes domitura deos, quodcumque
 videtis,

the other gods: "Has the power of mortal effort
 gone so far? Is my handiwork now mimicked in
 a fragile globe? An old man of Syracuse has
 imitated on earth the laws of the heavens, the
 order of nature, and the ordinances of the gods.
 Some hidden influence within the sphere
 directs the various courses of the stars and
 actuates the lifelike mass with definite motions.
 A false zodiac runs through a year of its own,
 and a toy moon waxes and wanes month by
 month. Now bold invention rejoices to make its
 own heaven revolve and sets the stars in
 motion by human wit. Why should I take
 umbrage at harmless Salmoneus and his mock
 thunder? Here the feeble hand of man has
 proved Nature's rival."

LII. (XXXVII.)

The Battle of the Giants.

Once upon a time mother Earth, jealous of the
 heavenly kingdoms and in pity for the ceaseless
 woes of the Titans, filled all Tartarus with a
 monster brood, thus giving birth to that which
 proved a very bane. Her womb swollen with
 this monstrous birth she opened Phlegra's side
 and brought forth foes against heaven. With a
 noise as of thunder they burst forth in
 profusion and, scarce born, prepare their hands
 for war, as with twofold trail^[117] they writhe
 their hissing course. Suddenly the stars grow
 pale, Phoebus turns his rosy steeds and,
 impelled by fear, retraces his steps. The Bear
 takes refuge in the Ocean, and the unsetting
 Triones learned to endure setting. Then their
 angry mother stirred up her sons to war with
 words such as these: "Children, ye shall
 conquer

[117] They were twiform; cf. l. 81.

15 pugnando dabitur; praestat victoria
 mundum.
 sentiet ille meas tandem Saturnius iras,
 cognoscet, quid Terra potest, si viribus ullis
 vincor, si Cybele nobis meliora creavit!
 cur nullus Telluris honos? cur semper
 acerbis
 20 me damnis urgere solet? quae forma
 nocendi
 defuit? hinc volucrem vivo sub pectore
 pascit
 infelix Scythica fixus convalle Prometheus;
 hinc Atlantis apex flammantia pondera
 fulcit
 et per canitiem glacies asperrima durat.
 25 quid dicam Tityon, cuius sub vulture saevo
 viscera nascuntur gravibus certantia
 poenis?
 sed vos, o tandem veniens exercitus ultor,
 solvite Titanas vinclis, defendite matrem.
 sunt freta, sunt montes: nostris ne parcite
 membris;
 30 in Iovis exitium telum non esse recuso.
 ite, precor, miscete polum, rescindite
 turres
 sidereas. rapiat fulmen sceptrumque
 Typhoeus;
 Enceladi iussis mare serviat; alter habenas
 Aurorae pro Sole regat: te Delphica laurus
 stringet, Porphyryon, Cirrhaeaeque templa
 35 tenebis."
 His ubi consiliis animos elusit inanes,
 iam credunt vicisse deos mediisque
 revinctum
 Neptunum traxisse fretis; hic sternere
 Martem
 cogitat, hic Phoebi laceros divellere crines;
 hic sibi promittit Venerem speratque
 40 Dianae
 coniugium castamque cupit violare
 Minervam.

heaven: all that ye see is the prize of victory;
 win, and the universe is yours. At last shall
 Saturn's son feel the weight of my wrath; shall
 recognize Earth's power. What! can any force
 conquer me? Has Cybele born sons superior to
 mine? Why has Earth no honour? Why is she
 ever condemned to bitter loss? Has any form of
 injury passed me by? There hangs luckless
 Prometheus in yon Scythian vale, feeding the
 vulture on his living breast; yonder, Atlas
 supports the weight of the starry heavens upon
 his head, and his grey hair is frozen stiff with
 cruel cold. What need to tell of Tityus whose
 liver is ever renewed beneath the savage
 vulture's beak, to contend with his heavy
 punishment? Up, army of avengers, the hour is
 come at last, free the Titans from their chains;
 defend your mother. Here are seas and
 mountains, limbs of my body, but care not for
 that. Use them as weapons. Never would I
 hesitate to be a weapon for the destruction of
 Jove. Go forth and conquer; throw heaven into
 confusion, tear down the towers of the sky. Let
 Typhoeus seize the thunderbolt and the
 sceptre; Enceladus, rule the sea, and another in
 place of the sun guide the reins of dawn's
 coursers. Porphyryon, wreath thou thy head
 with Delphi's laurel and take Cirrha for thy
 sanctuary."

This exhortation filled their minds with vain
 hopes. They think themselves already victors
 o'er the gods, imagine they have thrown
 Neptune into chains and dragged him a
 prisoner from Ocean's bed. One thinks to lay
 Mars low, one to tear Phoebus' locks from his
 head; one assigns Venus to himself, another
 anticipates in thought his marriage with Diana,
 and another is all aflame to do violence to
 chaste Minerva.

Interea superos praenuntia convocat Iris.
 qui fluvios, qui stagna colunt, cinguntur et
 ipsi
 auxilio Manes; nec te, Proserpina, longe
 45 umbrosae tenuere fores; rex ipse silentum
 Lethaeo vehitur curru lucemque timentes
 insolitam mirantur equi trepidoque volatu
 spissas caeruleis tenebras e naribus efflant.
 ac velut hostilis cum machina terruit
 urbem,
 undique concurrunt arcem defendere cives:
 50 haud secus omnigenis coeuntia numina
 turmis
 ad patris venere domos. tum Iuppiter inquit:
 "O numquam peritura cohors, o debita
 semper
 caelo progenies, nullis obnoxia fati:
 cernitis ut Tellus nostrum coniuret in
 55 orbem
 prole nova dederitque alios interrita
 partus?
 ergo, quot dederit natos, tot funera matri
 reddamus: longo maneat per saecula luctu
 tanto pro numero paribus damnata
 sepulcris."
 Iam tuba nimborum sonuit, iam signa
 60 ruendi
 his Aether, his Terra dedit confusaque
 rursus
 pro domino Natura timet. discrimina rerum
 miscet turba potens: nunc insula deserit
 aequor,
 nunc scopuli latuere mari. quot litora
 restant
 nuda! quot antiquas mutarunt flumina
 65 ripas!
 hic rotat Haemonium praeduris viribus
 Oeten;
 hic iuga conixus manibus Pangaea
 coruscat;
 hunc armat glacialis Athos; hoc Ossa
 movente
 tollitur; his Rhodopen Hebri cum fonte
 revellit

Meanwhile Iris, messenger of the gods,
 summons the immortal council. There come the
 deities of river and lake; the very ghosts were
 there in heaven's defence. Hell's shady portals
 could not hold Proserpine afar; the king of the
 silent himself advances in his Lethaeon chariot.
 His horses fear the light which hitherto their
 astonished eyes have never looked upon and,
 swerving this way and that, they breathe forth
 thick vapour from their soot-black nostrils. As,
 when an enemy's siege-engine affrights a town,
 the citizens run together from all sides to
 defend their citadel, so gods of all shapes and
 forms came together to protect their father's
 home. Then Jove thus addressed: "Deathless
 army, whose dwelling-place is, and must ever
 be, the sky, ye whom no adverse fortune can
 ever harm, mark ye how Earth with her new
 children conspires against our kingdom and
 undismayed has given birth to another brood?
 Wherefore, for all the sons she bore, let us give
 back to their mother as many dead; let her
 mourning last through the ages as she weeps
 by as many graves as she now has children."

The clouds echo the blast of heaven's trumpets;
 on this side Heaven, on that Earth, sounds the
 attack. Once more Nature is thrown into
 confusion and fears for her lord. The puissant
 company of the giants confounds all differences
 between things; islands abandon the deep;
 mountains lie hidden in the sea. Many a river is
 left dry or has altered its ancient course. One
 giant brandishes Thessalian Oeta in his mighty
 hand, another gathers all his strength and hurls
 Pangaeus at the foe, Athos with his snows arms
 another; this one roots up Ossa, that tears out
 Rhodope and Hebrus' source, dividing the

et socias truncavit aquas summaque
 70 levatus
 rupe Giganteos umeros inrorat Enipeus:
 subsedit patulis Tellus sine culmine campis
 in natos divisa suos.

Horrendus ubique
 it fragor et pugnae spatium discriminat aër.
 primus terrificum Mavors non segnis in
 75 agmen
 Odrysios impellit equos, quibus ille Gelonos
 sive Getas turbare solet: splendentior igni
 aureus ardescit clipeus, galeamque nitentes
 adrexere iubae. tum concitus ense Pelorum
 transigit adverso, femorum qua fine volutus
 80 duplex semifero conectitur ilibus anguis,
 atque uno ternas animas interficit ictu.
 tum super insultans avidus languentia
 curru
 membra terit multumque rotae sparsere
 cruorem.

Occurrit pro fratre Mimas Lemnumque
 85 calentem
 cum lare Vulcani spumantibus eruit undis
 et prope torsisset, si non Mavortia cuspis
 ante revelato cerebrum fudisset ab ore.
 ille, viro toto moriens, serpentibus imis
 90 vivit adhuc stridore ferox et parte rebelli
 victorem post fata petit.

Tritonia virgo
 prosilit ostendens rutila cum Gorgone
 pectus;
 adspectu contenta suo non utitur hasta
 (nam satis est vidisse semel) primumque
 furentem
 95 longius in faciem saxi Pallanta reformat.
 ille procul subitis fixus sine vulnere nodis
 ut se letifero sensit durescere visu
 (et steterat iam paene lapis) "quo
 vertimur?" inquit,

waters that before were one; Enipeus, gathered
 up with its beetling crags, scatters its waters
 over yon giant's shoulders: robbed of her
 mountains Earth sank into level plains, parted
 among her own sons.

On all sides a horrid din resounds and only the
 air divides the rival armies. First impetuous
 Mars urges against the horrid band his
 Thracian steeds that oft have driven in rout
 Getae or Geloni. Brighter than flame shines his
 golden shield, high towers the crest of his
 gleaming helmet. Dashing into the fray he first
 encounters Pelorus and transfixes him with his
 sword, where about the groin the two-bodied
 serpent unites with his own giant form, and
 thus with one blow puts an end to three lives.
 Exulting in his victory he drives his chariot over
 the dying giant's limbs till the wheels ran red
 with blood.

Mimas ran forward to avenge his brother. He
 had torn Lemnos and with it Vulcan's fiery
 house from out the foaming main, and was on
 the point of hurling it when Mars' javelin
 prevented him, scattering the brain from his
 shattered skull. What was giant in him died, but
 the serpent legs still lived, and, hissing
 vengeance, sought to attack the victor after
 Mimas' death.

Minerva rushed forward presenting her breast
 whereon glittered the Gorgon's head. The sight
 of this, she knew, was enough: she needed not
 to use a spear. One look sufficed. Pallas drew
 no nearer, rage as he might, for he was the first
 to be changed into a rock. When, at a distance
 from his foe, without a wound, he found himself
 rooted to the ground, and felt the murderous
 visage turn him, little by little, to stone (and all
 but stone he was) he called out, "What is
 happening to me? What

"quae serpit per membra silex? qui torpor
 inertem
 marmorea me peste ligat?" vix pauca
 100 locutus,
 quod timuit, iam totus erat; saevusque
 Damastor,
 ad depellendos iaculum cum quaereret
 hostes,
 germani rigidum misit pro rupe cadaver.
 Hic vero interitum fratris miratus Echion
 inscius, auctorem dum vult temptare
 105 nocendo,
 te, Dea, respexit, solam quam cernere nulli
 bis licuit. meruit sublata audacia poenas
 et didicit cum morte deam. sed turbidus ira
 Palleneus, oculis aversa tuentibus atrox,
 ingreditur caecasque manus in Pallada
 110 tendit.
 hunc mucrone ferit dea comminus; ac simul
 angues
 Gorgoneo riguere gelu corpusque per unum
 pars moritur ferro, partes periere videndo.
 Ecce autem medium spiris delapsus in
 aequor
 Porphyrion trepidam conatur rumpere
 115 Delon,
 scilicet ad superos ut torqueat improbus
 axes.
 horruit Aegaeus; stagnantibus exilit antris
 longaevo cum patre Thetis desertaque
 mansit
 regia Neptuni famulis veneranda profundis.
 exclamant placidae Cynthi de vertice
 120 Nymphae,
 Nymphae, quae rudibus Phoebum docuere
 sagittis
 errantes agitare feras primumque gementi
 Latonae struxere torum, cum lumina caeli
 parturiens geminis ornaret fetibus orbem.
 125 implorat Paeana suum conterrita Delos
 auxiliumque rogat: "si te gratissima fudit

is this ice that creeps o'er all my limbs? What is
 this numbness that holds me prisoner in these
 marble fetters?" Scarce had he uttered these
 few words when he was what he feared, and
 savage Damastor, seeking a weapon wherewith
 to repel the foe, hurled at them in place of a
 rock his brother's stony corpse.

Then Echion, marvelling, all ignorant, at his
 brother's death, even as he seeks to assail the
 author of the deed, turned his gaze upon thee,
 goddess, whom alone no man may see twice.
 Beaten audacity well deserved its punishment
 and in death he learned to know the goddess.
 But Palleneus, mad with anger, turning his eyes
 aside, rushed at Minerva, striking at her with
 undirected sword. Nigh at hand the goddess
 smote him with her sword, and at the same
 time the snakes froze at the Gorgon's glance,
 so that of one body a part was killed by a
 weapon and a part by a mere look.

Impious Porphyrion, carried by his serpents
 into the middle of the sea, tries to uproot
 trembling Delos, wishing to hurl it at the sky.
 The Aegean was affrighted; Thetis and her
 aged sire fled from their watery caverns; the
 palace of Neptune, regarded with awe by all
 the denizens of the deep, lay deserted. The
 summit of Cynthus rang with the cries of the
 gentle nymphs who had taught Phoebus'
 unpractised hand to shoot at the wandering
 beasts with his bow, they who first had
 prepared the bed for weeping Latona when, in
 labour with the lights of heaven, she blessed
 the world with twin offspring. Delos in terror
 called her lord Phoebus to help her and begged
 him for aid. "In remembrance of the

[290]

in nostros Latona sinus, succurre precanti.
en iterum convulsa feror.”

[291]

time when Latona entrusted thine infant life to
my care, help me who thus call upon thee.
Behold, once more they seek to uproot
me....”[118]

[118] Like the *De raptu Proserpinae*, the *Gigantomachia* was probably never completed. S. Jerome in his commentary on Isaiah (viii. 27) quotes from a *Gigantomachia*, not giving the name of its author. It is possible that the lines, which do not occur in Claudian’s poem as we possess it, belong to a final portion which has been lost. But it is more likely that they come from some other poet’s work and that the abrupt end of Claudian’s poem is due not to loss but to the poet’s sudden death.

DE RAPTU PROSERPINAЕ**LIBRI PRIMI PRAEFATIO**

(XXXII.)

Inventa secuit primus qui nave profundum
 et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas,
 qui dubiis ausus committere flatibus alnum
 quas natura negat praebuit arte vias:
 5 tranquillis primum trepidus se credidit
 undis

litora securo tramite summa legens;
 mox longos temptare sinus et linquere
 terras

et leni coepit pandere vela Noto.
 10 ast ubi paulatim praeceps audacia crevit
 cordaque languentem didicere metum,
 iam vagus inrumpit pelagus caelumque
 secutus

Aegaeas hiemes Ioniumque domat.

LIBER PRIMUS

(XXXIII.)

Inferni raptoris equos adflataque curru
 sidera Taenariorum caligantesque profundae
 Iunonis thalamos audaci promere cantu

RAPE OF PROSERPINE**BOOK I PREFACE**

(XXXII.)

He who first made a ship and clave therewith
 the deep, troubling the waters with roughly
 hewn oars, who first dared trust his alder-bark
 to the uncertain winds and who by his skill
 devised a way forbidden of nature, fearfully at
 the first essayed smooth seas, hugging the
 shore in an unadventurous course. But soon he
 began to attempt the crossing of broad bays, to
 leave the land and spread his canvas to the
 gentle south wind; and, as little by little his
 growing courage led him on, and as his heart
 forgot numbing fear, sailing now at large, he
 burst upon the open sea and, with the signs of
 heaven to guide him, passed triumphant
 through the storms of the Aegean and the
 Ionian main.

BOOK I

(XXXIII.)

My full heart bids me boldly sing the horses of
 the ravisher from the underworld and the stars
 darkened by the shadow of his infernal chariot

mens congesta iubet. gressus removete
 profani.
 iam furor humanos nostro de pectore
 5 sensus
 expulit et totum spirant praecordia
 Phoebum;
 iam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
 sedibus et claram dispergere limina lucem
 adventum testata dei; iam magnus ab imis
 10 auditur fremitus terris templumque remugit
 Cecropium sanctasque faces extollit
 Eleusis.
 angues Triptolemi strident et squamea
 curvis
 colla levant attrita iugis lapsuque sereno
 erecti roseas tendunt ad carmina cristas.
 15 ecce procul ternis Hecate variata figuris
 exoritur, levisque simul procedit Iacchus
 crinali florens hedera, quem Parthica velat
 tigris et auratos in nodum colligit unguis:
 ebria Maeonius firmat vestigia thyrsus.
 20 Di, quibus innumerum vacui famulatur
 Averno
 vulgus iners, opibus quorum donatur avaris
 quidquid in orbe perit, quos Styx viventibus
 ambit
 interfusa vadis et quos fumantia torquens
 aequora gurgitibus Phlegethon perlustrat
 anhelis—
 25 vos mihi sacrarum penetralia pandite
 rerum
 et vestri secreta poli: qua lampade Ditem
 flexit Amor; quo ducta ferox Proserpina
 raptu
 possedit dotale Chaos quantasque per oras
 sollicito genetrix erraverit anxia cursu;
 30 unde datae populis fruges et glande relicta
 cesserit inventis Dodonia quercus aristis.
 Dux Erebi quondam tumidas exarsit in
 iras

and the gloomy chambers of the queen of Hell.
 Come not nigh, ye uninitiate. Now has divine
 madness driven all mortal thoughts from my
 breast, and my heart is filled with Phoebus'
 inspiration; now see I the shrine reel and its
 foundations totter while the threshold glows
 with radiant light telling that the god is at
 hand. And now I hear a loud din from the
 depths of the earth, the temple of Cecrops re-
 echoes and Eleusis waves its holy torches. The
 hissing snakes of Triptolemus raise their scaly
 necks chafed by the curving collar, and,
 uptowering as they glide smoothly along,
 stretch forth their rosy crests towards the
 chant. See from afar rises Hecate with her
 three various heads and with her comes forth
 Iacchus smooth of skin, his temples crowned
 with ivy. There clothes him the pelt of a
 Parthian tiger, its gilded claws knotted
 together, and the Lydian thyrsus guides his
 drunken footsteps.

Ye gods, whom the numberless host of the dead
 serves in ghostly Avernus, into whose greedy
 treasury is paid all that perishes upon earth, ye
 whose fields the pale streams of intertwining
 Styx surround, while Phlegethon, his rapids
 tossed in spray, flows through them with
 steaming eddies—do you unfold for me the
 mysteries of your sacred story and the secrets
 of your world. Say with what torch the god of
 love overcame Dis, and tell how Proserpine was
 stolen away in her maiden pride to win Chaos
 as a dower; and how through many lands
 Ceres, sore troubled, pursued her anxious
 search; whence corn was given to man whereby
 he laid aside his acorn food, and the new-found
 ear made useless Dodona's oaks.

Once on a time the lord of Erebus blazed forth

proelia moturus superis, quod solus egeret
 conubiis sterilesque diu consumeret annos
 35 impatiens nescire torum nullasque mariti
 inlecebras nec dulce patris cognoscere
 nomen.
 iam quaecumque latent ferali monstra
 barathro
 in turmas aciemque ruunt contraque
 Tonantem
 coniurant Furiae, crinitaque sontibus hydrys
 40 Tesiphone quatiens infausto lumine pinum
 armatos ad castra vocat pallentia Manes,
 paene reluctatis iterum pugnantia rebus
 rupissent elementa fidem penitusque
 revulso
 carcere laxatis pubes Titania vinclis
 45 vidisset caeleste iubar rursusque cruentus
 Aegaeon positis aucto de corpore nodis
 obvia centeno vexasset fulmina motu.
 Sed Parcae vetuere minas orbique
 timentes
 ante pedes soliumque ducis fudere severam
 canitiem genibusque suas cum supplice
 50 fletu
 admovere manus, quarum sub iure
 tenentur
 omnia, quae seriem fatorum pollice ducunt
 longaque ferratis evolvunt saecula fusis.
 prima fero Lachesis clamabat talia regi
 incultas dispersa comas:
 55 "O maxime noctis
 arbiter umbrarumque potens, cui nostra
 laborant
 stamina, qui finem cunctis et semina
 praebes
 nascendique vices alterna morte rependis,
 qui vitam letumque regis (nam quidquid
 ubique
 60 gignit materies, hoc te donante creatur
 debeturque tibi certisque amagibus aevi

in swelling anger, threatening war upon the
 gods, because he alone was unwed and had
 long wasted the years in childless state,
 brooking no longer to lack the joys of wedlock
 and a husband's happiness nor ever to know
 the dear name of father. Now all the monsters
 that lurk in Hell's abyss rush together in
 warlike bands, and the Furies bind themselves
 with an oath against the Thunderer. Tisiphone,
 the bloody snakes clustering on her head,
 shakes the lurid pine-torch and summons to the
 ghostly camp the armed shades. Almost had the
 elements, once more at war with reluctant
 nature, broken their bond; the Titan brood,
 their deep prison-house thrown open and their
 fetters cast off, had again seen heaven's light;
 and once more bloody Aegaeon, bursting the
 knotted ropes that bound his huge form, had
 warred against the thunderbolts of Jove with
 hundred-handed blows.

But the dread Fates brought these threats to
 naught, and, fearing for the world, gravely laid
 their hoary locks before the feet and throne of
 the lord of Hell, and with suppliant tears
 touched his knees with their hands—those
 hands beneath whose rule are all things set,
 whose thumbs twist the thread of fate and spin
 the long ages with their iron spindles. First
 Lachesis, her hair unkempt and disordered,
 thus called out upon the cruel king: "Great lord
 of night, ruler over the shades, thou at whose
 command our threads are spun, who appointest
 the end and origin of all things and ordainest
 the alternation of birth and destruction; arbiter
 thou of life and death—for whatsoever thing
 comes anywhere into being it is by thy gift that
 it is created and owes its life to thee, and after
 a fixed

rursus corporeos animae mittuntur in
artus):

ne pete firmatas pacis dissolvere leges,
quas dedimus nevitque colus, neu foedera
fratrum

65 civili converte tuba. cur impia tollis
signa? quid incestis aperis Titanibus auras?
posce Iovem; dabitur coniunx."

Vix illa^[119]: pepercit

erubuitque preces, animusque relanguit
atrox

70 quamvis indocilis flecti: ceu turbine rauco
cum gravis armatur Boreas glacieque nivali
hispidus et Getica concretus grandine
pennas

disrumpit pelagus, silvas camposque sonoro
flamine rapturus; si forte adversus aënos
Aeolus obiecit postes, vanescit inanis
impetus et fractae redeunt in claustra
procellae.

75 Tunc Maia genitum, qui fervida dicta
reportet,
imperat acciri. Cyllenius adstitit ales
somniferam quatiens virgam tectusque
galero.

80 ipse rudi fultus solio nigraque verendus
maiestate sedet: squalent inmania foedo
sceptra situ; sublime caput maestissima
nubes

asperat et dirae riget inclementia formae;
terrorem dolor augebat. tunc talia celso
ore tonat (tremefacta silent dicente tyranno

85 atria: latratum triplicem compescuit ingens
ianitor et presso lacrimarum fonte resedit
Cocytos tacitisque Acheron obmutuit undis
et Phlegethontaeae requierunt murmura
ripae):

[119] illa ç; *Birt reads ille with the better*
MSS.

cycle of years them sendest souls once more
into mortal bodies—seek not to break the
established treaty of peace which our distaffs
have spun and given thee, and overturn not in
civil war the compact fixed 'twixt thee and thy
two brothers. Why raisest thou unrighteous
standards of war? Why freest the foul band of
Titans to the open air? Ask of Jove; he will give
thee a wife."

Scarce had she spoken when Pluto stopped,
shamed by her prayer, and his grim spirit grew
mild though little wont to be curbed: even so
great Boreas, armed with strident blasts and
tempestuous with congealed snow, his wings all
frozen with Getic hail as he seeks battle,
threatens to overwhelm the sea, the woods, and
the fields with sounding storm; but should
Aeolus chance to bar against him the brazen
doors idly his fury dies away and his storms
retire baulked to their prison-house.

Then he bids summon Mercury, the son of
Maia, that he may carry these flaming words to
Jove. Straightway the wingèd god of Cyllene
stands at his side shaking his sleepy wand, his
herald cap upon his head. Pluto himself sits
propped on his rugged throne, awful in
funereal majesty; foul with age-long dust is his
mighty sceptre; boding clouds make grim his
lofty head; unpitying is the stiffness of his
dread shape; rage heightened the terror of his
aspect. Then with uplifted head he thunders
forth these words, while, as the tyrant speaks,
his halls tremble and are still; the massy hound,
guardian of the gate, restrains the barking of
his triple head, and Cocytus sinks back
repressing his fount of tears; Acheron is dumb
with silent wave, and the banks of Phlegethon
cease their murmuring.

"Atlantis Tegeae nepos, commune
 profundis
 et superis numen, qui fas per limen
 90 utrumque
 solus habes gemoque facis commercia
 mundo,
 i celer et proscinde Notos et iussa superbo
 redde Iovi: 'tantumne tibi, saevissime
 frater,
 in me iuris erit? sic nobis noxia vires
 cum caelo Fortuna tulit? num robur et arma
 95 perdidimus, si rapta dies? an forte iacentes
 ignavosque putas, quod non Cyclopa tela
 stringimus aut vanas tonitru deludimus
 auras?
 nonne satis visum, grati quod luminis
 expers
 100 tertia supremae patior dispendia sortis
 informesque plagas, cum te laetissimus
 ornet
 Signifer et vario cingant splendore Triones;
 sed thalamis etiam prohibes? Nereia glauco
 Neptunum gremio complectitur Amphitrite;
 te consanguineo recipit post fulmina
 105 fessum
 Iuno sinu. quid enim narrem Latonia furta,
 quid Cererem magnamque Themis? tibi
 tanta creandi
 copia; te felix natorum turba coronat.
 ast ego deserta maerens inglorius aula
 110 implacidas nullo solabor pignore curas?
 non adeo toleranda quies. primordia testor
 noctis et horrendae stagna intemerata
 paludis:
 si dicto parere negas, patefacta ciebo
 Tartara, Saturni veteres laxabo catenas,
 115 obducam tenebris solem, compage soluta
 lucidus umbroso miscebitur axis Averno.'"

"Grandchild of Atlas, Arcadian-born, deity that
 sharest hell and heaven, thou who alone hast
 the right to cross either threshold, and art the
 intermediary between the two worlds, go
 swiftly, cleave the winds, and bear these my
 behests to proud Jove. 'Hast thou, cruel
 brother, such complete authority over me? Did
 injurious fortune rob me at once of power and
 light? Because day was reft from me, lost I
 therefore strength and weapons? Thinkest thou
 me humble and cowed because I hurl not bolts
 forged by the Cyclops and fool not the empty
 air with thunder? Is it not enough that deprived
 of the pleasant light of day I submit to the ill-
 fortune of the third and final choice and these
 hideous realms, whilst thee the starry heavens
 adorn and the Wain surrounds with twinkling
 brilliance—must thou also forbid our marriage?
 Amphitrite, daughter of Nereus, holds Neptune
 in her sea-grey embrace; Juno, thy sister and
 thy wife, takes thee to her bosom when wearied
 thou layest aside thy thunderbolts. What need
 to tell of thy secret love for Lato or Ceres or
 great Themis? How manifold a hope of
 offspring was thine! Now a crowd of happy
 children surrounds thee. And shall I in this
 empty palace, sans joy, sans fame, know no
 child's love to still instant care? I will not brook
 so dull a life. I swear by elemental night and
 the unexplored shallows of the Stygian lake, if
 thou refuse to hearken to my word I will throw
 open Hell and call forth her monsters, will
 break Saturn's old chains, and shroud the sun
 in darkness. The framework of the world shall
 be loosened and the shining heavens mingle
 with Avernus' shades.'"

Vix ea fatus erat, iam nuntius astra
tenebat.
audierat mandata Pater secumque volutat
diversos ducens animos, quae tale sequatur
coniugium Stygiosque velit pro sole
120 recessus.
certa requirenti tandem sententia sedit.
Hennaeae Cereri proles optata virebat
unica, nec tribuit subolem Lucina
secundam
fessaque post primos haeserunt viscera
partus
125 infecunda quidem; sed cunctis altior extat
matribus et numeri damnum Proserpina
pensat.
hanc fovet, hanc sequitur: vitulam non
blandius ambit
torva parens, pedibus quae nondum
proterit arva
nec nova lunatae curvavit germina frontis.
130 iam matura toro plenis adoleverat annis
virginitas, tenerum iam pronuba flamma
pudorem
sollicitat mixtaque tremat formidine votum.
personat aula procis: pariter pro virgine
certant
Mars clipeo melior, Phoebus praestantior
arcu;
Mars donat Rhodopen, Phoebus largitur
135 Amyclas
et Delon Clariosque lares; hinc aemula
Iuno,
hinc poscit Latona nurum. despexit
utrumque
flava Ceres raptusque timens (heu caeca
futuri!)
commendat Siculis furtim sua gaudia terris
140 [infidis Laribus natam commisit alendam,
aethera deseruit Siculasque relegat in oras]
[120]
ingenio confisa loci.
Trinacria quondam
Italiae pars iuncta fuit; sed pontus et aestus
mutavere situm. rupit confinia Nereus
victor et abscissos interluit aequore
145 montes,

[120] *Heinsius bracketed these lines as spurious, and neither D nor V has l. 140.*

Scarce had he spoken when his messenger trod the stars. The Father heard the message and, communing with himself, debated long who would dare such a marriage, who would wish to exchange the sun for the caves of Styx. He would fain decide and at length his fixed purpose grew.

Ceres, whose temple is at Henna, had but one youthful daughter, a child long prayed for; for the goddess of birth granted no second offspring, and her womb, exhausted by that first labour, became unfruitful. Yet prouder is the mother above all mothers, and Proserpine such as to take the place of many. Her mother's care and darling is she; not more lovingly does the fierce mother cow tend her calf that cannot as yet scamper over the fields and whose growing horns curve not yet moonwise over her forehead. As the years were fulfilled she had grown a maiden ripe for marriage, and thoughts of the torch of wedlock stir her girlish modesty, but while she longs for a husband she yet fears to plight troth. The voice of suitors is heard throughout the palace; two gods woo the maiden, Mars, more skilled with the shield, and Phoebus, the mightier bowman. Mars offers Rhodope, Phoebus would give Amyclae, and Delos and his temple at Claros; in rivalry Juno and Latona claim her for a son's wife. But golden-haired Ceres disdains both, and fearing lest her daughter should be stolen away (how blind to the future!) secretly entrusts her jewel to the land of Sicily, confident in the safe nature of this hiding-place.

Trinacria was once a part of Italy but sea and tide changed the face of the land. Victorious Nereus brake his bounds and interflowed the cleft mountains

parvaeque cognatas prohibent discrimina
 terras.
 nunc illam socia ruptam tellure trisulcam
 opposuit Natura mari: caput inde Pachyni
 respuit Ionias praetentis rupibus iras;
 hinc latrat Gaetula Thetis Lilybaeaeque
 150 pulsat
 brachia consurgens; hinc indignata teneri
 concutit obiectum rabies Tyrrhena
 Pelorum.
 in medio scopulis se porrigit Aetna perustis,
 Aetna Giganteos numquam tacitura
 triumphos,
 Enceladi bustum, qui saucia terga revinctus
 155 spirat inexhaustum flagranti vulnere
 sulphur
 et, quotiens detractat onus cervice rebeli
 in laevum dextrumque latus, tunc insula
 fundo
 vellitur et dubiae nutant cum moenibus
 urbes.
 160 Aetnaeos apices solo cognoscere visu,
 non aditu temptare licet, pars cetera
 frondet
 arboribus; teritur nullo cultore cacumen.
 nunc movet indigenas nimbos piceaeque
 gravatum
 foedat nube diem, nunc motibus astra
 lacessit
 165 terrificis damnisque suis incendia nutrit.
 sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet aestu,
 scit nivibus servare fidem pariterque favillis
 durescit glacies tanti secreta vaporis,
 arcano defensa gelu, fumoque fideli
 170 lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.
 quae scopulos tormenta rotant? quae tanta
 cavernas

with his waves whereby a narrow channel now
 separates these kindred lands. Nature now
 thrusts out into the sea the three-cornered
 island, cut off from the mainland to which it
 once belonged. At one extremity the
 promontory of Pachynum hurls back with
 jutting crags the furious waves of the Ionian
 main, round another roars the African sea that
 rises and beats upon the curving harbour of
 Lilybaeum, at the third the raging Tyrrhenian
 flood, impatient of restraint, shakes the
 obstacle of Cape Pelorus. In the midst of the
 island rise the charred cliffs of Aetna, eloquent
 monument of Jove's victory over the Giants, the
 tomb of Enceladus, whose bound and bruised
 body breathes forth endless sulphur clouds
 from its burning wounds. Whene'er his
 rebellious shoulders shift their burden to the
 right or left, the island is shaken from its
 foundations and the walls of tottering cities
 sway this way and that.

The peaks of Aetna thou must know by sight
 alone; to them no foot may approach. The rest
 is clothed with foliage but the summit no
 husbandman tills. Now it sends forth native
 smoke and with pitch-black cloud darkens and
 oppresses the day, now with awful stirrings it
 threatens the stars and feeds its flame with the
 dread fruit of its own body. But though it boils
 and bursts forth with such great heat yet it
 knows how to observe a truce with the snow,
 and together with glowing ashes the ice grows
 hard, protected from the great heat and
 secured by indwelling cold, so that the
 harmless flame licks the neighbouring frost
 with breath that keeps its compact. What huge
 engine hurls those rocks; what vast force piles
 rock on

vis glomerat? quo fonte ruit Vulcanius
 amnis?
 sive quod obicibus discurrens ventus
 opertis
 offenso rimosa furit per saxa meatu,
 dum scrutatur iter, libertatemque
 175 repscens
 putria multivagis populatur flatibus antra;
 seu mare sulphurei ductum per viscera
 montis
 oppressis ignescit aquis et pondera librat.
 Hic ubi servandum mater fidissima
 pignus
 180 abdidit, ad Phrygios tendit secura penates
 turrigeramque petit Cybelen sinuosa
 draconum
 membra regens, volucris qui pervia nubila
 tractu
 signant et placidis umectant frena venenis:
 frontem crista tegit; pingunt maculosa
 virentes
 terga notae; rutilum squamis intermicat
 185 aurum.
 nunc spiris Zephyros tranant; nunc arva
 volatu
 inferiore secant, cano rota pulvere labens
 sulcatam fecundat humum: flavescit aristas
 orbita; surgentes condunt vestigia fruges;
 vestit iter comitata seges.
 190 Iam linquitur Aetna
 totaque decrescit refugo Trinacria visu.
 heu quotiens praesaga mali violavit oborto
 rore genas! quotiens oculos ad tecta
 retorsit
 talia voce movens: "salve, gratissima tellus,
 quam nos praetulimus caelo, tibi gaudia
 195 nostri
 sanguinis et caros uteri commendo labores.
 praemia digna manent: nullos patiere
 ligones
 et nullo rigidi versabere vomeris ictu.
 sponte tuus florebit ager; cessante iuvenco

rock? Whence flows forth that fiery stream?
 Whether it be that the wind, forcing its way
 past hidden barriers, rages amid the fissured
 rocks that seek to bar its passage and, seeking
 a way of escape, sweeps the crumbling caverns
 with its wandering blasts in its bid for freedom,
 or that the sea, flowing in through the bowels
 of the sulphurous mountain, bursts into flame
 when its waters are compressed and casts up
 great rocks, I know not.

When the loving mother had entrusted her
 charge to the secret keeping of Henna she went
 freed from care to visit tower-crowned Cybele
 in her Phrygian home, driving a car drawn by
 twining serpents which cleave the pervious
 clouds on their wingèd course and fleck the bit
 with harmless poison. Their heads are crested
 and spots of green mottle their backs while
 sparkling gold glints amid their scales. Now
 they swim circling through the air, now they
 skim the fields with low-driven course. The
 passing wheels sow the plough-land with
 golden grain and their track grows yellow with
 corn. Sprouting stalks cover their traces and
 attendant crops clothe the path of the goddess.

Now is left behind Aetna, and all Sicily sinks
 lessening into the distance. Ah, how often,
 foreknowing of coming ill, did she mar her
 cheek with welling tears; how often look back
 upon her home with words like these: "Be
 happy, dear land, dearer than heaven to me,
 into thy safe keeping I commend my daughter,
 my sole joy, loved fruit of my labour. No
 despicable reward shall be thine, for thou shalt
 suffer no hoe nor shall the cruel iron of the
 ploughshare know thy soil. Untilled thy fields
 shall bear fruit, and though thine oxen plough
 not, a richer

200 ditior oblatas mirabitur incola messes."
 sic ait et fulvis tetigit serpentibus Idam.
 Hic sedes augusta deae templique colendi
 relligiosa silex, densis quam pinus
 obumbrat
 frondibus et nulla lucos agitante procella
 stridula coniferis modulatur carmina ramis.
 205 terribiles intus thiasi vesanaque mixto
 concentu delubra gemunt; ululatibus Ide
 bacchatur; timidas inclinant Gargara silvas.
 postquam visa Ceres, mugitum tympana
 frenant;
 conticuere chori; Corybas non impulit
 210 ensem;
 non buxus, non aera sonant blandasque
 leones
 summisere iubas. adytis gavisas Cybebe
 exilit et pronas intendit ad oscula turre.
 Viderat haec dudum summa speculatus
 ab arce
 Iuppiter ac Veneri mentis penetralia pandit:
 215 "curarum, Cytherea, tibi secreta fatebor.
 candida Tartareo nuptum Proserpina regi
 iam pridem decreta dari: sic Atropos urget;
 sic cecinit longaeva Themis. nunc matre
 remota
 220 rem peragi tempus. fines invade Sicanos
 et Cereris prolem patulis includere campis,
 crastina puniceos cum lux detexerit ortus,
 coge tuis armata dolis, quibus urere cuncta,
 me quoque, saepe soles, cur ultima regna
 quiescunt?
 225 nulla sit immunis regio nullumque sub
 umbris
 pectus inaccensum Veneri. iam tristis
 Erinys

husbandman shall view with wonder the self-sown harvest." So spake she and reached Mount Ida, drawn by her yellow serpents.

Here is the queenly seat of the goddess and in her holy temple the sacred statue, o'ershadowed by the thick leaves of the pine wood which, though no storm wind shakes the grove, gives forth creakings with its cone-bearing branches. Within are the dread bands of the initiate with whose wild chantings the shrine rings; Ida is loud with howlings and Gargarus bends his woods in fear. As soon as Ceres appears the drums restrain their rattle; the choirs are silent and the Corybantes stay the flourish of their knives. Pipes and cymbals are still, and the lions sink their manes in greeting. Cybele^[121] rejoicing runs forth from the shrine and bends her towered head to kiss her guest.

Long had Jove seen this, watching from his lofty seat, and to Venus he thus unfolded the secrets of his heart: "Goddess of Cythera, I will impart to thee my hidden troubles; long ago I decided that fair Proserpine should be given in marriage to the lord of Hell; such is Atropos' bidding, such old Themis' prophecy. Now that her mother has left her is the time for action. Do thou visit the confines of Sicily, and armed with thy wiles, lead Ceres' daughter to sport in the level meads what time to-morrow's light has unfolded the rosy dawn; employ those arts with which thou art wont to inflame all things, often even myself. Why should the nether kingdoms know not love? Let no land be free and no breast even amid the shades unfired by Venus. At last let the gloomy Fury

[121] Cybele and Cybebe are alternative forms in Latin. The normal English form is Cybele.

sentiat ardores; Acheron Ditisque severi
ferrea lascivis mollescant corda sagittis."

Accelerat praecepta Venus; iussuque
parentis

230 Pallas et inflexo quae terret Maenala cornu
addunt se comites. divino semita gressu
claruit, augurium qualis laturus iniquum
praepes sanguineo dilabatur igne cometes

235 prodigiale rubens: non illum navita tuto,
non impune vident populi, sed crine minaci
nuntiat aut ratibus ventos aut urbibus
hostes.

devenere locum, Cereris quo tecta nitebant
Cyclopum firmata manu: stant ardua ferro
moenia, ferrati postes, immensaque nectit
claustra chalybs. nullum tanto sudore

240 Pyragmon

nec Steropes construxit opus: non talibus
umquam

spiravere Notis animae nec flumine tanto
incoctum maduit lassa cervice metallum.
atria cingit ebur; trabibus solidatur aënis
culmen et in celsas surgunt electra

245 columnas.

Ipsa domum tenero mulcens Proserpina
cantu

inrita texebat rediturae munera matri.
hic elementorum seriem sedesque paternas
insignibat acu, veterem qua lege tumultum

250 discrevit Natura parens et semina iustis
discessere locis: quidquid leve, fertur in
altum;

in medium graviora cadunt; incanduit aër;
legit flamma polum; fluxit mare; terra
pependit.

nec color unus erat: stellas accendit in
auro,

feel the sting of passion and Acheron and the
steely heart of stern Dis grow tender with
love's arrows."

Venus hastes to do his bidding; and at their
sire's behest there join her Pallas and Diana
whose bent bow affrights all Maenalus' slopes.
Neath her divine feet the path shone bright,
even as a comet, fraught with augury of ill, falls
headlong, a glowing portent of blood-red fire;
no sailor may look on it and live, no people view
it but to their destruction; the message of its
threatening tail is storm to ships and an
enemy's attack to cities. They reached the
place where shone Ceres' palace, firm-built by
the Cyclops' hands; up tower the iron walls,
iron stand the gates, and steel bars secure the
massy doors. Neither Pyragmon nor Steropes
e'er builded a work with toil so great as that,
nor ever did bellows breathe forth such blasts
nor the molten mass of metal flow in a stream
so deep that the very furnaces were weary of
heating it. The hall was walled with ivory; the
roof strengthened with beams of bronze and
supported by lofty columns of electron.

Proserpine herself, soothing the house with
sweet song, was sewing all in vain a gift against
her mother's return. In this cloth she
embroidered with her needle the concourse of
atoms and the dwelling of the Father of the
gods and pictured how mother Nature ordered
elemental chaos, and how the first principles of
things sprang apart, each to his proper place—
those that were light being born aloft, the
heavier ones falling to a centre. The air grew
bright and fire chose the pole as its seat. Here
flowed the sea; there hung the earth
suspended. Many were the colours she
employed, tricking the stars with gold and
flooding the sea

- 255 ostro fundit aquas, attollit litora gemmis
 filaque mentitos iamiam caelantia fluctus
 arte tument: credas inlidi cautibus algam
 et raucum bibulis inserpere murmur
 harenis.
 addit quinque plagas: mediam subtegmine
 rubro
- 260 obsessam fervore notat; squalebat inustus
 limes et adsiduo sitiabant stamina sole.
 vitales utrimque duas, quas mitis oberrat
 temperies habitanda viris; in fine supremo
 torpentes traxit geminas brumaque perenni
- 265 foedat et aeterno contristat frigore telas.
 nec non et patru pingit sacraria Ditis
 fatalesque sibi Manes; nec defuit omen,
 praescia nam subitis maduerunt fletibus
 ora.
 Coeperat et vitreis summo iam margine
 texti
- 270 Oceanum sinuare vadis; sed cardine verso
 cernit adesse deas imperfectumque
 laborem
 deserit et niveos infecit purpura vultus
 per liquidas succensa genas castaeque
 pudoris
 inluxere faces: non sic decus ardet
 eburnum,
- 275 Lydia Sidonio quod femina tinxerit ostro.
 Merserat unda diem; sparso nox umida
 somno
 languida caeruleis invexerat otia bigis,
 iamque viam Pluto superas molitur ad
 auras
 germani monitu. torvos invisit iugales
- 280 Allecto temone ligat, qui pascua mandunt
 Cocyti pratisque Erebi nigrantibus errant

with purple. The shore she embossed with precious stones and cunningly employed raised threadwork to imitate the swelling billows. You might have thought you saw the seaweed dashed against the rocks and heard the murmur of the hissing waves flooding up the thirsty sands. Five zones she added; indicating that the centre was the torrid zone by embroidering it with red yarn: its desert confines are parched and the thread she used was dried by the sun's unflinching heat. On either side lay the two habitable zones, blessed with a mild climate fit for the life of man. At the top and bottom she set the two frozen zones, portraying eternal winter's horror in her weaving and the gloom of never-ceasing cold. Further she embroidered the accursed seat of her uncle, Dis, and the nether gods, her destined fellows. Nor did the omen pass unmarked, for prophetic of the future her cheeks grew wet with sudden tears.

Next she began to trace Ocean's glassy shallows at the tapestry's farthest edge, but at that moment the doors opened, she saw the goddesses enter, and left her work unfinished. A glowing blush that mantled to her clear cheeks suffused her fair countenance and lit the torches of stainless purity. Not so beautiful even the glow of ivory which a Lydian maid has stained with Sidon's scarlet dye.

Now the sun was dipped in Ocean and misty night scattering sleep had brought for mortals ease and leisure in her black two-horsed chariot; when Pluto, warned by his brother, made his way to the upper air. The dread fury Allecto yokes to the chariot-pole the two fierce pairs of steeds that grace Cocytus' banks and roam the dark meads of Erebus, and,

stagnaque tranquillae potantes marcida
 Lethes
 aegra soporatis spumant oblivia linguis:
 Orphnaeus crudele micans Aethonque
 sagitta
 285 ocior et Stygii sublimis gloria Nycteus
 armenti Ditisque nota signatus Alastor.
 stabant ante fores iuncti saevumque
 fremebant
 crastina venturae spectantes gaudia
 praedae.

LIBRI SECUNDI PRAEFATIO

(XXXIV.)

Otia sopitis ageret cum cantibus Orpheus
 neglectumque diu deposuisset opus,
 lugebant erepta sibi solacia Nymphae,
 quaerebant dulces flumina maesta
 modos.
 5 saeva feris natura redit metuensque leonem
 implorat citharae vacca tacentis opem.
 illius et duri flevere silentia montes
 silvaque Bistoniam saepe secuta chelyn.
 Sed postquam Inachiis Alcides missus ab
 Argis
 10 Thracia pacifero contigit arva pede
 diraque sanguinei vertit praesaepia regis
 et Diomedeos gramine pavit equos,
 tunc patriae festo laetatus tempore vates
 desuetae repetit fila canora lyrae

drinking the rotting pools of sluggish Lethe, let
 dark oblivion drip from their slumbrous lips—
 Orphnaeus, savage and fleet, Aethon, swifter
 than an arrow, great Nyctaeus, proud glory of
 Hell's steeds, and Alastor, branded with the
 mark of Dis. These stood harnessed before the
 door and savagely champed the bit all eager for
 the morrow's enjoyment of their destined
 booty.

BOOK II PREFACE

(XXXIV.)

When Orpheus sought repose and, lulling his
 song to sleep, had long laid aside his neglected
 task, the Nymphs complained that their joy had
 been reft from them and the sad rivers
 mourned the loss of his tuneful lays. Nature's
 savagery returned and the heifer in terror of
 the lion looked in vain for help from the now
 voiceless lyre. The rugged mountains lamented
 his silence and the woods that had so often
 followed his Thracian lute.

But after that Hercules, setting forth from
 Inachian Argos, reached the plains of Thrace on
 his mission of salvation, and destroying the
 stables of Diomedes, fed the horses of the
 bloody tyrant on grass, then it was that the
 poet, o'erjoyed at his country's happy fate, took
 up once more the tuneful strings of his lute
 long laid aside, and touching its

15 et resides levi modulatus pectine nervos
 pollice festivo nobile duxit ebur.
 vix auditus erat: venti frenantur et undae,
 pigrior adstrictis torpuit Hebrus aquis,
 porrexit Rhodope sitientes carmina rupes,
 20 excussit gelidas pronior Ossa nives;
 ardua nudato descendit populus Haemo
 et comitem quercum pinus amica trahit,
 Cirrhaeasque dei quamvis despexerit artes,
 Orpheis laurus vocibus acta venit.
 25 securum blandi leporem fovere Molossi
 vicinumque lupo praebuit agna latus.
 concordēs varia ludunt cum tigrīde
 dammae;
 Massylam cervi non timuere iubam.
 Ille novercales stimulos actusque canebat
 30 Herculis et forti monstra subacta manu,
 quod timidae matri pressos ostenderit
 angues
 intrepidusque fero riserit ore puer:
 "te neque Dictaeas quatiens mugitibus
 urbes
 taurus nec Stygii terruit ira canis,
 35 non leo sidereos caeli rediturus ad axes,
 non Erymanthei gloria montis aper.
 solvis Amazonios cinctus, Stymphalidas
 arcu
 adpetis, occiduo ducis ab orbe greges
 tergeminique ducis numerosos deicis artus
 40 et totiens uno victor ab hoste redis.
 non cadere Antaeo, non crescere profuit
 hydrae;
 nec cervam volucres eripuerē pedes.
 Caci flamma perit; rubuit Busiride Nilus;
 prostratis maduit nubigenis Pholoë.

idle chords with the smooth quill, plied the
 famed ivory with festal fingers. Scarce had they
 heard him when the winds and waves were
 stilled; Hebrus flowed more sluggishly with
 reluctant stream, Rhodope stretched out her
 rocks all eager for the song, and Ossa, his
 summit less exalted, shook off his coat of snow.
 The tall poplar and the pine, accompanied by
 the oak, left the slopes of treeless Haemus, and
 even the laurel came, allured by the voice of
 Orpheus, though erstwhile it had despised
 Apollo's art. Molossian dogs fawned playfully
 on fearless hares, and the lamb made room for
 the wolf by her side. Does sported in amity with
 the striped tiger and hinds had no fear of the
 lion's mane.

He sang the stings of a step-dame's ire^[122] and
 the deeds of Hercules, the monsters overcome
 by his strong right arm; how while yet a child
 he had shown the strangled snakes to his
 terrified mother, and had laughed, fearlessly
 scorning such dangers. "Thee nor the bull that
 shook with his bellowing the cities of Crete
 alarmed, nor the savagery of the hound of Hell;
 thee not the lion, soon to become a
 constellation in the heavens, nor the wild boar
 that brought renown to Erymanthus' height.
 Thou hast stripped the Amazons of their
 girdles, shot with thy bow the birds of
 Stymphalus, and driven home the cattle of the
 western clime. Thou hast o'erthrown the many
 limbs of the triple-headed monster and
 returned thrice victorious from a single foe.
 Vain the falls of Antaeus, vain the sprouting of
 the Hydra's new heads. Its winged feet availed
 not to save Diana's deer from thy hand. Cacus'
 flames were quenched and Nile ran rich with
 Busiris' blood. Pholoë's slopes reeked with the
 slaughter of the

^[122] Juno is called the stepmother of
 Hercules.

- 45 te Libyci stupuere sinus, te maxima Tethys
 horruit, imposito cum premerere polo:
 firmior Herculea mundus cervice pependit;
 lustrarunt umeros Phoebus et astra tuos.”
 Thracius haec vates. sed tu Tirynthius
 alter,
 50 Florentine, mihi: tu mea plectra moves
 antraque Musarum longo torpentia somno
 excutis et placidos ducis in orbe choros.

LIBER SECUNDUS

(XXXV.)

Impulit Ionios praemisso lumine fluctus
 nondum pura dies; tremulis vibratur in
 undis

ardor et errantes ludunt per caerula
 flammae.

iamque audax animi fidaeque oblita
 parentis

- 5 fraude Dionaea riguos Proserpina saltus
 (sic Parcae iussere) petit. ter cardine verso
 praesagum cecinere fores; ter conscia fati
 flebile terrificis gemuit mugitibus Aetna,
 nullis illa tamen monstris nulloque tenetur
 10 prodigio. comites gressum iunxere sorores.

Prima dolo gaudens et tanto concita voto
 it Venus et raptus metitur corde futuros,
 iam dirum flexura chaos, iam Dite subacto
 ingenti famulos Manes ductura triumpho.

cloud-born Centaurs. Thee the curving shore of
 Libya held in awe; thee the mighty Ocean
 gazed at in amaze when thou laidst the world's
 bulk on thy back; on the neck of Hercules the
 heaven was poised more surely; the sun and
 stars coursed over thy shoulders.”

So sang the Thracian bard. But thou,
 Florentinus,^[123] art a second Hercules to me.
 'Tis thou causest my quill to stir, 'tis thou
 disturbest the Muses' cavern long plunged in
 sleep and ledest their gentle bands in the
 dance.

BOOK II

(XXXV.)

Not yet had bright day with herald beams
 struck the waves of the Ionian main; the light of
 dawn shimmered on the waters and the
 straying brilliance flickered over the deep blue
 sea. And now bold Proserpine, forgetful of her
 mother's jealous care and tempted by the wiles
 of Venus, seeks the stream-fed vale. Such was
 the Fates' decree. Thrice did the doors sound a
 warning note as the hinges turned; thrice did
 prophetic Aetna rumble mournfully with awful
 thunders. But her can no portent, no omen
 detain. The sister goddesses bore her company.

First goes Venus exulting in her trickery and
 inspired by her great mission. In her heart she
 takes account of the coming rape; soon she will
 rule dread Chaos, soon, Dis once subdued, she
 will lead the subject ghosts. Her hair, parted
 into many

[123] See Introduction, p. xiv.

15 illi multifidos crinis sinuatur in orbes
 Idalia divisus acu; sudata marito
 fibula purpureos gemma suspendit amictus.
 Candida Parrhasii post hanc regina
 Lycaei
 et Pandionias quae cuspide protegit arces,
 utraque virgo, ruunt: haec tristibus aspera
 20 bellis,
 haec metuenda feris. Tritonia casside fulva
 caelatum Typhona gerit, qui summa
 peremptus
 ima parte viget, moriens et parte superstes;
 hastaque terribili surgens per nubila ferro
 25 instar habet silvae; tantum stridentia colla
 Gorgonis obtentu pallae fulgentis inumbrat.
 at Triviae lenis species et multus in ore
 frater erat, Phoebique genas et lumina
 Phoebi
 esse putes, solusque dabat discrimina
 sexus.
 brachia nuda nitent; levibus proiecerat
 30 auris
 indociles errare comas, arcuque remisso
 otia nervus agit; pendent post terga
 sagittae.
 crispatur gemino vestis Gortynia cinctu
 poplite fusa tenus, motoque in stamine
 Delos
 35 errat et aurato trahitur circumflua ponto.
 Quas inter Cereris proles, nunc gloria
 matris,
 mox dolor, aequali tendit per gramina
 passu
 nec membris nec honore minor potuitque
 videri
 Pallas, si clipeum ferret, si spicula, Phoebe.
 40 collectae tereti nodantur iaspide vestes.
 pectinis ingenio numquam felicior artis
 contigit eventus; nulli sic consona telae
 fila nec in tantum veri duxere figuras.
 hic Hyperionio Solem de semine nasci

locks, is braided round her head and secured by a Cyprian pin, and a brooch cunningly fabricated by her spouse Vulcan supports her cloak thick studded with purple jewels.

Behind her hasten Diana, fair queen of Arcadian Lycaeus, and Pallas who, with her spear, protects the citadel of Athens—virgins both; Pallas, cruel goddess of war, Diana bane of wild creatures. On her burnished helmet the Triton-born goddess wore a carved figure of Typhon, the upper part of his body lifeless, the lower limbs yet writhing, part dead, part quick. Her terrible spear, piercing the clouds as she brandished it, resembled a tree; only the Gorgon's hissing neck she hid in the spread of her glittering cloak. But mild was Diana's gaze and very like her brother looked she; Phoebus' own one had thought her cheeks and eyes, her sex alone disclosed the difference. Her shining arms were bare, her straying locks fluttered in the gentle breeze, and the chord of her unstrung bow hung idle, her arrows slung behind her back. Her Cretan tunic, gathered with girdles twain, flows down to her knees, and on her waving dress Delos wanders and stretches surrounded by a golden sea.

Between the two Ceres' child, now her mother's pride, so soon to be her sorrow, treads the grass with equal pace, their equal, too, in stature and beauty; Pallas you might have thought her, had she carried a shield, Diana, if a javelin. A brooch of polished jasper secured her girded dress. Never did art give happier issue to the shuttle's skill; never was cloth so beautifully made nor embroidery so lifelike. In it she had worked the birth of the sun from the seed of Hyperion, the birth, too, of the moon,

fecerat et pariter, forma sed dispare,
 45 Lunam,
 aurorae noctisque duces; cunabula Tethys
 praebet et infantes gremio solatur anhelos
 caeruleusque sinus roseis radiatur alumnis.
 invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto
 50 alte
 cristatum radiis: primo clementior aevo
 fingitur et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.
 laeva parte soror vitrei libamina potat
 uberis et parvo signatur tempora cornu.
 55 Tali luxuriat cultu. comitantur euntem
 Naiades et socia stipant utrimque caterva,
 quae fontes, Crinise, tuos et saxa rotantem
 Pantagiam nomenque Gelam qui praebuit
 urbi
 concelebrant, quas pigra vado Camerina
 palustri,
 60 quas Arethusaei latices, quas advena nutrit
 Alpheus; Cyane totum supereminet agmen:
 qualis Amazonidum peltis exultat aduncis
 pulchra cohors, quotiens Arcton populata
 virago
 Hippolyte niveas ducit post proelia turmas,
 seu flavos stravere Getas seu forte
 65 rigentem
 Thermodontiaca Tanaim fregere securi;
 aut quales referunt Baccho sollemnia
 Nymphae
 Maeoniae, quas Hermus alit, ripasque
 paternas
 percurrunt auro madidae: laetatur in antro
 amnis et undantem declinat prodigus
 70 urnam.
 Viderat herboso sacrum de vertice vulgus
 Henna parens florum curvaque in valle
 sedentem

though diverse was her shape—of sun and
 moon that bring the dawning and the night.
 Tethys affords them a cradle and soothes in her
 bosom their infant sobs; the rosy light of her
 foster-children irradiates her dark blue plains.
 On her right shoulder she carried the infant
 Titan, too young as yet to vex with his light, and
 his encircling beams not grown; he is pictured
 as more gentle in those tender years, and from
 his mouth issues a soft flame that accompanies
 his infant cries. The moon, his sister, carried on
 Tethys' left shoulder, sucks the milk of that
 bright breast, her forehead marked with a little
 horn.

Such is the wonder of Proserpine's dress. The
 Naiads bear her company and on either side
 crowd around her, those who haunt thy
 streams, Criniseus, and Pantagia's rocky torrent
 and Gela's who gives his name to the city; those
 whom Camerina, the unmoved, nurtures in her
 shallow marshes, whose home is Arethusa's
 flood or the stream of Alpheus, her foreign
 lover; tallest of their company is Cyane. So
 move they as the beauteous band of Amazons,
 brandishing their moon-shaped shields what
 time the maiden warrior Hippolyte, after laying
 waste the regions of the north, leads home her
 fair army after battle, whether they have
 o'erthrown the yellow-haired Getae or cloven
 frozen Tanais with the axe of their native
 Thermodon; or as the Lydian Nymphs celebrate
 the festivals of Bacchus—the Nymphs whose
 sire was Hermus along whose banks they
 course, splashed with his golden waters: the
 river-god rejoices in his cavern home and pours
 forth the flooding urn with generous hand.

Henna, mother of blossoms, had espied the
 goddess' company from her grassy summit and
 thus addressed

compellat Zephyrum: "pater o gratissime
 veris,
 75 qui mea lascivo regnas per prata meatu
 semper et adsiduis inroras flatibus annum,
 respice Nympharum coetus et celsa
 Tonantis
 germina per nostros dignantia ludere
 campos.
 nunc adsis faveasque, precor; nunc omnia
 fetu
 80 pubescant virgulta velis, ut fertilis Hybla
 invideat vincique suos non abnuat hortos.
 quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,
 quidquid odoratus longe blanditur
 Hydaspes,
 quidquid ab extremis ales longaeva colonis
 colligit optato repetens exordia leto, [124]
 85 in venas disperge meas et flamine largo
 rura fove. merear divino pollice carpi
 et nostris cupiant ornari numina sertis."
 Dixerat; ille novo madidantes nectare
 pennas
 concutit et glaebas fecundo rore maritat,
 quaque volat vernus sequitur rubor; omnis
 in herbas
 91 turget humus medioque patent convexa
 sereno.
 sanguineo splendore rosas, vaccinia nigro
 imbuat et dulci violas ferrugine pingit.
 Parthica quae tantis variantur cingula
 gemmis
 regales vinctura sinus? quae vellera tantum
 95 ditibus Assyrii spumis fucantur aëni?
 non tales volucer pandit Iunonius alas,
 nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
 incipiens redimitur hiems, cum tramite
 flexo
 100 semita discretis interviret umida nimbis.
 Forma loci superat flores: curvata tumore
 parvo planities et mollibus edita clivis
 creverat in collem; vivo de pumice fontes

[124] leto *Heinsius; Birt saeclo (FDWB¹v¹)*.

Zephyrus, lurking in the winding vale:
 "Gracious father of the spring, thou who ever
 rulest over my meads with errant breeze and
 bringest rain upon the summer lands with thine
 unceasing breath, behold this company of
 Nymphs and Jove's tall daughters who deign to
 sport them in my meadows. Be present to bless,
 I pray. Grant that now all the trees be thick
 with newly-grown fruit, that fertile Hybla may
 be jealous and admit her paradise surpassed.
 All the sweet airs of Panchaea's incense-
 bearing woods, all the honied odours of
 Hydaspes' distant stream, all the spices which
 from furthest fields the long-lived Phoenix
 gathers, seeking new birth from wished for
 death—spread thou all these through my veins
 and with generous breath refresh my country.
 May I be worthy to be plundered by divine
 fingers and goddesses seek to be decked with
 my garlands."

So spake she, and Zephyrus shook his wings
 adrip with fresh nectar and drenches the
 ground with their life-giving dew. Wheresoe'er
 he flies spring's brilliance follows. The fields
 grow lush with verdure and heaven's dome
 shines cloudless above them. He paints the
 bright roses red, the hyacinths blue and the
 sweet violets purple. What girdles of Babylon,
 meet cincture of a royal breast, are adorned
 with such varied jewels? What fleece so dyed in
 the rich juice of the murex where stand the
 brazen towers of Tyre? Not the wings of Juno's
 own bird display such colouring. Not thus do
 the many-changing hues of the rainbow span
 young winter's sky when in curved arch its
 rainy path glows green amid the parting clouds.

Even more lovely than the flowers is the
 country. The plain, with gentle swell and
 gradual slopes, rose into a hill; issuing from the
 living rock gushing

105 roscida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis,
 silvaque torrentes ramorum frigore soles
 temperat et medio brumam sibi vindicat
 aestu:
 apta fretis abies, bellis accommoda cornus,
 quercus amica Iovi, tumulos tectura
 cupressus,
 ilex plena favis, venturi praescia laurus;
 fluctuat hic denso crispata cacumine buxus,
 110 hic hederæ serpunt, hic pampinus induit
 ulmos.
 haud procul inde lacus (Pergum dixere
 Sicani)
 panditur et nemorum frondoso margine
 cinctus
 vicinis pallescit aquis: admittit in altum
 115 cernentes oculos et late pervius umor
 ducit inoffensos liquido sub flumine visus
 imaque perspicui prodit secreta profundi.
 [huc elapsa cohors gaudet per florida rura.]
 [125]
 Hortatur Cytherea legant. "nunc ite,
 sorores,
 120 dum matutinis praesudat solibus aër,
 dum meus umectat flaventes Lucifer agros
 roranti praevectus equo." sic fata doloris
 carpit signa sui. varios tum cetera saltus
 invasere cohors: credas examina fundi
 Hyblaeum raptura thymum, cum cerea
 125 reges
 castra movent fagique cava dimissus ab
 alvo
 mellifer electis exercitus obstrepit herbis.
 pratorum spoliatur honos: haec lilia fuscis
 intexit violis; hanc mollis amaracus ornat;
 haec graditur stellata rosis, haec alba
 130 ligustris.
 te quoque, flebilibus maerens Hyacinthe
 figuris,

[125] *Written into F by a later hand. Doubtless an interpolation and as such erased in C. It anticipates the saltus invasere cohors of 123.*

streams bedewed their grassy banks. With the shade of its branches a wood tempers the sun's fierce heat and at summer's height makes for itself the cold of winter. There grows the pine, useful for seafaring, the cornel-tree for weapons of war, the oak, friendly to Jove, the cypress, sentinel of graves, the holm filled with honeycombs, and the laurel foreknowing of the future; here the box-tree waves its thick crown of leaves, here creeps the ivy, here the vine clothes the elm. Not far from here lies a lake called by the Sicani Pergus, girt with a cincture of leafy woods close around its pallid waters. Deep down therein the eye of whoso would can see, and the everywhere transparent water invites an untrammelled gaze into its oozy depths and betrays the uttermost secrets of its pellucid gulfs. [Hither came their company well pleased with the flowery climb.]

Venus bids them gather flowers. "Come, sisters, while yet the morning sun shines through the moist air, and while Lucifer, my harbinger of dawn, yet drives his dewy steeds and waters the flower-bright field." So spake she and gathered the flower that testifies to her own woe.^[126] Her companions ranged the various vales. You could have believed a swarm of bees was on the wing, eager to gather its sweetness from Hyblaeian thyme, where the king bees lead out their wax-housed armies and the honey-bearing host, issuing from the beech-tree's hollow bole, buzzes around its favourite flowers. The meadows are despoiled of their glory; this goddess weaves lilies with dark violets, another decks herself with pliant marjoram, a third steps forth rose-crowned, another wreathed with white privet. Thee also, Hyacinthus,

[126] Traditionally said to be the anemone, which is supposed to have sprung up red from the spot where Adonis was killed by the boar.

Narcissumque metunt, nunc inclita germina
veris,

135 praestantes olim pueros: tu natus Amyclis,
hunc Helicon genuit; disci te perculit error,
hunc fontis decepit amor; te fronte retusa
Delius, hunc fracta Cephisus harundine
luget.

140 Aestuatur ante alias avido fervore legendi
frugiferae spes una deae: nunc vimine texto
ridentes calathos spoliis agrestibus implet;
nunc sociat flores seseque ignara coronat,
augurium fatale tori. quin ipsa tubarum
armorumque potens dextram, qua fortia
turbat
agmina, qua stabiles portas et moenia
vellit,

145 iam levibus laxat studiis hastamque reponit
insuetisque docet galeam mitescere sertis;
ferratus lascivit apex horrorque recessit
Martius et cristae pacato fulgure vernant.
nec, quae Parthenium canibus scrutatur
odorem,

150 aspernata choros libertatemque comarum
iniecta voluit tantum frenare corona.

Talia virgineo passim dum more
geruntur,
ecce repens mugire fragor, conflare
turres

155 pronaque vibratis radicibus oppida verti.
causa latet; dubios agnovit sola tumultus
diva Paphi mixtoque metu perterrita
gaudet.

iamque per anfractus animarum rector
opacos
sub terris quaerebat iter gravibusque
gementem

they gather, thy flower inscribed with woe, and
Narcissus too—once lovely boys, now the pride
of flowering spring. Thou, Hyacinthus, wert
born at Amyclae, Narcissus was Helicon's child;
thee the errant discus slew; him the amorous
water-nymphs beguiled; for thee weeps Delos'
god with sorrow-weighted brow; for him
Cephisus with his broken reeds.

But beyond her fellows she, the one hope of the
corn-bearing goddess, burned with a fierce
desire to gather flowers. Now she fills with the
spoil of the fields her laughing baskets, osier-
woven; now she twines a wreath of flowers and
crowns herself therewith, little seeing in this a
foreshadowing of the marriage fate holds in
store for her. E'en Pallas herself, goddess of
the trumpets and of the weapons of war,
devotes to gentler pursuits the hand wherewith
she o'erwhelms the host of battle and throws
down stout gates and city walls. She lays aside
her spear and wreaths her helmet with soft
flowers—strange aureole! The iron peak is gay,
o'ershadowed the fierce martial glint, and the
plumes, erstwhile levin bolts, now nod with
blossoms. Nor does Diana, who scours Mount
Parthenius with her keen-scented hounds,
disdain this company but would fain bind her
free-flowing tresses with a flowery crown.

But while the maidens so disport themselves,
wandering through the fields, a sudden roar is
heard, towers crash and towns, shaken to their
foundations, totter and fall. None knows
whence comes the tumult; Paphus' goddess
alone recognized the sound that set her
companions in amaze, and fear mixed with joy
fills her heart. For now the king of souls was
pricking his way through the dim labyrinth of
the underworld and crushing Enceladus,
groaning

Enceladum calcabat equis: inmania findunt
 membra rotae pressaque Gigas cervice
 laborat
 Sicaniam cum Dite ferens temptatque
 160 moveri
 debilis et fessis serpentibus impedit axem:
 fumida sulphureo praelabitur orbita dorso.
 ac velut occultus securum pergit in hostem
 miles et effossi subter fundamina campi
 165 transilit inclusos arcano limite muros
 turbaque deceptas victrix erumpit in arces
 terrigenas imitata viros: sic tertius heres
 Saturni latebrosa vagis rimatur habenis
 devia, fraternum cupiens exire sub orbem.
 ianua nulla patet; prohibebant undique
 170 rupes
 oppositae duraque deum compage
 tenebant:
 non tulit ille moras indignatusque trabali
 saxa ferit scepro. Siculae sonuere
 cavernae;
 turbatur Lipare; stupuit fornace relicta
 Mulciber et trepidus deiecit fulmina
 175 Cyclops.
 audiit et si quem glacies Alpina coërcet
 et qui te, Latiis nondum praecincte tropaeis
 Thybri, natat missamque Pado qui remigat
 alnum.
 Sic, cum Thessaliam scopulis inclusa
 teneret
 180 Peneo stagnante palus et mersa negaret
 arva coli, trifida Neptunus cuspide montes
 impulit adversos: tunc forti saucius ictu
 dissiluit gelido vertex Ossaëus Olympo;
 carceribus laxantur aquae factoque meatu
 redduntur fluviusque mari tellusque
 185 colonis.

beneath the weight of his massy steeds. His
 chariot-wheels severed the monstrous limbs,
 and the giant struggles, bearing Sicily along
 with Pluto on his burdened neck, and feebly
 essays to move and entangle the wheels with
 his weary serpents; still o'er his blazing back
 passes the smoking chariot. And as sappers
 seek to issue forth upon their unsuspecting
 enemy and, following a minèd path beneath the
 foundations of the tunnelled field, pass
 unmarked beyond the foe-invested walls of the
 city to break out, a victorious party, into the
 citadel of the outwitted enemy, seeming sprung
 from earth, even so Saturn's third son scours
 the devious darkness whithersoever his team
 hurries him, all eager to come forth beneath his
 brother's sky. No door lies open for him; rocks
 bar his egress on every side and detain the god
 in their escapeless prison. He brooked not the
 delay but wrathfully smote the crags with his
 beam-like staff. Sicily's caverns thundered,
 Lipare's isle was confounded, Vulcan left his
 forge in amaze and the Cyclops let drop their
 thunderbolts in fear. The pent-up denizens of
 the frozen Alps heard the uproar and he who
 then swam thy wave, father Tiber, thy brows
 not as yet graced with the crown of Italy's
 triumphs; there heard it he who rows his bark
 down Padus' stream.

So when the rock-encircled lake, ere Peneus'
 wave rolled seaward, covered all Thessaly and
 allowed not its submerged fields to be tilled,
 Neptune smote the imprisoning mountain with
 his trident. Then did the peak of Ossa, riven
 with the mighty blow, spring apart from snowy
 Olympus; a passage was made and the waters
 were released, whereby the sea won back her
 feeding streams and the husbandman his fields.

Postquam victa manu duros Trinacria
 nexus
 solvit et inmenso late discessit hiatu,
 adparet subitus caelo timor; astra viarum
 mutavere fidem; vetito se proluit Arctos
 aequore; praecipitat pigrum formido
 190 Booten;
 horruit Orion. audito palluit Atlas
 hinnitu: rutilos obscurat anhelitus axes
 discolor et longa solitos caligine pasci
 terruit orbis equos; pressis haesere lupatis
 195 attoniti meliore polo rursusque verendum
 in chaos obliquo certant temone reverti.
 mox ubi pulsato senserunt verbera tergo
 et solem didicere pati, torrentius amne
 hiberno tortaue ruunt perniciosus hasta:
 quantum non iaculum Parthi, non impetus
 200 Austri,
 non leve sollicitae mentis discurrit acumen.
 sanguine frena calent; corrumpit spiritus
 auras
 letifer; infectae spumis vitiantur harenae.
 Diffugiunt Nymphae: rapitur Proserpina
 curru
 205 imploratque deas. iam Gorgonis ora revelat
 Pallas et intento festinat Delia telo
 nec patruo cedunt: stimulat communis in
 arma
 virginitas crimenque feri raptoris acerbatur.
 ille velut stabuli decus armentique
 iuencam
 210 cum leo possedit nudataque viscera fodit
 unguibus et rabiem totos exegit in armos:
 stat crassa turpis sanie nodosque iubarum
 excutit et viles pastorum despicit iras.
 "Ignavi domitor vulgi, deterrime
 fratrum,"

When Trinacria beneath Pluto's stroke loosed
 her rocky bonds and yawned wide with
 cavernous cleft, sudden fear seized upon the
 sky. The stars deserted their accustomed
 courses; the Bear bathed him in forbidden
 Ocean; terror hurried sluggish Boötes to his
 setting; Orion trembled. Atlas paled as he
 heard the neighing coursers; their smoky
 breath obscures the bright heavens and the
 sun's orb affrighted them, so long fed on
 darkness. They stood biting the curb astonished
 at the brighter air, and struggle to turn the
 chariot and hurry back to dread Chaos. But
 soon, when they felt the lash on their backs and
 learned to bear the sun's brightness, they
 gallop on more rapidly than a winter torrent
 and more fleet than the hurtling spear; swifter
 than the Parthian's dart, the south wind's fury
 or nimble thought of anxious mind. Their bits
 are warm with blood, their death-bringing
 breath infects the air, the polluted dust is
 poisoned with their foam.

The Nymphs fly in all directions; Proserpine is
 hurried away in the chariot, imploring aid of
 the goddesses. Now Pallas unveils the Gorgon's
 head, Diana strings her bow and hastes to help.
 Neither yields to her uncle's violence; a
 common virginity compels them to fight and
 enrages them at the crime of the fierce
 ravisher. Pluto is like a lion when he has seized
 upon a heifer, the pride of the stall and the
 herd, and has torn with his claws the
 defenceless flesh and has sated his fury on all
 its limbs, and so stands all befouled with
 clotted blood and shakes his tangled mane and
 scorns the shepherds' feeble rage.

"Lord of the strengthless dead," cries Pallas,

215 Pallas ait "quae te stimulis facibusque
 profanis
 Eumenides movere? tua cur sede relicta
 audes Tartareis caelum incestare
 quadrigis?
 sunt tibi deformes Dirae, sunt altera Lethes
 numina, sunt tristes Furiae, te coniuge
 dignae.
 fratris linque domos, alienam desere
 220 sortem;
 nocte tua contentus abi. quid viva sepultis
 admisceas? nostrum quid proteris advena
 mundum?"
 Talia vociferans avidos transire minaci
 cornipedes umbone ferit clipeique retardat
 obice Gorgoneisque premens adsibilat
 225 hydri
 praetentaque operit crista; libratur in ictum
 fraxinus et nigros inluminat obvia currus
 missaque paene foret, ni Iuppiter aethere
 summo
 pacificas rubri torsisset fulminis alas
 confessus socerum: nimbis hymenaeus
 230 hiulcis
 intonat et testes firmant conubia flammae.
 Invitae cessere deae. compescuit arcum
 cum gemitu talesque dedit Latonia voces:
 "Sis memor o longumque vale. reverentia
 patris
 235 obstitit auxilio, nec nos defendere contra
 possumus: imperio vinci maiore fatemur.
 in te coniurat genitor populoque silenti
 traderis, heu! cupidus non adspectura
 sorores
 aequalemque chorum. quae te fortuna
 supernis
 240 abstulit et tanto damnavit sidera luctu?

"wickedest of thy brothers, what Furies have
 stirred thee with their goads and accursed
 torches? Why hast thou left thy seat and how
 darest thou pollute the upper world with thy
 hellish team? Thou hast the hideous Curses, the
 other deities of Hell, the dread Furies—any of
 them would be a worthy spouse for thee. Quit
 thy brother's realm, begone from the kingdom
 allotted to another. Get thee hence; let thine
 own night suffice thee. Why mix the quick with
 the dead? Why treadest thou our world, an
 unwelcome visitant?"

So exclaiming she smote with her threatening
 shield the horses who sought to advance and
 barred their way with the bulk of her targe,
 thrusting them back with the hissing snake-hair
 of Medusa's head and o'ershadowing them with
 its outstretched plumes. She poised for
 throwing her beechen shaft whose radiance
 met and illumed Pluto's black chariot. Almost
 had she cast it had not Jove from heaven's
 height hurled his red thunderbolt on peaceful
 wings, acknowledging his new son; mid the
 riven clouds thunders the marriage-paeon and
 attesting fires confirm the union.

All unwilling the goddesses yielded, and
 weeping Diana laid aside her weapons and thus
 spake: "Fare well, a long farewell; forget us
 not. Reverence for our sire forbade our help,
 and against his will we cannot defend thee. We
 acknowledge defeat by a power greater than
 our own. The Father hath conspired against
 thee and betrayed thee to the realms of silence,
 no more, alas! to behold the sisters and
 companions who crave sight of thee. What fate
 hath reft thee from the upper air and
 condemned the heavens to so deep mourning?
 Now no more

iam neque Partheniis innectere retia lustris
nec pharetram gestare libet: securus
ubique
spumet aper saevique fremant impune
leones.

245 te iuga Taygeti, posito te Maenala flebunt
venatu maestoque diu lugebere Cyntho.
Delphica quin etiam fratris delubra
tacebunt."

Interea volucris fertur Proserpina curru
caesariem diffusa Noto planctuque lacertos
verberat et questus ad nubila tendit inanes:

250 "Cur non torsisti manibus fabricata
Cyclopum
in nos tela, pater? sic me crudelibus umbris
tradere, sic toto placuit depellere mundo?
nullane te flectit pietas nihilumque
paternae
mentis inest? tantas quo crimine movimus
iras?
non ego, cum rapido saeviret Phlegra
255 tumultu,
signa deis adversa tuli; non robore nostro
Ossa pruinosum vexit glacialis Olympum.
quod conata nefas aut cuius conscia culpae
exul ad inmanes Erebi detrudor hiatus?
260 o fortunatas alii quascumque tulere
raptores! saltem communi sole fruuntur.
sed mihi virginitas pariter caelumque
negatur,
eripitur cum luce pudor, terrisque relictis
servitum Stygio ducor captiva tyranno.
265 o male dilecti flores despectaque matris
consilia! o Veneris deprensae serius artes!
mater, io! seu te Phrygiis in vallibus Idae
Mygdonio buxus circumsonat horrida
cantu,

can we rejoice to set Parthenius' steep with
nets nor wear the quiver; at large as he lists let
the wild boar, raven and the lion roar savagely
with none to say him nay. Thee, Taygetus'
crest, thee Maenalus' height shall weep, their
hunting laid aside. Long shalt thou be food for
weeping on sorrowing Cynthus' slopes. E'en my
brother's shrine at Delphi shall speak no more."

Meanwhile Proserpine is borne away in the
winged car, her hair streaming before the wind,
beating her arms in lamentation and calling in
vain remonstrance to the clouds: "Why hast
thou not hurled at me, father, bolts forged by
the Cyclops' hands? Was this thy will to deliver
thy daughter to the cruel shades and drive her
for ever from this world? Does love move thee
not at all? Hast thou nothing of a father's
feeling? What ill deed of men has stirred such
anger in thee? When Phlegra raged with war's
madness I bore no standard against the gods;
'twas through no strength of mine that ice-
bound Ossa supported frozen Olympus. For
attempt of what crime, for complicity with what
guilt, am I thrust down in banishment to the
bottomless pit of Hell? Happy girls whom other
ravishers have stolen; they at least enjoy the
general light of day, while I, together with my
virginity, lose the air of heaven; stolen from me
alike is innocence and daylight. Needs must I
quit this world and be led a captive bride to
serve Hell's tyrant. Ye flowers that I loved in so
evil an hour, oh, why did I scorn my mother's
warning? Too late did I detect the wiles of
Venus. Mother, my mother, whether in the
vales of Phrygian Ida the dread pipe sounds
about thine ears with Lydian

seu tu sanguineis ululantia Dindyma Gallis
 270 incolis et strictos Curetum respicis enses:
 exitio succurre meo! compesce furentem!
 comprime ferales torvi praedonis habenas!"
 Talibus ille ferox dictis fletuque decoro
 vincitur et primi suspiria sensit amoris.
 275 tunc ferrugineo lacrimas deterget amictu
 et placida maestum solatur voce dolorem:
 "Desine funestis animum, Proserpina,
 curis
 et vano vexare metu. maiora dabuntur
 sceptris nec indigni taedas patiere mariti.
 280 ille ego Saturni proles, cui machina rerum
 servit et inmensum tendit per inane
 potestas.
 amissum ne crede diem: sunt altera nobis
 sidera, sunt orbis alii, lumenque videbis
 purius Elysiumque magis mirabere solem
 285 cultoresque pios; illic pretiosior aetas,
 aurea progenies habitat, semperque
 tenemus
 quod superi meruere semel. nec mollia
 desunt
 prata tibi; Zephyris illic melioribus halant
 perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit
 Henna.
 290 est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis
 fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo:
 haec tibi sacra datur fortunatumque
 tenebis
 autumnum et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.
 parva loquor: quidquid liquidus
 complectitur aër,
 quidquid alit tellus, quidquid maris aequora
 295 verrunt,
 quod fluvii volvunt, quod nutrivere paludes,
 cuncta tuis pariter cedent animalia regnis
 lunari subiecta globo, qui Septimus auras
 ambit et aeternis mortalia separat astris.

strains, or thou hauntest mount Dindymus,
 ahowl with self-mutilated Galli, and beholdest
 the naked swords of the Curetes, aid me in my
 bitter need; frustrate Pluto's mad lust and stay
 the funereal reins of my fierce ravisher."

Her words and those becoming tears mastered
 e'en that rude heart as Pluto first learned to
 feel love's longings. The tears he wiped away
 with his murky cloak, quieting her sad grief
 with these soothing words: "Cease, Proserpine,
 to vex thy heart with gloomy cares and
 causeless fear. A prouder sceptre shall be
 thine, nor shalt thou face marriage with a
 husband unworthy of thee. I am that scion of
 Saturn whose will the framework of the world
 obeys, whose power stretches through the
 limitless void. Think not thou hast lost the light
 of day; other stars are mine and other courses;
 a purer light shalt thou see and wonder rather
 at Elysium's sun and blessed habitants. There a
 richer age, a golden race has its home, and we
 possess for ever what men win but once. Soft
 meads shall fail thee not, and ever-blooming
 flowers, such as thy Henna ne'er produced,
 breathe to gentler zephyrs. There is, moreover,
 a precious tree in the leafy groves whose
 curving branches gleam with living ore—a tree
 consecrate to thee. Thou shalt be queen of
 blessed autumn and ever enriched with golden
 fruit. Nay more; whatsoever the limpid air
 embraces, whatever earth nourishes, the salt
 seas sweep, the rivers roll, or the marsh-lands
 feed, all living things alike shall yield them to
 thy sway, all, I say, that dwell beneath the orb
 of the moon that is the seventh of the planets
 and in its ethereal journey separates things
 mortal from the deathless

300 sub tua purpurei venient vestigia reges
 deposito luxu turba cum paupere mixti
 (omnia mors aequat); tu damnatura
 nocentes,
 tu requiem latura piis; te iudice sontes
 improba cogentur vitae commissa fateri.
 accipe Lethaeo famulas cum gurgite
 305 Parcas,
 sitque ratum quodcumque voles.”
 Haec fatus ovantes
 exhortatur equos et Tartara mitior intrat.
 conveniunt animae, quantas violentior
 Auster
 decutit arboribus frondes aut nubibus
 imbres
 colligit aut frangit fluctus aut torquet
 310 harenas;
 cunctaque praecipiti stipantur saecula
 cursu
 insignem visura nurum. mox ipse serenus
 ingreditur facili passus mollescere risu
 dissimilisque sui. dominis intransibus
 ingens
 adsurgit Phlegethon: flagrantibus hispida
 315 rivis
 barba madet totoque fluunt incendia vultu.
 Occurrunt properi lecta de plebe ministri:
 pars altos revocant currus frenisque solutis
 vertunt emeritos ad pascua nota iugales;
 320 pars aulaea tenent; alii praetexere ramis
 limina et in thalamum cultas extollere
 vestes.
 reginam casto cinxerunt agmine matres
 Elysiae teneroque levant sermone timores
 et sparsos religant crines et vultibus
 addunt
 325 flammea sollicitum praevelatura pudorem.
 Pallida laetatur regio gentesque sepultae

stars. To thy feet shall come purple-clothed kings, stripped of their pomp, and mingling with the unmoneyed throng; for death renders all equal. Thou shalt give doom to the guilty and rest to the virtuous. Before thy judgement-throne the wicked must confess the crimes of their evil lives. Lethe's stream shall obey thee and the Fates be thy handmaidens. Be thy will done.”

So speaking he urges on his triumphant steeds and enters Tartarus in gentler wise. The shades assemble, thick as the leaves the stormy south wind shakes down from the trees, dense as the rainclouds it masses, countless as the billows it curls or the sand it scatters. The dead of every age throng with hastening foot to see so illustrious a bride. Soon Pluto himself enters with joyful mien submitting him to the softening influence of pleasant laughter, all unlike his former self. At the incoming of his lord and mistress huge Phlegethon rises; his bristly beard is wet with burning streams and flames dart o'er all his countenance.

There hasten to greet the pair slaves chosen from out the number. Some put away the lofty chariot, take the bits from the mouths of the toil-freed horses and turn them out to graze in their accustomed pastures. Some hold back the curtains, others decorate the doorway with branches and fasten broided hangings in the bridal chamber. In chaste bands the matrons of Elysium throng their queen, and with sweet converse banish her fear; they gather and braid her dishevelled hair and place the wedding-veil upon her head to hide her troubled blushes.

Joy fills that grey land, the buried throng holds

luxuriant epulisque vacant genialibus
 umbrae.
 grata coronati peragunt convivia Manes;
 rumpunt insoliti tenebrosa silentia cantus;
 330 sedantur gemitus. Erebi se sponte relaxat
 squalor et aeternam patitur rarescere
 noctem,
 urna nec incertas versat Minoia sortes.
 verbera nulla sonant nulloque frementia
 luctu
 impia dilatis respirant Tartara poenis:
 non rota suspensum praeceps Ixiona
 335 torquet;
 non aqua Tantaleis subducitur invida labris.
 solvitur Ixion et Tantalus invenit undas
 et Tityos tandem spatiosos erigit artus
 squalentisque novem detexit iugera campi
 (tantus erat), laterisque piger sulcator
 340 opaci
 invitus trahitur lasso de pectore vultur
 abreptasque dolet iam non sibi crescere
 fibras.
 Oblitae scelerum formidatique furoris
 Eumenides cratera parant et vina feroci
 crine bibunt flexisque minis iam lene
 345 canentes
 extendunt socios ad pocula plena cerastas
 et festas alio succendunt lumine taedas.
 tunc et pestiferi pacatum flumen Averni
 innocuae transistis, aves, flatumque
 repressit
 350 Amsanctus: fixo tacuit torrente vorago.
 tunc Acheronteos mutato gurgite fontes
 lacte novo tumuisse ferunt, hederisque
 virentem
 Cocytion dulci perhibent undasse Lyaeo.
 stamina nec rumpit Lachesis; nec turbida
 sacris
 355 obstrepitant lamenta choris. mors nulla
 vagatur

high festival, and the ghosts sport them at the
 nuptial feast. The flower-crowned Manes sit at
 a joyous banquet and unwonted song breaks
 the gloomy silence; wailing is hushed. Hell's
 murk gladly disperses and suffers the darkness
 of age-long night to grow less impenetrable.
 Minos' urn of judgement throws no ambiguous
 lots; the sound of blows is stilled, and Tartarus,
 the prison of the wicked, is hushed and still, for
 punishments are intermitted. No longer is Ixion
 tortured by the ever-turning wheel to which he
 is bound; from Tantalus' lips no more is the
 flying water withdrawn. Ixion is freed, Tantalus
 reaches the stream, and Tityus at length
 straightens out his huge limbs and uncovers
 nine acres of foul ground (such was his size),
 and the vulture, that burrows lazily into the
 dark side, is dragged off from his wearied
 breast sore against its will, lamenting that no
 longer is the devoured flesh renewed for it.

The Furies, forgetful of crimes and dread
 wrath, make ready the wine-bowl and drink
 therefrom for all their snaky hair. Nay, with
 gentle song, their threatenings laid aside, they
 stretch out their snakes to the full cups and
 kindle the festal torches with unusual flame.
 Then, too, the birds flew unhurt over the now
 appeased stream of poisonous Avernus, and
 Lake Amsanctus checked his deadly
 exhalations; the stream was stayed and the
 whirlpool grew still. They say that then the
 springs of Acheron were changed and welled
 up with new milk, while Cocytus, enwreathed
 with ivy, flowed along in streams of sweet wine.
 Lachesis slit not the thread of life nor did
 funeral dirge sound in challenge to the holy
 chant. Death walked not

in terris, nullique rogam planxere parentes.
 navita non moritur fluctu, non cuspidem
 miles;
 oppida funerei pollent in munia leti,
 impexamque senex velavit harundine
 frontem

360 portitor et vacuos egit cum carmine remos.

Iam suus inferno processerat Hesperus
 orbi:

ducitur in thalamum virgo. stat pronuba
 iuxta

stellantes Nox picta sinus tangensque
 cubile

omina perpetuo genitalia foedere sancit;

365 exultant cum voce pii Ditisque sub aula
 talia pervigili sumunt exordia plausu:

"Nostra potens Iuno tuque o germane
 Tonantis

et gener, unanimi consortia discite somni
 mutuaque alternis innectite vota lacertis.

370 iam felix oritur proles; iam laeta futuros
 expectat Natura deos. nova numina rebus
 addite et optatos Cereri proferte nepotes."

LIBER TERTIUS

(XXXVI.)

Iuppiter interea cinctam Thaumantida
 nimbis
 ire iubet totoque deos arcessere mundo.
 illa colorato Zephyros illapsa volatu
 numina conclamat pelagi Nymphasque
 morantes
 increpat et Fluvios umentibus evocat antris.

5

on earth and no parents wept beside the
 funeral pyre. The wave brought not destruction
 to the sailor nor the spear to the warrior. Cities
 flourished and knew not death, the destroyer.
 Charon crowned his uncombed locks with
 sedge and singing plied his weightless oars.

And now its own evening-star had shone upon
 the underworld. The maiden is led into the
 bridal chamber. Night, clad in starry raiment,
 stands by her as her brideswoman; she touches
 the couch and blesses the union of marriage
 with a bond that cannot be broken. The blessed
 shades raise their voices and beneath the
 palace roof of Dis thus begin their song with
 sleepless acclaim: "Proserpine, queen of our
 realm, and thou, Pluto, at once the brother and
 the son-in-law of Jove, the Thunderer, be it
 yours to know the alliance of conjoined sleep;
 pledge mutual troth as ye hold each other in
 intertwining arms. Happy offspring shall be
 yours; joyous Nature awaits gods yet to be
 born. Give the world a new divinity and Ceres
 the grandchildren she longs for."

BOOK III

(XXXVI.)

Meanwhile Jove bids cloud-girt Iris go gather
 the gods from the whole universe. She,
 outstripping the breezes in her rainbow flight,
 calls to the sea-deities, chides the Nymphs for
 their delay, and summons forth the river-gods
 from their moist

ancipites trepidique ruunt, quae causa
 quietos
 excierit, tanto quae res agitanda tumultu.
 ut patuit stellata domus, considerare iussi,
 nec confusus honor: caelestibus ordine
 sedes
 10 prima datur; tractum proceres tenere
 secundum
 aequorei, placidus Nereus reverendaque
 Phorci
 canities; Glaucum series extrema biformem
 accipit et certo mansurum Protea vultu.
 nec non et senibus Fluviis concessa sedendi
 15 gloria; plebeio stat cetera more iuventus,
 mille Amnes. liquidis incumbunt patribus
 udae
 Naides et taciti mirantur sidera Fauni.
 Tum gravis ex alto genitor sic orsus
 Olympo:
 "abduxere meas iterum mortalia curas
 iam pridem neglecta mihi, Saturnia
 20 postquam
 otia et ignavi senium cognovimus aevi;
 sopitosque diu populos torpore paterno
 sollicitae placuit stimulis impellere vitae,
 incultis ne sponte seges grandesceret arvis,
 25 undaret neu silva favis, neu vina tumerent
 fontibus et totae fremerent in pocula ripae
 (haud equidem invideo—neque enim
 livescere fas est
 vel nocuisse deos—sed, quod dissuasor
 honesti
 lux et humanas oblimat copia mentes),
 provocet ut segnes animos rerumque
 30 remotas
 ingeniosa vias paulatim exploret egestas
 utque artes pariat sollertia, nutriat usus.
 "Nunc mihi cum magnis instat Natura
 querellis

caverns. Out they haste in doubt and fear what
 this disturbance of their peace may signify or
 what has caused so great an upheaval. The
 starry heaven is thrown open and the gods are
 bidden take their seats as merit, not chance,
 dictates. The first places are accorded to the
 heavenly powers, next come the ocean-deities,
 calm Nereus and grey-haired Phorcus, last
 twiform Glaucus and Proteus, for once of
 unvarying shape. The aged river-gods, too, are
 privileged to take their seats; the other rivers,
 a thousand strong, stand as stands the youth of
 an earthly assembly. Dripping water-nymphs
 lean on their moist sires and Fauns in silence
 marvel at the stars.

Then the grave Father from his seat on high
 Olympus thus began: "Once more the affairs of
 men have won care from me, affairs long
 neglected since I looked upon the repose of
 Saturn's reign and knew the torpor of that
 stagnant age, when I had fain urged the race of
 man, long sunk in lethargy by reason of my
 sire's sluggish rule, with the goads of anxious
 life, whereby their crops should no more grow
 to maturity of their own accord in the untilled
 fields nor yet the forest trees drip with honey
 nor wine flow from springs nor every stream
 course sounding into cups. 'Twas not that I
 grudged their blessings—gods may not envy
 nor hurt—but because luxury is a foe to a godly
 life, and plenty dulls the mind of men; therefore
 I bade necessity, invention's mother, provoke
 their sluggish spirits and little by little search
 out the hidden tracks of things; bade industry
 give birth to civilization and practice nourish it.

"Nature now with ceaseless complaint bids me

humanum relevare genus, durumque
 tyrannum
 initemque vocat regnataque saecula patri
 35 commemorat parcumque Iovem se divite
 clamat,
 qui campos horrere situ dumisque repleri
 rura velim, nullis exornem fructibus annum.
 se iam, quae genetrix mortalibus ante
 fuisset,
 40 in dirae subito mores transisse novercae;
 'quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit
 altum
 erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant
 avia, si frangunt communia pabula glandes?
 haecine vita iuvat silvestribus abdita^[127]
 lustris,
 45 indiscreta feris?' tales cum saepe parentis
 pertulerim questus, tandem clementior orbi
 Chaonio statui gentes avertere victu:
 atque adeo Cererem, quae nunc ignara
 malorum
 verberat Idaeos torva cum matre leones,
 50 per mare, per terras avido discurrere luctu
 decretum, natae donec laetata repertae
 indicio tribuat fruges, currusque feratur
 nubibus ignotas populis sparsurus aristas
 et iuga caerulei subeant Actaea dracones.
 quodsi quis Cereri raptorem prodere divum
 55 audeat, imperii molem pacemque
 profundam
 obtestor rerum, natus licet ille sororve
 vel coniunx fuerit natarumve agminis una,
 se licet illa meo conceptam vertice iactet:
 60 sentiet iratum procul aegide, sentiet ictum
 fulminis et genitum divina sorte pigebit
 optabitque mori: tunc vulnerere saucius ipsi

[127] *abdita* *ç*; *Birt* reads *addita*, following
the other MSS.

succour the race of man, calls me cruel and
 implacable tyrant, calls to mind the centuries of
 my sire's empery and dubs me miser of her
 riches, for that I would have the world a
 wilderness and the land covered with scrub and
 would beautify the year with no fruits. She
 complained that she, who was erstwhile the
 mother of all living things, had suddenly taken
 upon her the hated guise of a stepmother. 'Of
 what avail that man derived his intelligence
 from above, that he has held up his head to
 heaven, if he wander like the beasts through
 trackless places, if with them he crushes acorns
 for food? Can such a life as this bring him
 happiness, hid in the forest glades,
 indistinguishable from the life of animals?'
 Since I bore so often such complaints from the
 lips of mother Nature, at length I took pity on
 the world and decided to make man to cease
 from his oak-tree food; wherefore I have
 decreed that Ceres, who now, ignorant of her
 loss, lashes the lions of Mount Ida,
 accompanying her dread mother, should
 wander over sea and land in anxious grief,
 until, in her joy at finding the traces of her lost
 daughter, she grant man the gift of corn and
 her chariot is borne aloft through the clouds to
 scatter among the people ears before unknown
 and the steel-blue serpents submit them to the
 Attic yoke.^[128] But if any of the gods dare
 inform Ceres who is the ravisher, I swear by
 the immensity of mine empire, by the firm-
 established peace of the world, be he son or
 sister, spouse or daughter, vaunt he his birth as
 from mine own head, he shall feel afar the
 wrath of mine arms, the thunderbolt's blow,
 and be sorry he was born a god and pray for
 death. Then, sore wounded, he shall be handed

[128] Attic, because Ceres in her
 wanderings came to Eleusis where she
 instructed Triptolemus, son of Celeus, King
 of Eleusis, in the art of agriculture.

tradetur genero, passurus prodita regna,
et sciet an propriae conspirant Tartara
causae.

65 hoc sanctum; mansura fluant hoc ordine
fata."

dixit et horrendo concussit sidera motu.

At procul armisoni Cererem sub rupibus
antri

securam placidamque diu iam certa peracti
terrebant simulacra mali, noctesque
timorem

70 ingeminant omnique perit Proserpina
somno.

namque modo adversis invadi viscera telis,
nunc sibi mutatas horret nigrescere vestes,
nunc steriles mediis frondere penatibus
ornos.

stabat praeterea luco dilectior omni
laurus, virgineos quondam quae fronde
pudica

75 umbrabat thalamos: hanc imo stipite
caesam

vidit et incompertos foedari pulvere ramos
quaesivitque nefas. Dryades dixere
gementes

Tartarea Furias debellavisse bipenni.

80 Sed tunc ipsa sui iam non ambagibus ullis
nuntia materno facies ingesta sopori:
namque videbatur tenebroso obtecta
recessu

carceris et saevis Proserpina vincta catenis,
non qualem Siculis olim mandaverat arvis
nec qualem roseis nuper convallibus Aetnae

85 suspexere deae: squalibat pulchrior auro
caesaries et nox oculorum infecerat ignes
exhaustusque gelu pallet rubor, ille superbi
flammeus oris honos, et non cessura pruinis

90 membra colorantur picei caligine regni.

over to my son-in-law, Pluto himself, for punishment in those regions he had fain betray. There he shall learn whether Hell is true to her own monarch's cause. Such is my will; thus let the unchangeable fates fulfil my decree." He spake and shook the stars with his dread nod.

But, far from Sicily, no uncertain suspicions of the loss she had suffered alarmed Ceres, where long she had dwelt peaceful and secure beneath the rocky roof of the cave resounding with arms. Dreams doubled her dread and a vision of Proserpine lost troubled her every sleep. Now she dreams that an enemy's spear is piercing her body, now (oh horror!) that her raiment is changed and is become black, now that the infecund ash is budding in the midst of her house. Moreover, there stood a laurel, loved above all the grove, that used with maiden leaf to o'ershadow the virgin bower of Proserpine. This she saw hewn down to the roots, its straggling branches fouled with dust, and when she asked the cause of this disaster weeping dryads told her that the Furies had destroyed it with an axe of Hell.

Next her very image appeared in the mother's dreams, announcing her fate in no uncertain manner. She saw Proserpine shut in the dark confines of a prison-house and bound with cruel chains. Yet not so had she entrusted her to the fields of Sicily, not so had the wondering goddesses beheld her in Etna's flowery meadows. Foul was now that hair, more beauteous erstwhile than gold; night had dimmed the fire of her eyes and frost banished the roses from her pale cheeks. The gracious flush of her skin and those limbs whose whiteness matched the hoar-frost are alike turned to hell-tinctured

ergo hanc ut dubio vix tandem agnoscere
 visu
 evaluit: "cuius tot poenae criminis?" inquit
 "unde haec informis macies? cui tanta
 potestas
 95 in me saevitiae? rigidi cur vincula ferri
 vix aptanda feris molles meruere lacerti?
 tu mea, tu proles? an vana fallimur umbra?"
 Illa refert: "heu dira parens nataeque
 peremptae
 immemor! heu fulvas animo transgressa
 leaenas!
 100 tantane te nostri tenuere oblivia? tantum
 unica despicior? certe Proserpina nomen
 dulce tibi, tali quae nunc, ut cernis, hiatu
 suppliciiis inclusa terror! tu saeva choreis
 indulges? Phrygias vel nunc interstrepis
 urbes?
 quodsi non omnem pepulisti pectore
 matrem,
 105 si tua nata, Ceres, et non me Caspia tigris
 edidit, his, oro, miseram defende cavernis
 inque superna refer, prohibent si fata
 reverti,
 vel tantum visura veni."
 Sic fata trementes
 tendere conatur palmas. vis improba ferri
 110 impedit et motae somnum solvere catena.
 obrigit visis; gaudet non vera fuisse;
 complexu caruisse dolet. penetralibus
 amens
 prosilit et tali compellat voce Cybeben:
 "Iam non ulterius Phrygia tellure
 morabor,
 sancta parens: revocat tandem custodia
 115 cari
 pignoris et cunctis obiecti fraudibus anni.

grain. When, therefore, she was at last able to recognize her daughter, albeit with doubtful gaze, she cried: "What crime hath merited these many punishments? Whence comes this dreadful wasting away? Who hath power to wreak such cruelty upon me? How have thy soft arms deserved fetters of stubborn iron, scarce fitted for beasts? Art thou my daughter or does a vain shadow deceive me?"

Thus she answered: "Cruel mother, forgetful of thy daughter's fate, more hard of heart than the tawny lioness! Could'st thou be so heedless of me? Didst thou hold me cheap for that I am thy sole daughter? Dear indeed to thee must be the name of Proserpine who now, shut in this vast cavern, as thou seest, am plagued with torment! Hast thou heart to dance, cruel mother? Canst thou revel through the cities of Phrygia? If thou hast not banished the mother from thy breast, if thou, Ceres, art really my mother and 'twas no Hyrcanian tiger gave me birth, save me, I pray thee, from this prison and restore me to the upper world. If the fates forbid my return come thou down at least and visit me."

So spake she and strove to hold out her trembling hands. The iron's ruthless strength forbade it, and the clangour of the chains awoke her sleeping mother. Ceres lay stiff with terror at the vision, rejoices that it was not true, but grieves that she cannot embrace her daughter. Maddened with fear she rushes out of the cavern and thus addresses Cybele: "No longer now will I tarry in the land of Phrygia, holy mother; the duty of protecting my dear daughter calls me back after so long an absence, for she is of an age that is exposed to many dangers. I put not

nec mihi Cyclopum quamvis extracta
 caminis
 culmina fida satis. timeo ne fama latebras
 prodiderit leuiusque meum Trinacria celet
 120 depositum. terret nimium vulgata locorum
 nobilitas. aliis sedes obscurior oris
 exquirenda mihi; gemitu flammisque
 propinquis
 Enceladi nequeunt umbracula nostra taceri.
 somnia quin etiam variis infausta figuris
 saepe monent, nullusque dies non triste
 125 minatur
 augurium. quotiens flaventia sarta
 comarum
 sponte cadunt! quotiens exundat ab ubere
 sanguis!
 larga vel invito prorumpunt flumina vultu
 iniussaeque manus mirantia pectora
 tundunt.
 130 si buxus inflare velim, ferale gemiscunt;
 tympana si quatiā, planctus mihi tympana
 reddunt.
 ah vereor, ne quid portendant omina veri!
 hae longae nocuere morae!”
 “Procul inrita venti
 dicta ferant” subicit Cybele; “nec tanta
 Tonanti
 segnities, ut non pro pignore fulmina
 135 mittat.
 i tamen et nullo turbata revertere casu.”
 Haec ubi, digreditur templis. sed nulla
 ruenti
 mobilitas: tardos queritur non ire dracones
 inmeritasque movens alterno verbere
 pennas
 Sicaniā quaerit, cum necdum absconderit
 140 Idam.
 cuncta pavet speratque nihil. sic aestuat
 ales,
 quae teneros humili fetus commiserit orno
 adlatura cibos, et plurima cogitat absens:
 ne gracilem ventus decusserit arbore
 nidum,
 ne furtum pateant homini, ne praeda
 145 colubris.

complete trust in my palace, though built with
 iron from the Cyclops' furnace. I fear lest
 rumour disclose her hiding-place and Sicily too
 lightly guard my trust. The fame of that place
 too widely bruited abroad alarms me; needs
 must I find elsewhere some obscurer abode.
 Our retreat must be on all men's tongues by
 reason of the groanings of Enceladus and the
 neighbour flames. Ill-omened dreams, too, with
 diverse visions often give me pause, and no day
 passes but brings some inauspicious hap. How
 often has my crown of golden ears fallen of
 itself! How often blood flowed from my breast!
 In mine own despite streams of tears course
 down my cheeks and unbidden my hands beat
 my astonished breast. Would I blow up the
 flute, funereal is the note; do I shake the
 cymbals, the cymbals echo a sound of
 mourning. Alas! I fear there is some trouble in
 these portents. This long sojourn, has wrought
 me woe.”

“May the wind carry far away thy vain words,”
 replies Cybele; “not such the Thunderer's want
 of care that he would not hurl his bolt in his
 daughter's defence. Yet go and return,
 dismayed by no evil hap.”

This said, Ceres left the temple; but no speed is
 enough for her haste; she complains that her
 sluggish dragons scarce move, and, lashing the
 wings now of this one and now of that (though
 little they deserved it), she hopes to reach
 Sicily e'er yet out of sight of Ida. She fears
 everything and hopes nothing, anxious as the
 bird that has entrusted its unfledged brood to a
 low-growing ash and while absent gathering
 food has many fears lest perchance the wind
 has blown the fragile nest from the tree, lest
 her young ones be exposed to the theft of man
 or the greed of snakes.

Ut domus excubiis incustodita remotis
 et resupinati neglecto cardine postes
 flebilis et tacitae species adparuit aulae,
 non expectato respectu cladis amictus
 conscidit et fractas cum crine avellit
 150 aristas.
 haeserunt lacrimae; nec vox aut spiritus
 oris
 redditur, atque imis vibrat tremor ossa
 medullis;
 succidui titubant gressus; foribusque
 reclusis,
 dum vacuas sedes et desolata pererrat
 155 atria, semirutas confuso stamine telas
 atque interceptas agnoscit pectinis artes.
 divinus perit ille labor, spatiumque relictum
 audax sacrilego supplebat aranea textu.
 Nec deflet plangitve malum; tantum
 oscula telae
 160 figit et abrumpit mutas in fila querellas;
 attritosque manu radios proiectaque pensa
 cunctaque virgineo sparsa oblectamina
 ludo
 ceu natam pressat gremio; castumque
 cubile
 desertosque toros et, sicubi sederat olim,
 165 perlegit: attonitus stabulo ceu pastor inani,
 cui pecus aut rabies Poenorum inopina
 leonum
 aut populatrices infestavere catervae;
 serus at ille redit vastataque pascua
 lustrans
 non responsuros ciet imploratque iuencos.
 Atque ibi secreta tectorum in parte
 170 iacentem
 conspicit Electram, natae quae sedula
 nutrix
 Oceani priscas inter notissima Nymphas.
 par Cereri pietas; haec post cunabula dulci
 ferre sinu summoque Iovi deducere parvam
 175 sueverat et genibus ludentem aptare
 paternis.

When she saw the gate-keepers fled, the house
 unguarded, the rusted hinges, the overthrown
 doorposts, and the miserable state of the silent
 halls, pausing not to look again at the disaster,
 she rent her garment and tore away the
 shattered corn-ears along with her hair. She
 could not weep nor speak nor breathe and a
 trembling shook the very marrow of her bones;
 her faltering steps tottered. She flung open the
 doors and wandering through the empty rooms
 and deserted halls, recognized the half-ruined
 warp with its disordered threads and the work
 of the loom broken off. The goddess' labours
 had come to naught, and what remained to be
 done, that the bold spider was finishing with
 her sacrilegious web.

She weeps not nor bewails the ill; only kisses
 the loom and stifles her dumb complaints amid
 the threads, clasping to her bosom, as though it
 had been her child, the spindles her child's
 hand had touched, the wool she had cast aside,
 and all the toys scattered in maiden sport. She
 scans the virgin bed, the deserted couch, and
 the chair where Proserpine had sat: even as a
 herd, whose drove the unexpected fury of an
 African lion or bands of marauding beasts have
 attacked, gazes in amaze at the vacant stall,
 and, too late returned, wanders through the
 emptied pastures, sadly calling to the
 unreplying steers.

And there, in the innermost parts of the house,
 she saw lying Electra, loving nurse of
 Proserpine, best known among the old Nymphs
 of Ocean; she who loved Proserpine as did
 Ceres. 'Twas she who, when Proserpine had left
 her cradle, would bear her in her loving bosom
 and bring the little girl to mighty Jove and set
 her to play on her father's

haec comes, haec custos, haec proxima
 mater haberi.
 tunc laceras effusa comas et pulvere cano
 sordida sidereae raptus lugebat alumnae.
 Hanc adgressa Ceres, postquam suspiria
 tandem
 180 laxavit frenosque dolor: "quod cernimus"
 inquit
 "excidium? cui praeda feror? regnatne
 maritus
 an caelum Titanes habent? quae talia vivo
 ausa Tonante manus? rupitne Typhoia
 cervix
 Inarimen? fractane iugi compage Vesevi
 Alcyoneus Tyrrhena pedes per stagna
 185 cucurrit?
 an vicina mihi quassatis faucibus Aetna
 protulit Enceladum? nostros an forte
 penates
 adpetiit centum Briareia turba lacertis?
 heu, ubi nunc es, nata, mihi? quo, mille
 ministrae,
 quo, Cyane? volucres quae vis Sirenas
 190 abegit?
 haecine vestra fides? sic fas aliena tueri
 pignora?"
 Contremuit nutrix, maerorque
 pudori
 cedit, et adspectus miserae non ferre
 parentis
 emptum morte velit longumque inmota
 moratur
 auctorem dubium certumque expromere
 195 funus.
 vix tamen haec:
 "Acies utinam vesana Gigantum
 hanc dederit cladem! levius communia
 tangunt.
 sed divae, multoque minus quod rere,
 sorores
 in nostras (nimium!) coniuravere ruinas.
 200 insidias superum, cognatae vulnera cernis
 invidiae. Phlegra nobis infensior aether.
 "Florebat tranquilla domus; nec limina
 virgo

knee. She was her companion, her guardian,
 and could be deemed her second mother.
 There, with torn and dishevelled hair, all foul
 with grey dust, she was lamenting the rape of
 her divine foster-child.

Ceres approached her, and when at length her
 grief allowed her sighs free rein: "What ruin is
 here?" she said. "Of what enemy am I become
 the victim? Does my husband yet rule or do the
 Titans hold heaven? What hand hath dared this,
 if the Thunderer be still alive? Have Typhon's
 shoulders forced up Inarime or does Alcyoneus
 course on foot through the Etruscan Sea,
 having burst the bonds of imprisoning
 Vesuvius? Or has the neighbouring mountain of
 Etna oped her jaws and expelled Enceladus?
 Perchance Briareus with his hundred arms has
 attacked my house? Ah, my daughter, where
 art thou now? Whither are fled my thousand
 servants, whither Cyane? What violence has
 driven away the winged Sirens? Is this your
 faith? Is this the way to guard another's
 treasure?"

The nurse trembled and her sorrow gave place
 to shame; fain would she have died could she
 so escape the gaze of that unhappy mother, and
 long stayed she motionless, hesitating to
 disclose the suspected criminal and the all too
 certain death. Scarce could she thus speak:
 "Would that the raging band of Giants had
 wrought this ruin! Easier to bear is a common
 lot. 'Tis the goddesses, and, though thou wilt
 scarce credit it, her own sisters, who have
 conspired to our undoing. Thou seest the
 devices of gods and wounds inflicted by sisters'
 jealousy. Heaven is a more cruel enemy than
 Hell.

"All quiet was the house, the maiden dared not

205 linquere nec virides audebat visere saltus
 praeceptis obstricta tuis. telae labor illi;
 Sirenes requies. sermonum gratia mecum,
 mecum somnus erat cautique per atria ludi:
 cum subito (dubium quonam monstrante
 latebras
 rescierit) Cytherea venit suspectaque nobis
 ne foret, hinc Phoeben comites, hinc
 Pallada iunxit.
 210 protinus effuso laetam se fingere risu
 nec semel amplecti nomenque iterare
 sororis
 et dura de matre queri, quae tale recessu
 maluerit damnare decus vetitamque
 dearum
 colloquio patriis procul amandaverit astris.
 215 nostra rudis gaudere malis et nectare largo
 instaurare dapes. nunc arma habitumque
 Dianae
 induitur digitisque attemptat mollibus
 arcum,
 nunc crinita iubis galeam, laudante
 Minerva,
 implet et ingentem clipeum gestare laborat.
 "Prima Venus campos Aetnaeaeque rura
 220 maligno
 ingerit adflatu. vicinos callida flores
 ingeminat meritumque loci velut inscia
 quaerit
 nec credit, quod bruma rosas innoxia
 servet,
 quod gelidi rubeant alieno genuine menses
 225 verna nec iratum timeant virgulta Booten.
 dum loca miratur, studio dum flagrat eundi,
 persuadet; teneris heu lubrica moribus
 aetas!
 quos ego nequidquam planctus, quas inrita
 fudi

o'erstep the threshold nor visit the grassy
 pastures, close bound by thy commands. The
 loom gave her work, the Sirens with their song
 relaxation—with me she held pleasant
 converse, with me she slept; safe delights were
 hers within the halls. Then suddenly Cytherea
 came (who showed her the way to our hid
 abode I know not), and, that she might not
 rouse our suspicions, she brought with her
 Diana and Minerva, attending her on either
 side. Straightway with beaming smiles she put
 on a pretence of joy, kissed Proserpine many a
 time, and repeated the name of sister,
 complaining of that hard-hearted mother who
 chose to condemn such beauty to imprisonment
 and complaining that by forbidding her
 intercourse with the goddesses she had
 removed her far from her father's heaven. My
 unwitting charge rejoiced in these evil words
 and bade a feast be spread with plentiful
 nectar. Now she dons Diana's arms and dress
 and tries her bow with her soft fingers. Now
 crowned with horse-hair plumes she puts on
 the helmet, Minerva commending her, and
 strives to carry her huge shield.

"Venus was the first with guileful suggestion to
 mention fields and the vale of Henna. Cunningly
 she harps upon the nearness of the flowery mead,
 and as though she knew it not, asks what merits
 the place boasts, pretending not to believe that
 a harmless winter allows the roses to bloom,
 that the cold months are bright with flowers
 not rightly theirs, and that the spring thickets
 fear not there Boötes' wrath. So with her
 wonderment, her passion to see the spot,
 she persuades Proserpine. Alas! how easily
 does youth err with its weak ways! What tears
 did I not shed to no purpose, what vain

ore preces! ruit illa tamen confisa sororum
 praesidio; famulae longo post ordine
 230 Nymphae.
 "Itur in aeterno vestitos gramine colles
 et prima sub luce legunt, cum rore serenus
 albet ager sparsosque bibunt violaria sucos.
 sed postquam medio sol altior institit axi,
 ecce polum nox foeda rapit tremefactaque
 235 nutat
 insula cornipedum pulsu strepituque
 rotarum.
 nosse nec aurigam licuit: seu mortifer ille
 seu Mors ipsa fuit. livor permanat in
 herbas;
 deficiunt rivi; squalent rubigine prata
 240 et nihil adflatum vivit: pallere ligustra,
 expirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi.
 ut rauco reduces tractu detorsit habenas,
 nox sua prosequitur currum, lux redditur
 orbi.
 Persephone nusquam. voto rediere peracto
 245 nec mansere deae. mediis invenimus arvis
 exanimem Cyanen: cervix redimita iacebat
 et caligantes marcebant fronte coronae.
 adgredimur subito et casus scitamur eriles
 (nam propior cladi steterat): quis vultus
 equorum?
 250 quis regat? illa nihil, tacito sed laesa
 veneno
 solvitur in laticem: subrepat crinibus umor;
 liquitur in roremque pedes et brachia
 manant
 nostraque mox lambit vestigia perspicuus
 fons.
 discedunt aliae. rapidis Acheloides alis
 255 sublatae Siculi latus obsedere Pelori

entreaties did my lips not utter! Away she flew,
 trusting to the sisters' protection; the scattered
 company of attendant nymphs followed after
 her.

"They went to the hills clothed with undying
 grass and gather flowers 'neath the twilight of
 dawn, when the quiet meads are white with
 dew and violets drink the scattered moisture.
 But when the sun had mounted to higher air at
 noon, behold! murky night hid the sky and the
 island trembled and shook beneath the beat of
 horses' hoofs and the rumble of wheels. Who
 the charioteer was none might tell—whether he
 was the harbinger of death or it was Death
 himself. Gloom spread through the meadows,
 the rivers stayed their courses, the fields were
 blighted, nor did aught live, once touched with
 those horses' breath. I saw the bryony pale, the
 roses fade, the lilies wither. When in his
 roaring course the driver turned back his
 steeds the night it brought accompanied the
 chariot and light was restored to the world.
 Proserpine was nowhere to be seen. Their vows
 fulfilled, the goddesses had returned and
 tarried not. We found Cyane half dead amid the
 fields; there she lay, a garland round her neck
 and the blackened wreaths faded upon her
 forehead. At once we approached her and
 inquired after her mistress's fortune, for she
 had been a witness of the disaster. What, we
 asked, was the aspect of the horses; who their
 driver? Naught said she, but corrupted with
 some hidden venom, dissolved into water.
 Water crept amid her hair; legs and arms
 melted and flowed away, and soon a clear
 stream washed our feet. The rest are gone; the
 Sirens, Achelous' daughters, rising on rapid
 wing, have occupied the coast of Sicilian
 Pelorus, and in wrath

accensaeque malo iam non impune canoras
in pestem vertere lyras: vox blanda carinas
adligat; audito frenantur carmine remi.
sola domi luctu senium tractura relinquitur."

- 260 Haeret adhuc suspensa Ceres et singula
demens
ceum nondum transacta timet; mox lumina
torquens
vultu ad caelicolas furioso pectore fertur.
arduus Hyrcana quatitur sic matre
Niphates,
cuius Achaemenio regi ludibria natos
advexit tremebundus eques: fremit illa
265 marito
mobilior Zephyro totamque virentibus iram
dispergit maculis timidumque hausura
profundo
ore virum vitreae tardatur imagine formae.
Haud aliter toto genetrix Bacchatur
Olympo
"reddite" vociferans. "non me vagus edidit
270 amnis;
non Dryadum de plebe sumus. turrata
Cybele
me quoque Saturno genuit. quo iura
deorum,
quo leges cecidere poli? quid vivere recte
proderit? en audet noti Cytherea pudoris
275 ostentare suos post Lemnia vincula vultus!
hos animos bonus ille sopor castumque
cubile
praebuit! amplexus hoc promeruerunt pudici!
nec mirum, si turpe nihil post talia ducit.
quid vos expertes thalami? tantumne
relictus

at this crime now turned their lyres to man's
destruction, tuneful now for ill. Their sweet
voices stay ships, but once that song is heard
the oars can move no more. I alone am left in
the house to drag out an old age of mourning."

Ceres is still a prey to anxiety; half distraught
she fears everything as though all were not yet
accomplished. Anon she turns her head and
eyes to heaven and with raging breast inveighs
against its denizens; even as lofty Niphates
shakes to the roaring of the Hyrcan tigress
whose cubs the terrified horseman has carried
off to be the playthings of Persia's king.
Speedier than the west wind that is her
paramour^[129] rushes the tigress, anger blazing
from her stripes, but just as she is about to
engulf the terrified hunter in her capacious
maw, she is checked by the mirrored image of
her own form^[130]: so the mother of Proserpine
rages over all Olympus crying: "Give her back;
no wandering stream gave me birth; I spring
not from the Dryad rabble. Towered Cybele
bare me also to Saturn. Where are the
ordinances of the gods, where the laws of
heaven? What boots it to live a good life? See,
Cytherea dares show her face (modest
goddess!) even after her Lemnian^[131] bondage!
'Tis that chaste sleep and a loverless couch
have given her this courage! This is, I suppose,
the reward of those maidenly embraces! Small
wonder that after such infamy she account
nothing disgraceful. Ye goddesses that have
known not marriage, is it thus that ye neglect
the honour due to virginity?

[129] *marito Zephyro* (ll. 265, 266) refers to the theory of impregnation by wind commonly accepted by the ancients (see Arist. *H.A.* vi. 19; Verg. *Georg.* iii. 275, etc.).

[130] It was supposed that the robbed tigress on being confronted with a convex mirror supposed the reduced image to be her cub and contentedly retired with the mirror in her mouth. Another story makes the tigress vent her anger on an ordinary (not convex) mirror.

[131] A reference to the binding by Hephaestus (to whom Lemnos was sacred) of Ares and Aphrodite whom he had surprised in adulterous intercourse. The story is told in Homer (© 266 *et sqq.*). Statius (*Silv.* i. 2. 60) uses this very phrase "Lemnia vincula."

280 virginitatis honos? tantum mutata voluntas?
 iam Veneri iunctae, sociis raptoribus, itis?
 o templis Scythiae atque hominem
 sientibus aris
 utraque digna coli! tanti quae causa
 furoris?
 quam mea vel tenui dicto Proserpina laesit?
 285 scilicet aut caris pepulit te, Delia, silvis
 aut tibi commissas rapuit, Tritonia, pugnās.
 an gravis eloquio? vestros an forte petebat
 importuna choros? atqui Trinacria longe,
 290 esset ne vobis oneri, deserta colebat.
 quid latuisse iuvat? rabiem livoris acerbi
 nulla potest placare quies."
 His increpat omnes
 vocibus. ast illae (prohibet sententia patris)
 aut reticent aut nosse negant responsaque
 matri
 dant lacrimas. quid agat? rursus se victa
 remittit
 inque humiles devecta preces:
 295 "Ignoscite, si quid
 intumuit pietas, si quid flagrantius actum
 quam miseros decuit. supplex
 miserandaque vestris
 advolvor genibus: liceat cognoscere sortem:
 hoc tantum liceat—certos habuisse dolores.
 scire peto, quae forma mali; quamcumque
 300 dedistis
 fortunam, sit nota: feram fatumque putabo,
 non scelus. adspectum, precor, indulgete
 parenti;
 non repetam. quaesita manu securus
 habeto
 quisquis es; adfirmo praedam; desiste
 vereri.
 305 quodsi nos aliquo praevenit foedere raptor,
 tu certe, Latona, refer; confessa Diana
 forte tibi. nosti quid sit Lucina, quis horror

Have ye so changed your counsel? Do ye now
 go allied with Venus and her accomplice
 ravishers? Worthy each of you to be
 worshipped in Scythian temples and at altars
 that lust after human blood. What hath caused
 such great anger? Which of you has my
 Proserpine wronged even in her slightest word?
 Doubtless she drove thee, Delian goddess, from
 thy loved woods, or deprived thee, Triton-born,
 of some battle thou hadst joined. Did she
 plague you with talk? Break rudely upon your
 dances? Nay, that she might be no burden to
 you, she dwelt far away in the solitudes of
 Sicily. What good hath her retirement done
 her? No peace can still the madness of bitter
 jealousy."

Thus she upbraids them all. But they, obedient
 to the Father's word, keep silence or say they
 know nothing, and make tears their answer to
 the mother's questionings. What can she do?
 She ceases, beaten, and in turn descends to
 humble entreaty. "If a mother's love swelled
 too high or if I have done aught more boldly
 than befitted misery, oh forgive! A suppliant
 and wretched I fling me at your feet; grant me
 to learn my doom; grant me at least this much
 —sure knowledge of my woes. Fain would I
 know the manner of this ill; whatsoever fortune
 ye have visited upon me that will I bear and
 account it fate, not injustice. Grant a parent the
 sight of her child; I ask her not back.
 Whosoever thou art, possess in peace what
 thine hand has taken. The prey is thine, fear
 not. But if the ravisher has thwarted me,
 binding you by some oath, yet do thou, at least,
 Latona, tell me his name; to thee mayhap Diana
 hath confessed her knowledge. Thou hast
 known childbirth, the anxiety

pro genitis et quantus amor, partusque
 tulisti
 tu geminos: haec una mihi. sic crine fruaris
 310 semper Apollineo, sic me felicior aevum
 mater agas."
 Largis tunc imbribus ora
 madescunt.
 "quid? tantum dignum fleri dignumque
 taceri?
 hei mihi, discedunt omnes. quid vana
 moraris
 ulterius? non bella palam caelestia sentis?
 quin potius natam pelago terrisque
 315 requiris?
 accingar lustrare diem, per devia rerum
 indefessa ferar. nulla cessabitur hora,
 non requies, non somnus erit, dum pignus
 ademptum
 inveniam, gremio quamvis mergatur
 Hiberæ
 320 Tethyos et Rubro iaceat vallata profundo.
 non Rheni glacies, non me Riphæa
 tenebunt
 frigora; non dubio Syrtis cunctabitur aestu.
 stat finem penetrare Noti Boreaeque
 nivalem
 vestigare domum; primo calcabitur Atlas
 325 occasu facibusque meis lucebit Hydaspes.
 impius errantem videat per rura, per urbes
 Iuppiter; extincta satietur paelice Iuno.
 insultate mihi, caelo regnate superbi,
 ducite praeclarum Cereris de stirpe
 triumphum!"
 Haec fatur notaeque iugis inlabitur
 330 Aetnae
 noctivago taedas informatura labori.
 Lucus erat prope flumen Acin, quod
 candida praefert
 saepe mari pulchroque secat Galatea
 natatu,
 densus et innexis Aetnaea cacumina ramis
 qua licet usque tegens. illic posuisse
 335 cruentam

and love for children; to offspring twain hast
 thou given birth; this was mine only child. So
 mayest thou ever enjoy Apollo's locks, so
 mayest thou live a happier mother than I."

Plenteous tears then bedewed her cheeks. She
 continued: "Why these tears? why this silence?
 Woe is me; all desert me. Why tarriest thou yet
 to no purpose? Seest thou not 'tis open war
 with heaven? were it not better to seek again
 thy daughter by sea and land? I will gird myself
 and scour the world, unwearied I will penetrate
 its every corner, nor ever stay my search, nor
 rest nor sleep till I find my reft treasure,
 though she lie whelmed in the Spanish Ocean
 bed or hedged around in the depths of the Red
 Sea. Neither ice-bound Rhine nor Alpine frosts
 shall stay me; the treacherous tides of Syrtes
 shall not give me pause. My purpose holds to
 penetrate the fastnesses of the North and to
 tread the snowy home of Boreas. I will climb
 Atlas on the brink of the sunset and illumine
 Hydaspes' stream with my torches. Let wicked
 Jove behold me wandering through towns and
 country, and Juno's jealousy be sated with her
 rival's ruin. Have your sport with me, triumph
 in heaven, proud gods, celebrate your
 illustrious victory o'er Ceres' conquered
 daughter."

So spake she and glides down upon Etna's
 familiar slopes, there to fashion torches to aid
 her night-wandering labours.

There was a wood, hard by the stream of Acis,
 which fair Galatea oft chooses in preference to
 Ocean and cleaves in swimming with her snowy
 breast—a wood dense with foliage that closed
 in Etna's summit on all sides with interwoven
 branches. "Tis there that Jove is said to have
 laid down his

aegida captivamque pater post proelia
 praedam
 advexisse datur. Phlegraeis silva superbit
 exuviis totumque nemus victoria vestit.
 hic patuli rictus et prodigiosa Gigantum
 tergora dependent, et adhuc crudele
 340 minantur
 adfixae truncis facies, inmaniaque ossa
 serpentum passim cumulis exanguibus
 albert,
 et rigidae multo suspirant fulmine pelles;
 nullaque non magni iactat se nominis
 arbor:
 haec centumgemini strictos Aegaeonis
 345 enses
 curvata vix fronde levat; liventibus illa
 exultat Coei spoliis; haec arma Mimantis
 sustinet; hos onerat ramos exutus Ophion.
 altior at cunctis abies umbrosa que late
 350 ipsius Enceladi fumantia gestat opima,
 summi terrigenum regis, caderetque
 gravata
 pondere, ni lassam fulciret proxima
 quercus.
 inde timor numenque loco, nemorisque
 senectae
 parcutur, aetherisque nefas nocuisse
 tropaeis.
 pascere nullus oves nec robora laedere
 355 Cyclops
 audet et ipse fugit sacra Polyphemus ab
 umbra.
 Non tamen hoc tardata Ceres. accenditur
 ultro
 relligione loci vibratque infesta securim
 ipsum etiam feritura Iovem: succidere
 pinus
 aut magis enodes dubitat prosternere
 360 cedros
 exploratque habiles truncos rectique
 tenorem
 stipitis et certo pertemptat brachia nisu.
 sic, qui vecturus longinqua per aequora
 merces
 molitur tellure ratem vitamque procellis
 365 obiectare parat, fagos metitur et alnos

bloody shield and set his captured spoil after
 the battle. The grove glories in trophies from
 the plain of Phlegra and signs of victory clothe
 its every tree. Here hang the gaping jaws and
 monstrous skins of the Giants; affixed to trees
 their faces still threaten horribly, and heaped
 up on all sides bleach the huge bones of
 slaughtered serpents. Their stiffening sloughs
 smoke with the blow of many a thunderbolt,
 and every tree boasts some illustrious name.
 This one scarce supports on its down-bended
 branches the naked swords of hundred-handed
 Aegaeon; that glories in the murky trophies of
 Coeus; this bears up the arms of Mimas;
 spoiled Ophion weighs down those branches.
 But higher than all the other trees towers a
 pine, its shady branches spread wide, and
 bears the reeking arms of Enceladus himself,
 all powerful king of the Earth-born giants; it
 would have fallen beneath the heavy burden
 did not a neighbouring oak-tree support its
 wearied weight. Therefore the spot wins awe
 and sanctity; none touches the aged grove, and
 'tis accounted a crime to violate the trophies of
 the gods. No Cyclops dares pasture there his
 flock nor hew down the trees, Polyphemus
 himself flies from the hallowed shade.

Not for that did Ceres stay her steps; the very
 sanctity of the place inflames her wrath; with
 angry hand she brandishes her axe, ready to
 strike Jove himself. She hesitates whether to
 cut down pines or lay low knotless cedars,
 scans likely trunks and lofty trees and shakes
 their branches with vigorous hand. Even so
 when a man, fain to carry merchandise over
 distant seas, builds a ship on dry land and
 makes ready to expose his life to the tempest,
 he hews down

et varium rudibus silvis accommodat usum:
 quae longa est, tumidis praebebit cornua
 velis;

quae fortis, clavo potior; quae lenta, favebit
 remigio: stagni patiens aptanda carinae.

370 Tollebant geminae capita inviolata
 cupressus
 caespite vicino: quales non rupibus Idae
 miratur Simois, quales non divite ripa
 lambit Apollinei nemoris nutritor Orontes.
 375 germanas adeo credas; sic frontibus aequis
 adstant et socio despectant vertice lucum.
 hae placuere faces. pernix invadit
 utramque
 cincta sinus, exerta manus, armata bipenni
 alternasque ferit totisque obnixa trementes
 viribus impellit. pariter traxere ruinam
 et pariter posuere comas campoque
 380 recumbunt,
 Faunorum Dryadumque dolor. complectitur
 ambas,
 sicut erant, alteque levat retroque solutis
 crinibus ascendit fastigia montis anhelis
 exuperatque aestus et nulli pervia saxa
 385 atque indignantes vestigia calcant harenas:
 qualis pestiferas animare ad crimina taxos
 torva Megaera ruit, Cadmi seu moenia
 poscat
 sive Thyesteis properet saevire Mycenis:
 dant tenebrae manesque locum plantisque
 resultant
 Tartara ferratis, donec Phlegethontis ad
 390 undam
 constitit et plenos excepit lampade fluctus.
 Postquam perventum scopuli flagrantis in
 ora,
 protinus arsuras aversa fronte cupressus
 faucibus iniecit mediis lateque cavernas
 textit et undantem flammaram obstruxit
 395 hiatum.

beech and elm and marks the diverse utility of
 the yet growing forest; the lofty tree he selects
 as yardarms for the swelling sail; the strong he
 prefers as a mast; the pliant will make good
 oars; the waterproof is suitable for the keel.

Two cypresses in the grass hard by raised their
 inviolate heads to heaven; Simois looks not on
 such in amaze amid the crags of Ida, nor does
 Orontes water their like, Orontes that feeds
 Apollo's grove and harbours rich cities on his
 banks. You would know them for sisters for
 they tower equal in height and look down upon
 the wood with twin tops. These she would have
 as torches; she attacks each with vigorous
 blows, her gown girt back, her arms bared and
 armed with the axe. First one she strikes, then
 the other, and rains blows upon their trembling
 trunks with might and main. Together they
 crash to the ground, lay their foliage in the dust
 and lie upon the plain, wept of Fauns and
 wood-nymphs. She seizes both just as they are,
 uplifts them and, with hair out-streaming
 behind her, climbs panting the slopes of the
 mountain, passes beyond the flames and
 inaccessible precipices, and treads the lava
 that brooks no mortal footstep: even as the
 grim Megaera hastens to kindle yew-trees to
 light her to crime, speeding her journey to the
 walls of Cadmus' city or meaning to work her
 devilment in Thyestean Mycenae; darkness and
 the shades give her passage, and Hell rings to
 her iron tread, till she halts beside
 Phlegethon's wave and fires her torch from its
 brimming waves.

When she had climbed to the mouth of the
 burning rock, straightway, turning aside her
 head, she thrust the kindling cypresses into its
 inmost depths, thus closing in the cavern on all
 sides and stopping up the

compresso mons igne tonat claususque
laborat

Mulciber: obducti nequeunt exire vapores.
coniferi micuere apices crevitque favillis
Aetna novis: strident admisso sulphure
rami.

400 tum, ne deficerent tantis erroribus, ignes
semper innocidos insopitosque manere
iussit et arcano perfudit robora suco,
quo Phaëthon inrorat equos, quo Luna
iuuencos.

Iamque soporiferas nocturna silentia
terris

405 explicuere vices: laniato pectore longas
incohat illa vias et sic ingressa profatur:
"Non tales gestare tibi, Proserpina,
taedas

sperabam; sed vota mihi communia matrum
et thalami festaeque faces caeloque
canendus

ante oculos hymenaeus erat. sic numina
410 fatis

volvitur et nullo Lachesis discrimine
saevit?

quam nuper sublimis eram quantisque
procorum

cingebar studiis! quae non mihi pignus ob
unum

cedebat numerosa parens! tu prima
voluptas,

415 tu postrema mihi; per te fecunda ferebar.
o decus, o requies, o grata superbia matris,
qua gessi florente deam, qua sospite
numquam

inferior Iunone fui: nunc squalida, vilis.
hoc placitum patri. cur autem adscribimus
illum

420 his lacrimis? ego te, fateor, crudelis ademi,
quae te deserui solamque instantibus ultro
hostibus exposui. raucis secura fruebar
nimirum thiasis et laeta sonantibus armis

blazing exit of the flames. The mountain thunders with repressed fire and Vulcan is shut in a grievous prison; the enclosed smoke cannot escape. The cone-bearing tops of the cypresses blaze and Etna grows with new ashes; the branches crackle, kindled with the sulphur. Then, lest their long journey should cause them to fail, she bids the flames never die nor sleep and drenches the wood with that secret drug^[132] wherewith Phaëthon bedews his steeds and the Moon her bulls.

Silent night had now in her turn visited upon the world her gift of sleep. Ceres, with her wounded breast, starts on her long journey and, as she sets out, speaks as follows: "Little thought I, Proserpine, to carry for thee such torches as these. I had hoped what every mother hopes; marriage and festal torches and a wedding-song to be sung in heaven—such was my expectation. Are we divinities thus the sport of fate? does Lachesis vent her spleen on us as on mankind? How lofty was but now mine estate, surrounded with suitors innumerable for my daughter's hand! What mother of many children but would have owned her my inferior by reason of my only daughter! Thou wast my first joy and my last; I was called prolific for that I bare thee. Thou wert my glory, my comfort, dear object of a mother's pride; with thee alive I was goddess indeed, with thee safe I was Juno's equal. Now am I outcast, beggared. 'Tis the Father's will. Yet why make Jove answerable for my tears? 'Twas I who so cruelly undid thee, I confess it, for I deserted thee and heedlessly exposed thee to threatening foes. Too deeply was I enmeshed in careless enjoyment of shrill-voiced revel, and, happy amid the din of arms,

[132] A magic drug or herb on which the sun is said to have fed his horses in order to render them non-inflammable. Ovid tells how Phaëthon was treated by his father in a like way (*Met.* ii. 122).

iungebam Phrygios, cum tu raperere,
leones.
425 accipe quas merui poenas. en ora fatiscunt
vulneribus grandesque rubent in pectore
sulci.
immemor en uterus crebro contunditur
ictu.
“Qua te parte poli, quo te sub cardine
quaeram?
quis monstrator erit? quae me vestigia
ducent?
430 qui currus? ferus ipse quis est? terraene,
marisne
incola? quae volucrum depredam signa
rotarum?
ibo, ibo quocumque pedes, quocumque
iubebit
casus; sic Venerem quaerat deserta Dione.
“Efficientne labor? rursus te, nata, licebit
amplecti? manet ille decor, manet ille
435 genarum
fulgor? an infelix talem fortasse videbo,
qualis nocte venis, qualem per somnia
vidi?”
Sic ait et prima gressus molitur ab Aetna
exitiique reos flores ipsumque rapinae
440 detestata locum sequitur dispersa viarum
indicia et pleno rimatur lumine campos
inclinatque faces, omnis madet orbita fletu;
omnibus admugit,^[133] quocumque it in
aequore, sulcis.^[134]
adnatat umbra fretis extremaque lucis
imago
Italiam Libyamque ferit: clarescit Etruscum
445 litus et accenso resplendent aequore
Syrtes.
antra procul Scyllaea petit canibusque
reductis
pars stupefacta silet, pars nondum exterrita
latrat.

[133] *Birt* omnibus admugit. quocumque it
in aequore, fulvis adnatat....

[134] sulcis *ç*; fulvis *FSV*; silvis *W*.

I was yoking Phrygian lions whilst thou wast
being carried off. Yet see the punishment
visited upon me. My face is seared with wounds
and long gashes furrow my bloody breast. My
womb, forgetful that it gave thee birth, is
beaten with continual blows.

“Where under heaven shall I find thee? Beneath
what quarter of the sky? Who shall point the
way, what path shall lead me? What chariot
was it? Who was that cruel ravisher? A denizen
of earth or sea? What traces of his winged
wheels can I discover? Whithersoever my steps
lead me or chance direct, thither will I go. Even
so may Dione be deserted and seek for Venus!

“Will my labours be successful? Shall I ever
again be blest with thine embrace, my
daughter? Art thou still fair; still glows the
brightness of thy cheeks? Or shall I perchance
see thee as thou cam’st in my nightly vision; as
I saw thee in my dreams?”

So spake she and from Etna first she drags her
steps, and, cursing its guilty flowers and the
spot whence Proserpine was ravaged, she
follows the straying tracks of the chariot-
wheels and examines the fields in the full light
of her lowered torch. Every rut is wet with her
tears; she weeps at each trace she espies in her
wanderings over the plain. She glides a shadow
o’er the sea and the farthest ray of her torches’
gleam strikes the coasts of Italy and Libya. The
Tuscan shore grows bright and the Syrtes
gleam with kindled wave. The light reaches the
distant cave of Scylla, of whose dogs some
shrink back and are still in dumb amaze,
others, not yet horrified into silence, continue
to bark.^[135]

[135] For the unfinished state of the poem
see Introduction, p. xiv.

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