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BOOK VIII

The morning-star brought back the shining day,
And the east wind fell, moist clouds arose, the south wind
Offered a smooth return to Cephalus
With his new armies, and they came to harbor
Sooner than they had hoped. And meanwhile Minos
Was laying waste the Lelegian shores,
Hurling his might against Alcathous' city,
Ruled now by Nisus.

The Story of Nisus and Scylla

On King Nisus' head,
Among the honored grayness, there was growing
One shining purple lock: this he must keep
Or lose his kingdom, so the legend had it.

Six months the moon had filled her horns with light,
And still the fate of war hung in the balance,
With Victory, on doubtful pinions, hovering
Over both forces. The palace had a tower
Built on the singing walls, where once Apollo
Laid down his golden lyre, whose power of music
Still lingered in the stones. There Nisus' daughter
Used to climb often, in days of peace, and set
The stones to chime, by tossing pebbles at them,
And now, in days of war, she still would go there
To look on battles, and as the war dragged on,
She had learned the names of the captains, and their armor,
Horses and harness and the Cretan quivers.
And most of all she came to know their leader,
Europa's son, much better than she needed.
If Minos' head was hidden in a casque
With crested plume, even hidden in a helmet
Minos was handsome in her eyes. If Minos
Carried a golden shield, the shield reflected
The beauty of his going. If his muscles
Rippled to hurl a spear, the girl admired
His strength, his skill, or if he bent the bow
With arrow nocked to the string, she would swear Apollo
Was standing there with arrows in his hand.
But when he took the helmet off, and rode
Bare-headed, robed in crimson, on a steed
Milk-white, with colored trappings, the bit foaming,
She was hardly her own mistress, hardly able
To keep her senses. Happy was the javelin
He touched, happy the reins he held! She would have

Gone flying through the hostile lines, come leaping
From tower to Cretan camp, swing open the bronze
Of the great gates, do anything for Minos.
So she would sit there, gazing at the whiteness
Where the Cretan tents were spread, and listening
To her own thoughts: "War is a thing to weep for,
I know, but whether to weep or smile I know not.
I grieve that Minos is the enemy
Of a girl who loves him, but if there were no war
I never would have known him. If he had me
As hostage, he might put the war aside,
Have me as pledge of peace, and as companion.
The mother who bore him must indeed have been
Most lovely, and the god who burned for her
Had every reason. I would be thrice happy
If I had wings, to fly through air, come down
In the Cretan camp, and tell my king I loved him,
Ask him what price he would pay if he could have me.
Still he might ask my country as my dower:
Not that: I know that I had better perish
With all my hopes of marriage, than win by treason.
Still, there were times when people found it useful
To lose, to find the conqueror merciful.
He has justice on his side; his son was murdered.
Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just.
I think we shall be beaten. If that doom
Waits for our city, why should not my love
Unbar the walls before his violence?
It would be better for him to win, and quickly,
With no more killing, no further risk of bloodshed.
And still I have no fear that anyone
Will wound you, Minos, except by accident;
Who, even in war, would be so pitiless
To fling his cruel spear at you on purpose?"
Her plan appeals to her; she is determined
To end the war, with her country as her dowry.
Wishing will never do it, though. "A watch
Stands guard at the entrance; my father holds the keys
To the gates of the town; he is the only one
I fear in my unhappiness, he only
Blocks what I pray for. If the gods would only
Grant that I had no father! But every person, surely,
Is his own god, and Fortune has no use for
The lukewarm prayer, and why should any girl
Be braver than I am? Any other girl
Would long ago, burning with love like mine,
Have swept away whatever it was opposed her,
Been glad to do it! Fire and sword are nothing,
And here there is no need of fire and sword,
Only my father's lock of hair, more precious
Than all the gold in the world; that purple lock
Will make me happy, mistress of my prayer."

Night came as she was speaking—Night, the soother
Of all anxieties—and with the darkness
Her boldness grew. In the time of the first quiet
When sleep possesses day-worn hearts, the daughter
Steals silently into the father's chamber,
Cuts off the fatal lock, and with her treasure,

Sure of her welcome, makes her way to Minos,
Who shudders as he listens: “Love has led me
To do this thing. I, Scylla, Nisus’ daughter,
Deliver to you my country, my household gods.
I ask for no reward except yourself.
Take as my pledge of love this purple lock,
And realize that with it I am giving
My father’s life.” And in her guilty hand
She held his prize out to him, but the king
Shrank back, appalled; no gift, no deed like this
Had ever come his way before. He answered:
“May the gods cast you out, and earth and ocean
Reject you, infamous daughter of our time!
Never would I allow so vile a monster
To touch my land of Crete, my world, the cradle
Of the infancy of Jove!”

So the just king
Gave answer, and when his enemies were conquered,
Imposed just laws upon them, and gave orders
To loose for home the bronze-bound ships, with rowers
Ready along the benches, and Scylla saw them
Swimming the seas, and saw that the king denied her
Her guilt’s reward, and saw that prayers were useless,
And swung to anger, and with her hands stretched out,
With her hair streaming down, in rage and passion,
Cried out: “Do you leave me, then, leave me, who gave you
Success and victory, leave me, who put you
Above my fatherland, above my father?
Do you leave me, cruel king, in victory,
Thinking my guilt no service? Was the gift
Nothing at all? Were all the love and hope
Centred upon you nothing? Where am I
To go to now, deserted? Back to my country?
It is beaten, it lies low. But even suppose
It still remained, my treason has closed it to me.
Go back to my father? But I have betrayed him.
My people hate me, as they should; my neighbors
Fear my example. I have made myself an exile
From all the world for Crete alone to take me.
If you forbid me Crete, and leave me here
I will know Europa never was your mother,
But quicksands must have been, or evil whirlpools,
Or some Armenian tigress. You are no son
Of Jove, your mother never was deluded
By a bull’s guise; that story of your birth
Was all a lie. Truth is, you were begotten
By a real bull, a fierce unnatural creature
That could not find a heifer to his liking.
Punish me, father Nisus! Oh rejoice
In all I suffer, walls that I betrayed!
I have deserved it, I am worthy to die.
Let me be slain by those whom I have wronged,
For why should you, O hypocrite, abuse me
For crime that meant your victory? A crime
Against my fatherland, against my father,
Might be a service in your eyes if only
Those eyes were not so hard! You have a wife
Well-mated to you, that unnatural woman

Whose cunning helped her have a bull for lover,
Whose womb conceived the hybrid monster offspring!
Do you hear me, ingrate? Or do the winds that fill
Your sails blow off my words to emptiness?
It is no wonder to me now, no wonder
Pasiphae preferred the bull to you—
The bull was gentler! Woe is me! He orders
His men to hurry, and the waves resound
To the beat of the oars, and the land and I are fading
Out of his sight. In vain! In vain, forgetter
Of all my service! I shall follow you
Against your will, cling to the curve of the stern,
Be towed through the long waters." And she leapt
Into the sea, swam after the ship, her passion
Giving her strength, clung to the Cretan vessel,
Unwanted, hateful. And her father saw her
From high in the air—he had become an osprey
With tawny wings—came swooping down upon her
To tear her with his crooked beak in vengeance,
And she, in terror, loosed her hold, and, falling,
Was buoyed by the light air; she seemed a feather,
She was all feathers! And now her name is Ciris,
The bird whose name comes from the Greek for shearer.

And Minos duly paid his vows to Jove,
A hundred bulls, on landing, and in the palace
Hung up the spoils of war, but in his household
Shame had grown big, and the hybrid monster-offspring
Revealed his queen's adultery, and Minos
Contrived to hide this specimen in a maze,
A labyrinth built by Daedalus, an artist
Famous in building, who could set in stone
Confusion and conflict, and deceive the eye
With devious aisles and passages. As Maeander
Plays in the Phrygian fields, a doubtful river,
Flowing and looping back and sends its waters
Either to source or sea, so Daedalus
Made those innumerable windings wander,
And hardly found his own way out again,
Through the deceptive twistings of that prison.
Here Minos shut the Minotaur, and fed him
Twice, each nine years, on tribute claimed from Athens,
Blood of that city's youth. But the third tribute
Ended the rite forever. Ariadne,
For Theseus' sake, supplied the clue, the thread
Of gold, to unwind the maze which no one ever
Had entered and left, and Theseus took her with him,
Spreading his sails for Dia, and there he left her,
Fine thanks for her devotion, but Bacchus brought her
His loving aid, and that she might be shining
In the immortal stars, he took the chaplet
She wore, and sent it spinning high, its jewels
Changing to gleaming fire, a coronal
Still visible, a heavenly constellation
Between the Kneeler and the Serpent-Holder.

The Story of Daedalus and Icarus

Homesick for homeland, Daedalus hated Crete
And his long exile there, but the sea held him.

"Though Minos blocks escape by land or water,"
Daedalus said, "surely the sky is open,
And that's the way we'll go. Minos' dominion
Does not include the air." He turned his thinking
Toward unknown arts, changing the laws of nature.
He laid out feathers in order, first the smallest,
A little larger next it, and so continued,
The way that pan-pipes rise in gradual sequence.
He fastened them with twine and wax, at middle,
At bottom, so, and bent them, gently curving,
So that they looked like wings of birds, most surely.
And Icarus, his son, stood by and watched him,
Not knowing he was dealing with his downfall,
Stood by and watched, and raised his shiny face
To let a feather, light as down, fall on it,
Or stuck his thumb into the yellow wax,
Fooling around, the way a boy will, always,
Whenever a father tries to get some work done.
Still, it was done at last, and the father hovered,
Poised, in the moving air, and taught his son:
"I warn you, Icarus, fly a middle course:
Don't go too low, or water will weigh the wings down;
Don't go too high, or the sun's fire will burn them.
Keep to the middle way. And one more thing,
No fancy steering by star or constellation,
Follow my lead!" That was the flying lesson,
And now to fit the wings to the boy's shoulders.
Between the work and warning the father found
His cheeks were wet with tears, and his hands trembled.
He kissed his son (*Good-bye*, if he had known it),
Rose on his wings, flew on ahead, as fearful
As any bird launching the little nestlings
Out of high nest into thin air. *Keep on*,
Keep on, he signals, *follow me!* He guides him
In flight—O fatal art!—and the wings move
And the father looks back to see the son's wings moving.
Far off, far down, some fisherman is watching
As the rod dips and trembles over the water,
Some shepherd rests his weight upon his crook,
Some ploughman on the handles of the ploughshare,
And all look up, in absolute amazement,
At those air-borne above. They must be gods!
They were over Samos, Juno's sacred island,
Delos and Paros toward the left, Lebinthus
Visible to the right, and another island,
Calymne, rich in honey. And the boy
Thought *This is wonderful!* and left his father,
Soared higher, higher, drawn to the vast heaven,
Nearer the sun, and the wax that held the wings
Melted in that fierce heat, and the bare arms
Beat up and down in air, and lacking oarage
Took hold of nothing. *Father!* he cried, and *Father!*
Until the blue sea hushed him, the dark water
Men call the Icarian now. And Daedalus,
Father no more, called "Icarus, where are you!
Where are you, Icarus? Tell me where to find you!"
And saw the wings on the waves, and cursed his talents,
Buried the body in a tomb, and the land

Was named for Icarus.

During the burial
A noisy partridge, from a muddy ditch,
Looked out, drummed with her wings in loud approval.
No other bird, those days, was like the partridge,
Newcomer to the ranks of birds; the story
Reflects no credit on Daedalus. His sister,
Ignorant of the fates, had sent her son
To Daedalus as apprentice, only a youngster,
Hardly much more than twelve years old, but clever,
With an inventive turn of mind. For instance,
Studying a fish's backbone for a model,
He had notched a row of teeth in a strip of iron,
Thus making the first saw, and he had bound
Two arms of iron together with a joint
To keep them both together and apart,
One standing still, the other traversing
In a circle, so men came to have the compass.
And Daedalus, in envy, hurled the boy
Headlong from the high temple of Minerva,
And lied about it, saying he had fallen
Through accident, but Minerva, kind protectress
Of all inventive wits, stayed him in air,
Clothed him with plumage; he still retained his aptness
In feet and wings, and kept his old name, Perdix,
But in the new bird-form, Perdix, the partridge,
Never flies high, nor nests in trees, but flutters
Close to the ground, and the eggs are laid in hedgerows.
The bird, it seems, remembers, and is fearful
Of all high places.

Now the land of Etna
Where Cocalus reigned, took Daedalus in, and Athens
Was free, all praise to Theseus, of that tribute.
Temples were wreathed with garlands, and the people
Called on Minerva, warrior-maid, and Jove
And all the other gods, and gave them honors
With sacrificial blood and burning incense,
And rumor swiftly spread the name of Theseus
Through all the towns of Argolis, and the people
Of rich Achaia begged him for his help
In their great dangers, and Calydon, most anxious,
Even with Meleager, her own hero,
Begged him for help.

The Calydonian Boar

The reason for the trouble
Was a great boar, the servant, the avenger
Of outrage to Diana. For King Oeneus,
In giving thanks for a rich harvest, gave
The first-fruits of the grain to the goddess Ceres,
Then wine to Bacchus, and the olive oil
To golden-haired Minerva, and after he honored
The country gods, paid his due homage also
To all the gods of Heaven, but Diana,
Somehow or other, slipped his mind; her altar
Received no incense. But the gods are subject
To anger, even as men. "They will pay for this,"
Diana said, "We may be without honor,

But without vengeance, never!" And the goddess
Loosed over Calydon a great avenger,
A boar as big as a bull, with blood-shot eyes,
A high stiff neck, and the bristles rising from it
Like spears along a wall, and hot foam flecking
The shoulders, dripping from the jaws that opened
With terrible grunting sounds; his tusks were long
As an Indian elephant's, and lightning flashed
Out of his mouth, and his breath would burn the grasses.
He would trample down the corn in blade or ear,
So that the threshing floor, the storage bin, stood empty
Waiting in vain for harvest. He would tear down
The heavy grapes, the trailing vines, the olive
Unwithering with the gray-green leaves. And cattle
Fell victim to him whom neither dogs nor herdsmen
Nor the great bulls could frighten off. The people
Fled behind walls, their only hope of safety.
Then Meleager, and young men, spurred by glory,
Began to come together—the sons of Leda,
The boxer and the rider, Castor and Pollux,
Jason, the first shipbuilder, and those comrades
Pirithous and Theseus, Lynceus, Idas,
Caeneus, who once, they say, had been a woman,
Leucippus and Acastus, the javelin-thrower,
Hippothous and Dryas, Phyleus, Actor's
Two sons, and Telamon and Peleus, famous
As great Achilles' father, and Admetus,
Iolaus from Boeotia, Eurytion,
Echion, Lelex, Hyleus, Panopeus,
Nestor, then hardy and vigorous, and a band
Hippocoon sent from Amyclae, Laertes,
Ancaeus, Mopsus, Oecleus' son, still safe
From the ruin his wife would bring him. And there came
The pride of Arcadian woodlands, Atalanta.
A buckle, polished, clasped her robe at her neck;
One knot held back her hair; from her left shoulder
An ivory quiver hung, and with her motion
Resounded, and her left hand carried the bow.
You would call her features girlish in a boy,
Or boyish in a girl. As soon as he saw her,
The Calydonian hero longed for her,
Though the gods willed it otherwise; he felt
The flame in his heart. "O happy man," he thought,
"If ever she loves a man!" But neither the time
Nor his own sense of self-restraint would let him
Go any further. The greater task was waiting.

There was a forest, virgin and primeval,
Rising above the plain and looking down
Over the spreading ploughland, and the heroes
Came here, and spread the nets, and loosed the hounds,
Keen on the trail. And there was a deep valley,
Draining the rainy rivulets from the mountains,
The lowest part all marshland, where the willows,
Sedge-grass and reeds and bulrush grew, dense cover,
And out of this, like lightning out of cloud,
The boar came charging, and the weight of his onrush
Laid low the grove, and the great trees came down crashing.
The young men shouted, but with steady hands

Kept the broad iron of the spear-heads level.
The boar came rushing on, scattered the pack,
Thrusting and slashing. The first spear, Echion's,
Went wide, glanced off a maple-tree. The next one,
Jason's, was thrown too far. Then Mopsus cried:
"If I have been your worshipper, Apollo,
As I am still, grant me good aim!" The god
Granted his prayer, in part at least; the spear
Did strike the beast, but did him little damage,
For, as the weapon flew, Diana twisted
The iron from the shaft, and only the wood
With no barb in it, found the mark, and, raging,
With hotter fire than lightning, the boar's eyes
Burned, and the breath of the throat was hot. As a rock
Flies from the catapult at walls, at towers,
At soldiers, so the beast came rushing on,
Death-dealing, irresistible. Two men,
Eupalamus and Pelagaon, went down,
And their companions dragged them out of danger.
They could not save Enaesimus, who turned
To run, was caught by a slash of the tusks, and hamstrung.
And Nestor came near missing the Trojan War,
But used his spear to vault with, and went flying
Into the branches of a tree; from there
He watched the boar, using an oak to sharpen
The edge of his tusks, and then, with one stroke, gashing
Hippasus' thigh wide open. Castor and Pollux
Came riding up, showy above the others
On horses white as snow. They poised their spears,
Rifled them, quivering, through the air. These would have
Ended the hunt, but the boar turned suddenly cunning,
Took to the woods where neither spear nor charger
Could follow, though Telamon tried, and, all too eager,
Tripped over a root, and Peleus helped him rise,
As Atalanta sent her arrow flying.
It grazed the back of the boar, stuck under the ear,
Staining the bristles red. And Meleager
Was happier than Atalanta even
At her good luck. He was the first to see
The blood, to point it out to his companions,
To offer praise: "All honor to your prowess!"
The men, ashamed, urged on each other, gaining
Courage from their own cries, flinging the spears
With no particular aim, so many missiles
That none of them were any use. Ancaeus,
A man from Arcas, grabbed an axe and shouted:
"The weapons of a man are always better
Than any girl's, make room for me! Diana
Can shield the brute from arrows, but the axe
And my right hand will fix him!" Swollen with pride,
The bragger heaved his two-edged axe on high,
Reared to full height to strike, but the boar got him
Between the legs, first one tusk, then the other,
And Ancaeus fell, and the ground was soaked in blood,
Smeared with his entrails. Then Ixion's son,
Pirithous, came forward, brandishing
His hunting-spear, with Theseus, frightened, calling:
"Stay out of it, keep far away, dear comrade,

Dearer than my own life to me. Brave men
Can fight long-range, with no disgrace. Ancaeus
Brought himself hurt with his excess of daring."
As he spoke, he hurled his spear, bronze-tipped and heavy,
And well-aimed, too, but an oak-tree's leafy branch
Made it glance off, and the spear of Aeson's son
Had bad luck also, as it struck and wounded
One of the hounds, and pinned him to the ground.
Meleager flung two spears: one missed, and one
Stuck in the monster's back, and he whirled round
In circles, spouting blood and foam, and the huntsman
Closed in, and drove a spear straight through the shoulder,
And all the hunters cheered, seeking the hand
That won the victory, and stood in wonder
Watching the boar brought low, and covering acres,
And though they thought it hardly safe to touch him,
All dipped their spears in his blood.

And Meleager,
His foot upon that deadly head, was speaking
To Atalanta: "O Arcadian maiden,
The prize is yours, I share my glory with you."
He gave the spoils to her, the bristling hide,
The long-tusked head, and she was very happy
In both the gift and the giver, but the others
Grudged and were angry, and a murmur rose
Through all the crowd, and two, the sons of Thestius,
Shouted: "Keep out of it, woman; let our honors
Be ours alone, and do not trust your beauty
Too much because of this silly lovesick fellow.
Much good he will do you!" They took the gift from her,
From him the right of giving. This was more
Than Meleager could stand for. "Learn the difference,
You robbers, between threatening and doing!"
He snarled at them, and drove the evil steel
Deep in Plexippus' heart, and as his brother,
Toxeus, stood doubting by, wishing for vengeance
And fearing death, his time ran out for thinking,
And Meleager's spear, warmed with the blood
Of its first victim, was warmed again, and quickly,
With the fresh blood of brother and companion.

The Brand of Meleager

Thankful for her son's victory, Althaea
Was making offering in the holy temples,
And saw the men bear in her brothers' bodies.
She beat her breast, cried out in lamentation,
Wore black instead of gold, but when she learned
Who had done the killing, all her grief was gone,
Her tears became a passionate thirst for vengeance.

There once had been a log of wood, whose story
Went back to Althaea's labor. As she lay
In childbed, the Three Sisters, the gray weavers
Of the threads of life, had thrown it in the fire,
Saying: "O new-born child, your life will last
Until this log has burnt itself to ashes."
They vanished, then, and Althaea, the mother,
Snatched it, still blazing, from the fire, and doused it

In water, and hid it in a secret place
Where, guarded safe, it guarded safe the life
Of Meleager. But now she brought it forth,
Ordered her slaves to build a pyre of pine-knots
On tinder and kindling, and a cruel flame
Ran burning through the fire-bed, and four times
She tried to toss the log on, and four times
Held back her hand. Mother and sister dueled,
Each name conflicting, in her heart, with the other.
Her cheeks would pale with fear, or flush with anger;
One moment she looked menacing, in the next
All mild and pitiful. The fire of anger
Would burn her tears away, and the flood of tears
Drown out that fire. As a ship is driven
One way by wind, one way by tide, and feels
Double compulsion, obeying both and neither,
So Thestius' daughter struggles and is driven
Toward anger and against it. But at last
The sister in her overcomes the mother,
Devoted to appease with blood the shades
Of her own blood-kin, she must spill the blood
Of her own son, a mother undevoted.
The deadly fire burned hotter, and she cried:
"That funeral pyre shall burn my flesh!" and holding
The billet in determined hand, she stood there,
Facing the fire of burial, most unhappy.
"Behold, O triple goddesses of vengeance,
You three Well-wishers, behold these rites of fury.
I avenge an evil deed, commit another.
A death for a death, a crime for a crime, and trouble
Added and multiplied! So this cursed house
Shall go to ruin. Shall Oeneus rejoice
In his victorious son, and Thestius
Survive his children? Better for both to sorrow.
And you, fraternal ghosts, value my service,
Accept the costly sacrifice I bring you,
The evil fruit of my womb. I cannot do it.
O brothers, brothers, forgive a mother's heart!
My hands draw back. I know that he deserves it,
I cannot bring myself to give it to him.
Shall he go on unpunished, then, exultant
In victory, a king in Calydon,
While you are only skinny dust, cold phantoms?
This I will not allow. Let him drag to ruin
His father's hopes, his kingdom and his country!
Where is my mother's love? Where the fond care
That parents cherish? Was it all for this,
The carrying in the womb, the pains of labor?
I should have let the fire still burn, my son,
When you were still a baby, but I gave you
The gift of life; you owe the debt of death,
And you must pay it, give back the life twice given
Once at your birth, once when I saved the brand.
Or—you could kill me, add me to the fire
That burned my brothers. What shall I do? I cannot
Commit the act I want to. I see only
My brothers' wounds, the sight of that bloody deed,
And the vision breaks me, who am also mother.

Alas for me, my brothers! It is evil
That you shall win, but win you shall; permit me
The solace that I give you: let me be with you!"
So Althaea ended, turned her face away,
And her hand trembled as she tossed the brand
Into the fire, and as the flames seized on it,
Against their will, it seemed, either it groaned
Or seemed to want to groan.

And Meleager,
Far-off, knew nothing of this, but felt his vitals
Burning with fever, tried to conquer the pain,
As a man should, by fortitude, and felt the pain the deepest
In that his death seemed, like a coward's, bloodless,
Caused by no wound. He calls Ancaeus happy,
Whom the boar mangled, and with groans of pain
Calls on his agèd father, his brothers, sisters,
His loving wife, his mother. The fire burns hotter,
The pains more fierce, and then they die and dwindle,
And fire and pain go out, and the spirit with them,
Out to thin air, as the white ashes settle
Over the orange embers. Calydon,
High Calydon, lies low. Young men and old ones,
Leaders and people, mourn, and women tear
Their hair and beat their breasts, and the old father
Groveling on the ground, pours the dust over
His hoary hair, and blames himself for living
So much too long. And Meleager's mother
Deals her last act of vengeance, driving the knife
Through her own heart. No poet has the power
To tell the story truly, those poor sisters
Praying, for what? beating and bruising their breasts,
Beyond all thought of decency, and while the body,
Remains, fondling the body, kissing the body,
Kissing the funeral pyre, and when the body
Is ashes, scooping up the ashes, pressing
The ashes close to their hearts, throwing themselves
Face-down on the mound of the grave, drenching the gravestone
With tears that flood the letters of his name,
Until Diana, satisfied, made feathers
Spring from their bodies and spread long wings over
Their arms, and gave them horny beaks, and loosed them
Into the air. But two remained as women,
Gorge and Deianira.

The Return of Theseus and Achelous' Story

And meanwhile Theseus,
His share in the work completed, was returning
To Athens, but the river, Achelous,
Swollen with rain, stood in his way, and the god
That ruled the river gave him invitation.
"Enter my house, O hero; do not trust
My greedy waters. The current will sweep down trees,
Will sweep down boulders in its roar and crashing.
I have seen great stables standing by the water
Swept clean away, cattle and all, no strength
Of use to the doomed ox, no speed availing
The struggling horse. Many strong men have perished
In the pools that whirl when the snow comes down the mountains.

Rest here is safer for you, till the waters
Run their accustomed channel, and the stream
Thins to its natural course." And Theseus answered:
"I thank you, Achelous; I can use
Both your advice and shelter." And he used them,
Entering the river-god's dark home, of porous
Pumice and grainy tuff; the floor was damp
With the soft mosses, and the ceiling paneled
With inlaid purple shells. The sun blazed on
Into mid-afternoon; the heroes rested
On couches here and there, Ixion's son
Pirithous, and old Lelex, whose gray hair
Sprinkled his temples, and the other warriors
Whom Achelous received with joy and honor.
The barefoot nymphs set food upon the tables,
Then wine when the board was cleared, and Theseus, watching
The wide expanse of the waters, made a gesture.
"What place is that?" he asked, "Tell me the name
Of the island over there; it seems to me
More than one island, really." Achelous
Replied: "No, what you see is not one island,
There are really five of them, though at this distance
They look like one. Would you like to hear their story?
Diana's godhead is not the only one
To be terrible when slighted. These were naiads
Once on a time, and once they slew ten bullocks
For a sacred feast to the gods of all this country,
But they left me out, and I was very angry
To see them quite forgetful of me, leading
Their festal dance. My rage, to full flood swollen,
Tore forests and fields apart, and with the place
Where they were standing, swept to sea those naiads
Who finally remembered me. My flood
And the great ocean, working, both together,
Split the divided ground into those portions
You see from here. Look farther. Beyond those islands
Another lies, the one I love, which sailors
Call Perimele. She was once the daughter
Of Hippodamas; I loved her, and I took her,
And he was angry, and hurled his daughter over
From a high cliff to death, but I was there
To catch her; I supported her, a swimmer,
And prayed to Neptune: 'O great god of the trident,
Given the lot of the wild wandering waters
Close to the earth, bring aid to her whose father,
Whose cruel father brought her close to drowning,
Give her a place, O Neptune, or else let her
Become a place herself.' And while I prayed
New land embraced her floating form, her figure
Became substantial island."

He was silent,
And all were moved by the marvel of the story
Except Pirithous. "These are fairy tales;
The gods have no such powers, Achelous,
To give and take away the shapes of things."
No one approved his words, and the old man, Lelex,
Mature in mind as well as years, rebuked him:
"The power of Heaven has no bound or limit.

Whatever the gods will is done, believe it.
I can prove it with a story.

The Story of Baucis and Philemon

An oak-tree stands
Beside a linden, in the Phrygian hills.
There's a low wall around them. I have seen
The place myself; a prince once sent me there
To land ruled by his father. Not far off
A great marsh lies, once habitable land,
But now a playground full of coots and divers.
Jupiter came here, once upon a time,
Disguised as mortal man, and Mercury,
His son, came with him, having laid aside
Both wand and wings. They tried a thousand houses,
Looking for rest; they found a thousand houses
Shut in their face. But one at last received them,
A humble cottage, thatched with straw and reeds.
A good old woman, Baucis, and her husband,
A good old man, Philemon, used to live there.
They had married young, they had grown old together
In the same cottage; they were very poor,
But faced their poverty with cheerful spirit
And made its burden light by not complaining.
It would do you little good to ask for servants
Or masters in that household, for the couple
Were all the house; both gave and followed orders.
So, when the gods came to this little cottage,
Ducking their heads to enter, the old man
Pulled out a rustic bench for them to rest on,
As Baucis spread a homespun cover for it.
And then she poked the ashes around a little,
Still warm from last night's fire, and got them going
With leaves and bark, and blew at them a little,
Without much breath to spare, and added kindling,
The wood split fine, and the dry twigs, made smaller
By breaking them over the knee, and put them under
A copper kettle, and then she took the cabbage
Her man had brought from the well-watered garden,
And stripped the outer leaves off. And Philemon
Reached up, with a forked stick, for the side of bacon,
That hung below the smoky beam, and cut it,
Saved up so long, a fair-sized chunk, and dumped it
In the boiling water. They made conversation
To keep the time from being too long, and brought
A couch with willow frame and feet, and on it
They put a sedge-grass mattress, and above it
Such drapery as they had, and did not use
Except on great occasions. Even so,
It was pretty worn, it had only cost a little
When purchased new, but it went well enough
With a willow couch. And so the gods reclined.
Baucis, her skirts tucked up, was setting the table
With trembling hands. One table-leg was wobbly;
A piece of shell fixed that. She scoured the table,
Made level now, with a handful of green mint,
Put on the olives, black or green, and cherries
Preserved in dregs of wine, endive and radish,

And cottage cheese, and eggs, turned over lightly
In the warm ash, with shells unbroken. The dishes,
Of course, were earthenware, and the mixing-bowl
For wine was the same silver, and the goblets
Were beech, the inside coated with yellow wax.
No time at all, and the warm food was ready,
And wine brought out, of no particular vintage,
And pretty soon they had to clear the table
For the second course: here there were nuts and figs
And dates and plums and apples in wide baskets—
Remember how apples smell?—and purple grapes
Fresh from the vines, and a white honeycomb
As centerpiece, and all around the table
Shone kindly faces, nothing mean or poor
Or skimpy in good will.

The mixing-bowl,
As often as it was drained, kept filling up
All by itself, and the wine was never lower.
And this was strange, and scared them when they saw it.
They raised their hands and prayed, a little shaky—
'Forgive us, please, our lack of preparation,
Our meagre fare!' They had one goose, a guardian,
Watchdog, he might be called, of their estate,
And now decided they had better kill him
To make their offering better. But the goose
Was swift of wing, too swift for slow old people
To catch, and they were weary from the effort,
And could not catch the bird, who fled for refuge,
Or so it seemed, to the presence of the strangers.

'Don't kill him,' said the gods, and then continued:
'We are gods, you know: this wicked neighborhood
Will pay as it deserves to; do not worry,
You will not be hurt, but leave the house, come with us,
Both of you, to the mountain-top!' Obeying,
With staff and cane, they made the long climb, slowly
And painfully, and rested, where a bowman
Could reach the top with a long shot, looked down,
Saw water everywhere, only their cottage
Standing above the flood. And while they wondered
And wept a little for their neighbors' trouble,
The house they used to live in, the poor quarters
Small for the two of them, became a temple:
Forked wooden props turned into marble columns;
The thatch grew brighter yellow; the roof was golden;
The doors were gates, most wonderfully carved;
The floor that used to be of earth was marble.
Jupiter, calm and grave, was speaking to them:
'You are good people, worthy of each other,
Good man, good wife—ask us for any favor,
And you shall have it.' And they hesitated,
Asked, 'Could we talk it over, just a little?'
And talked together, apart, and then Philemon
Spoke for them both: 'What we would like to be
Is to be priests of yours, and guard the temple,
And since we have spent our happy years together,
May one hour take us both away; let neither
Outlive the other, that I may never see
The burial of my wife, nor she perform

That office for me.' And the prayer was granted.
As long as life was given, they watched the temple,
And one day, as they stood before the portals,
Both very old, talking the old days over,
Each saw the other put forth leaves, Philemon
Watched Baucis changing, Baucis watched Philemon,
And as the foliage spread, they still had time
To say 'Farewell, my dear!' and the bark closed over
Sealing their mouths. And even to this day
The peasants in that district show the stranger
The two trees close together, and the union
Of oak and linden in one. The ones who told me
The story, sober ancients, were no liars,
Why should they be? And my own eyes have seen
The garlands people bring there; I brought new ones,
Myself, and said a verse: *The gods look after*
Good people still, and cherishers are cherished."
So Lelex' story ended, and they all
Were deeply moved, and Theseus asked for more,
More stories of the miracles of the gods,
So, leaning on his elbow, his host continued:
"O bravest hero, there are many people
Whose form has once been changed, who now remain
In their new state, and there are others, given
The power to change at will, Proteus, for instance,
Who lives in the sea that girds the world; he can
Be a young man, a lion, a raging boar,
Serpent or bull, a stone, a tree, a river,
A river's enemy, flame.

The Story of Erysichthon

Autolycus' wife,
Daughter of Erysichthon, had this power.
This monarch scorned the gods, and brought no incense,
No offering, to their altars, and one legend has it
He once attacked a sacred grove of Ceres,
Violent with steel against those ancient trees,
Among which stood an oak, centuries old,
A grove in itself, and round about it hung
Ex-votos, woolen fillets, wreaths of flowers,
And often underneath it dryads, dancing,
Paid homage; it would take a dozen of them,
Or even more, linking their hands together,
To circle the great trunk, which towered above
The other trees as high as the dryads stood
Above the little grass. But Erysichthon
Cared little for this, gave orders to his slaves
To fell the sacred oak. When they shrank back,
He grabbed an axe from one of them. 'This may be
The only tree the goddess loves; it may be
The goddess herself, no matter: its leafy crest
Shall touch the ground.' So saying, Erysichthon
Swung axe for the slanting stroke, and as he did so,
The oak-tree trembled, seemed to groan, and the leaves
And acorns paled, and the long boughs lost color,
And when the axe bit into the bark, blood issued
As from the neck of the bull at the sacrifice,
And all were stunned, and one man tried to stop him,
And paid for his devotion with his life,

As the axe of Erysichthon struck off his head,
Then turned to the tree again, lopping and hacking,
Till, from the oak, a voice was heard: 'A nymph
Most dear to Ceres, I dwell here under the wood,
And make my final prophecy now, my comfort
In the hour of my death: your punishment draws near!'
This did not stop him, either, and the oak-tree,
Weakened by blows, dragged down by rope and tackle,
Fell, and its falling weight laid low the woods
For miles around. And all the dryad sisters,
Stunned at their own, their forest's loss, went mourning,
Robed all in black, to Ceres; *punish him*,
They prayed, *punish this impious Erysichthon!*
The beautiful goddess nodded, and her nodding
Made the fields tremble with the ripening grain.
She planned an awful punishment, since awe
Was something Erysichthon had never shown
In any act of his; she would cut him down,
Rack him with terrible Famine. But she could not
Appeal to Famine herself; Ceres and Famine
Are never allowed to meet, and therefore Ceres
Summoned one of the mountain oreads,
Saying: 'There is a place, on the outer rim
Of icy Scythia, a dismal soil,
A barren land, a treeless land, a land
Where no corn grows, but sluggish Cold lives there,
And Pallor, Fear, and the skinny goddess Famine.
Tell her that she must enter Erysichthon,
Hide in his body, and let no abundance
Of all the gifts I bring, give satisfaction
Of any craving. The journey there is fearful;
Protect yourself against it with my chariot,
My winged dragons, soaring high.' She gave her
The reins, and the oread, soaring high, came down
To Caucasus' bleak mountain-top, unyoking
The dragons from the car. She looked for Famine
And found her, in a stony field, her nails
Digging the scanty grass, and her teeth gnawing
The tundra moss. Her hair hung down all matted,
Her face was ghastly pale, her eyes were hollow,
Lips without color, the throat rough and scaly,
The skin so tight the entrails could be seen,
The hip-bones bulging at the loins, the belly
Concave, only the place for a belly, really,
And the breasts seemed to dangle, held up, barely,
By a spine like a stick-figure's; and her thinness
Made all her joints seem large; the knees were swollen
Balloons, almost, the ankles lumpy tubers.
Keeping far off, the messenger of Ceres
Called her commands, and though she stayed no longer
Than possible, and kept the utmost distance
Between them, still she seemed to feel pollution,
The taint of hunger, and soared high in air
And drove the dragons back to Thessaly.

Famine, whose task is always opposite
To that of Ceres, none the less obeyed her,
Flew through the air on the wind's wings, and came
To Erysichthon's palace, where the king,

In the dead of the night, was lying sunk in slumber.
She twined her skinny arms around him, filled him
With what she was, breathed into his lips, his throat,
And planted hunger in his hollow veins,
Then, with her duty done, fled from the land
Of harvests to her sterile home, the caverns
She knew so well.

And Sleep, on peaceful wings,
Still hovering over Erysichthon, soothed him,
But in his sleep he dreamed of food, his jaws
Closing on nothing, and he ground his teeth
On nothing, and his throat kept swallowing nothing,
His feast was empty air, and when he wakened,
He was ravenous. He called for all that sea
And land and air could furnish, and with tables
Heaped high before him, groans that he is starving,
Craves feast on feast. Enough to feed a city,
Enough to feed a nation, is not enough
For Erysichthon's hunger. The more he wolves,
The more he wants, insatiable as ocean,
Insatiable as fire. All the food in him
Is appetizer only; he is filled
With emptiness, and still consuming fire
Burns in his gullet, all his treasure is gone,
Is spent on foodstuff; he had nothing left
Except his daughter, and he tried to sell her,
But she refused a master, crying to Neptune,
The god who had been her lover once, to save her
From slavery, and he heard her prayer, and gave her
A fisherman's look and dress. The man who bought her,
Or tried to, did not seem to recognize her,
But wished her luck in her fishing, and then asked her
About the slave girl who had been there lately
And left no track, but was gone. 'Whoever you are,'
She answered, 'Pardon me; I have not taken
My eyes from the water, I have been too busy.
But for your information, and maybe comfort,
So help me Neptune, there has been no woman,
No man here but myself.' And he believed her,
And Neptune gave her back her former figure,
And Erysichthon, learning that his daughter
Had power to change her form, sold her again,
Sold her again and often, to many masters,
So she would go away, now mare, now heifer,
Now bird, and there would be more food for her father.
Till finally there was nothing, nothing, only
His own flesh for his greedy teeth to seize,
To gnaw on, and the wretch consumed his body
Feeding upon a shrinking self.

But why
Do I dwell on stories about other people?
I have often changed my own form, let me tell you,
Though I cannot always do it. I have been
A serpent, been the leader of a herd
With all my strength in my horns, but one of them,
You can see for yourself, is gone." His story ended
With a groan and a hand raised, feebly, toward his forehead.

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 ap- pear 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. *See* Iulus

ATALANTA. A beautiful, swift-footed, warrior maiden

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 Gaius Julius and later of Augustus CALCHAS. Priest of Apollo

CALLIOPE The 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 of Trachis

CHARYBDIS. Guardian of the whirlpool off the coast of Sicily

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 men into 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; pat- roness of virgins

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

DIONYSUS. See Bacchus

DRYOPE

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

GA LA NT H IS . 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, Poly- dorus

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. Femalefollower of Bacchus

MARS. God ofwar

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

N UMA. 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, repre- sented 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 ofHippolytus PHAETHON. Son of Apollo

PHILEMON. Husband of Baucis; the couple were rewarded by Jove for their hospi- tality

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

PIRIT HOUS. 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

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 ofTereus; 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.

PYT HON. 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. Afountain 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 Olym- pus, 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.* Odyss eu s). 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