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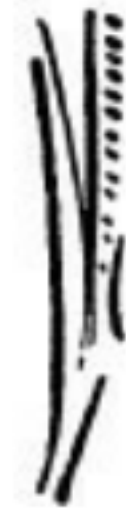
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BOOK XV

*The Succession of Numa, and the Story of Myscelus*

Who could sustain that burden, who succeed
 So great a king? Fame, herald of the truth,
 Selects the famous Numa for the throne.
 It was not enough for him to know the customs
 Of Sabines only, for his generous spirit
 Sought wider fields, the general laws of Nature.
 This passion led him far from his own town,
 Cures, on to Crotona, which once gave
 Welcome to Hercules, and there King Numa
 Asked who had been the founder of that city,
 Greek on Italian soil, and one old man,
 Who knew the ancient legends, gave the answer:
 "Hercules, so men say, came from the ocean,
 Enriched with Spanish oxen, and good luck
 Brought him to this Lacinian coast, and here

His cattle grazed on tender grass, and he
 Entered great Croton's friendly house, and rested
 From his long labors. As he left, he said,
 'Here, in the far-off future, there will rise
 The city of your grandsons!' It came true.
 In all that time the gods loved no man more
 Than Myscelus, Alemon's son, from Argos,
 And Hercules bent over him in slumber,
 Saying 'Arise, leave your own land, and travel
 To Aesar's rocky channel!' and he added
 Threats, many and fearful, to compel obedience.
 He vanished then, and slumber left Myscelus,
 Who rose, and in the silence saw the vision
 Still bright, and felt a warfare in his heart.
 The god said *Go!* the law said *Stay!* and death
 Had been appointed as the punishment
 For leaving his own country. The bright sun
 Had hidden his shining face beneath the ocean,
 And darkest night had raised her starry face
 From those same waters. Once again the god
 Seemed to be there, to give the same commands,
 Only the warnings, this time, were more dreadful
 For disobedience. He was greatly frightened,
 Yet made his preparations for the moving,
 And word of this went round: he had scorned the laws,
 He should be brought to trial. And the charge
 Was clear enough, no need of any witness,
 And Myscelus, raising hands and gaze to Heaven,
 Cried out: 'O god of the twelve great labors, help me!

It was your urging put this crime upon me.'
 In those old days it used to be the custom
 To vote by casting pebbles, black for guilty,
 White for acquittal; and when the vote was taken
 In Myscelus' case, each pebble, dropped in the urn,
 Was pitiless black, but when the urn was turned,
 And the pebbles poured for the count, the color of all
 Was changed from black to white; so Hercules willed it,
 And Myscelus went free. He thanked his patron,
 Amphitryon's son, and with fair winds behind him
 Crossed the Ionian sea, beyond Neretum,
 Past Sybaris and Tarentum, Siris' bay,
 Crimisa, the Iapygian coast, and found
 The mouth of Aesar's channel, and a mound
 That held the consecrated bones of Croton.
 There, as the god had bidden him, he built
 His city walls, and named the town for the hero
 Whose resting-place was there." Such was the story,
 Such the tradition of the city's founding.

The Teachings of Pythagoras

There was a man here, Samian born, but he
 Had fled from Samos, for he hated tyrants
 And chose, instead, an exile's lot. His thought
 Reached far aloft, to the great gods in Heaven,
 And his imagination looked on visions
 Beyond his mortal sight. All things he studied
 With watchful eager mind, and he brought home
 What he had learned and sat among the people

Teaching them what was worthy, and they listened
 In silence, wondering at the revelations
 How the great world began, the primal cause,
 The nature of things, what God is, whence the snows
 Come down, where lightning breaks from, whether wind
 Or Jove speaks in the thunder from the clouds,
 The cause of earthquakes, by what law the stars
 Wheel in their courses, all the secrets hidden
 From man's imperfect knowledge. He was first
 To say that animal food should not be eaten,
 And learned as he was, men did not always
 Believe him when he preached "Forbear, O mortals,
 To spoil your bodies with such impious food!
 There is corn for you, apples, whose weight bears down
 The bending branches; there are grapes that swell
 On the green vines, and pleasant herbs, and greens
 Made mellow and soft with cooking; there is milk
 And clover-honey. Earth is generous
 With her provision, and her sustenance
 Is very kind; she offers, for your tables,
 Food that requires no bloodshed and no slaughter.
 Meat is for beasts to feed on, yet not all
 Are carnivores, for horses, sheep, and cattle
 Subsist on grass, but those whose disposition
 Is fierce and cruel, tigers, raging lions,
 And bears and wolves delight in bloody feasting.
 Oh, what a wicked thing it is for flesh
 To be the tomb of flesh, for the body's craving
 To fatten on the body of another,

For one live creature to continue living
 Through one live creature's death. In all the richness
 That Earth, the best of mothers, tenders to us,
 Does nothing please except to chew and mangle
 The flesh of slaughtered animals? The Cyclops
 Could do no worse! Must you destroy another
 To satiate your greedy-gutted cravings?
 There was a time, the Golden Age, we call it,
 Happy in fruits and herbs, when no men tainted
 Their lips with blood, and birds went flying safely
 Through air, and in the fields the rabbits wandered
 Unfrightened, and no little fish was ever
 Hooked by its own credulity: all things
 Were free from treachery and fear and cunning,
 And all was peaceful. But some innovator,
 A good-for-nothing, whoever he was, decided,
 In envy, that what lions ate was better,
 Stuffed meat into his belly like a furnace,
 And paved the way for crime. It may have been
 That steel was warmed and dyed with blood through killing
 Dangerous beasts, and that could be forgiven
 On grounds of self-defense; to kill wild beasts
 Is lawful, but they never should be eaten.

One crime leads to another: first the swine
 Were slaughtered, since they rooted up the seeds
 And spoiled the season's crop; then goats were punished
 On vengeful altars for nibbling at the grape-vines.
 These both deserved their fate, but the poor sheep,
 What had they ever done, born for man's service,

But bring us milk, so sweet to drink, and clothe us
 With their soft wool, who give us more while living
 Than ever they could in death? And what had oxen,
 Incapable of fraud or trick or cunning,
 Simple and harmless, born to a life of labor,
 What had they ever done? None but an ingrate,
 Unworthy of the gift of grain, could ever
 Take off the weight of the yoke, and with the axe
 Strike at the neck that bore it, kill his fellow
 Who helped him break the soil and raise the harvest.
 It is bad enough to do these things; we make
 The gods our partners in the abomination,
 Saying they love the blood of bulls in Heaven.
 So there he stands, the victim at the altars,
 Without a blemish, perfect (and his beauty
 Proves his own doom), in sacrificial garlands,
 Horns tipped with gold, and hears the priest intoning:
 Not knowing what he means, watches the barley
 Sprinkled between his horns, the very barley
 He helped make grow, and then is struck
 And with his blood he stains the knife whose flashing
 He may have seen reflected in clear water.
 Then they tear out his entrails, peer, examine,
 Search for the will of Heaven, seeking omens.
 And then, so great man's appetite for food
 Forbidden, then, O human race, you feed,
 You feast, upon your kill. Do not do this,
 I pray you, but remember: when you taste
 The flesh of slaughtered cattle, you are eating

Your fellow-workers.

“Now, since the god inspires me,
I follow where he leads, to open Delphi,
The very heavens, bring you revelation
Of mysteries, great matters never traced
By any mind before, and matters lost
Or hidden and forgotten, these I sing.
There is no greater wonder than to range
The starry heights, to leave the earth's dull regions,
To ride the clouds, to stand on Atlas' shoulders,
And see, far off, far down, the little figures
Wandering here and there, devoid of reason,
Anxious, in fear of death, and so advise them,
And so make fate an open book.

“O mortals,
Dumb in cold fear of death, why do you tremble
At Stygian rivers, shadows, empty names,
The lying stock of poets, and the terrors
Of a false world? I tell you that your bodies
Can never suffer evil, whether fire
Consumes them, or the waste of time. Our souls
Are deathless; always, when they leave our bodies,
They find new dwelling-places. I myself,
I well remember, in the Trojan War
Was Panthous' son, Euphorbus, and my breast
Once knew the heavy spear of Menelaus.
Not long ago, in Argos, Abas' city,
In Juno's temple, I saw the shield I carried
On my left arm. All things are always changing,

But nothing dies. The spirit comes and goes,
Is housed wherever it wills, shifts residence
From beasts to men, from men to beasts, but always
It keeps on living. As the pliant wax
Is stamped with new designs, and is no longer
What once it was, but changes form, and still
Is pliant wax, so do I teach that spirit
Is evermore the same, though passing always
To ever-changing bodies. So I warn you,
Lest appetite murder brotherhood, I warn you
By all the priesthood in me, do not exile
What may be kindred souls by evil slaughter.
Blood should not nourish blood.

“Full sail, I voyage
Over the boundless ocean, and I tell you
Nothing is permanent in all the world.
All things are fluent; every image forms,
Wandering through change. Time is itself a river
In constant movement, and the hours flow by
Like water, wave on wave, pursued, pursuing,
Forever fugitive, forever new.
That which has been, is not; that which was not,
Begins to be; motion and moment always
In process of renewal. Look, the night,
Worn out, aims toward the brightness, and sun's glory
Succeeds the dark. The color of the sky
Is different at midnight, when tired things
Lie all at rest, from what it is at morning
When Lucifer rides his snowy horse, before

Aurora paints the sky for Phoebus' coming.
 The shield of the god reddens at early morning,
 Reddens at evening, but is white at noonday
 In purer air, farther from earth's contagion.
 And the Moon-goddess changes in the nighttime,
 Lesser today than yesterday, if waning,
 Greater tomorrow than today, when crescent.

Notice the year's four seasons: they resemble
 Our lives. Spring is a nursling, a young child,
 Tender and young, and the grass shines and buds
 Swell with new life, not yet full-grown nor hardy,
 But promising much to husbandmen, with blossom
 Bright in the fertile fields. And then comes summer
 When the year is a strong young man, no better time
 Than this, no richer, no more passionate vigor.
 Then comes the prime of Autumn, a little sober,
 But ripe and mellow, moderate of mood,
 Halfway from youth to age, with just a showing
 Of gray around the temples. And then Winter,
 Tottering, shivering, bald or gray, and aged.

Our bodies also change. What we have been,
 What we now are, we shall not be tomorrow.
 There was a time when we were only seed,
 Only the hope of men, housed in the womb,
 Where Nature shaped us, brought us forth, exposed us
 To the void air, and there in light we lay,
 Feeble and infant, and were quadrupeds
 Before too long, and after a little wobbled

And pulled ourselves upright, holding a chair,
 The side of the crib, and strength grew into us,
 And swiftness; youth and middle age went swiftly
 Down the long hill toward age, and all our vigor
 Came to decline, so Milon, the old wrestler,
 Weeps when he sees his arms whose bulging muscles
 Were once like Hercules', and Helen weeps
 To see her wrinkles in the looking glass:
 Could this old woman ever have been ravished,
 Taken twice over? Time devours all things
 With envious Age, together. The slow gnawing
 Consumes all things, and very, very slowly.

Not even the so-called elements are constant.
 Listen, and I will tell you of their changes.
 There are four of them, and two, the earth and water,
 Are heavy, and their own weight bears them downward,
 And two, the air and fire (and fire is purer
 Even than air) are light, rise upward
 If nothing holds them down. These elements
 Are separate in space, yet all things come
 From them and into them, and they can change
 Into each other. Earth can be dissolved
 To flowing water, water can thin to air,
 And air can thin to fire, and fire can thicken
 To air again, and air condense to water,
 And water be compressed to solid earth.
 Nothing remains the same: the great renewer,
 Nature, makes form from form, and, oh, believe me
 That nothing ever dies. What we call birth

Is the beginning of a difference,
 No more than that, and death is only ceasing
 Of what had been before. The parts may vary,
 Shifting from here to there, hither and yon,
 And back again, but the great sum is constant.

Nothing, I am convinced, can be the same
 Forever. There was once an Age of Gold,
 Later, an Age of Iron. Every place
 Submits to Fortune's wheel. I have seen oceans
 That once were solid land, and I have seen
 Lands made from ocean. Often sea-shells lie
 Far from the beach, and men have found old anchors
 On mountain-tops. Plateaus have turned to valleys,
 Hills washed away, marshes become dry desert,
 Deserts made pools. Here Nature brings forth fountains,
 There shuts them in; when the earth quakes, new rivers
 Are born and old ones sink and dry and vanish.
 Lycus, for instance, swallowed by the earth
 Emerges far away, a different stream,
 And Erasinus disappears, goes under
 The ground, and comes to light again in Argos,
 And Mysus, so the story goes, was tired
 Of his old source and banks and went elsewhere
 And now is called Caicus. The Anigrus
 Was good to drink from once, but now rolls down
 A flood that you had better leave alone,
 Unless the poets lie, because the Centaurs
 Used it to wash their wounds from Hercules' arrows.
 And Hypanis, rising from Scythian mountains,

Once fresh and sweet to the taste, is salty and brackish.

Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, all inland cities,
 Were islands once, Leucas and Zancle mainland,
 And Helice and Buris, should you seek them,
 Those old Achaian cities, you would find them
 Under the waves, and mariners can show you
 The sloping ramps, the buried walls. Near Troezen
 Stands a high treeless hill, a level plain
 Until the violent winds, penned underground,
 Stifled in gloomy caverns, struggled long
 For freer air to breathe, since that black prison
 Had never a chink, made the ground swell to bursting,
 The way one blows a bladder or a goatskin,
 And where that blister or that bubble grew
 Out of the ground, the lump remained and hardened
 With time, and now it seems a rounded hill-top.

Example on example! I could cite you
 So many more that I have seen or heard of.
 Just a few more. The element of water
 Gives and receives strange forms. At midday Ammon
 Is cold, but warm in the morning and the evening.
 The Athamanians set wood on fire
 By pouring water on it in the dark of the moon,
 And the Ciconian people have a river
 They never drink, for they would turn to marble.
 Crathis and Sybaris, in our own country,
 Turn hair the color of platinum or gold,
 And there are other streams, more marvelous even,

Whose waters affect the mind as well as body.
 You have heard about Salmacis; there are lakes
 In Ethiopia where a swallow of the water
 Will drive you raving mad or hold you rigid
 In catatonic lethargy. No man
 Who likes his wine should ever drink from Clytor
 Or he would hate it; something in that water,
 It may be, counteracts the heat of wine,
 Or possibly, and so the natives tell us,
 Melampus, when he cured the maddened daughters
 Of Proetus by his herbs and magic singing,
 Threw in that spring mind-clearing hellebore,
 So that a hatred of wine stays in those waters.
 Lynestis river is just the opposite;
 Whoever drinks too freely there will stagger
 As if he had taken undiluted wine.
 At Pheneus, in Arcadia, there are springs
 Harmless by day, injurious in the nighttime.
 As lakes and rivers vary in their virtues,
 So lands can change. The little island Delos
 Once floated on the waters, but now stands firm,
 And Jason's Argo, as you well remember,
 Dreaded the Clashing Rocks, the high-flung spray,
 Immovable now, contemptuous of the winds.
 Etna, whose furnaces glow hot with sulphur,
 Will not be fiery always in the future,
 And was not always fiery in the past.
 The earth has something animal about it,
 Living almost, with many lungs to breathe through,

Sending out flames, but the passages of breathing
 Are changeable; some caverns may be closed
 And new ones open whence the fire can issue.
 Deep caves compress the violent winds, which drive
 Rock against rock, imprisoning the matter
 That holds the seeds of flame, and this bursts blazing
 Ignited by the friction, and the caves
 Cool when the winds are spent. The tars and pitches,
 The yellow sulphur with invisible burning,
 Are no eternal fuel, so volcanoes,
 Starved of their nourishment, devour no longer,
 Abandon fire, as they have been abandoned.

Far to the north, somewhere around Pallene,
 The story goes, there is a lake where men
 Who plunge nine times into the chilly waters
 Come out with downy feathers over their bodies.
 This I do not believe, nor that the women
 Of Scythia sprinkle their bodies with magic juices
 For the same purpose and effect.

“However,

There are stranger things that have been tried and tested
 And these we must believe. You have seen dead bodies,
 Rotten from time or heat, breed smaller creatures.
 Bury the carcasses of slaughtered bullocks,
 Chosen for sacrifice (all men know this),
 And from the putrid entrails will come flying
 The flower-culling bees, whose actions prove
 Their parenthood, for they are fond of meadows,

Are fond of toil, and work with hopeful spirit.
 The horse, being warlike, after he is buried
 Produces hornets. Cut a sea-crab's claws,
 Bury the rest of the body, and a scorpion
 Comes from the ground. And worms that weave cocoons
 White on the leaves of the trees, as country people,
 Know well, turn into moths with death's-head marking.
 The mud holds seeds that generate green frogs,
 Legless at first, but the legs grow, to swim with,
 And take long jumps with, later. And a bear-cub,
 New-born, is not a bear at all, but only
 A lump, hardly alive, whose mother gives it
 A licking into shape, herself as model.
 The larvae of the honey-bearing bees,
 Safe in hexagonal waxen cells, are nothing
 But wormlike bodies; feet and wings come later.
 Who would believe that from an egg would come
 Such different wonders as Juno's bird, the peacock,
 Jove's eagle, Venus' dove, and all the fliers?
 Some people think that when the human spine
 Has rotted in the narrow tomb, the marrow
 Is changed into a serpent.

"All these things
 Have their beginning in some other creature,
 But there is one bird which renews itself
 Out of itself. The Assyrians call it the phoenix.
 It does not live on seeds nor the green grasses,
 But on the gum of frankincense and juices
 Of cardamon. It lives five centuries,

As you may know, and then it builds itself
 A nest in the highest branches of a palm-tree,
 Using its talons and clean beak to cover
 This nest with cassia and spikes of spikenard,
 And cinnamon and yellow myrrh, and there
 It dies among the fragrance, and from the body
 A tiny phoenix springs to birth, whose years
 Will be as long. The fledgling, gaining strength
 To carry burdens, lifts the heavy nest,
 His cradle and the old one's tomb, and bears it
 Through the thin air to the city of the Sun
 And lays it as an offering at the doors
 Of the Sun-god's holy temple.

"Wonders, wonders!
 The same hyena can be male or female,
 To take or give the seed of life, at pleasure,
 And the chameleon, a little creature
 Whose food is wind and air, takes on the color
 Of anything it rests on. India, conquered,
 Gave Bacchus, tendril-crowned, the tawny lynxes
 Whose urine, when it met the air, was hardened
 Becoming stone; so coral also hardens
 At the first touch of air, while under water
 It sways, a pliant weed.

"The day will end,
 The Sun-god plunge tired horses in the ocean
 Before I have the time I need to tell you
 All of the things that take new forms. We see
 The eras change, nations grow strong, or weaken,

Like Troy, magnificent in men and riches,
 For ten years lavish with her blood, and now
 Displaying only ruins and for wealth
 The old ancestral tombs. Sparta, Mycenae,
 Athens, and Thebes, all flourished once, and now
 What are they more than names? I hear that Rome
 Is rising, out of Trojan blood, established
 On strong and deep foundations, where the Tiber
 Comes from the Apennines. Rome's form is changing
 Growing to greatness, and she will be, some day,
 Head of the boundless world; so we are told
 By oracles and seers. I can remember
 When Troy was tottering ruinward, a prophet,
 Helenus, son of Priam, told Aeneas
 In consolation for his doubts and weeping
 'O son of Venus, if you bear in mind
 My prophecies, Troy shall not wholly perish
 While you are living: fire and sword will give you
 Safe passage through them; you will carry on
 Troy's relics, till a land, more friendly to you
 Than your own native soil, will give asylum.
 I see the destined city for the Trojans
 And their sons' sons, none greater in all the ages,
 Past, present, or to come. Through long, long eras
 Her famous men will bring her power, but one,
 Sprung from Iulus' blood, will make her empress
 Of the whole world, and after earth has used him
 The heavens will enjoy him, Heaven will be
 His destination.' What Helenus told Aeneas,

I have told you, I remember, and I am happy
 That for our kin new walls, at last, are rising,
 That the Greek victory was to such good purpose.

We must not wander far and wide, forgetting
 The goal of our discourse. Remember this:
 The heavens and all below them, earth and her creatures,
 All change, and we, part of creation, also
 Must suffer change. We are not bodies only,
 But wingèd spirits, with the power to enter
 Animal forms, house in the bodies of cattle.
 Therefore, we should respect those dwelling-places
 Which may have given shelter to the spirit
 Of fathers, brothers, cousins, human beings
 At least, and we should never do them damage,
 Not stuff ourselves like the cannibal Thyestes.
 An evil habit, impious preparation,
 Wicked as human bloodshed, to draw the knife
 Across the throat of the calf, and hear its anguish
 Cry to deaf ears! And who could slay
 The little goat whose cry is like a baby's,
 Or eat a bird he has himself just fed?
 One might as well do murder; he is only
 The shortest step away. Let the bull plow
 And let him owe his death to length of days;
 Let the sheep give you armor for rough weather,
 The she-goats bring full udders to the milking.
 Have done with nets and traps and snares and springes,
 Bird-lime and forest-beaters, lines and fish-hooks.
 Kill, if you must, the beasts that do you harm,

But, even so, let killing be enough;
 Let appetite refrain from flesh, take only
 A gentler nourishment."

The Return of Numa, His Death, and the Grief of Egeria

Men say that Numa
 Returned to his own land from there, his wisdom
 Greater for this instruction, and he reigned
 In Latium, happy in a wife Egeria,
 A nymph, and with the guidance of the Muses,
 He taught his people holy rites, and trained them
 From warlike ways to peace, through the long years,
 And when his rule and life were done, all people
 Mourned for the loss of Numa, men and matrons,
 Nobles and common folk. Egeria fled
 The city, hiding in the deepest forests
 Of the Arician vale, and her lamenting,
 Wailing and grief, disturbed Diana's worship.
 Her sister nymphs from wood and lake would often
 Urge her to quiet, speaking words of comfort,
 And Theseus' son, Hippolytus, spoke to her:
 "Stop it," he said, "Your lot is not the only
 Instance of sorrow: think of other people,
 Others have borne such losses, and your own,
 If you remember them, may be less heavy.
 As for myself, I have had my share of sorrow,
 So much I wish I had never had to bear it,
 But my experience, perhaps, can ease you.

The Story of Hippolytus

You have heard, I think, about Hippolytus,
 Whoever he was, and how he met his death
 Because his father had too much suspicion,
 Believed too readily what his wicked wife
 Poured in his ears. This you will not believe,
 And I can hardly prove it, but I am
 The same Hippolytus. Pasiphae's daughter,
 Phaedra, my father's wife, tried to seduce me,
 To have me make a cuckold of my father.
 She failed, but what she wanted she pretended
 That I had wanted, and she lied about it,
 Accused me to him (whether through her fear
 Of being found out, or anger at rejection
 I never knew). I know I did not merit
 The banishment my father put upon me,
 The curse that echoed down my path of exile.
 I rode toward Troezen, and as I was going
 Along the beach of Corinth, a great wall
 Of water rose from the sea, grew mountain-high,
 Roared terribly, and split, and at the summit
 A bull came forth, reared breast and shoulders over
 The flood, and mouth and nostrils spouted water.
 My company was terrified, but I
 Had in my heart no room for fear, with exile
 All I could think of. Suddenly, my horses
 Faced toward the sea, pricked up their ears, and trembled,
 Shivering at that monster shape, and dashed
 My chariot headlong down the rocky headland.

I struggled with the reins, all smeared with foam,
 Leaned back with all my strength, and might have mastered
 Their maddened fury, but a wheel broke off
 Against a stump, the axle snapped, and I
 Was thrown, with legs and ankles in a tangle
 Wound with the reins. Had you been there to see me,
 You would have seen my entrails torn from my body,
 Muscles impaled on prongs, limbs partly shattered,
 Partly dragged on, or left behind, all broken,
 You would have heard the crack of my snapping bones,
 Seen the last breath go out of me. You would not
 Have known me, not in any part, for I
 Was simply one great wound. So, my dear goddess,
 Can you compare your loss with my disaster?
 That was not all. I saw the sunless world
 Of Death, I bathed my torn and weary body
 In the Burning River, and there I still would be
 Had it not been for Paeon, who was son
 Of great Apollo, and had magic potions
 That brought me back to life. Through his strong herbs,
 His medicine, against the will of Pluto,
 I came to life again. Diana veiled me
 In a thick cloud, so that no man might see me,
 None envy me my second life. She gave me
 The look of age, and changed me, every feature,
 So that I might be seen, might have no fear,
 No dread of punishment, and in her mind
 Could not decide what home was better for me,
 Delos or Crete, but finally she sent me

To neither place, but here, bade me abandon
 The name that might remind me of my horses.
Hippolytus no more, you shall be Virbius,
The Twice-Born Man! So she decreed, and always,
 From that time on, this grove has been my dwelling.
 A lesser god, I am sheltered by the greater,
 All my devotion hers."

But no such story
 Could soothe Egeria's grief; she flung herself
 Face down at the mountain's base, dissolved in tears
 Until Diana, pitying her sorrow,
 Formed a cool fountain from her body, and streams
 Out of her slender limbs, and this struck wonder
 Into the nymphs, and Theseus' son was startled
 No less than when that plowman in Etruria
 Saw in his fields a clod that moved when no man
 Had ever touched it, and it grew and fashioned
 Itself to human shape, and uttered speech
 Of things that were to be. The natives called him,
 This new man, Tages, and through him the nation
 Was taught in prophecy.

No less amazed
 Was Romulus when he saw the spear he planted
 Suddenly put forth leaves, and the iron point
 That held it in the Palatine earth grew downward,
 Changed into roots, and it was spear no more,
 But tree, whose unexpected shadow darkened
 Above the people's wonder.

The Story of Cippus

No less amazed
 Was Cippus, looking at his own reflection
 In river water, seeing on his forehead
 Horns jutting out. It might have been illusion,
 He thought, some freak or trickery of the water,
 And so he raised his fingers to his forehead,
 Touched what he saw, believed, stood still, as one
 Who halts when homeward bound from some great triumph,
 Lifted his hands and eyes to Heaven, crying:
 "O gods, whatever this portent means, if good,
 Let it be for my people, but if evil,
 May that be mine alone!" He made an altar
 Of the green turf, poured wine and sprinkled incense,
 Made offerings of sheep, studied the entrails
 For further sign. Etruscan seers and augurs
 Joined in the study and at first were baffled:
 There were signs of greatness, surely, signs of promise,
 All too unclear at first, but one soothsayer,
 Lifting his eyes to glance at Cippus' forehead
 Where the horns grew, cried out: "All hail, O king!
 This place and Latium's citadels bow down
 To Cippus; only hasten, enter the gates
 That stand wide open, waiting. So the fates
 Ordain. If once he is welcomed in the city,
 Then Cippus shall be king, and wield the sceptre
 With safe and endless sway." But Cippus kept
 His gaze away, recoiling. "May the gods

Avert such destiny! Oh far, far better
 I be an exile from my home than ever
 King on the Capitol." He called together
 People and reverend senate, but he hid
 His horns with laurel, and he stood above them
 On a memorial hillock, prayed to the gods
 In the old way, and said, "There is one here
 Who will be king unless you make him exile.
 His name I will not tell you; you will know him
 For he is wearing horns upon his forehead.
 The prophets say that, once he enters Rome,
 You will all be slaves. He might have forced his way
 Through your open gates; it was I who would not let him,
 Though I am closer to him than any man.
 Reject him, citizens; or, if he deserves it,
 Bind him with chains, or kill him." And a murmur
 Rose from the people, such a sound as rushes
 Through pine-trees at the rising of the wind,
 Or as sea-waves make, far-off. Through the confusion
 One cry rose loud and clear: *Who is the man?*
 They stood there, looking at each other's foreheads,
 Trying to find the horns. Then Cippus spoke:
 "Here is the man you seek," and took the laurel
 From off his temples, though they tried to stop him,
 Showed the two horns. And all looked down and sighed
 And once again looked up, against their will,
 Almost, at that illustrious brow. They would not
 Permit dishonor to him, and the laurel
 Was twined, once more, about his noble temples,

And, since he might not come within the city,
 The senate gave him, as a gift of honor,
 Whatever land a sturdy team of oxen
 Could plow from dawn to darkness. And the horns,
 Engraved on bronze, in all their marvellous beauty,
 Adorn the pillars of their gates forever.

The Story of Aesculapius

And now, O Muses, helpers of the poets,
 You knowers and rememberers, aid the telling
 Of how an island in the Tiber's channel
 Brought the god Aesculapius to Rome.

In the old days a deadly pestilence
 Infected Latium's air, and bodies wasted
 Pale with a bloodless sickness. Men were weary
 Of caring for the dead, and saw their efforts
 All came to nothing, found the arts of healers
 Of no avail, and so they went to Delphi,
 Earth's center, there to beg the god to help them,
 To heal them in their misery, and end
 The ills of their great city. All things trembled,
 The shrine, the laurel, and Apollo's quiver,
 And from the innermost tripod came the words
 That shook them all with fear: "What you are seeking
 In Delphi, Romans, you should have sought for nearer.
 Go, seek it nearer home. Apollo cannot
 Lessen your troubles, but Apollo's son
 Has power to help you. Go, with all good omens,

And call upon him." The wise senate listened,
 Heard the injunction, and inquired what city
 Held the young god, and sent to Epidaurus
 By ship to find him. When they beached their vessel
 On that curved shore, they went to meet the fathers,
 The council of the Greeks, prayed for the gift
 Of that one deity to end their troubles,
 According to the oracle. The elders
 Differed among themselves: some were for giving
 The gift outright, but there were more who favored
 Keeping their god, their wealth, their aid and guardian.
 And while they sat in doubt, the dusk of evening
 Banished the lingering day, and darkness shadowed
 The light of the world. Then Aesculapius seemed,
 In dream, to stand before the Roman's couch,
 Even as in his temple, with the staff
 In his left hand, his right forefinger stroking
 His flowing beard. He spoke, or seemed to, calmly:
 "Be not afraid; I shall come, and leave my statues,
 But see this serpent, as it twines around
 The rod I carry: mark it well, and learn it,
 For I shall be this serpent, only larger,
 Like a celestial presence." And he vanished,
 And with his voice the slumber died, and day
 Dawned calm upon that sleep, and the bright morning
 Had driven out the stars, when all the elders,
 Uncertain still, assembled at the temple
 And prayed their god to give a sign, an omen,
 Where he would have his dwelling-place. And silence

Had hardly fallen, when the god, all crested
 With gold, in serpent-form, uttered a warning,
 Hissed terribly, a sign that he was coming,
 And all the altars, all the doors, the pavement,
 The roof of gold, the statue, shook and trembled.
 Reared high, he stood there, and he gazed about him
 With fiery eyes, and as the people shuddered,
 The priest, in ceremonial headdress, knew him,
 Calling: "The god! Behold the god! Bow down
 To him in word and spirit, all who stand here!
 That we may see his beauty as our blessing,
 Here at his shrine!" And all the people worshipped,
 Made their responses, and the Romans also
 Gave sign of deep devotion, and the god
 Was gracious, signified his lasting favor,
 Hissed, glided down the marble stairs, and turned
 To gaze once more on those familiar altars
 For the last time, and then he wound his way,
 Looping and coiling, over the ground where flowers
 Were scattered in his honor, and so came
 To the harbor with its curving walls, and halted,
 And seemed to say farewell to all his people,
 And went aboard the ship, which under the burden
 Of the god's weight, seemed to be heavy laden.
 And joy filled all the Romans; on the shore
 They slew a bull for sacrificial offering
 And wreathed the ship with flowers, and loosed the moorings.
 Soft breezes blew the vessel on: the god
 Looked down from the high stern on the blue waters,

And the winds held fair through the Ionian sea,
 Five days to Italy, on by Lacinium,
 Famous for Juno's temple, past Scylaceum,
 Beyond Iapygia, skirting crags and rocks,
 Skirting Romethium, Caulon, and Narycia,
 Past Sicily and Pelorus' straits, beyond
 The island of the winds, the copper-mines,
 On toward Leucosia and Paestum's headland
 Whose roses love the warmth; then by Capri
 Minerva's cape, Sorrento's hilly vineyards,
 Past Herculaneum, Stabiae, and Naples
 Founded for leisure, famous for the temple
 Of the Cumaean Sibyl. On and on
 By the hot springs of Baiae, by Linternum,
 Where grow the mastic-trees, beyond Volturnus,
 The whirling sandy river, by Sinuessa
 And all its snowy doves, beyond Minturnae,
 A pestilential town, beyond Caieta
 Named for Aeneas' nurse, whose funeral
 Was held there long ago, past Formiae,
 Past marshy Terracina and Circe's island,
 Past Antium and the shore of hard-packed sand.
 Here the sea roughened, and the sailors altered
 Their course to landward, and the god unfolded
 His coils and came in looping curving motion
 To his father's temple on that yellow shore.
 And the sea calmed, and once again he left
 His father's altars, a guest there, for a little,
 In blood-relationship, and turned, and made a furrow

Along the beach, and the scales rasped like metal,
 Until he came to the ship, wound upward, slowly,
 The rudder's length, and rested by the tiller.
 He came to Castrum, to the mouth of Tiber,
 Lavinium's holy place, and here the people
 Came thronging down to meet him, men and matrons
 And maids, the Vestals, and they cried Hosannas,
 As the swift ship rode on upstream, and incense
 Crackled on altars on both sides the river
 And air was fragrant with the smoke of incense
 And victim beasts made the knife warm with blood
 He had entered Rome, the capital of the world,
 And climbed the mast, and swung his head about
 As if to seek his proper habitation.
 Just at this point the river breaks and flows,
 A double stream, around a mole of land
 Men call The Island. Here the serpent-son,
 Apollo's offspring, came to land, put on
 His heavenly form again, and to the people
 Brought health and end of mourning.

The Deification of Caesar

The old god
 Came to our shrines from foreign lands, but Caesar
 Is god in his own city. First in war,
 And first in peace, victorious, triumphant,
 Planner and governor, quick-risen to glory,
 The newest star in Heaven, and more than this,
 And above all, immortal through his son.

No work, in all of Caesar's great achievement,
 Surpassed this greatness, to have been the father
 Of our own Emperor. To have tamed the Britons,
 Surrounded by the fortress of their ocean,
 To have led a proud victorious armada
 Up seven-mouthed Nile, to have added to the empire
 Rebel Numidia, Libya, and Pontus
 Arrogant with the name of Mithridates,
 To have had many triumphs, and deserved
 Many more triumphs: this was truly greatness,
 Greatness surpassed only by being father
 Of one yet greater, one who rules the world
 As proof that the immortal gods have given
 Rich blessing to the human race, so much so
 We cannot think him mortal, our Augustus,
 Therefore our Julius must be made a god
 To justify his son.

And golden Venus
 Saw this, and saw, as well, the murder plotted
 Against her priest, the assassins in their armor,
 And she grew pale with fear. "Behold," she cried
 To all the gods in turn, "Behold, what treason
 Threatens me with its heavy weight, what ambush
 Is set to take Iulus' last descendant!
 Must this go on forever? Once again
 The spear of Diomedes strikes to wound me,
 The walls of Troy fall over me in ruins,
 Once more I see my son, long-wandering,
 Storm-tossed, go down to the shades, and rise again

To war with Turnus, or to speak more truly,
 With Juno. It is very foolish of me
 To dwell on those old sufferings, for my fear,
 My present fear, has driven them from my mind.
 Look: Do you see them whetting their evil daggers?
 Avert this crime, before the fires of Vesta
 Drown in their high-priest's blood!"

The anxious goddess

Cried these complaints through Heaven, and no one listened.
 The gods were moved, and though they could not shatter
 The iron mandates of the ancient sisters,
 They still gave certain portents of the evil
 To come upon the world. In the dark storm-clouds
 Arms clashed and trumpets blared, most terrible,
 And horns heard in the sky warned men of crime,
 And the sun's visage shone with lurid light
 On anxious lands. Firebrands were seen to flash
 Among the stars, the clouds dripped blood, rust-color
 Blighted the azure Morning-Star, and the Moon
 Rode in a blood-red car. The Stygian owl
 Wailed in a thousand places; ivory statues
 Dripped tears in a thousand places, and wailing traveled
 The holy groves, and threats were heard. No victim
 Paid expiation, and the liver warned
 Of desperate strife to come, the lobe found cloven
 Among the entrails. In the market place,
 Around the homes of men and the gods' temples
 Dogs howled by night, and the shadows of the silent
 Went roaming, and great earthquakes shook the city.

No warning of the gods could check the plotting
 Of men, avert the doom of fate. Drawn swords
 Were borne into a temple; nowhere else
 In the whole city was suitable for murder
 Save where the senate met.

Then Venus beat

Her breast with both her hands, and tried to hide him,
 Her Caesar, in a cloud, as she had rescued
 Paris from Menelaus, as Aeneas
 Fled Diomedes' sword. And Jove spoke to her:
 "My daughter, do you think your power alone
 Can move the fates no power can ever conquer?
 Enter the home of the Three Sisters: there
 You will see the records, on bronze and solid iron,
 Wrought with tremendous effort, and no crashing
 Of sky, no wrath of lightning, no destruction
 Shall make them crumble. They are safe, forever.
 There you will find engraved on adamant
 The destinies of the race, unchangeable.
 I have read them, and remembered; I will tell you
 So you may know the future. He has finished
 The time allotted him, this son you grieve for;
 His debt to earth is paid. But he will enter
 The Heaven as a god, and have his temples
 On earth as well: this you will see fulfilled,
 Will bring about, you and his son together.
 He shall inherit both the name of Caesar
 And the great burden, and we both shall help him
 Avenge his father's murder. Under him

Mutina's conquered walls will sue for mercy,
 Pharsalia know his power, and Philippi
 Run red with blood again, and one more Pompey
 Go down to death in the Sicilian waters.
 A Roman general's Egyptian woman,
 Foolish to trust that liaison, will perish
 For all her threats that our own capitol
 Would serve Canopus. Need I bring to mind
 Barbarian lands that border either ocean?
 Whatever lands men live on, the world over,
 Shall all be his to rule, and the seas also.
 And when peace comes to all the world, his mind
 Will turn to law and order, civil justice,
 And men will learn from his sublime example,
 And he, still looking forward toward the future,
 The coming generations, will give order
 That his good wife's young son should take his name,
 His duty when he lays the burden down,
 Though he will live as long as ancient Nestor
 Before he comes to Heaven to greet his kinsmen.
 Now, in the meantime, from the murdered body
 Raise up the spirit, set the soul of Julius
 As a new star in Heaven, to watch over
 Our market place, our Capitol."

He ended,

And Venus, all unseen, came to the temple,
 Raised from the body of Caesar the fleeting spirit,
 Not to be lost in air, but borne aloft
 To the bright stars of Heaven. As she bore it,

She felt it burn, released it from her bosom,
 And saw it rise, beyond the moon, a comet
 Rising, not falling, leaving the long fire
 Behind its wake, and gleaming as a star.
 And now he sees his son's good acts, confessing
 They are greater than his own, for once rejoicing
 In being conquered. But the son refuses
 To have his glories set above his father's;
 Fame will not heed him, for she heeds no mortal,
 Exalts him, much against his will, resists him
 In this one instance only. So must Atreus
 Defer to Agamemnon; so does Theseus
 Surpass Aegeus, and Achilles Peleus,
 And—(one more instance where the father's glory
 Yields to the son's)—Saturn is less than Jove.
 Jove rules the lofty citadels of Heaven,
 The kingdoms of the triple world, but Earth
 Acknowledges Augustus. Each is father
 As each is lord. O gods, Aeneas' comrades,
 To whom the fire and sword gave way, I pray you,
 And you, O native gods of Italy,
 Quirinus, father of Rome, and Mars, the father
 Of Rome's unconquered sire, and Vesta, honored
 With Caesar's household gods, Apollo, tended
 With reverence as Vesta is, and Jove,
 Whose temple crowns Tarpeia's rock, O gods,
 However many, whom the poet's longing
 May properly invoke, far be the day,
 Later than our own era, when Augustus

Shall leave the world he rules, ascend to Heaven,
And there, beyond our presence, hear our prayers!

The Epilogue

Now I have done my work. It will endure,
I trust, beyond Jove's anger, fire and sword,
Beyond Time's hunger. The day will come, I know,
So let it come, that day which has no power
Save over my body, to end my span of life

Whatever it may be. Still, part of me,
The better part, immortal, will be borne
Above the stars; my name will be remembered
Wherever Roman power rules conquered lands,
I shall be read, and through all centuries,
If prophecies of bards are ever truthful,
I shall be living, always.

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

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

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

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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