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## BOOK XIV

*The Story of Glaucus Continued*

Glaucus, the haunter of the swollen waves,  
 Had passed by Etna, heaped on the giant's head,  
 Passed the unplowed, unharrowed fields which owed  
 No debt to any cattle; he went on  
 Past Regium's walls, past Zancle, through the straits  
 Dangerous to mariners from either land,  
 Ausonia or Sicily, and he swam,  
 Untiring, through the Tuscan sea, and came  
 To the grassy hills and court of that enchantress,  
 Circe, the daughter of the Sun, where beasts,  
 Or phantoms of them, thronged. He saw her there,  
 Gave and received a welcome, and went on:  
 "Goddess, have pity on a god, I pray you!  
 No one but you can help me, if I seem  
 Worthy of help. Better than any man,

I know the magic power of herbs and grasses,  
 For I was changed by them. What caused my passion  
 You may already know: on Italy's coast,  
 Across from Messina's walls, I have seen Scylla.  
 I am ashamed to tell the promises,  
 The prayers, the flattering words I wasted on her.  
 But you, if there is power in your charms,  
 Sing me a charm, or, if the herbs are stronger,  
 Use their tried strength. To heal these wounds, to cure me,  
 Is more than I expect, but let her suffer  
 Part of this heat that burns me." No one's heart  
 Was ever more susceptible than Circe's,  
 Why, no one knows: it may be that the cause  
 Lay in her very nature, or maybe Venus,  
 Angry about her father's gossiping,  
 Had made her what she was. She answered Glaucus:  
 "You would be doing better if you followed  
 Someone who wanted you and prayed for you,  
 Possessed with equal passion. You were worthy,  
 Surely you were, to be pursued; you could be,  
 And, if you give the least excuse, you will be.  
 Oh, never doubt it; never doubt your gift,  
 The power to charm: I, goddess though I am,  
 The daughter of the shining Sun, the mistress  
 Of charms and herbs, beg to be yours. Scorn her  
 Who looks on you with scorn, repay with love  
 The one who loves you, and so repay us both."  
 But Glaucus answered: "Leaves will grow on the sea,  
 And sea-weed flourish on the mountain-tops,

Before I change my love, while Scylla lives."  
 Circe was angry; she could not harm the god,  
 And would not harm the god, because she loved him,  
 And turned her wrath on her successful rival.  
 Offended, hurt, she crushed together herbs  
 Whose juices had a dreadful power, and, singing  
 Spells she had learned from Hecate, she mixed them.  
 Then she put on a robe of blue, she left  
 Her palace-halls, through beasts that fawned around her,  
 And went to Regium, opposite Zancle's coast.  
 Over the boiling tide she sped, dry-shod,  
 As if on solid ground. There was a pool,  
 Not very large, into a deep bow curving,  
 A peaceful place, where Scylla loved to come,  
 Where she would flee from the heat of sea and sky  
 When sun burned hot at noon and shadows dwindled.  
 And Circe dyed this pool with bitter poisons,  
 Poured liquids brewed from evil roots, and murmured,  
 With lips well-skilled in magic, and thrice nine times,  
 A charm, obscure with labyrinthine language.  
 There Scylla came; she waded into the water,  
 Waist-deep, and suddenly saw her loins disfigured  
 With barking monsters, and at first she could not  
 Believe that these were parts of her own body.  
 She tried to drive them off, the barking creatures,  
 And flees in panic, but what she runs away from  
 She still takes with her; feeling for her thighs,  
 Her legs, her feet, she finds, in all these parts,  
 The heads of dogs, jaws gaping wide, and hellish.

She stands on dogs gone mad, and loins and belly  
 Are circled by those monstrous forms. And Glaucus  
 Wept at the sight, fled the embrace of Circe,  
 Too cruel with her potent herbs, but Scylla  
 Remained there fixed, and when a chance was given  
 To vent her hate on Circe, she robbed Ulysses  
 Of all his company, and would have wrecked  
 The Trojan ships as well, but she was changed,  
 Before their coming, to a rock, which stands there,  
 Dreaded by sailors, to this very day.

### *The Pilgrimage of Aeneas Resumed*

The Trojan ships, without mishap, made voyage  
 Past Scylla and Charybdis, almost reached  
 Ausonian shores, when the wind veered and drove them  
 To Libya's coast, where the Sidonian queen,  
 Dido, received their king in home and heart,  
 And could not bear his going, but built a pyre,  
 Pretending these were sacred rites, and fell,  
 Dying, upon the sword. Herself deceived,  
 She deceived others. And Aeneas left  
 The new town on the sandy shore, went back  
 To Sicily, land of Eryx, and his friend  
 The King Acestes, and he paid due honors  
 There to Anchises' tomb, and loosed again  
 The ships that Iris, messenger of Juno,  
 Had almost burned; they passed the Aeolian isles,  
 The lands that reeked with sulphur, the rocky coast  
 The Sirens haunted. In those seas his ship



Had lost his pilot, but they coasted on  
 Past Inarime, Prochyte, Pitheculae,  
 A town on a barren hill, named for its natives,  
 Where once the father of the gods, who hated  
 Cecropian tricks and lies, and all the crimes  
 That treacherous race committed, changed the men  
 To ugly beasts, human, and yet not human,  
 With stunted limbs, snub-nosed and deeply wrinkled,  
 And sent them here, with their bodies covered over  
 With long and yellow hair, but he took from them  
 The power of speech, the use of tongues, and left them  
 No syllables except hoarse grating sounds  
 Useful, no more for perjury, but protesting.  
 From there, he left Parthenope's walled city  
 On his right hand, and, opposite, he passed  
 Misenus' tomb, and came to Cumae's shores,  
 Marsh-lands, and found the caverns of the Sibyl,  
 The long-lived prophetess, and prayed for passage  
 Through Hell's dark realm to see his father's shade.  
 She kept her eyes cast down, it seemed forever,  
 But lifted them at last, and with the god  
 Possessing her, replied: "Great are the things  
 You ask for, O great hero, but your hand  
 The sword has tested, and the fire has proved  
 The power of your devotion. Have no fear.  
 Your wish is granted, Trojan; with my guidance  
 You shall behold Elysium, the last realms  
 Of all the world, and you shall see the shade  
 Of your loved father. Every path lies open

To virtue." And she showed him, deep in the forest,  
 The golden bough, and he, obedient, took it  
 At her command, and saw the dreadfulness  
 Of Hell, and his ancestral shades, among them  
 The aged ghost of the great-souled Anchises.  
 He learned the laws that govern there, what dangers  
 He had to face in wars to come, and upward  
 Retraced his steps, and as he trod that road,  
 Dreadful in dimness, he beguiled the journey  
 In conversation with his guide. "I know not,"  
 He said, "if you are goddess, or a maiden  
 Most pleasing to the gods. I know that I  
 Will hold you as a goddess, and I know  
 I owe my life to you, since by your will  
 I have approached Death's world, seen it, returning  
 In safety from that world of Death. For this,  
 When I have come again to the upper regions,  
 I promise you a temple, and incense burning  
 In everlasting honor for your service."  
 Sighing, she answered: "I am not a goddess:  
 Never consider any mortal woman  
 Worthy of holy incense. Still, I would not  
 Leave you in ignorance; I once was offered  
 Eternal life, if I had let Apollo  
 Take me, still virgin. While he still was hopeful,  
 Seeking to bend my will with gifts, he told me  
*Choose what you will, O maid, and you shall have it.*  
 I pointed to a heap of sand and uttered  
 The foolish prayer that my years might be as many



As there were sand-grains in that mound. I should have  
 Asked that those years should be forever young,  
 But I forgot. He granted me the years,  
 And promised endless youth if he could have me,  
 But I refused Apollo, and no man  
 Has ever had me. Now my happier days  
 Are gone, and sick old age comes tottering on,  
 And this I must endure, for a long time.  
 I am seven hundred years of age; I have  
 Three hundred still to go, before I equal  
 The tally of those grains of sand. The time  
 Will come when I shall shrivel to almost nothing,  
 Weigh almost nothing, when no one, seeing me,  
 Would ever think a god had found me lovely.  
 Even Apollo, it may be, will see me  
 And not know who I am, or, if he knew me,  
 Would say he never loved me. To such change  
 I am borne onward, till no eye can see me,  
 And I am known by voice alone; my voice  
 The Fates will leave me."

Along the hollow way  
 The Sibyl told her story, and they came  
 Out of the Stygian world, again to Cumae,  
 Where the due rites were given, and the hero  
 Went on to shores that later bore the name  
 Of his old nurse, Caieta. There he found  
 Macareus, an old comrade of Ulysses,  
 Who stayed there after years of wandering.  
 Here two Greeks met again: Macareus

Once more saw Achaemenides, and knew him,  
 Long since given up for lost, among the rocks  
 Of Etna. "Now what god, what chance," he asked him,  
 "Has saved you, Achaemenides? How is it  
 A Greek sails in a Trojan ship? And whither?"  
 The other, his own man once more, no longer  
 In rags and tatters, garments pinned together  
 With thorns, made answer: "May I look again  
 On Polyphemus and those open jaws  
 Dripping with human blood, if ever I call  
 My home and Ithaca more friendly to me,  
 More of a haven than this ship has been,  
 Whose captain, kinder to me than a father,  
 I owe more gratitude than I can pay.  
 I speak, I breathe, I see the stars and sunlight,  
 Because he saved me: should I not be thankful?  
 Because of him my life escaped the jaws  
 Of Polyphemus; were I, now, to leave  
 The light of life, I should, at least, be buried  
 In a decent tomb, and not that monster's belly."

### *Achaemenides Tells His Story*

What were my feelings (except that fear took from me  
 All sense, all feeling) when I was left behind  
 And watched you making for the open seas?  
 I would have called, but feared to make a sound  
 That might betray me; even Ulysses' cry  
 Was almost fatal to your ship. I saw him,  
 The giant, when he wrenched a rock from the mountain



And hurled it out to sea, saw him let fly  
 Great stones, as if his arms were catapults,  
 And feared that the splash of the stones, or the wind of their motion  
 Would sink the ship; I forgot I was not in her.  
 And while you fled from certain death, he, groaning,  
 Rambled all over Etna, groped through woodlands,  
 Bumped blindly into rocks, stretched bleeding arms  
 Out over the sea, and cursed the Greeks, and muttered:  
 'Oh, for some piece of luck, to bring Ulysses  
 Within my reach again, or one of his comrades,  
 Any one, for my rage to feed on, vitals  
 To eat, body to tear apart, and blood  
 To flood my throat, and mangled limbs to quiver  
 My blindness would be nothing then, or nearly.'  
 He said much more, and I was pale with horror  
 Watching that face, still smeared with blood, the eye  
 With no sight in it, the cruel hands, the limbs,  
 The beard, matted with human blood. Death stood there,  
 The least of all my troubles. I imagined  
 He would catch me any minute, take my flesh  
 Into his own, and I could see the time  
 When he snatched up two friends of mine together  
 And smashed them on the ground, and lay across them  
 Like a lion on his prey, gauming and crunching  
 The marrow bones, the limbs with life still in them.  
 I trembled and my blood ran cold, to watch him  
 Chewing and slavering and drooling blood  
 With bits of flesh mixed in the wine, and knew  
 My time was coming. For many days I hid,

Trembling at every sound, fearing my death  
 Yet longing for it, driving off my hunger  
 With acorns, grass and leaves. I had no help,  
 No hope, forsaken, doomed to suffering  
 And death. And, after a long time, I saw,  
 Far off, this ship, gestured to them *Come save me!*  
 Ran down to the shore, I moved their hearts, a Greek  
 Was taken on a Trojan ship! Now tell me  
 What happened to you, your leader, and the band  
 You sailed the seas with?" And Macareus told him  
 How Aeolus ruled the Tuscan waters, keeping  
 His winds imprisoned in a sack, and gave it  
 As present to Ulysses. For nine days  
 The wind blew fair astern; they sighted land,  
 And in the morning, overcome by greed,  
 Thinking the sack held gold, they loosed the cords,  
 And the winds blew them back where they had started.  
 "Then," said Macareus, "we came to the old city  
 Of Lestrygonian Lamus; I was sent,  
 With two companions, to their king. One comrade  
 And I myself reached safety, but the third  
 Was caught, and his blood dyed red the wicked mouths  
 Of those wild Lestrygonians. Antiphates,  
 The king, came after us; on came his mob,  
 Hurling great stones and beams, to sink our ships,  
 To drown our men. One ship escaped, and I  
 Was in it, with Ulysses, and we sorrowed  
 For our companions lost, and came at last  
 To the land that you can see from here, far off.



Far off, believe me, is the way to see it!  
 I warn you, son of Venus, righteous Trojan,  
 Not enemy, now that the wars are over,  
 Keep far from Circe's shores. We moored our ship  
 Beside the shore, with no desire of going  
 Inland for any distance: we remembered,  
 Too well, Antiphates and Polyphemus.  
 But the lots gave us orders: we were chosen,  
 I and Polites, to approach the palace,  
 Eurylochus went also, and Elpenor,  
 Who liked his wine too much, and eighteen others.  
 We came to Circe's city, and she stood there  
 Within her courts, and a thousand wolves and bears  
 And lionesses met us, and we feared them,  
 For no good reason, for, it seemed, they would not  
 Make even a single scratch upon our bodies.  
 They even wagged their tails, and fawned upon us  
 As we went on, until the serving-women  
 Led us through halls of marble to their mistress.  
 She sat there on her throne, in shining robes,  
 With golden mantle, and the place was lovely,  
 And nymphs and nereids were waiting on her,  
 Carding no fleece, spinning no wool, but only  
 Sorting out plants, arranging, from confusion,  
 In separate baskets, the bright-colored flowers,  
 The different herbs. She told them what to do,  
 Knew what each leaf was for, which ones would blend,  
 Weighing her simples. When she saw us coming,  
 She gave us welcome, and she smiled upon us,

Gave all we asked for, and she bade them bring us  
 Barley and wine and honey and curdled cheese,  
 All in a sweetish brew, and in the sweetness,  
 Were hidden drugs. We took the cups she offered,  
 And we were thirsty, and we drank them down,  
 And then the cruel goddess touched our foreheads  
 With her magic wand—I am ashamed to tell you,  
 But I will tell—I had bristles sprouting on me,  
 I could not speak, but only grunting sounds  
 Came out instead of words, and my face bent over  
 To see the ground. I felt my mouth grow harder,  
 I had a snout instead of a nose, my neck  
 Swelled with great muscles, and the hand which lifted  
 The cup to my lips made footprints on the ground.  
 They shut me in a pigsty with the others.  
 Her magic worked on all of us but one,  
 Eurylochus; he had refused the potion.  
 Had he not done so, I should even now  
 Be in the bristly herd, but he told Ulysses  
 Of our disaster, and that hero came  
 To Circe to avenge us. He had a flower  
 Cyllenius had given him, called moly,  
 White, but the root is black, and safe with this  
 And safe with warnings from the gods he came,  
 Entered the palace, but when the drink was offered,  
 He struck the wand aside, and drew his sword.  
 That frightened Circe; vows were made; she took him  
 Into her chamber, and for wedding gift,  
 Since that was what the bridegroom asked, she gave him



His friends restored. We were sprinkled with some juices,  
 Better ones, from some herbs or other; she turned  
 Her wand around, and tapped our foreheads lightly,  
 Chanting her counter-charm, and as she chanted,  
 The bristles dropped, feet were no longer cloven,  
 We had our shoulders again, and arms came back  
 To their right places. We were all in tears,  
 So was Ulysses, as we all clung to him,  
 And the first words we spoke were those of thanks.  
 We stayed a year there, plenty long enough  
 For me to see a lot of things, to hear  
 All kinds of stories. Here is one of many  
 I heard from one of four, those nymphs, I mean,  
 Whose tasks I told you of. One day when Circe  
 Was with Ulysses somewhere, this nymph showed me  
 A snow-white marble statue, a young man  
 With a woodpecker on his head, and many garlands  
 Hanging about it—this was in a temple.  
 I asked her who it was, why he was worshipped,  
 And why he wore a bird instead of helmet.  
 ‘Listen, Macareus; learn from what I tell you  
 How strong my lady’s magic is. But listen!

### *The Story of Picus*

Picus was Saturn’s son; he was once a king  
 In Italy, a passionate admirer  
 Of horses useful in war. The statue tells you  
 About his form, but in his living presence  
 He was much more beautiful, and his spirit equalled

His grace of body. He was hardly twenty  
 When his good looks brought all the Dryads to him,  
 And all the nymphs of the fountains, all the naiads  
 From Albula’s stream or Numicus or Anio,  
 From Almo, shortest of rivers, and rapid Nar  
 From shady Farfar, from Diana’s pool,  
 From other lakes nearby. He scorned them all  
 And loved one nymph alone, Venilia’s daughter  
 By the god from Thessaly, the two-faced Janus.  
 She was ripe for marriage, and she came to Picus,  
 Most dear of all her suitors. Rare indeed  
 Her beauty was, but rarer still her gift  
 For singing; that was why they called her Canens,  
 The Singing Girl. Her song would move the woods,  
 The rocks, would tame wild beasts, would stop the rivers,  
 Would stay the wandering birds. One day she went  
 Singing her songs across the fields, and Picus  
 Had gone to hunt wild boars. His war-horse pranced  
 Beneath him as he rode, in crimson mantle  
 With brooch of gold, and javelins held ready.  
 And Circe came to those same woods, to gather  
 Fresh herbs on those rich hills; she had left the regions  
 Called by her name. She was watching from a thicket  
 And saw the youth, and she was struck with wonder;  
 The herbs she had gathered fell to the ground; she burned,  
 All through, with fire, but she controlled her passion,  
 Managed, almost, to get her thoughts in order,  
 Was ready, in fact, to tell him what she wanted,  
 But always he rode off, or other people



Got in the way. "But you will not escape me,"  
 She said, "not even on the wings of the wind,  
 Not if I know myself, unless my magic  
 Of herbs has gone, and my charms have lost their virtue."  
 And so she made a phantom boar, an image  
 With no real substance, and she gave it orders  
 To cross the trail before the prince, to hide  
 In a grove where fallen trees lay thick, and forest  
 Too dense for horse to enter. No sooner said  
 Than done, and Picus, knowing no better, followed  
 The shadow of his prey, leaped down, pursuing  
 The vanity of his hope, on foot, a wanderer  
 In woodland depths. She made up prayers and said them,  
 Worshipping unknown gods with unknown singing,  
 Her customary magic, which would cover  
 The white moon's face and darken the sun with cloud.  
 So now the sky was darkened and a mist  
 Rose thick from the ground, and Picus' hunting comrades  
 Wandered blind ways. The time and place were fitting  
 And "Oh," she said, "most beautiful youth, I beg you  
 By those bright eyes that have captured mine, that beauty  
 Which makes a goddess subject, heed my passion,  
 Be son-in-law to the Sun, do not be cruel  
 Scorning his daughter Circe." But he repelled her  
 Fiercely, almost, and in answer to her pleading  
 Replied: "Whoever you are, I am not yours; another  
 Has taken and holds my love, and she will have it,  
 I hope, forever, and I shall do no cheating  
 While the Fates keep Canens for me." She tried again,

Again, in vain, and then exclaimed in anger:  
 "You shall be punished for this, you shall not be given  
 To Canens any more, and you will learn  
 What a woman, scorned in love, can do, that woman  
 Being Circe, loved and scorned!" Twice to the west  
 She turned, and twice to the east; three times she touched him  
 With magic wand, and sang three spells. He turned  
 To run, and was amazed that he ran more swiftly  
 Than ever before, and he saw wings on his body,  
 And, angry at this new bird, Picus, coming  
 Into the Latin woods, he struck at the oak-trees  
 With his hard beak, and his anger wounded the branches,  
 And his wings were the color of his crimson mantle  
 And the golden brooch he wore was changed to feathers,  
 His neck encircled by a band of orange,  
 Nothing he had before was left to Picus  
 Except his name.

'Meanwhile his comrades, calling  
 Across the fields in vain, finding him nowhere,  
 Came upon Circe, for the air had cleared,  
 The clouds were driven away by wind and sunshine,  
 And knew what she had done, and told her, bluntly,  
 Their king must be returned, and their spears were ready  
 For an attack upon her, but she sprinkled  
 Poisonous juices on them, and called forth  
 Night and the gods of Night from Hell and Chaos,  
 Wailing to Hecate in long-drawn crying,  
 And the woods leaped from their place, and the ground rumbled,  
 The trees grew white, and the grass was clotted red



Where the drops of poison fell, and stones, it seemed,  
 Made hoarse and bellowing sounds, dogs bayed, and the ground  
 Crawled loathsome with black snakes, and the thin phantoms,  
 The silent dead, fluttered around. The men  
 Trembled and wondered, and she touched their faces,  
 Trembling and wondering, with her wand; no man  
 Was any longer man; they all were beasts,  
 All different, all horrible.

‘It was evening

By now, and Canens, longing, watching, waited  
 Her lord’s return, in vain. Her slaves, her people,  
 Bore the bright torches through the woods to find him,  
 And Canens wept, and tore her hair, and beat  
 Her bosom, but that was not enough: she searched  
 With a mad rushing or vain wandering over  
 The Latin fields, over the hills, through valleys,  
 Sleepless and fasting, wherever chance directed,  
 For seven days. Tiber was last to see her,  
 Grief-stained and travel-worn, resting her body  
 Along his bank, weeping, and crying faintly  
 In dying melody like the swan. Her marrow  
 Dissolved, and into the thin air she vanished,  
 But people know her story still, and the place  
 Keeps the name Canens, given by ancient Muses.’

Many such things (Macareus said) I heard  
 And saw through that long year. We were slow and lazy  
 From our long idleness, and had no relish  
 For voyage when the order came, for Circe  
 Had warned us of the perils of the ocean,

The doubtful sea-lanes, the tremendous reaches.  
 I was afraid to go, and I admit it,  
 And so I stayed here.”

Somewhere on this coast  
 The marble urn received Caieta’s ashes,  
 Nurse of Aeneas, and her tomb was graven  
 With a brief epitaph: *Here I, Caieta,  
 Saved from Greek flame, was burned with proper fire  
 Through my dear son’s devotion.*

### *The Pilgrimage of Aeneas Resumed*

They loosed the cables  
 From that grassy shore, kept far from the treacherous island,  
 Made for the woody coast where shadowed Tiber  
 Roils yellow to the sea, and there Aeneas  
 Won a new bride and kingdom; there was warfare  
 With a fierce race, and violent Turnus battled  
 To keep his promised bride. Etruria clashed  
 In arms with Latium, victory was hard  
 To win through that long doubt, and both sides needed  
 To go for foreign aid, though many guarded  
 Rutulian and Trojan camps. Aeneas  
 Found help from Evander; Venulus in vain  
 Appealed to Diomedes. That Greek hero  
 Had built a city, Arpi, where he ruled  
 Lands that had come to him as marriage portion,  
 But when, at Turnus’ order, Venulus  
 Asked for his aid, he said he could not grant it,  
 He had too little strength, he would not risk



Either himself or his bride's people in battle,  
 All his own warriors were gone. "I will tell you  
 The truth," he said, "much as I hate to tell it;  
 Believe me, these are no trumped-up excuses."

### *The Narrative of Diomedes*

So he went on: "After high Troy came down  
 In fire, and the burned walls fed the Greek hunger,  
 And after Ajax, Oileus' son, had ravished  
 The virgin priestess and brought down upon us  
 The virgin goddess' anger, made us all  
 Pay for what he alone had done, we were driven  
 Over the angry waters, under lightning,  
 Through storm and dark, the rage of sky and sea,  
 Until we reached Caphereus, the summit  
 Of all our woes. I can sum it up by saying  
 That even Priam might have pitied us.  
 Minerva saved me from the waves, but I  
 Was driven once again from my home in Argos,  
 And that was Venus' doing; she remembered  
 The old wound I had given her, she took  
 Her vengeance, and on land and sea I suffered  
 So much that over and over I called happy  
 Those who had drowned, and wished I had been with them.  
 My comrades, too, were weary, begged me end  
 This wandering, but one of them, named Acmon,  
 Hot-tempered anyway, and even more so  
 From all we had been through, exclaimed in anger:  
 'What is there left to bear, O patient heroes?

What more can Venus do, even if she wants to?  
 As long as there is something left to fear,  
 There is room on us for wounds; but when the worst  
 Has happened, fear is trampled underfoot.  
 We are at last secure. So let her hear us,  
 Let her hate us, as I know she does, but still  
 We scorn her hatred, and her great power stands—  
 Or does it?—great before us.' So did Acmon,  
 Insulting Venus, rouse her former anger.  
 Only a few approved him; all the others,  
 The most of us, rebuked him, and he tried  
 To answer back, but both his voice and throat  
 Grew thin, his hair was feathers, and feathers covered  
 His different neck, and breast, and back; his arms  
 Grew heavier plumage, and his elbows curved  
 Into light wing-joints, and between his toes  
 Were webs, and his face grew hard, like horn, and ended  
 In a sharp beak. They looked at him in wonder,  
 Lycus and Idas, Nycteus, Rhexenor,  
 And while they wondered, all of them were like him,  
 Flying and flapping their wings around the rowers.  
 What kind of birds they were I could not tell you,  
 Something like swans, at least of snowy color.  
 And now, as Daunus' son-in-law, I have  
 Hard work enough, with the few companions left me,  
 Holding this settlement and these dry acres."

### *The Return of Venulus and the Resumption of the Wars*

So Venulus went back, and on his journey



Saw a dark cavern, under forest shadow,  
 Frail reeds around it, where the half-goat Pan  
 Lives now, but at another time the dwelling  
 Of nymphs, whom an Apulian shepherd frightened,  
 But they came back again, less fearful, scorning  
 This rude pursuer, and took up their dancing  
 All stepping light together, and he mocked them  
 With his clod-hopping tread, and added insults  
 And dirty words, and kept it up till over  
 His mouth came wood: he is now a tree, and people  
 Can tell what kind of fellow he was when living.  
 You can tell them by their product. The wild olive  
 Keeps his tongue's bitterness in its bitter berries,  
 They have the sharpness of the words he uttered.

Hearing the news that they could find no aid  
 In Diomedes, still the Latins fought  
 The war with their own strength; much blood was spilled  
 On either side. Turnus came on with torches  
 Against the Trojan ships, spared by the waves,  
 And fearful, now, of fire. Oakum and pitch  
 Were fuel to the flames, and masts and sails  
 Were blazing, and thwarts were smoldering, but a goddess,  
 Cybele, holy mother, knew those ships  
 Had come from Ida's summit, and remembered.  
 Her cymbals clashed in the air, and music shrilled  
 From boxwood flutes, and drawn by lions she came  
 Riding the yielding air. "In vain, O Turnus,  
 You hurl those brands!" she cried. "I shall save those vessels  
 Born in my holy groves!" And while she spoke

Rain followed after thunder, and bouncing hail,  
 And the winds worked confusion over the waters,  
 Wild dissonance in the air. The cables sundered,  
 The ships dove under water, and their wood softened,  
 Turned into flesh, the prows were heads, the oars  
 Were toes and swimming legs: what had been body  
 Was body still, and the deep keel was backbone,  
 Rigging was hair, and sail-yards arms, but still  
 They kept their sea-green color, and as naiads  
 Went playing through the waves they used to fear,  
 Daughters of mountains they have long forgotten.  
 But they recalled the perils of the deep,  
 Their sufferings by sea, and speed the voyage  
 For storm-tossed ships, save those that carry Grecians.  
 For they remember Troy and her disaster  
 And hate all Greeks; they were glad to see the timbers  
 That marked Ulysses' shipwreck; they were happy  
 When Alcinous' vessel turned to stone, and rock  
 Grew where the wood had been.

After that change had come  
 Upon the fleet, men hoped that such a portent  
 Might make the Latins end the war; but no,  
 The war went on: both sides brought in their gods  
 To aid them, and they had another blessing,  
 As good as any god—they had their courage.  
 Not for a kingdom, dowry, a bride, or sceptre,  
 They fought, but victory only, and the shame  
 Of losing kept them fighting, but at last  
 Venus saw Turnus fall, and her son's arms



Victorious at last. And Ardea fell,  
 A mighty town while Turnus lived, but swords  
 Destroyed it, and warm ashes hid its ruins,  
 And from that blackened heap a bird flew up,  
 Seen for the first time then, and beat its wings  
 Out of the soot. The sound it made, its thinness,  
 Its pallor, were symbols of a city conquered,  
 And the bird keeps the city's name: *Ardea*  
 Means heron, to some people.

### *The Deification of Aeneas*

All the gods,  
 Even vindictive Juno, felt their anger  
 Come to an end, so mighty was the power  
 Aeneas' goodness had, and, since Iulus  
 Was well established in the sight of Fortune,  
 Venus' heroic son was ripe for Heaven.  
 She had gone to all the gods, had thrown her arms  
 Around her father's neck, pleading: "Dear father,  
 Never unkind to me, indulge me now  
 And grant to my Aeneas, your own grandson  
 Through me, some godhead, howsoever lowly,  
 So long as you grant something. It is enough  
 Once to have seen the realms no man can love,  
 Once to have passed across the Stygian river."  
 The gods agreed, and even royal Juno  
 Was moved and gave assent. Jove spoke in answer:  
 "You are worthy of Heaven's gift, you both are worthy,  
 You and your son. Receive what you have asked for."

Venus rejoiced, gave thanks to Jove, soared high  
 Through the light air, borne by her doves, and came  
 To the Laurentian coast, where, through the beds  
 Of sheltering reeds, Numicius winds his river  
 To the salt sea. She bade him purge Aeneas  
 Of all his mortal body, bear it down  
 In silence to the ocean; he obeyed  
 And with his waters purified Aeneas  
 Of all his human dross, but what was best  
 Remained forever with him, and his mother  
 Sprinkled his body with a fragrant ointment,  
 And touched his lips with nectar and ambrosia,  
 Made him a god, one whom the Roman people  
 Call Indiges, The Native-Born, and honor  
 Is paid his temple now, and sacrifice.

### *Legendary History of Rome*

Next Alba and the Latin state came under  
 Iulus, or Ascanius; we call him  
 By either name. Then Silvius succeeded,  
 Whose son, Latinus, bears his name as heirloom  
 Of the old power; then came famous Alba,  
 Epytus next, then Capys and Capetus,  
 Then Tiberinus, who in drowning gave  
 A river its name; his sons were Remulus  
 And Acrota the warlike. Remulus  
 Was older, and the lightning killed him, trying  
 To imitate the lightning. Less audacious,  
 Acrota turned the power and sceptre over

To Aventinus, who lies buried now  
 On the hill where once he ruled, leaving his name  
 As his memorial there. And the next monarch  
 Was Procas, in whose reign the nymph Pomona  
 Tended her gardens and her lovely orchards.

*Pomona and Vertumnus*

Gardens and fruit were all her care; no other  
 Was ever more skilled or diligent. Woods and rivers  
 Were nothing to her, only the fields, the branches  
 Bearing the prosperous fruits. She bore no javelin,  
 But the curved pruning-hook, to trim the branches,  
 Check too luxuriant growth, or make incision  
 For the engrafted twig to thrive and grow in.  
 She would not let them thirst: the flowing waters  
 Poured down to the roots. This was her love, her passion.  
 Venus was nothing to her, but she feared  
 The violence of the rustics, kept men off  
 From her closed orchard. Many tried to win her,  
 Thinking of every way, young dancing Satyrs,  
 Pans with their horns disguised with pine, Silenus,  
 Who was always younger than his years, Priapus,  
 The god who scares off thieves, either with sickle  
 Or something else he carries. And Vertumnus  
 Surpassed them all in love, and fared no better.  
 How often he used to come, dressed as a reaper,  
 Bringing her grain in baskets, and he looked  
 The very image of a reaper. Often  
 He would come with hay around his ears and temples,

Fresh come, or so it seemed, from swathe and windrow,  
 Or he would have an ox-goad in his hand,  
 And you would swear he had just unyoked his cattle.  
 Leaf-gatherer, vine-pruner, hook in hand,  
 Or ladder on shoulder, like an apple picker,  
 He could be any of these, or a fisherman  
 With rod, or a soldier with a sword. So, often,  
 In one guise or another, he would find  
 His way to her, happy to watch her beauty.  
 He wound some long gray hair around his temples,  
 Tied a bright scarf around his head, came hobbling,  
 A bent old woman with a cane, to enter  
 The garden, to admire the fruit, to tell her  
*But you are better!* And after the praise he kissed her,  
 Not once, but over and over: no real old woman  
 Kissed that way, ever. Then the poor old creature,  
 Bent almost double, squatted on the ground,  
 Squinting up at the branches bending under  
 The weight of autumn. There was an elm-tree there,  
 Showy with shining clusters of the grape.  
 This drew approving nods, the trunk, the vine  
 Engrafted to it, and presently the comment:  
 "Ah, if that tree stood there alone, unmated,  
 Without its vine, its leaves would be the only  
 Reason for looking at it, and the vine,  
 Unwedded to the elm to which it clings,  
 Would lie on the dusty ground, and all for nothing!  
 You do not imitate the vine's example,  
 You do not want to marry, to join another.



I wish you did: for you would have more suitors  
 Than Helen or Hippodamia, over whom  
 Lapiths and Centaurs went to war, more suitors  
 Even than Penelope. A thousand men,  
 Although you shun and scorn them, still desire you,  
 Half-gods and gods and all the powers that cherish  
 These Alban hills. But if you will be wise,  
 Make a good match, pay heed to an old woman  
 Like me, who love you more than all the others,  
 More than you would believe: listen to me!  
 Reject these nobodies, and choose Vertumnus  
 To go to bed with. I stand sponsor for him;  
 I know him, if not better than he knows  
 Himself, at least as well. No vagabond  
 Roaming the world, he dwells in these great places  
 Close by us here; and another thing about him,  
 He is different from the rest, he does not love  
 The latest girl he sees. He is not fickle,  
 You will be his first and last and only love  
 All through his life, and he is young, and charming,  
 Can change himself to any shape, will always  
 Be what you want him to, no matter what orders  
 You choose to give him. And he loves the things  
 That you do: he is always first to cherish  
 The apples you love, and he lays joyful hands  
 Upon your gifts, but what he really covets  
 Is not the fruit of your trees, nor the sweet herbs  
 Your garden bears, but you alone. Have pity!  
 He loves you so. Can you not hear him pleading

Through me? Imagine him here, and that my lips  
 Are asking what he longs for. And beware  
 The avenging gods and that Idalian goddess  
 Who hates the hard of heart, and do not anger  
 Rhamnusian Nemesis, either. I have lived  
 A long long time, and the years have brought me knowledge  
 Of many things: you must fear these powers, I tell you.  
 Consent, be kindly: I have a story to tell you,  
 One that may help you.

*The Story of Iphis and Anaxarete*

There was a youth named Iphis,  
 Of common birth, but he had seen a princess  
 Of ancient Teucer's line, Anaxarete,  
 And fell in love with her, and felt the flame  
 And fought against it, and when he found that reason  
 Could not subdue his passion, he came to her,  
 A suppliant to her door; he told her nurse  
 His wretched love, and begged her by her hopes  
 For her dear foster child to treat him kindly;  
 He tried to coax the servants to do him favors;  
 Often he gave them messages on tablets  
 With honeyed words to take to her, and often  
 Hung garlands at her door: that was not dew  
 Upon them, but his tears; and he would lie  
 At her stone threshold, sighing his reproaches  
 Against the cruel bars. But she was heedless  
 As waves that rise in winter; she was harder  
 Than steel or living rock, and spurned and mocked him

With proud and arrogant words, cheating the lover  
 Of any hope at all. He could not bear it,  
 The torment, the long pain, and at her door  
 Cried these last words: 'You win, Anaxarete!  
 I bother you no more: rejoice, and triumph,  
 Sing your Hosannas, crown your head with laurel.  
 You win, and I am glad to die. Be happy,  
 You of the iron heart! And still you must  
 Find something in my love to praise, some feature  
 By which I please you, some acknowledged merit.  
 Remember that I loved you, and my love  
 Endured as long as I lived, and that I suffered  
 A double blindness. It will be no rumor  
 That comes to tell you of my death: I, Iphis,  
 Shall be there, you will see me; feast your eyes  
 Upon my lifeless body. And if, O gods,  
 You see the deeds of mortals, remember me!  
 My tongue can pray no more. But tell my story  
 In far-off times, and what my life is losing  
 Add to my fame!' He raised his weeping eyes,  
 His waxen arms, to the doorway he had often  
 Hung with his garlands, and he flung a halter  
 Over the topmost beam. 'Here's a wreath for you,  
 The kind you really like, cruel and wicked!'

He thrust his head into the noose and turned  
 To face the door, and hung there, a lifeless burden  
 With broken neck, and with convulsive kicking  
 Beat on the door, which shuddered, groaned, flew open,  
 Revealed the horror, and the servants cried

And took him down, too late, and bore him home  
 To his widowed mother's house. She took him in her arms,  
 Embraced her son's cold limbs, and said whatever  
 Poor mothers can, and did the things poor mothers  
 Must do, and led the funeral through the city,  
 The body toward the pyre. And it so happened  
 Anaxarete's house was near the street  
 Along which passed that sorrowful procession  
 Whose mournful sound came to her ears. Some god  
 Was driving her toward vengeance, for she said  
 'We had better see this sorrowful procession!'

And from the open windows she looked on Iphis  
 Lying there on the bier, and her eyes stiffened,  
 And blood grew cold in her body: she tried, in vain,  
 To step back from the window, but she could not.  
 She tried to turn her face away, but could not.  
 Little by little the hard-hearted stone  
 Seized all her limbs. You would believe the story  
 If ever you saw her image, a marble statue  
 In Salamis, and the temple in her honor,  
 Inscribed *For the Venus who looks out the window.*  
 Remember things like this, dear nymph; put off  
 All this relentless pride: yield to your lover.  
 Then frost in the spring will never come to nip  
 The fruit in the bud, nor wild winds break the flower."

All this Vertumnus told in vain: the story  
 Had no effect, and his disguise was worthless.  
 He put off woman's garb, and stood before her  
 In the light of his own radiance, as the sun



Breaks through the clouds against all opposition.  
 Ready for force, he found no need; Pomona  
 Was taken by his beauty, and her passion  
 Answered his own.

### *More Early Roman History*

Next false Amulius ruled  
 The Ausonian state, but ancient Numitor,  
 His grandson helping, captured back the kingdom  
 He once had lost, and the City walls were founded  
 On Pales' festival. The Sabine fathers  
 Waged war with Tatius, and a girl, Tarpeia,  
 Betrayed the way to the Citadel, and paid  
 The price of treason, under the arms heaped on her.  
 Then Cures' men, quiet as wolves, came stealing  
 On Romans sunk in slumber, toward the gates  
 Which Ilia's son had barred, and one of these  
 Juno herself swung open. Venus saw it  
 And would have closed it, but one god can never  
 Undo another's work. Near Janus' temple  
 Where a cold spring ran cool, Ausonian naiads  
 Had made their place, and Venus went to them  
 For help, and it was given. To that temple  
 The path was always open; water never  
 Had blocked the way before, but now the naiads  
 Placed yellow sulphur under the spring, and heated  
 The hollow veins with burning pitch, and steam  
 Boiled in the fountain till the Alpine cold  
 Was hotter even than fire. The gate-posts smoldered,

The gate, swung open in vain, became a torrent  
 No warrior could pass through, till the Romans  
 Had time for arms, and Romulus struck back,  
 And soon the Roman plain was strewn with carnage,  
 Fathers and sons mingling their blood together.  
 There was peace at last, and none too soon, and Tatius  
 Shared in the kingdom.

And the laws were equal  
 After his death, with Romulus as monarch,  
 And Mars put off his gleaming helmet, pleading  
 Before the throne of Jove: "The time has come,  
 O father, since the Roman state stands firm  
 On strong foundations, not on one man's power,  
 To keep the promise made me and to bear him,  
 Your grandson Romulus, aloft to Heaven.  
 There was a council once, and all the gods were there,  
 And I was there, and treasured in my heart  
 Your gracious words: *There will be one whom Mars  
 Shall bear to the blue Heaven.* Let the promise  
 Now be redeemed in full." And Jove assented,  
 Hid all the sky in cloud, and filled the earth  
 With thunder and with lightning, and Mars knew it,  
 The sign-to-be of that transfiguration,  
 Vaulted from spear to car, the black steeds straining  
 Under the bloody yoke, and the lash sounding,  
 As down the air he came to Palatine  
 And there, as Ilia's son was giving judgment  
 With no tyrannical ordinance to his people,  
 He caught him up from earth, his mortal body

Dissolved into thin air, as a leaden bullet  
 From the broad sling melts out of sight in its flying.  
 And now a new and fairer form is given him,  
 Worthy the high gods' couches, and the robes  
 For his new station, and he is called Quirinus.

His wife, Hersilia, mourned for him, when Juno  
 Sent Iris down the archway of her rainbow  
 With words of consolation: "Queen and glory  
 Of Sabines and of Latins, O most worthy  
 Consort of hero, now the god Quirinus,  
 Control your sorrow, and if you would see him  
 Come with me to the dark-green grove, whose shadow  
 Falls on the temple of the king of Rome."  
 And Iris brought the message, and Hersilia  
 Heard, and could hardly lift her eyes, and answered:

"Goddess, most surely goddess, though I have not  
 The power to tell, lead, lead me on, and show me  
 My husband's face. If only Fate will grant me  
 The sight of him once more, then shall I truly  
 Say I have reached my Heaven." She went on  
 With Iris guiding, and a star from Heaven  
 Came gliding earthward over Romulus' hill,  
 And Queen Hersilia, her own tresses burning  
 Under its light, soared with the star, aloft  
 Through the thin air, and Romulus received her  
 With hands that knew her well, and changed her body,  
 Her former name, and called her Hora, goddess  
 Joined once more with Quirinus.



GLOSSARY AND INDEX

*The index that appeared in the print version of this title was intentionally removed from the eBook. Please use the search function on your eReading device to search for terms of interest. For your reference, the terms that appear in the print index are listed below.*

SINCE THIS index is not intended as a complete mythological dictionary, the explanations given here include only important information not readily available in the text itself. Names in parentheses are alternative Latin names, unless they are preceded by the abbreviation *Gr.*; *Gr.* indicates the name of the corresponding Greek divinity. The index includes cross-references for all alternative names.

ACHAMENIDES. Former follower of Ulysses, rescued by Aeneas ACHELOUS. River god; rival of Hercules for the hand of Deianira ACHILLES. Greek hero of the Trojan War

ACIS. Rival of the Cyclops, Polyphemus, for the hand of Galatea

ACMON. Follower of Diomedes

ACOETES. A faithful devotee of Bacchus

ACTAEON

ADONIS. Son of Myrrha, by her father Cinyras; loved by Venus

AEACUS. King of Aegina; after death he became one of the three judges of the dead in the lower world

AEGEUS. King of Athens; father of Theseus

AENEAS. Trojan warrior; son of Anchises and Venus; sea-faring survivor of the Trojan War, he eventually landed in Latium, helped found Rome

AESACUS. Son of Priam and a nymph

AESCULAPIUS (*Gr.* Asclepius). God of medicine and healing; son of Apollo

AESON. Father of Jason; made young again by Medea

AGAMEMNON. King of Mycenae; commander-in-chief of the Greek forces in the Trojan War

AGLAUROS

AJAX. Son of Telamon; brave Greek warrior in the Trojan War

ALCMENA. Mother of Hercules

ALCYONE. Wife of Ceyx

ALTHEA. Queen of Calydon; mother and murderer of Meleager

AMMON. A spring in the Oasis of Siwa

ANAXARETE. A princess loved by Iphis, a youth of common birth

ANDROMEDA

ANIUS. King of Delos; priest of Apollo

APHRODITE. *See* Venus

APOLLO (Phoebus). God of music, poetry, medicine, and prophecy; also god of the sun

ARACHNE. A girl turned into a spider by Minerva

ARCADY. A pastoral region in the central Peloponnesus, Greece

**ARCAS**

ARDEA. City of Latium, turned into a heron

ARETHUSA. A woodland nymph changed into a fountain ARGUS. Hundred-eyed giant ordered by Juno to watch Io ARTEMIS. See Diana

ASCANIUS. SeeIulus

ATALANTA. A beautiful, swift-footed, warrior maiden

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METAMORPHOSES

ATHAMAS

ATHENA. See Minerva

ATLAS

AUGUSTUS. See Caesar

AURORA (Gr. Eos). Goddess of dawn

BACCHUS (Gr. Dionysus). God of wine

BATTUS

BAUCIS. Wife of Philemon; rewarded by Jove for hospitality to him

BOREAS. God of the north wind

BYBLIS

CADMUS

CAENEUS. The woman, Caenis, changed into a man by Neptune CAESAR. Family name of GaiusJulius and later of Augustus CALCHAS. Priest of Apollo

CALLIOPEThe Muse of eloquence and epic poetry

CALYDON . Ancient Greek city in Aetolia

CANENS. A river nymph; wife of Ficus

CASSANDRA. Daughter of Priam and Hecuba (she possessed prophetic power which no one would believe)

CAUNUS

CENTAUR. Monster with the head, trunk, and arms of a man, and the body and legs of a horse; offspring of Ixion

CEPHALUS. Husband of Procris, sister of Procne and Philomela CERES (Gr. Demeter). Goddess of agriculture, mother of Proserpina CEYX. Son of Lucifer; King ofTrachis

CHARYBDIS. Guardian of the whirlpool off the coast ofSicily

CHIONE. Daughter of Daedalion; loved by Apollo and Mercury

CHIRON. Wisest of all Centaurs, trainer of Achilles, Aesculapius, and Hercules

CINYRAS. Father of Adonis by his daughter, Myrrha

CIPUS

CIRCE. Enchantress who turned meninto beasts CLAROS. Town in Asia Minor, with an oracle of Apollo CLYMENE . Mother of Phaethon, son of



Apollo

CRONUS. **See** Saturn

CUMAE. Ancient city in southwestern Italy

CUPID. Son of Venus; god of love

CYANE. A nymph changed by Pluto into a pool; the pool

CYBELE (*Gr.* Rhea). Goddess of nature; sometimes considered mother of the gods

CYGNUS King of the Ligurians who turned into a swan and was placed among the stars. Son of Neptune; Trojan hero

CYLLARUS Handsome young centaur

CYPARISSUS

DAEDALION. Brother of Ceyx

DAEDALUS. Artist and inventor who built the labyrinth for King Minos in Crete DAPHNE. A nymph who evaded Apollo's advances by becoming a laurel tree

DEIANIRA. Second wife of Hercules, whom she accidentally killed

DELOS. Small island in the Aegean; birthplace of Diana and Apollo DELPHI. City in Greece, site of the famous oracle of Apollo DEMETER. **See** Ceres

DEUCALION. A son of Prometheus, he and his wife Pyrrha were the only survivors of the flood inflicted by Zeus because of man's wickedness

DIANA (*Gr.* Artemis). Sister of Apollo; goddess of the moon and of hunting; patroness of virgins

DIOMEDES. Greek hero in the Trojan War; founder of the city Arpi

DIONYSUS. **See** Bacchus

DRYOPE

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METAMORPHOSES

ECHO

EGERIA. Wife of Numa

ENVY

ERYSICHTHON. King who was punished for scorning the gods

EUROPA. Phoenician princess EURYDICE. Wife of Orpheus EURYTUS. **A centaur**

EVENUS. Flooding river which nearly caused Hercules to lose his wife Deianira

FAUNUS. **See** Pan

GALANTHIS. Alcmena's maid, who was turned into a weasel

GALATEA. A Nereid, loved by Cyclops. Pygmalion's statue, turned into a live woman by Venus

GANYMEDE. Cupbearer to the gods

GLAUCUS. A sea-god

HECUBA. Wife of Priam; queen of Troy; mother of Hector, Paris, Polyxena, Polydorus

HERCULES. Son of Jove and Alcmena, who was known for his great strength

HERMAPHRODITUS

HERMES. *See* Mercury

HERSILIA. Wife of Romulus

HESPERIA. Daughter of Cebren, a river-god

HESTIA. *See* Vesta

HIPPODAME. Wife of Pirithous

HIPPOLYTUS. Son of Theseus; name changed to Virbius

HIPPOMENES. Winning suitor of Atalanta

HORA. Name of Hersilia, wife of Romulus, after her deification

HYACINTHUS

HYLONOME. Fairest of the female centaurs

IANTHE

ICARUS. Son of Daedalus

ILIA (Rhea Silvia). Mother of Romulus

INDIGES. Name of Aeneas after deification

INO. Sister of Bacchus' mother

IO. Daughter of Inachus; maiden loved by Jove, turned into a heifer to protect her from the jealousy of Juno

IPHIGENIA. Daughter of Agamemnon, who offered her as sacrifice to Diana

IPHIS. A girl in Crete. A youth of common birth in love with a princess, Anaxarete

IRIS. Goddess of the rainbow; assistant to Juno

ITYS. Son of Procne and Tereus

IULUS (Ascanius). Son of Aeneas; king of Latium and Alba

JASON. Leader of the Argonauts, who, with the help of Medea, got the Golden Fleece

JOVE (Jupiter; *Gr.* Zeus). Son of Saturn; chief of the gods, ruler of gods and men

JUNO (*Gr.* Hera). Wife of Jove; queen of the gods; goddess of marriage

JUPITER. *See* Jove

LAELAPS. Cephalus' hound, turned to stone during a chase

LAOMEDON. Founder of Troy; father of Priam LATONA (*Gr.* Leto). Mother of Apollo and Diana LATREUS. Centaur killed by Caeneus

LETO. *See* Latona

LEUCOTHOE LICHAS

LYCAON. A king of Arcadia, whom Jove turned into a wolf

MACAREUS. Greek warrior who traveled with Ulysses



MAENAD. Female follower of Bacchus

MARS. God of war

MEDEA. Sorceress who helped Jason get the Golden Fleece

MEDUSA

MELEAGER. An Argonaut, son of Althea, queen of Calydon

MEMNON. Trojan warrior; son of Aurora

MERCURY (*Gr.* Hermes). Messenger of the gods, agent of Jove

MIDAS. King of Phrygia

MINERVA (*Gr.* Pallas Athena). Goddess of wisdom, technical skill, and invention; patron goddess of Athens

MINOS. King of Crete; son of Zeus by Europa

MORPHEUS. God of dreams; son of the god of sleep

MYRMIDONS. A tribe of Thessalian warriors, transformed from ants into human beings

MYRRHA. In love with her father, Cinyras; mother of Adonis

MYSCELUS. Greek who founded the Italian town of Crotona

NARCISSUS

NEPTUNE (*Gr.* Poseidon). God of the sea

NESSUS. Centaur, who loved Deianira, wife of Hercules

NESTOR. Wise old counselor, who fought with the Greeks at Troy

NIOBE. Mother whose children were slain by Latona and Apollo because of her arrogance; she was turned into a stone by Jove

NUMA. King of Rome following Romulus

NUMICIUS. River-god in Latium, who purified Aeneas

OCYRHOE

ODYSSEUS. See Ulysses

ORITHYIA. Wife of Boreas

ORPHEUS. Musician whose music possessed magic power

OSSA. A mountain in Greece, in Thessaly near Pelion

PAEON. Son of Apollo; possessor of magic healing ability

PALLAS. See Minerva

PAN (Faunus). God of fields, forests, wild animals, flocks, and shepherds, represented with the legs, ears, horns, and beard of a goat

PANCHAIA. Island in the Arabian Sea, famous for perfumes

PARIS. Son of Priam; killer of Achilles; his kidnaping of Helen, wife of Menelaus, caused the Trojan War

PELEUS. Father of Achilles, by the goddess Thetis

PELIAS. King of Thessaly; uncle and guardian of Jason, murdered by Medea

PELION. A mountain in Greece, in Thessaly near Ossa

PENTHEUS

PERDIX. An inventor, turned into a partridge by Minerva to save him from the wrath of Daedalus

PERSEPHONE. See Proserpina

PERSEUS. Son of Zeus and Danae; slayer of Medusa PHAEDRA. Wife of Theseus; mother of Hippolytus PHAETHON. Son of Apollo

PHILEMON. Husband of Baucis; the couple were rewarded by Jove for their hospitality

PHILOMELA. Daughter of Pandion; transformed into a nightingale

PHOENIX. Legendary Egyptian bird which could renew its life after dying by fire

PICUS. Son of Saturn; father of Faunus; grandfather of Latinus; early king of Latium

PIRITHOUS. King of the Lapithae

PLUTO. God of the underworld, called Hades or Dis

POLYDORUS. Son of Priam, king of Troy; murdered by Polymestor

POLYMESTOR. King of Thrace during the Trojan War

POLYPHEMUS. A Cyclops, in love with Galatea

METAMORPHOSES

POLYXENA. Daughter of Priam who was betrothed to Achilles

POMONA. A wood-nymph in Latium

POSEIDON. See Neptune

PRIAM. Last king of Troy, who reigned during the Trojan War; father of Hector and Paris

PROCNE. Daughter of Pandion; wife of Tereus; transformed into a swallow

PROCRIS. Wife of Cephalus; sister of Procne and Philomela PROSERPINA (*Gr.* Persephone). Wife of Pluto; daughter of Ceres PYGMALION. King of Cyprus; sculptor; fell in love with a statue

PYRAMUS

PYRENEUS. King of Thrace

PYRRHA. See Deucalion

PYTHAGORAS. Greek philosopher and mathematician, 6th century B.C.

PYTHON. A huge serpent born soon after the flood; killed by Apollo

QUIRINUS. Name of Romulus after his deification

RHEA. See Cybele

RHEA SILVIA. See Ilia

ROME

ROMULUS. Legendary founder of Rome

SALMACIS. A fountain whose waters make men weak

SAMOS. Greek island off Asia Minor; birthplace of Pythagoras

SATURN (*Gr.* Cronus). God of agriculture; son of Uranus and father of Jove



SCYLLA. Daughter of King Nisus; lover of King Minos. Guardian of a dangerous rock in the Straits of Messina

SEMELE. Daughter of Cadmus; mother of Jove's son, Bacchus

SIBYL. A prophetess consulted by Aeneas

SYRIN X. Nymph chased by Pan; just as he caught her, she turned into reeds

TEMPE. A lovely valley, sacred to Apollo, located between Mounts Ossa and Olympus, in Thessaly, Greece

TEREUS. Descendant of Mars; husband of Procne

THEBES. Ancient city of Greece in Boeotia THEMIS. Goddess of law and justice THESEUS. Hero of Attica; son of Aegeus

THESSALY. Ancient region in northeastern Greece

THETIS. Mother of Achilles; chief of the Nereids

THISBE

THRACE. Ancient region of the Balkan Peninsula, between Macedonia and the Black Sea

TIMOLUS. Mountain in Lydia, Asia Minor TIRESIAS. Blind soothsayer of Thebes TISIPHONE. One of the Furies

TROY. Ancient city in northwestern Asia Minor; scene of the Trojan War

ULYSSES (*Gr.* Odysseus). One of the Greek chiefs in the Trojan War

URANIA. The Muse of astronomy

VENUS (*Gr.* Aphrodite). Goddess of love and beauty

VERTUMNUS. A satyr in love with the nymph Pomona

VESTA (*Gr.* Hestia). Goddess of the hearth and the hearth fire

VIRBIUS. *See* Hippolytus

VULCAN (*Gr.* Hephaestus). God of fire and metalworking; husband of Venus

ZEUS. *See* Jove