

# ***ANCIENT LITERATURE, ANCIENT CHRONICLES***

***VOLUME 2 : EUROPE***

**STUDENT TEXTBOOK**

***Compiled and edited by J. Parnell McCarter***

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***The Puritans' Home School Curriculum***  
***www.puritans.net***

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***VOLUME 2 : EUROPE***  
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## INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* series is to provide high school students with a broad exposure to the literature (and especially the chronicles) of ancient peoples from many parts of the world. The series is designed as a follow-up textbook to the textbook *Introduction to Ancient Literature*, published by *The Puritans' Home School Curriculum* ( [www.puritans.net](http://www.puritans.net) ). Like *Introduction to Ancient Literature*, the textbook *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* is especially prepared for courses taught by Westminster Covenant Academy. It is our conviction that the Bible of the Old and New Testaments is the foundation of all true knowledge. We believe that the literature and chronicles of the peoples of the world, when rightly interpreted, corroborate the veracity and historicity of scripture.

Virtually all of the contents of *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* are available on the internet. *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* gives the website addresses of the literature so students wanting to study certain works more in depth may do so. There is now a plethora of such resources available on the internet. And we hope a course using *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* as the textbook will encourage further study by students, using these resources.

Volume 1 of *Ancient Literature, Ancient Chronicles* explored some of the ancient literature and chronicles of the Middle East, Africa, and Asia. This volume explores some of the ancient literature and chronicles of Europe.

## CHAPTER 1 : OF THE IRISH (AKA SCOTS)

Since the creation of man (circa 4000 BC), man has had the capability of writing, and there is good reason to believe man has employed this capability to maintain historical records even from before the time of the Noahic Flood. History, according to Webster's Dictionary, means "a systematic, *written* account of events, particularly of those affecting a nation, institution, science, or art, and usually connected with a philosophical explanation of their causes; a true story, as distinguished from a romance; -- distinguished also from annals, which relate simply the facts and events of each year, in strict chronological order; from biography, which is the record of an individual's life; and from memoir, which is history composed from personal experience, observation, and memory." Modern scholarship, including humanistic scholarship, acknowledges that the earliest known historical records date from circa 3000-4000 BC, precisely when one would expect if the Biblical chronology is true. Archaeology has uncovered the records in the Mesopotamian region:

"Sumerian, the oldest known written language in human history, was spoken in Mesopotamia (modern Iraq and peripheral regions) throughout the third millennium BC and survived as an esoteric written language until the death of the cuneiform tradition around the time of Christ...The earliest known writing comes from Uruk and has been dated to about 3,300BC. It took the form of 'word-pictures' drawn with a stylus on tablets of damp clay." (from <http://www.crystalinks.com/sumerlanguage.html> )

We should not be surprised then that many peoples maintained historical records from the time of the Noahic Flood (circa 2350 BC) onwards.

Yet modern humanistic history textbooks, used by most children in our schools, largely neglect the historical records of such people as the Irish (aka Scots), the Britons, etc., in the centuries preceding the first advent of Jesus Christ. The writings and historical records of these people are an embarrassment to modern humanistic scholarship, because the historical records of such people as the Irish corroborate the Genesis record, which modern humanistic scholarship has sought to discredit. The adherents of humanism would like to relegate the historical account in Genesis to the realm of myth. But all that modern humanistic scholarship can do, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, is dismiss these historical records as fanciful myths and fabrications, largely perpetrated by Christian scholars in an attempt to invent a history to fit scripture. But such a theory lacks credibility. While we should certainly not believe every dot and tittle of the historical records of such peoples as the Irish or Britons, neither should we so cavalierly dismiss a whole body of historical records. The various Irish chronicles, as well as those of other peoples, contains a significant body of credible recorded history, which we dismiss at our own peril. To dismiss it all is as fanciful as believing in macro-evolution of animal and plant life, despite a total lack of observed evidence. Humanism rests upon blind faith, whereas Biblical Christianity rests upon reasonable faith.

We shall begin our study of the ancient chronicles and literature of Europe in this textbook with the study of the chronicles of the Irish. Aside from the Hebrews, arguably no people better maintained their historical records through the centuries than the Irish.

***Excerpts from Dr. William Cooper's 'The Early History of Man'***

Ancient Irish history is chronicled in various manuscripts. These include: *The Book of Leinster* (written in 1130 AD, and copied from the much older *Saltair of Cashel*), *The Book of Ballymote* (1390 AD), *The Annals of the Four Masters*, the *Chronicum Scotorum*, and the *Cin Droma Snechta*.

In his book *THE EARLY HISTORY OF MAN*, author Dr. William Cooper offers us instructive insights into these manuscripts of ancient Irish life and history. Here are extended excerpts from his book (see <http://www.biblebelievers.org.au/nation04.htm>):

"...The *Cin Droma Snechta* is now lost by all accounts, yet its contents were preserved by Keating, the Irish historian who wrote his own *History* from this and many other early manuscripts in about 1630... The importance of the *Cin Droma Snechta* lies in the early date of its compilation, concerning which a note in the twelfth-century *Book of Leinster* tells us:

*"Ernin, son of Duach, that is son of the King of Connacht....it was he that collected the Genealogies and Histories of the men of Erinn in one book, that is the Cin Droma Snechta."*

The importance of this statement lies in the fact that Duach, Ernin's father, lived towards the end of the fourth century AD, which places the compilation of the *Cin Droma Snechta* well before the coming of Christianity to Ireland (and the oft-alleged forgeries of the Christian monks)!

The contents of the *Cin Droma Snechta* were themselves, of course, far older than the book into which Ernin had gathered them, and they thus pre-dated the close of the fourth-century by a very long time indeed. In short, this remarkable book recalled the times when certain peoples first settled in Ireland after the Flood (itself a very real event in the memory of the Irish), and it recalled those times and events with remarkable erudition... it must also be emphasized there are certain points about which the records are by no means confused, and these should be examined closely, for they reveal a sequence of historical events that accord closely indeed with the Genesis record in particular and other records in general, and of which too few students of history are aware.

These points relate to the colonization and recolonizations of Ireland after the Flood, and the compilers of the records even attempted to supply the dates in which these colonizations took place. Briefly, the records state the first colony to settle in Ireland after the Flood was that led by Partholan. All are agreed on this, and it is well worth taking seriously. This first colony is said to have landed in the 2520th year after the Creation (ie. *Anno Mundi* - the year of the World.) It is also recorded that while Partholan and his clan were roaming the sea searching for a land to settle, they were intercepted by a fleet of British ships returning to England from Denmark:

*"...their leader, Partholan...entreated from the prince some small portion of land in Britain... the British prince received him under his protection, and assigned faithful guides to attend him into Ireland, which was then wholly uninhabited; and he granted it to them subject to an annual tribute, and confirmed the appointment of Partholan as their chief. This account... is specially set forth in an Irish act (11th of Elizabeth) among "the ancient and sundry strong authentique tytles for the kings of England to this land of Ireland."*

That, however, is not the end of the account, for Partholan is recorded as having subsequently landed in the estuary of what is now the River Kenmare. (He was to die 30 years later in Anno Mundi 2550.) After only 300 years, the colony which he founded was wiped out by a plague, 9000 men, women and children dying in one week alone. The name of the area in which they had settled was later called Tattaght, a place where plague victims are buried together, and it is interesting to note it is still littered with ancient burial-mounds today.

Also of interest are certain details that were passed down to us concerning Partholan by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *History of the Kings of Britain*. We are told how Partholan's company consisted of thirty ships. (Nennius, in the *Historia Brittonum*, tells us that the people numbered a thousand.) We are also told the colony had been expelled from Spain, and that they were called Basclenses, i.e. Basques. Now, we know the Basques are of a somewhat mysterious origin, and speak a language quite unrelated to any known Indo-European tongue. In this context, it is of interest to note what Professor Mackie has written concerning the language of the early Picts who had more than a passing influence on the early history of the Irish:

*"The Picts certainly used a form of P-Celtic (the mother of Welsh, Cornish and Breton,) with traces of Gaulish forms. However, it is clear, from the few scraps of evidence which survive, the Picts also used another language, probably unrelated to any "Indo-European" tongue and therefore so different from modern European languages as to be incomprehensible to us."*

Presumably, this knowledge was not available to Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose works are so readily disparaged by modern scholars; and while more work may yet need to be done in exploring any relationship that may exist between the few surviving scraps of the early Pictish language and the language of the Basques, we are still faced with a formidable number of "coincidences" which, when added together, tell us that these early chronicles were not simply engaged in fabricating stories.

On the contrary, they were engaged in writing history, using records that were already ancient and damaged by transmission; yet what they wrote contained more than a kernel of truth. This much becomes plain as the story progresses.

The next colonization of Ireland after Partholan's, was that of Nemedh, who landed with his colony in Anno Mundi 2859, only a few years after the decimation by plague of the first settlers. The Nemedians are credited with having built certain forts and clearing the land for cultivation. A later outbreak of plague took its toll on the population, the remainder of whom are later recorded as fighting off an invasion by "Fomorians," who, according to the *Annals of Clonmacnois*: "were a sept descended from Cham (Ham,)

*sonne of Noeh, and lived by pyracie and spoile of other nation, and were in those days very troublesome to the whole world" (tr. Conell MacGheoghegan).*

After the battle, the few survivors of the Nemedians settled far inland, presumably for safety while they consolidated their numbers. Then they are recorded as dividing themselves up into three, "*bands*," each with their respective leaders. One group migrated to Europe, where they founded a nation known later to the Irish as the *Tuatha De Danann*. A second group migrated to the north of England, "*which is said to have obtained its name of Briton from their leader, Briaton Maol.*" And the third group made their way to Greece.

This third group, known as the "*Firbolgs*," later returned to Ireland, which they subsequently divided up amongst themselves into five provinces. They were, however, conquered in their turn by the invasion, or rather return to Ireland, of the *Tuatha De Danannan* in the year *Anno Mundi* 3303.

The last colonization of Ireland after the Flood is recorded as taking place in *Anno Mundi* 3500, according to *The Annals of the Four Masters*:

*"The fleet of the sons of Milidh came to Ireland at the end of this year to take it from the Tuatha De Dananns and they fought the battle of Sliabh Mis with them on the third day after landing."*

The children of Milidh, known to us as the Milesians, had landed unobserved in the mouth of the River Slaneey in the county of Wexford, from where they marched on Tara, the central seat of government. More pertinent to our present inquiry, is the fact that they were descended from Miletus, who was himself descended from Magog, a son of Japheth, a son of Noah.

In this context it is especially interesting to note, even today, the word Milesian is used to describe the Irish, or thing pertaining to Ireland. Of further interest, is the fact the Milesians were again recorded as having come from Spain. We return to this "*Spanish connection*" shortly.

Meanwhile, Cusack adds yet again to our present store of knowledge:

*"As the Milesians were the last of the ancient colonists..... only their genealogies, with a few exceptions, have been presented. The genealogical tree begins, therefore, with the brothers Eber and Eremon, the two surviving leaders of the expedition, whose ancestors are traced back to Magog, the son of Japhet. The great southern chieftains, such as the MacCarthys and O'Briens, claim descent from Eber; the northern families of O'Connor, O'Donnell, and O'Neill, claim descent from Eremon as their head. There are also other families claiming descent from Emer, the son of Ir, brother to Eber and Eremon; as also from their cousin Lugaidh, the son of Ith. From these four sources the principle Celtic families of Ireland have sprung..."*

### ***Excerpts from Keating's History of Ireland***

Many of the ancient documents of Ireland are now available on the internet, translated into English, at <http://www.ucc.ie/celt/publishd.html> . They represent an invaluable



repository of Irish (and even world!) history. Also at that website is Keating's *History of Ireland*, which drew upon many ancient manuscripts that are no longer extant. Here are some excerpts from Keating, interspersed with quotes from ancient documents:

“I. Of the first occupation that was made on Ireland here.

According to some antiquaries, there came a youth of the family of Nin son of Bél (whose name was Adhna son of Bioth) to spy Ireland about seven score years after the deluge. However, it was not long the stay he made in it. He went back to give an account of the island he, had seen, to his neighbours, and with him a part or certain bulk of the grass of Ireland, as is read in the poem (to which is) beginning, I found in the Saltair of Caiseal, &c. [Here is what the poem says.]

1. Adhna, son of Bioth, with prophecy (?)  
A warrior of the family of Nin son of Bél,  
Came into Ireland to explore it,  
So that he plucked grass in wood island:
2. He brought with him the full of his fist of its grass,  
He goes back to tell the news:  
That is the clear complete possession,  
Shortest in duration which occupied Ireland.

Howbeit, I do not think that the expedition of that man ought to be called a conquest, because he did not make any stay in it, and therefore that it is more right to reckon the conquest of Partholón as the first occupation of it after the deluge.

II. Of the first chief-conquest which was made on Ireland after the deluge, namely the invasion of Partholón, here.

Ireland, indeed, was desert three hundred years after the deluge, till Partholón, son of Sera, son of Sru, son of Esru, son of Fraimint, son of Fathacht, son of Magog, son of Japheth came to occupy it, according as it is found in the poem [to which is] beginning,— Adam, father, fountain of our hosts [as the poet says]:—

1. Three hundred years after the deluge,  
It is a tale of truth, as I reckon,  
All holy Ireland was desert,  
Until Partholón came.

Accordingly, I think that it is twenty-two years before Abraham was born, Partholón came into Ireland, and that it is it which was the age of the world therefore, about this time a thousand, nine hundred and three score and eighteen years, as this verse states:—

1. Eight and seventy—a clear gradation—  
A thousand and nine hundred years,  
From the time of Adam, virtuous, just,  
To the birth of Abraham our father.

However, the opinion of the people who say that it is at the end of two years and a thousand after the deluge that Partholón came to Ireland, is not truthful, and they, admitting that it is in the time of Abraham he came into it, and that it is Abraham, who was only the eighth generation from Sem, son of Noe, and Sem himself to be reckoned. For it is not likely that more than a thousand years would have been spent during the time of seven generations after the deluge. Wherefore I deem the former opinion more sound than the latter opinion; and, accordingly, it is probable that it was at the end of three hundred years after the deluge Partholón came into Ireland.

From middle Greece, i.e. 'Migdonia', Partholón set out. It is the way which he took (was) through the 'Torrian' Sea to Sicily, and with the right hand towards Spain till he reached Ireland. Two months and a half he was on the sea till he took harbour in Innbhear Sceine, in the western part of Munster, the fourteenth day in the month May. It is of it this verse was recited [as the poet says]:—

1. The fourteenth, on (day of) Mars,  
They put their noble barks  
Into the port of fair lands, blue, clear,  
In Innbhear Scéine of bright shields.

Here is the company who came with Partholón to Ireland, and with his wife, Dealgnaid her name: their three sons, namely, Rudhruidhe, Slangha, and Laighlinne, with their wives, and a thousand of a host along with them, according to Nennius, as is read in the Saltair of Caiseal.

It is the place where Partholón dwelt at first in Ireland, in Inis Saimher, near to Eirne. It is why it was called Inis Saimher; a lap-dog or hound-whelp which Partholón had, which was named Saimher; and he killed it through jealousy with his wife, who committed misconduct with her own attendant, Todhga; and when Partholón accused her, it is not an apology she made, but said it was fitter the blame of that ill-deed to be on himself than on her: and she said these words: 'O Partholón,' says she, 'do you think that it is possible a woman and honey to be near one another, new milk and a child, food and a generous person, flesh meat and a cat, weapons or implements and a workman, or a man and woman in private, without their meddling with each other': and she repeats the verse:—

1. Honey with a woman, new milk with a child,  
Food with the generous, flesh with a cat,  
A workman in a house, and edge tools,  
One with the other, it is great risk.

After Partholón had heard that answer, his jealousy was so increased by it that he struck the dog to the ground, till it was killed: so that from it the island is named. The first jealousy of Ireland after the deluge (was) that. So for it was recited this verse:—

1. The king strikes the hound of the woman  
With his hand—it was not sad that it was (so):— ?  
The hound was dead (...)  
That was the first jealousy of Ireland.

The seventh year after the occupation of Ireland by Partholón, the first man of his people died, namely, Feadha, son of Tortan, from whom is named Magh Feadha.

It is the cause on account of which Partholon came to Ireland, because he had slain his father and his mother, seeking the kingdom from his brother, so that he came in flight (because of) his parricide till he reached Ireland, so that it is therefore God sent a plague on his race, by which nine thousand of them were slain during one week in Beann Eadair.

Some of our authors reckon another occupation of Ireland before Partholón, namely, the invasion of Cíocal, son of Nel, son of Garbh, son of Ughmhóir, from Slabh Ughmhóir, and Lot Luaimhneach (was) his mother: they (were) two hundred years (living) on fish and fowl till the coming of Partholón into Ireland, till the battle of Magh Iotha took place between them, in which Cíocal fell, and in which the Fomorians were destroyed by Partholón. In Innbhear Domhnann Cíocal, with his people, took harbour in Ireland: six ships their number; fifty men and fifty women the complement of each ship [of them]. It is about them it is recited:—

1. The seventh invasion which took  
Spoil of Ireland of the high plains  
(Was) by Cíocal the stunted, (of withered feet),  
Over the fields of Innbhear Domhnann;
2. Three hundred men, the number of his host,  
Who came from the regions of Ughmhór  
Till they were scattered after that,  
Being cut off in a week.

Seven lakes burst forth in Ireland in the time of Partholón, namely, Loch Masc in Connacht; over Magh Leargna it sprang up: at the end of three years after giving battle to Cíocal, Loch Con burst over the land, and Magh Cró (was) the name of the plain over which it came: Loch Deichet at the end of twelve years after the coming of Partholón into Ireland. A year after that

the fourth chieftain of his people died, namely, Slangha, and it is at Sliabh Slangha he was buried. At the end of a year after that (was) the eruption of Loch Laighlinne in Ua-mac-Uais Breagh, i.e. (the lake of) Laighlinne, son of Partholón; and when his sepulchre was being built, the lake sprang forth from the earth, it is from that it is called Loch Laighlinne. At the end of a year after that (was) the eruption of Loch Eachtra, between Sliabh Mudhairn and Sliabh Fuaid, in Oirghialla. After that, the eruption of Loch Rudhuidhe, in which Rudhuidhe himself was drowned. In the same year the eruption of Loch Cuan.

Partholón did not find before him in Ireland but three lakes and nine rivers: the names of the lakes (are) Loch Luimneach in Desmond, Loch Foirdhreamhain at Tráigh-lí, by Sliabh Mis in Munster, and Fionnloch Ceara in Iorros Domhnann in Connacht. It is for them this verse was recited [as the poet says]:

1. Three lakes—wondrous their brilliancy,  
And nine plentiful rivers;  
Loch Foirdhreamhain, Loeh Luimnigh,  
Fionn Loch beyond the bounds of Iorros.

Here are the rivers:— The Buas, between Dal n-Áruidhe and Dalriada, i.e. the Rúta; the Rurthach, i.e. Abhann Life, between the Ui Neill, and the Leinstermen; Laoi, in Munster, through Muscraidhe to Cork; the Sligeach; the Samhaoir; the Muaidh in Connacht, through Ui Fiachrach of the north; the Moghurn in Tír Eoghain; the Fionn, between Cinéal Eoghain and Cinéal Conaill; and the Banna, between Lí and Eille; as is said in the poem to which (this) is the beginning, Ye learned of the plain of fair gentle Conn:—

1. Muaidh, Sligeach, Samhaoir of name (?)  
Buas, a torrent of melodious sound;  
Moghurn, Fionn, with face of brightness;  
Banna, between Lí and Eille.

Or yet in the poem which has for beginning, Adam, father, fount of our hosts, &c.:—

1. Laoi, Buas, Banna, lasting Bearbha,  
Samhaoir, Sligeach, Moghurn, Muaidh,  
And Lifé in Leinster with them,  
There they are, the old rivers.

At the end of four years after the eruption of Murthol, Partholón died in Sean-mhagh Ealta Eudair, and it is there he was buried. It is called Sean-mhagh, 'old plain', because a wood never grew on it; and, moreover, it is why it is called Magh n-Ealta, as it was there the birds of Ireland used

to come to bask in the sun. At the end of thirty years from the coming of Partholón to Ireland, he died. Some antiquaries say that the age of the world when Partholón died was two thousand six hundred and twenty-eight years: nevertheless, what I think is, according to everything we have said before, that it is one thousand nine hundred and four score and six years from the beginning of the world to the death of Partholón.

Some others say that it is five hundred and twenty years from the death of Partholón to the plague of his people: however, the general opinion of the antiquaries is against that, since they say that Ireland was not a desert but thirty years [the time which] was from the death of Partholón's people to the coming of Neimheadh into it, as the poet says in this verse:—

1. During thirty years of a period  
It was empty of (its) skilled warriors,  
After the destruction of its host in a week,  
In crowds upon Magh n-Ealta.

Holy Cormac son of Cuileannan agrees with the same thing in the Saltair of Caiseal, where he says that it is three hundred years (that) were from the coming of Partholón into Ireland to the plague of his people. The poet Eochaidh Ua Floinn agrees with it likewise, according to this verse:—

1. Three hundred years, who know it?  
Over very great [or wide] excellent corn-lands, (?)  
The rank sharp-pointed stalks [or weeds] (?)  
(Were) in noble Erin grass-grown.

From all these things (it appears that) those who say that there was more than five hundred years from the death of Partholón till the destruction of his people, are not to be believed; and it is not probable that Ireland could have been settled so long, without more people in it than five thousand men and four thousand women.

III. Here is the division which the four sons of Partholón made on Ireland; and it is the first partition of Ireland.

Er, Orba, Fearón, and Feargna their names, and there were four their namesakes among the descendants of Míleadh, as we shall set down in (relating) their special conquest.

From Aileach Néid (in the) north to Áthcliath Laighean, the portion of Er.

From the same Áthcliath to Oiléan Árda Neimeadh [to] which is called Oiléan Mór an Bharraigh now, the portion of Orba.

From the Oiléan Mór to Meadhraidhe by Gaillimh, the division of Fearón.

From Áthcliath Meadhraidhe to Aileach Néid, the portion of Feargna, as Eochaidh Ua Floinn says in these verses: and he was the chief professor of poetry in Ireland in his time:—

1. Four sons, (who) were fierce of voice,  
For noble children had Partholón:  
They took under direction among them  
The tribes of Ireland without objection:
2. Not easy to the kings was their division,  
The island of Erin (being all) one wood,  
Treasure close (? safe) in each dwelling during their  
time;  
Each man got knowledge of his share.
3. Er, their eldest, (who) was free in happiness,  
Pleasant his portion, long without change;  
From Aileach Néid, land without treachery,  
To Áthcliath Laighean full-strong.
4. From Áthcliath of Leinster—leap of the sea—  
To the isle of Neimheadh's Height,  
Without misery—not weak his conduct—  
(Was) Orba's portion of the land of his race.
5. From the ford where Neimheadh was slain  
To Meadhraidhe of the great districts,  
A cause of good content without cease there,  
The portion of Fearón, long the tract.
6. From Meadhraidhe, (it is) long also,  
To Aileach Néid of good customs,  
If we follow the boundary in every track;  
Feargna got an extensive tract.
7. On Erin itself, not a cause of deceit (this),  
Were born the strong men (whom) I enumerate,  
A noble company, who were established in fame,  
Gentle (and) knightly were the four.

IV. Of the people of Partholón here....

Section VII.

Of the second conquest which was made on Ireland here, i.e. the conquest of the children of Neimheadh.

Ireland, indeed, was waste thirty years after the destruction of the race of Partholón, till Neimheadh son of Agnoman, son of Pamp, son of Tat, son

of Seara, son of Srú, son of Easrú, son of Framant, son of Fathacht, son of Magog, son of Japheth, came to settle in it: for every invasion which occupied Ireland after the deluge is of the children of Magog. At Srú, son of Easruacut:, Partholóon and the children of Neimheadh separate from each other: and at Seara the Fírbolg, the Tuatha Dé Danann, and the sons of Míleadh separate. And it is the Scotie language every tribe of these had. That is evident from (the occasion) when Ith, son of Breogan, came into Ireland; for it is through the Scotie language he himself and the Tuatha Dé Danann spoke with each other; and they said that they were of the race of Magog on both sides. Some others say, as for Neimheadh, that he was of the posterity of the son, Adhla his name, whom Partholóon had left in the east. It is the track in which Neimheadh journeyed, coming into Ireland from Scythia on the narrow sea which reaches from the ocean called Mare Euxinum,—it is it (i.e. the narrow sea) which is the boundary between the north-west side of Asia and the north-east side of Europe,— and at the north-west part of Asia are the mountains of Riffé, according to Pomponius Mela, on the boundary line of the narrow sea we have mentioned and the northern ocean. He gave his right hand to the mountains of Riffé, till he came into the ocean to the north, and his left hand towards Europe till he came to Ireland. Thirty-four ships (was) the number of his fleet, and thirty persons in every ship of them.

Starn, Iarbhoineil Fáidh, Ainninn, and Fearghus Leithdhearg (are) the names of the four sons of Neimheadh...

The wife of Neimheadh—Macha her name—died in Ireland sooner than Ainninn; and the twelfth year after their coming into Ireland this Macha died; and she was the first dead person of Ireland after the coming of Neimheadh into it. And it is from her Árd Macha is named; for it is there she was buried. Two royal forts were built by Neimheadh in Ireland, namely, Rath Chinneich in Uí Nialláin, and Rath Ciombaoth in Seimhne. The four sons of Madán Muinreamhar of the Fomorians built Rath Cinneich in one day, Bog, Robhog, Ruibhne, and Rodan their names: and Neimheadh slew them on the morrow in the morning, in Daire Lighe, for fear that they should resolve on the destruction of the fort again; and they were buried there.

Twelve plains were cleared from wood by Neimheadh in Ireland...

Neimheadh won three battles on the Fomorians, namely, navigators of the race of Cham, who fared from Africa; they came fleeing to the islands of the west of Europe, and to make a settlement for themselves, and (also) fleeing the race of Sem, for fear that they might have advantage over them, in consequence of the curse which Noe had left on Cham from whom they came; inasmuch as they thought themselves to be safe from the control of the posterity of Sem by being at a distance from them: wherefore, they came to Ireland, so that the three battles aforesaid were won over them, i.e. the battle of Sliabh Bádhna; the battle of Ross Fraocháin in Connacht, in which

there fell Gann and Geanann, two leaders of the Fomorians; and the battle of Murbholg in Dalriada, i.e. the Rúta, the place where Sarn son of Neimheadh fell by Conaing son of Faobhar in Leithead Lachtmhaighe. Moreover, he fought the battle of Cnámhros in Leinster, where there was a slaughter (made) of the men of Ireland, including Artur, son of Neimheadh, i.e. a son born in Ireland to him; and including Iobcan son of Sarn, son of Neimheadh. However, it is by Neimheadh these three battles were won over the Fomorians, as these verses below certify:—

1. Neimheadh defeated—illustrious his strength—  
(Their sepulchre was satiated I think),  
Gann and Geanann, by his attack.  
They were slain by him, one after the other.
2. Geanann by Neimheadh was worn out.  
Their little grave—what tomb is greater (than it)?—  
By Sarn, son of Neimheadh the mighty,  
Gann fell, and it is not deceit.
3. The battle of Murbholg—he fought it—  
Till it was closed, it was stiff,  
It was won by Neimheadh of the arms,  
Though Sarn came not back (from it).
4. During the battle of Cnamhros, which was very great,  
It is much there was of hacking of flesh;  
Artur and Iobcan fell there,  
Although in it Gann was routed.

After that Neimheadh died of the plague in Oiléan Árda Neimheadh in Críoch Liatháin in Munster, which is called Oiléan Mór an Bharraigh; and two thousand (of) people with him, both men and women.

There was slavery and great oppression afterwards on the race of Neimheadh by the Fomorians, revenging the battles which Neimheadh had gained over them. Morc, indeed, son of Deileadh, and Conaing, son of Faobhar, from whom is named Tor Conaing on the border of Ireland north [who] had a fleet, and they residing in Tor Conaing which is called Toirinis, enforcing a tribute on the children of Neimheadh: and the extent of that tribute was two thirds of the children, and of the corn, and of the milch-kine of the men of Ireland, to be offered to them every year on the eve of Samhain at Magh gCéidne between the Drobhaois and the Eirne. It is why it is called Magh gCéidne from the frequency (with which) the tribute was brought to the same plain.

The Fomorians had still more tyranny on the children of Neimheadh, to wit, three full measures from every single household in Ireland of the cream of milk, of the flour of wheat, and of butter, to be brought to Morc and to Conaing to Toirinis; and a female steward who was called Liagh, enforcing that tax throughout Ireland, so



that of that tax this verse was recited:—

1. That tax which was devised there,  
Three measures which were not very scant;  
A measure of the cream of rich milk,  
And a measure of the flour of wheat,  
The third obligation—we think it was hard—  
A measure of butter over it for a condiment.

Anger and rage indeed seize upon the men of Ireland by reason of the heaviness of that tribute and tax, insomuch that they went to do battle with the Fomorians. It is wherefore they used to be called Fomorians, namely, from their being committing robbery on sea: Fomhóraigh, i.e. along the seas.

There were, however, three good warriors among the children of Neimheadh at this period, namely, Beothach, son of Iarbhoineol the prophetic, son of Neimheadh; Fearghus the red-sided, son of Neimheadh; and Earglan, son of Béóan, son of Starn, son of Neimheadh, with his two brothers, namely, Manntán and Iarthacht: and their number was thirty thousand on sea, and the same number on land, as this verse shows:—

1. Three score thousand,—bright array—  
On land and on water;  
It is the number went from their dwelling  
The race of Neimheadh to the demolition (of the tower).

The tower was demolished then, and Conaing falls with his children by the race of Neimheadh. Afterwards, Morc, son of Deileadh, brought the crew of three score ships from Africa to Toirinis, till he gave battle to the children of Neimheadh, so that they fell side by side, and that everyone of them who was not slain was drowned, but Morc and a few of his company who took possession of the island: for they did not perceive the sea coming under them with the obstinacy of the fighting, so that there escaped not of the race of Neimheadh (as many of them as were in this warfare) but the crew of one bark, in which were thirty strong men, including three chiefs, namely, Simeon Breac, son of Starn, son of Neimheadh; Iobath, son of Beothach, son of Iarbhoineol Fáidh, son of Neimheadh; and Briotán Maol, son of Fearghus Leithdhearg, son of Neimheadh, as the verse says:—

1. But one bark with its full company,  
There escaped not of them, the entire of their hosts:  
Simeon and Iobath good,  
And Briotán Maol, in that ship.

On their coming away from that conflict, it is the counsel on which they

resolved, to fare from Ireland to fly the tyranny of the Fomorians. They were seven years making ready towards this adventure; and a fleet is prepared by each chief of them, and a party of the people who had come with Neimheadh to Ireland, and of his descendants, go with each one of the aforesaid chiefs; and some of them remain behind in Ireland, namely, ten warriors whom they left taking the headship of the remnant of the race of Neimheadh who remained under servitude of the Fomorians till the time of the Firbolg...

## SECTION X.

Of the invasion of the Tuatha Dé Danann here.

The Tuatha Dé Danann are of the posterity of the third chief of the race of Neimheadh who had gone on adventures from Ireland after the destruction of the tower of Conaing, namely, Iobath son of Beothach; and, according to some antiquaries, the place which was inhabited by them was Boetia in the north of Europe. Some others say that it is in the Athenian territory they dwelt, where the city of Athens is. Understand, O reader, that Boeotia and the city of Athens, according to Pomponius Mela, are in the district of Greece which is called Achaia: and that it is there they learned their magic and their arts until they became skilled in every trick of sorcery.

It happened about that time that a great fleet came from the country of Syria to make war on the people of the Athenian country, so that there was daily warfare between them; and those of the Athenians who would be slain, it is they who would be on the morrow fighting with the people of Syria. That necromancy used to be done through the art magic of the Tuatha Dé Danann: for they would put demons into the same bodies to restore them. And when the people of Syria became aware of this, they go to take counsel with their own druid. The druid says to them, to set a watch on the site or on the place of the battle-field, and to thrust a stake [of a spit] of quicken-tree through the trunk of every dead person who would be rising up against them; and if it were demons who would cause their bodies to revive, that they would be from that immediately turned into worms, while, if it were really their revival that had been brought about, the bodies would not suffer change or corruption. The people of Syria come to join battle on the morrow, and it is won by them, and they thrust the stakes of ash through the dead, as the druid had told them, and presently worms were made of them: and the people of Syria fell on the others after that, slaughtering them.

As regards the Tuatha Dé Danann, when they saw the people of Syria prevailing over the people of the country, they, in one band, depart from that territory, for fear of them, and they made no stay till they came to the country of Lochlonn, i.e. Fionn-Lochlonn, viz. the people of Norway,

where they got welcome from the people of the country for the extent of their science and of their varied arts. It is Nuadha Airgeadlámh, son of Euchtach, son of Edarlámh, of the posterity of Neimheadh who was chief over them at that time. Indeed, they obtained four cities, so as to be teaching the young folk of that country in them. The names of the cities here: Fáilias, Gorias, Finias, and Murias. The Tuatha Dé Danann place four sages in those cities to teach the sciences and the varied arts they had to the youths of the country; Semias in Murias, and Arias in Finias, and Eurús in Gorias, and Morias in Fáilias. After being a while of their time in these cities, they proceed to the north of Scotland, so that they were seven years at Dobhar and at Iardobhar. They had four noble jewels, which they brought from those cities, namely, a stone of virtue from Fáilias; it is it that is called Lia Fáil; and it is it that used to roar under each king of Ireland on his being chosen by them up to the time of Conchubhar (as we mentioned before), and it is to that stone is called in Latin Saxum fatale. It is from it, moreover, is called Inis Fáil to Ireland. So that it is therefore a certain antiquary composed this verse:—

1. The stone which is under my two heels,  
From it Inis Fáil is named;  
Between two shores of a mighty flood,  
The plain of Fál (is for name) on all Ireland.

[This stone which is called Lia Fáil], another name for it (is) the Stone of Destiny; for it was in destiny for this stone, whatever place it would be in, that it is a man of the Scotie nation, i.e. of the seed of Míleadh of Spain, that would be in the sovereignty of that country, according as is read, in Hector Boetius in the history of Scotland. Here is what he says, viz.—

1. The Scotie nation, noble the race,  
Unless the prophecy be false,  
Ought to obtain dominion,  
Where they shall find the Lia Fáil.

{Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum, invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.}

When the race of Scot heard that the stone had this virtue, after Feargus the great, son of Earc, had obtained the power of Scotland, and after he had proposed to style himself king of Scotland, he sends information into the presence of his brother Muircheartach, son of Earc, of the race of Eireamhón, who was king of Ireland at that time, to ask him to send him this stone, to sit upon, for the purpose of being proclaimed king of Scotland. Muircheartach sends the stone to him, and he was inaugurated king of Scotland on the same stone, and he was the first king of Scotland of the

Scotic nation; and although some of the Cruithnigh, i.e. the Picts, had been styled kings of Scotland, before Feargus was made king, there was not one of them full king without being under tax and under tribute to the kings of Ireland from time to time; and especially from the time of Eireamhón, son of Míleadh [forward], by whom the 'Picts' were sent out of Leinster to inhabit Scotland, (as we shall say in the reign of Eireamhón), to the reign of this Feargus. Concerning the stone, they had it accordingly some space of time, age to age, till it reached after that to England, so that it is there now in the chair in which the king of England is inaugurated, it having been forcibly brought from Scotland, out of the abbey of Scone; and the first Edward king of England brought it with him, so that the prophecy of that stone has been verified in the king we have now, namely, the first king Charles, and in his father, the king James, who came from the Scotie race (that is to say, from the posterity of Maine son of Corc son of Lughaidh, who came from Eibhear son of Míleadh of Spain); who assumed the style of kings of England upon the stone aforesaid.

The second jewel the Tuatha Dé Danann brought into Ireland then, that is the sword which Lúgh Lámfhada had used, and from Gorias it was brought. The third jewel, namely, the spear which the same Lúgh had when prepared for battle, and from Finias it was brought. The fourth jewel, the caldron of the Daghdha: a company would not go away unsatisfied from it, and from Murias it was brought. Here is a poem from a certain Book of Invasion for proof on the same things:—

1. Tuatha Dé Danann of the precious jewels,  
The place in which they acquired learning  
They attained their complete culture,  
Their art magic (and) their diablerie.
2. Iarbhoineol fair—an excellent seer—  
Son of Neimheadh, son of Aghnomon,  
To whom the doughty fool-hardy Beothach was son  
Who was a hero full-active, given to slaughter.
3. The children of Beothach—vivid their fame—  
They arrived a powerful host of heroes,  
After much travail and wandering,  
The entire of their fleet to Lochlonn.
4. Four cities, justly famous,  
They occupied in sway with great power,  
Where they used to wage war ingeniously(?)  
For learning (and) for exact knowledge.
5. Fáilias and Gorias bright,  
Finias (and) Murias of great deeds,  
To blazon their sallies abroad(?)  
(And) the names of the great cities.
6. Morias and Euras high-placed,

- Arias (and) Semias austere;  
 Their naming is profitable discourse,  
 Of the names of the sages of the noble gain.
7. Morias the sage of Fáilias itself,  
 Euras in Gorias, of good disposition,  
 Semias in Murias, southern stronghold(?)  
 Arias fair, sage of Finias.
8. Four gifts with them (brought) from afar,  
 By the nobles of the Tuatha Dé Danann:—  
 A sword, a stone, a shapely cadron,  
 A spear for facing tall champions.
9. Lia Fáil from Fáilias hither,  
 Which used to roar under the king of Ireland;  
 The sword of the hand of Lúgh the active(?),  
 From Gorias-choicest of great store.
10. From Finias far over the sea,  
 Was brought the spear of Lúgh who was not weak;  
 From Murias—great prodigious gift—  
 The caldron of the Daghdha of lofty deeds.
11. King of heaven, king of feeble men,  
 Protect me, king of the great stars,  
 Prince, who hast endurance of hateful things,(?)  
 And the strength of the gentle tribes.

Concerning the Tuatha Dé Danann, they, having spent seven years in the north of Scotland, came to Ireland; and, on their coming to land, Monday Bealtaine in the north of Ireland, they burn their ships, so to certify that, this rann was composed:—

1. Each warrior of them burned his ship,  
 When he reached noble Eire:  
 It was a grave decision in his state(?)  
 The vapour of the ships being burned.

After that they put of mist of druidism around them for the space of three days, so that they were not manifest to any one of the Fir Bolg till they reached Sliabh-an-iarainn. Thence they send an embassy from them to Eochaidh, son of Earc, and to the chiefs of the Fir Bolg, to demand the kingdom of Ireland or battle on its account. Whereupon, the battle of Magh Tuireadh South is fought between the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha Dé Danann, so that the battle was gained on the Fir Bolg, and that a hundred thousand of them were slain, according as we have said above.

Thirty years from the battle of Magh Tuireadh South to the battle of Magh Tuireadh North, as the verse says:—

1. Thirty years, it is known,  
From the battle of Magh Tuireadh South,  
To the battle of Magh Taireadh North,  
In which fell Balor of the great host.

Some antiquaries say that it is from the three sons whom Danann, daughter of Dealbhaoth, bore, the Tuatha Dé Danann were called, to wit, Brian, Iuchar and Iucharbha, i.e. three of the children of Dealbhaoth, son of Ealatha, son of Néd, son of Iondaoi, son of Allaoi, son of Tat, son of Tabharn, son of Enna, son of Bathach, son of Iobath, son of Beothach, son of Iarbhoineol Fáidh, son of Neimheadh: because that the aforesaid three were so accomplished [as that] in heathen arts, that these tribes with whom they were wished to style them gods, and to name themselves from them. Here is a stave of a quotation certifying it, that these three are the three gods of Danann, as the poem says, which has for beginning, Hear, ye learned without blemish, &c.:—

1. Brian, Iucharbha and Iuchar there,  
Three gods of the Tuatha Dé Danann;  
They were slain at Mana over the great sea  
By the hand of Lugh, son of Eithneann.

It is from [the] Danann, who was mother to these three, Dá Chích Danann is called to the two hills which are in Luachair Deaghaidh in Desmond. Others say that it is why they are called Tuatha Dé Danann, because it is in [their] three orders they were, of those who had come into Ireland on this expedition. The first order of them, which is called Tuath, used to be in the rank of nobility and headship of tribe: called tuathach, indeed, and called tighearna being equivalent, as called tuath and called tighearnas are equal. That is the more fit to believe, inasmuch as Dá Bhantuathaigh is given (as an epithet) for Beuchuill and for Danann, whom they had for female rulers: so this verse gives us to understand:—

1. Beuchuill and Danann beloved—  
The two female chiefs were slain;  
The extinction of their magic at last  
By pale demons of air.

The second order (to) which used to be called Dé, such are their druids, whence it is the above three used to be called the three gods of Danann. Wherefore they were called 'gods' (is) from the wonderfulness of their deeds of magic. The third order which was called Danann, namely, the order which was given to dán, or to crafts; for dán and céard are equal...

According to the Saltair of Caiseal, it is three years wanting of two

hundred (is) the length of the sovereignty of the Tuatha Dé Danann over Ireland. This verse agrees with that:—

1. Seven year, ninety, and one hundred—  
That reckoning is not false—  
For the Tuatha Dé Danann with might,  
Over Ireland in high sovereignty.

### SECTION XIII

Of the origin of the children of Mileadh, of their proceedings, and of their transactions, of their genealogy, and of every occurrence that happened to them, from Fénius Farsaidh down to the invasion of Ireland by them, here below (stated).

In order, truly, that we should be able to trace the origin of the Scotie nation to its root, i.e. to Japheth (we find) the two most distinguished sons Japheth had, that is to say, Gomer and Magog. Moses, in the tenth chapter of Genesis, where he records the propagation of the posterity of Japheth, sets down [i.e.] that Gomer had three sons, namely Aschenez, Riphath, and Thogorma; however, he does not mention specially the children of Magog according to their names. Nevertheless, as it is on the antiquaries of the Scotie nation that it is incumbent to follow up the ascertained genealogy of the nobles who sprang from Magog, and particularly of the posterity of Fenius Farsaidh, we shall here set down the genealogical account of the posterity of Magog, according to the book of invasion which is called Cin Droma Sneachta; and that authority existed before Patrick came to Ireland. What it says is, that Magog had three sons, namely, Báath, Iobáth, and Fáthachta. From Báath came Fénius Farsaidh, the ancestor of the posterity of Gaedheal; from Iobáth came the Amazons, Bactrians, and Parthians; from Fáthachta came Partholón [he who first occupied Ireland after the deluge] and (also) Neimheadh, son of Aghnoman, and, accordingly, the Fir Bolg and Tuatha Dé Danann [as we have said above in (the account of) their conquests]. It is from the posterity of this Fathachta came the great Attila, who brought Pannonia under his sway, and was a length of time perturbing the state of Rome, destroyed and depopulated Aquileia, and made many raids on Germany. It is from Scythia also, of the posterity of Magog by origin, Zeliobes, king of the Huns, who made war upon the emperor Justinian. It is from Scythia, too, came the Lombards, Hungarians, and Goths [all]. It is from [the] Scythia, likewise, came the Dauni, from whom is called Daunia in Italy, and the name of that country now is Apulia. It is from Scythia also that the Turks have come. But in short, Buchanan, an investigator of the antiquity of the dissemination of the races of the world, says, repeating Epiphanius, that the people of Scythia obtained chief rule shortly after the deluge, and that their sovereignty continued until the predominance of Babylon. The same authors say that it is from Scythia the other countries used to receive institutes and laws and

ordinances, and, moreover, that it is they who were the first race which commenced to be honoured after the deluge. Johannes Boemus, in the ninth chapter of the second book which he wrote on the customs of every race, says that the Scythians were never subdued by any dominion. Josephus says that the Greeks called the people of Scythia Magogai. Johannes Naclerus says that people have come of the race of Scythia by whom very great deeds were done. Let Herodotus bear witness to this in the fourth book where he says that the people of Scythia repelled Darius king of Persia contemptuously from Scythia. Let Justin likewise witness in his history, where he treats of the gallantry of the exploits which the people of Scythia performed: and here are the words of this author:—The people of Scythia, he says, were always without foreign power affecting them or seizing their spoils: they drove back Darius, king of Persia, with disgrace out of Scythia; they slew Cyrus with the entire of his army; Zophyron, the leader of the army of Alexander the great, with his host, was destroyed by them: they had heard of the power of the Romans, and (yet) had never felt it. {Scythae ipsi perpetuo ab alieno imperio aut intacti aut invicti mansere: Darium regem Persarum turpi a Scythia submovere fuga; Cyrum cum omni exercitu trucidarunt; Alexandri magni ducem Zophyron a pari ratione cum copiis universis deleverunt; Romanorum audire sed non sentire arma.}’’

From these words it may be understood that it was great was the bravery and the valour which was among the people of Scythia to the time of this author.

The Polychronicon says in the thirty-seventh chapter of the first book, that it is from this word Scythia, Scot is called to the posterity of Gaedheal Glas, and, in my judgment, it is not more fit to give Gall (for name) to the people who are now inhabiting Ireland who are called Gall, that is to say, from Gallia or France as to their origin than to give Scot (for name) to the Gael from Scythia whence they came according to their origin: and it is therefore Greeks of Scythia is called to the posterity of Fáthachta, son of Magog, who obtained dominion in Gothia, Thracia, and Achaia, viz. Partholón, son of Seara, with his people; Neimheadh, son of Aghnoman, from whom the children of Neimheadh are called; the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha De Danann, because it is from Scythia they all came, according to their origin. And I think that it is why Scot is more especially called to the posterity of Gaedheal, son of Niul, son of Fenius Farsaidh, because it is to Fenius Farsaidh the chief dominion of Scythia came, and to his posterity after him; and that it was Niul was the younger son of Fenius, and that he did not obtain any equal share of the territory, as the kindred of Fenius had obtained districts from which they themselves and their posterity were named. Wherefore Niul enjoined on his posterity to denominate themselves from Scythia, and for ever to call themselves Scots, because there was no land in their possession, and that his father had left him as a portion, only the acquisition of the sciences and of the several



languages; having left the kingdom of Scythia undivided to Neanual, the son who was older than Niul.

#### SECTION XIV

Here below (we treat) definitely apart concerning the true origin from which the the race of Gaedheal have sprung; and of their proceedings till the arrival of the sons of Míleadh in Ireland.

Some Latin authors say that Gaedheal was the son of Argus or of Cecrops, who obtained the sovereignty of the Argives; but that cannot be well-founded, because that St. Augustine says that the monarchy of that people commenced at the time Jacob was born, i.e. about four hundred and thirty-two years after the deluge; and, moreover, according to the same author, [that] the dominion of his posterity was maintained but two hundred and fifteen years: and, according to that, that it is at the end of six hundred and three score and seven years after the deluge the rule of that line terminated. But truly, it is not possible for that to be authentic, and to say (at the same time) that it is from Argus or Cecrops Gaedheal should have come; for Hector Boetius in his history of Scotland, and, moreover, all the books of invasion of Ireland, state that Gaedheal was in Egypt during the time of Moses being in the headship of the children of Israel in Egypt. Indeed, the books of invasion say that it is at that time Scota, daughter of Pharaoh Cingris, bore Gaedheal to Niul, son of Fenius Farsaidh, son of Báath, son of Magog: and it is the time when Moses began to act as leader of the children of Israel in Egypt, seven hundred and four score and seventeen years (from the deluge); so that according to that reckoning of time, there were as a conjecture three hundred years and two score and five besides, from the time of Argus or Cecrops till Gaedheal was born, and, consequently, it was not possible for him to be son to Argus or to Cecrops.

Whoever would say that it was from Greece Gaedheal proceeded to Egypt, and that it is why it is said that it was from Scythia he went to Egypt, because that it was from the land of 'Cetim' (as a certain author thinks), he journeyed, [and,] consequently [that he] says that Scythia, and iath na sceach are equivalent: iath, truly, when it is understood in place of this word fearann (land), has th or has dh at the end, that is to say has iath or has iadh: however, when this word Scithia is written, there is no 'c' in the middle, as should be in such like compound word; and, moreover, there is no 'th' or 'dh' at the end of it, and, consequently, it is but an unwarranted opinion to suppose that, according to Gaelic etymology, 'Scithia' is equivalent to land of thorns.

The proof, likewise, is weak concerning Gaedheal having come from Greece according to his origin, to say that the posterity of Gaedheal have a

resemblance to the Greeks in (their) manners, customs, and games, and that, therefore it must be said that they came from Greece. For every invasion that came into Ireland after the deluge, except only the race of Gaedheal and the children of Neimheadh, it is from Greece they came, [that is to say, Partholón from Migdonia, the Fir Bolg from Thracia and the Tuatha Dé Danann from Achaia, where Beotia is, and the city of Athens,] according as we have shown above in their several conquests the name of every place in Greece from whence they had set out.

Wherefore, although the race of the Gaedheal, on their arrival in Ireland, had not the manners and customs of the Greeks, it was possible for them to have learned them from the remnant of the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha Dé Danann who were before them in Ireland, and to have left them to be practised by their posterity after them, though they themselves had never been in Greece, nor Gaedheal, nor any of those who had come before them.

XV. The doings of Feinius Farsaidh the grandfather of Gaedheal till his return from the Plain of Seanair, and till his death, as follows:

WHEN Feinius Farsaidh became king of Scythia, he determined to become perfectly acquainted with the various languages which had sprung up after the confusion of tongues that had taken place long before at the tower of Babel, which was being erected through pride for the space of forty years by Nimrod and his followers. For before that confusion of tongues took place at the tower, the entire human race had but one common language which had existed amongst them from the time of Adam. And the name the Book of Invasions gives this language is Gortighern, as the poet says:

1. Gortighern the name of the language  
Used by the son of God of goodly science,  
And by the race of Adam erst  
Ere the building of Nimrod's tower.

And Latin authors call it *lingua humana*, that is, the human language. But when Nimrod and his kinsfolk were building the tower, as the confusion of tongues set in and prevented them from finishing a structure they had begun through pride, the human language they derived from Adam was taken from them, as many as were engaged in building the tower. However, it remained with Eibhear son of Saile, and with his tribe, so that it was named from him; for they called it Hebrew from Eibhear. Now when Eibhear had learned the cause of their erecting the tower, that it was with a view to protecting themselves against the second flood which it was foretold would come upon the people—they imagined that the second flood would not be higher than the first, and proposed to make the tower so high that the flood would not reach its upper stories, and that accordingly their nobles could be securely situated in these without fear of the flood—and when Eibhear learned that that was the cause of their

building the tower, he declared that he would not help them, and that it was sheer idleness on their part to have recourse to ingenuity for the purpose of resisting the fulfilment of God's will. Thereupon he separated from them without taking any part whatever with them in the building of the tower. Moreover, when the confusion came on all, God left to Eibhear alone and to his tribe after him, as a mark of good will, that human language of our ancestors.

The principal reason why Feinius Farsaidh went to the Plain of Seanair, together with his school, was that he might be with the people whose native language was Hebrew, and that it might thus come about that he and his school would acquire a full and perfect knowledge of that language.

Now, when Feinius, as we have said, had resolved to acquire the various languages, he sent, at his own expense, seventy-two disciples into the various countries of the three continents of the world that were then inhabited, and charged them to remain abroad seven years, so that each of them might learn the language of the country in which he stayed during that time. And at the end of seven years they returned to Feinius to Scythia; and Feinius went with them to the Plain of Seanair, together with a large number of the youths of Scythia, leaving his eldest son Neanual to rule Scythia in his stead, as a certain poet says, in the poem which begins, Let us relate the origin of the Gaels:

1. Feinius went from Scythia  
On the expedition,  
A man renowned, wise, learned,  
Ardent, triumphant;
2. There was but one tongue in the world  
When they set out;  
There were seventy-two tongues  
When they parted;
3. Feinius had a great school learning  
Each science,  
A man renowned, wise, learned  
In each language.

And some seanchas assert that there was a space of sixty years from the building of the tower until Feinius and his school came southwards from Scythia to the Plain of Seanair, as a certain poet says in this stanza:

1. Thrice twenty years of renown,  
So every seancha says,  
Till Feinius came southwards,  
From the building of Nimrod's tower.

Feinius established schools for the teaching of the various languages on the Plain of Seanair in the city which Cin Droma Sneachta calls Eathena, as the poet says in the following stanza:

1. In the Plain of Seanair after the tower,  
The first school was assembled,  
In the city of Eathena,  
To learn the various tongues.

And they assembled the youths of the countries next them to learn the various tongues from them; and the three sages who presided over this school were Feinius Farsaidh himself from Scythia, and Gaedheal son of Eathor of the race of Gomer from Greece, and Caoi Caoimbhreathach from Judea, or Iar son of Neama, as the poet says:

1. Here are the names of the sages—  
I shall reveal them to you speedily—  
Gaedheal son of Eathor of wisdom,  
Iar son of Neama and Feinius.

Another poet speaks thus:

1. Feinius the eloquent sage,  
Gaedheal and Caoi Caoimbhreachaeh,  
Three of the writers of the schools  
Who followed in the true track of the authors.

It was this trio who wrote on wooden tablets the alphabets of the three chief languages, namely, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, as Ceannfaolaidh the Learned asserts in the Accidence which he wrote in the time of Columcille. The same author states that Nion son of Beil, son of Nimrod, was monarch of the world at that time. He also states that it was about this time that Niul, the tanist son of Feinius Farsaidh, was born, and that the same Feinius continued in charge of the school for twenty years in order that this son who was born to him might be acquainted with the several languages.

As some seanchas assert that it was when Nion son of Beil had reigned forty-two years that Feinius Farsaidh established a school in the Plain of Seanair, I am of opinion that he passed ten years of the reign of Nion son of Beil, and ten years thereafter, in the Plain of Seanair before he returned from the school to Scythia. For all the seanchas say that he passed twenty years in charge of the school before his return. I am also of opinion that it was two hundred and forty-two years after the Deluge that Feinius established the school in the Plain of Seanair, according to the computation Bellarminus makes in his chronicle, where he says that the age

of the world was one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six years when Nion son of Beil began his sovereignty.

This is the same, according to the Hebrew chronology which Bellarmine follows, as to say that the reign of Nion began two hundred years after the Deluge, since according to the Hebrews one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years elapsed from the beginning of the world to the Deluge. Add to this forty-two years of the reign of Nion that had passed before Feinius began the school, and it thus appears that it was two hundred and forty-two years after the Deluge he began it, and that he passed twenty years directing it, namely, the ten years that remained to him of the reign of Nion, and ten years thereafter.

Now after twenty years Feinius returned to Scythia, and established schools there, and appointed Gaedheal son of Eathor to take charge of them. Then did Feinius command Gaedheal to arrange and regulate the Gaelic language as it is into five divisions, that is, Bearla na Feine, Bearla na bhFileadh, Bearla an Eaderscartha, Bearla Teibidhe, and Gnaithbhearla, and to name it precisely from himself; hence it is from Gaedheal son of Eathor it is called Gaelic, and not from Gaedheal Glas, as others assert. Moreover, it was through friendship for Gaedheal son of Eathor that Niul son of Feinius Farsaidh gave the name Gaedheal to the son whom Scota daughter of Pharaoh Cincris bore him, as Ceannfaolaidh the Learned says in the Uraicheapt.

Now, it is disputed among authors whence is this word Gaedheal. Becanus says that it is from the word goedin, that is, goethin, 'noble', and from the word all, that is, uile, that Gaedheal is named, that is, 'all noble'; or from the Hebrew word gadhal, meaning 'great', because Gaedheal son of Eathor, the first who was called Gaedheal, was great in learning, in wisdom, and in the languages. However, the seanchas say that he is called Gaedheal from the two words gaoith dhil, that is, lover of wisdom; for gaoith means wise and dil loving, as the Greeks call a sage philosophos, that is, 'a lover of wisdom'.

As to Feinius Farsaidh we are not told that he had any children except two sons, namely, Neanul and Niul, as the poet says in this stanza:

1. Two sons had Feinius, truth I tell,  
Neanul and Niul, the valiant;  
Niul was born at the tower in the east,  
Neanul in shield-bright Scythia.

When Feinius had been twenty-two years sovereign of Scythia, after his return from the Plain of Seanair, being at the point of death, he

bequeathed the sovereignty of Scythia to Neanul, his eldest son, and left to Niul, his youngest son, only what profit he derived from the sciences and the various languages which he used to teach in the public schools of the country.

XVI. Of the journeying of Niul to Egypt from Scythia, and of his doings there until his death as follows:

Before we speak of the journeying of Niul from Scythia to Egypt, we may observe that Herodotus says that it was from Babylon the Greeks derived the knowledge of the position of the north star, and the division of the hours; and Solon asserts that the Greeks had not a knowledge of history until they obtained it from the Egyptians. Josephus says, in the first book of his History, that the Greeks had not an alphabet till the time of Homer. From these authors it appears that it was not from Greece, so named to-day, that Isis or anyone else went to teach the sciences to the Egyptians; but it was Niul, the son of Feinius Farsaidh, who went from Scythia to teach the sciences there. ...

XVII. Of the expulsion by Pharao Intuir of the race of Gaedheal from Egypt as follows:

As to Pharao Intuir and the Egyptians thereafter, when they had become powerful in the country, they remembered their old enmity against the children of Niul and the race of Gaedheal, that is, the friendship into which they had entered with the children of Israel, and Niul's having carried off the fleet of Pharao Cincris on the escape of the children of Israel. They accordingly made war upon the race of Gaedheal and banished them against their will from Egypt. Thomas Walsingham agrees with this account in Upodigma, where he says: When the Egyptians had been drowned, the portion of the inhabitants who lived after them expelled a certain Scythian nobleman who dwelt amongst them, lest he might assume sovereignty over them. When he had been expelled with his tribe, he came to Spain, where he resided many years, and where his progeny multiplied exceedingly, and thence they came to Ireland. ...

Know, O reader, that this nobleman was Sru son of Easru, son of Gaedheal, and not Gaedheal himself, notwithstanding Hector Boetius, and notwithstanding also the opinion of the modern English authors who have written on Ireland, and who imagine that it was Gaedheal himself who came to Spain. Because, according to the truth of the seanchus of Ireland, which one should believe in this matter, it was in Egypt that Scota daughter of Pharao Cincris gave birth to Gaedheal, and it was there that he lived till his death; and he did not come from Greece, as others assert, but his father, who was called Niul, came from Scythia. And although the author whom we have quoted states that it was to Spain the nobleman to whom we have referred came, such is not the fact; for it was to Scythia he

went, and it was the fifteenth in descent from him, called Bratha son of Deaghaidh, who first came to Spain. Here is the seanchas statement of the fact that it was Sru son of Easru who was the leader of this expedition on its setting out from Egypt, as Giolla Caomhain says in the poem beginning, Gaedheal Glas from whom are the Gaels:

1. Sru son of Easru son of Gaedheal,  
Our ancestor of the joyous host,  
It was he who went northwards from his house  
Over the Red Sea of Romhar.
2. Four shipfuls were his host  
Upon the Red Sea of Romhar;  
Found room in each wooden dwelling, as was right,  
Four and twenty wedded couples.

Know, as we have said, that it was Sru son of Easru who headed this expedition till they reached the Island of Crete where he died, and that his son Eibhear Scot assumed the supreme authority till they arrived in Scythia. It is for this reason that a certain author says that Eibhear Scot was their leader in this expedition, and that it was from his cognomen, namely, Scot, that the Gaels are called the Scotic race. For, according to a certain author, Scot means archer, and there was in his time no bowman superior to him; and from this cognomen given him the name was given to his posterity; and they practised the bow as a weapon in imitation of the ancients down to a recent period within our own memory. However, we shall not adopt the view of this author, since it is the common opinion of the seanchas that the race of the Gaels were called the Scotic race from their having come originally from Scythia.

Understand, O reader, that Gaedheal was a contemporary of Moses, and that accordingly he was fourscore years of age when Pharaoh was drowned, and that the fourth in descent from himself, namely, Eibhear Scot son of Easru, son of Gaedheal, had been born before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea with Moses as leader over them. Certain seanchas are of opinion that there were four hundred and forty years from the drowning of Pharaoh in the Red Sea to the coming to Ireland of the sons of Milidh. And in confirmation of this, one of these authors thus speaks in this stanza:

1. Forty and four hundred  
Years, it is not a falsehood,  
From the going of the people of God, I assure you,  
Over the surface of the sea of Romhar  
Till sped across the sea of Meann  
The sons of Milidh to the land of Erin.

However, according to the computation made by the Book of Invasions, there

were only three hundred years less by seventeen from the time that Moses assumed the leadership of the children of Israel in Egypt until the coming of the sons of Milidh to Ireland. For Moses assumed the leadership of the children of Israel in Egypt seven hundred and ninety-seven years after the Deluge; and according to the time Irish history allows to the Invasions of Ireland, it was one thousand and eighty years after the Deluge that the sons of Milidh took possession of Ireland. Thus the Book of Invasions states that it was, three hundred years after the Deluge that Partholon came, and that his descendants remained in possession of Ireland three hundred years, and that Ireland remained a waste for thirty years, till the descendants of Neimhidh arrived there, and that these descendants ruled Ireland two hundred and seventeen years, and that the Firbolg held the sovereignty thirty-six years, and the Tuatha De Danann two hundred years less by three; and, adding all these together, they make a total of one thousand and eighty years from the Deluge to the coming of the sons of Milidh to Ireland. And if this number be taken in connexion with the seven hundred and ninety-seven years that elapsed from the Deluge to the leadership of Moses over the children of Israel, it is plain that there were only three hundred years less by seventeen from that time till the coming of the sons of Milidh to Ireland; and hence that the opinion above-mentioned is false which states that it was four hundred and forty years after the children of Israel had passed through the Red Sea that the sons of Milidh came to Ireland...

XVIII. Of the journeying of the race of Gaedbeal from Gothia to Spain as follows.

Now Bratha son of Deaghaidh, the eighth in descent from Eibhear Gluinfhionn, proceeded from Gothia by Crete and Sicily, having Europe on the right, to Spain, there being with him the crews of four ships, as Giolla Caomhain says in this stanza:

1. Bratha son of Deaghaidh the beloved  
Came to Crete to Sicily;  
The crews of four well-rigged ships safely came,  
Having Europe on the right, to Spain.

From Bratha Braganza in Portugal is named, where lies the duchy of Braganza.]...

XIX.

When the race of Breoghan son of Bratha had increased, they were strong and numerous in Spain; and because of the Greatness of their exploits, they resolved to extend their sway in other directions. They had another motive also. For, at that time, there was a scarcity of food in Spain for the space of twenty-six years, on account of the great drought that existed during that period, and also because of the many conflicts that took place



between them and the Goths, and the other foreign races, with whom they were contending for the mastery of Spain. They accordingly took counsel together as to what country they should explore, and who should be sent to explore it. What they resolved on was, to elect Ioth son of Breoghan, son of Bratha, who was a valiant man, and also wise and learned in the sciences, for the purpose of exploring the island of Ireland. And the place where they adopted this counsel was at the tower of Breoghan in Galicia.

It was in this manner that they sent Ioth to Ireland, and not, as others assert, that he had seen it in the clouds of heaven on a winter's night from the summit of the tower of Breoghan. For there had been familiarity and intercourse before then between Ireland and Spain since the time when Eochaidh son of Earc, the last king of the Fir Bolg, took Tailte daughter of Maghmnhor, king of Spain, to wife. They thus had been in the habit of trading with one another, and of exchanging their wares and valuables, so that the Spaniards were familiar with Ireland, and the Irish had a knowledge of Spain before Ioth son of Breoghan was born. Hence it was not from a view obtained in a single night from the summit of the tower of Breoghan that Ioth, or the children of Breoghan, acquired a knowledge of Ireland, but from there having been intercourse for a long time previously between Spain and Ireland.

Now, Ioth equipped a ship and manned it with thrice fifty chosen warriors, and put out to sea until they reached the northern part of Ireland, and put into port at Breantracht Mhaighe Iotha. And when Ioth landed there, he sacrificed to Neptune, the god of the sea, and the demons gave him bad omens. Thereupon, a company of the natives came and spoke with him in Scoitbhearla, that is, in Gaelic; and he replied to them in the same tongue, and said that it was from Magog he himself was descended, as they were, and that Scoitbhearla was his native language as it was theirs. Taking their cue from this passage in the Book of Invasions, the seanchas state that Scoitbhearla, which is called Gaelic, was the mother tongue of Neimhidh and his tribe, and therefore also of the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha De Danann. For this may be believed from what we have stated above, that it was Gaedheal son of Eathor, at the command of Feinius Farsaidh, king of Scythia, who regulated and set in order the Scoitbhearla; and it is from this Gaedheal that it was called Gaelic as we have said above.

Now, this Gaedheal had been teaching the public schools in Scythia before Neimhidh proceeded from Scythia on an expedition to Ireland; and since Scoitbhearla was the common tongue of Scythia when Neimhidh set out from that country, according to the seanchas, the Scoitbhearla must have been the mother tongue of Neimhidh and of his followers when they came to Ireland, and accordingly of every colony sprung from him or from his descendants who came to Ireland, not to mention the descendants of Milidh, whose native language was the Scoitbhearla from the time that Niul left Scythia to the

present time. Richard Creagh, primate of Ireland, supports this view in the book he has written on the origin of Gaelic and of the race of Gaedheal. He speaks as follows: The Gaelic speech, (he says,) has been in common use in Ireland from the coming of Neimidh, six hundred and thirty years after the Deluge, to this day. {Gaelica locutio est in usu in Hibernia ab adventu Nemedii anno 630 a Diluvio in hunc usque diem.}''...

## XX.

It is probable that this island whence the druids went to France was the island of Ireland, since Ireland was the fountain of druidism for western Europe at that time, and that accordingly Gaelic was the language of these druids. Or if it was from Manainn they went thither, it is well known that Gaelic was the mother-tongue there, according to Ortelius, who, treating of Manainn, says: They use, (he says,) the Scotie language, or Gaelic, which is the same. {Lingua Scotia, seu Hibernica quae est, utuntur.}''

...

The following are the names of those sons of Breoghan who came with the sons of Milidh to Ireland, namely, Breagha, Fuad, Muirtheimhne, Cuailgne, Cuala, Eibhle, Bladh, and Nar. It is precisely from the progeny of these, according to the records of Ireland, that the race called Brigantes are descended; and the truth of this should be the more readily admitted, as Thomasius, in the Latin Dictionary which he has written, says that the Brigantes, that is, the descendants of Breoghan, were an Irish tribe...

## XXI.

Of the coming of the sons of Milidh to Ireland as follows:

When the sons of Milidh and all the descendants of Breoghan heard that the children of Cearmad had murdered Ioth son of Breoghan and his followers, and when they saw his body mangled and lifeless, they resolved to come to Ireland to avenge him on the children of Cearmad, and they assembled an army to come to Ireland to wrest that country from the Tuatha De Danann in retribution for the deed of treachery they had done against Ioth son of Breoghan and his followers. ...

## XXIII.

When they had expelled the Tuatha De Danann, and brought Ireland under their own sway, Eibhear and Eireamhon divided the country between them; and, according to some historians, the division made between them was this: Eireamhon to have the northern half from the Boyne and from the Srubh Broin

northwards, and Eibhear from the same boundary southwards to Tonn Clíodhna. Thus does the seancha speak of this division— Eireamhon and noble Eibhear, is the beginning of the poem:

1. On the northern side, an event without sorrow,  
Eireamhon took sovereignty  
From the Srubh Broin, noble the division,  
Over every tribe to Boyne.
2. Eibhear, the prosperous son of Milidh,  
Possessed the excellent southern half  
He obtained from the Boyne, strong the division,  
To the wave of Geanann's daughter.

Now, five of the principal leaders of the host of the sons of Milidh went with Eireamhon to his division, and received territory from him; and each of them built a stronghold in his own portion of the territory...

A learned poet and a melodious harper, the name of the poet being Cir son of Cis, and that of the harper Onaoi, were amongst those who came with the sons of Milidh to Ireland. And Eibhear said that he should have them, while Eireamhon maintained that they should be his. Now the arrangement made between them was to share them with one another by casting lots for them, and the musician fell by lot to Eibhear and the poet to Eireamhon. And as a setting forth of this contest are the following stanzas from the Psalter of Cashel:

1. They cast lots fairly  
For the noble poetic pair,  
So that to the man from the south fell  
The correct dextrous harper;
2. To the man from the north fell, too,  
The poet of great powers;  
And hence came sway  
Over honour and learning,
3. String-harmony of music, beauty, quickness,  
In the south arid lower part of Ireland:  
Thus shall it be for evermore,  
As is recorded in the seanchus.

There came to Ireland with the sons of Milidh twenty-four slaves who cleared twenty-four plains from wood after they had come into the country; and it is from themselves these plains are named. ...

It was in the reign of Eireamhon also that the Cruithnigh, or Picts, a tribe who came from Thrace, arrived in Ireland; and according to Cormac son of Cuileannan, in his Psaltair, the reason of their leaving Thrace was that

Policornus, king of Thrace, designed to force a beautiful marriageable daughter of Gud, chief of the Cruithnigh, while these latter were at free quarters in the country. When, however, Gud and his Cruithnigh suspected that the king was about to force the maiden, they slew him, and accordingly quitted the country, and went from country to country till they reached France, where they were quartered and got lands from the king of the French, and there they built a city called Pictavium, from the Picts or Cruithnigh who built it. And when the king of the French heard of the fame of the maiden's beauty, he sought to have her as a concubine. When Gud heard this, he fled with all his people to Ireland with the maiden; and while they were on the sea the maiden died in their midst; and they themselves afterwards put into port at Innbhear Slainghe. Beda agrees with this, except that he says that it was in the north of Ireland they landed, in the first chapter of the first book of the History of the Saxon Church, where he says: The Pictish race came from Scythia, as is stated, in a small fleet of long vessels over the ocean and being driven by the force or blowing of the winds outside all the boundaries of Britain, came to Ireland; and on finding the Scotie race before them, they asked for a place of abode there for themselves, but obtained it not. ...

However, it was not in the north of Ireland they landed, but at the mouth of Innbhear Slainghe in the harbour of Loch Garman, as we have said. And Criomhthann Sciathbheal, who held the sovereignty of Leinster from Eireamhon at that time, came to meet them there, and entered into friendship with them...

Now as to the Cruithnigh, that is, Gud and his son Cathluan, they resolved to invade Leinster; and when Eireamhon heard this, he assembled a numerous army, and went to meet them. When the Cruithnigh saw that they were not strong enough to fight Eireamhon, they entered into peace and friendship with him. Eireamhon told them that there was a country to the north-east of Ireland, and bade them go and occupy it. Then, according to Beda, in the first chapter of the first book of the History of Sacsa, the Cruithnigh asked Eireamhon to give them some of the noble marriageable ladies he had with him, some of the wives of the leaders who had come with him from Spain, and whose husbands were slain; and they bound themselves by the sun and moon that the possession of the kingdom of Cruitheantuath, which is now called Alba, should be held by right of the female rather than by that of the male progeny to the end of the world. Upon these conditions Eireamhon gave them three women, namely, the wife of Breas, the wife of Buas, and the wife of Buaidhne; and Cathluan, who was their supreme leader, took one of these women to wife; and after that they proceeded to Cruitheantuath; and Cathluan conquered that country, and was the first king of Alba of the race of the Cruithnigh. There were seventy kings of the Cruithnigh or Picts on the throne of Alba after him, as we read in the Psalter of Cashel in the poem beginning: All ye learned of Alba. Thus it speaks on this matter:

1. The Cruithnigh seized it after that,  
When they had come from the land of Erin;  
Ten and sixty very noble kings  
Of those ruled the land of the Cruithnigh.
2. Cathluan, the first of these kings,  
I will tell you briefly;  
The last king of them was  
The stout champion Constantin.

But Trostan the Druid and the five other Cruithnigh mentioned in the above poem, remained in Ireland after Cathluan, and got lands from Eireamhon in the Plain of Breagh in Meath. The fourteenth year after the death of Eibhear, Eireamhon died in Airgeadros at Raith Beitheach, beside the Feoir, and there he was buried. The same year the river called the Eithne burst over land in Ui Neill; and the river called Freaghobhal burst over land between Dal nAruidhe and Dal Riada....

## XXVI.

Aonghus Olmucaidh son of Fiachaidh Labhrinne, son of Smiorgull, son of Eanbhoth, son of Tighearnmhas, son of Follach, son of Eithrial, son of Irial Faidh, son of Eireamhon, held the sovereignty of Ireland eighteen years, and according to others twenty-one years. ....

Eanna Airgthioch son of Eochaidh Mumho, son of Mo Feibhis, son of Eochaidh Faobharghlas, son of Conmhaol, son of Eibhear Fionn, son of Milidh of Spain, held the sovereignty of Ireland twenty-seven years; and it was he who, at Airgeadros, first made silver shields in Ireland; and he bestowed them on the men of Ireland; and he fell in the Battle of Raighne by Roitheachtaigh son of Maon, son of Aonghus Olmucaidh....

Ollamh Fodla son of Fiachaidh Fionscothach, son of Seadna, son of Art, son of Airtre, son of Eibric, son of Eibhear, son of Ir, son of Milidh of Spain, held the sovereignty of Ireland thirty years, and died in his house. He was called Ollamh Fodla, as he was an ollamh in wisdom and in knowledge for the establishing of laws and regulations in Ireland in his time; and it was he first established the Feis of Tara, as the poet says:

1. Ollamh Fodla of furious valour  
Built the hall of ollamhs;  
The first noble king, happy his reign,  
Who assembled the Feis of Tara.

Now the Feis of Tara was a great general assembly like a parliament, in which the nobles and the ollamhs of Ireland used to meet at Tara every

third year at Samhain, where they were wont to lay down and to renew rules and laws, and to approve the annals and records of Ireland. There, too, it was arranged that each of the nobles of Ireland should have a seat according to his rank and title. There, also, a seat was arranged for every leader that commanded the soldiery who were in the service of the kings and the lords of Ireland. It was also the custom at the Feis of Tara to put to death anyone who committed violence or robbery, who struck another or who assaulted another with arms, while neither the king himself nor anyone else had power to pardon him such a deed. It was also their custom to pass six days in feasting together before the sitting of the assembly, namely, three days before Samhain and three days after it, making peace and entering into friendly alliances with each other. In the following historical poem Eochaidh Eolach describes the customs that were in vogue at the Feis of Tara:

1. The Feis of Tara every third year,  
For the fulfilment of laws and rules,  
Was convened at that time mightily  
By the noble kings of Erin.
2. Cathaoir of many alliances assembled  
The beauteous Feis of Royal Tara;  
There came to him, it was a pleasure,  
The men of Ireland to one place.
3. Three days before Samhain, according to custom,  
Three days thereafter, good the practice,  
Did that high-spirited company  
Pass in constant feasting, a week.
4. Robbery, personal wounding,  
Were forbidden them all that time;  
Assault at arms, cutting,  
Proceedings by litigation:
5. Whoever did any of these thing  
Was a wicked culprit of much venom  
Redeeming gold would not be accepted from him,  
But his life was at once forfeit.

...

#### XLVIII.

Niall Naoighiallach son of Eochaidh Muighmheadhon, son of Muireadhach Tireach, son of Fiachaidh Sraibhthine, son of Cairbre Lithfeachair, son of Cormac Ulfhada, son of Art Aoinfhear, son of Conn Ceadchathach of the race of Eireamhon, held the sovereignty of Ireland twenty-seven years. ...

This Niall went into Alba with a large host to strengthen and to establish the Dal Riada and the Scotie race in Alba, who were at this time gaining supremacy over the Cruithnigh, who are called Picti; and he was the first to give the name Scotia to Alba, being requested to do so by the Dal Riada and the Scotie race, on the condition that she should be called Scotia Minor or Lesser Scotia, while Ireland should be termed Scotia Major or Greater Scotia; and it was through veneration for Scota daughter of Pharaoh Nectonibus, who was wife of Galamh called Milidh of Spain, from whom they themselves sprang, that the Dal Riada chose the name of Scotia for Alba, instead of calling her Hibernia.

Camden states in his chronicle of Britain that Lesser Scotia was the name of Alba, and Greater Scotia the name of Ireland, and says that it cannot be proved by documents that the Albanians were called Scots till the time of the emperor Constantine the Great. Moreover, Camden gives the Irish the name of Scotorum Attavi, that is, the Forbears of the Scots, thus declaring that the Scots of Alba sprang from the Irish. Thus too he speaks on the same subject: The Scots,(says he,) came from Spain to Ireland in the fourth age. {Scoti ex Hispania in Hiberniam quarta aetate venerunt.}''

Besides, Nennius, a British author says, according to Camden, that it was in the fourth age of the world that the Scythae—that is, the Scotie race—took possession of Ireland. Moreover, it is plain from the annals of Ireland that Alba was the name of that country up to the time of Niall Naoighiallach; and when the Dal Riada were permitted to call it Scotia, themselves and their descendants kept on that name. Before that time Alba or Albania was the country's name, from Albanactus, third son of Brutus, since it was Alba that fell to him as his share from his father. Now Brutus had three sons according to Monomotensis, namely Laegrus, Camber, and Albanactus; and Brutus divided the island of Great Britain between them; and to Laegrus he gave Laegria, which derives its name from him, and it is this country which is now called Anglia; to Camber he gave Cambria, which is now called Wales; and the third portion to Albanactus, from whom Alba is called Albania.

Niall marched after this with his full host from Alba to Laegria, and made an encampment there; and he sent a fleet to Brittany in France, which is called Armorica, for the purpose of plundering that country; and they brought two hundred noble youths as captives to Ireland with them; and it was in this captivity that they brought Patrick, who was sixteen years old, with them, and his two sisters Lupida and Darerca and many other captives besides.

Many authors testify that Scota was the name of Ireland, and that it was the Irish who were called the Scotie race. Thus does Jonas the abbot, in

the second chapter, treating of Columcille, speak: Colman,(he says,) who is called Colum, was born in Hibernia, which is inhabited by the Scotie race. {Columbanus qui et Columba vocatur in Hibernia ortus est; eam Scotorum gens incoluit.}''

Beda also, in the first chapter of the first book of the History of Sacsas, says that Ireland was the native land of the Scots. He speaks thus: Hibernia is the true fatherland of the Scots. {Hibernia propria Scotorum patria est.}''

The same author, writing about the saints, makes a remark which agrees with this. He speaks thus: It was from Hibernia, the island of the Scots, that St. Kilian and his two companions came. {Sanctus Kilianus et duo socii eius ab Hibernia Scotorum insula venerunt.}''

From this it is to be inferred that the Irish were called the Scotie race in the time of Beda, who lived 700 years after Christ. Orosius also, who lived within 400 years after Christ, agrees with the same statement. He thus speaks in the second chapter of the first book: It is the Scotie races that inhabit Ireland. {Hibernia a Scotorum gentibus colitur.}''

And it is plain that the country which is called Ireland used to be called by authors Scotia. Serarius, writing of St. Kilian, speaks thus: Holy Kilian of the Scotie race, etc.''

; and immediately after he uses these words, Scotia, which is also called 'Hibernia'. {Beatus Kilianus Scotorum genere et relq.}''

From this it may be inferred that Scotia was a name for Ireland in constant use like Hibernia. The truth of this matter will be seen from the words of Capgrave, writing of St. Colum; he speaks thus: Scotia was an ancient name of Ireland, whence came the Scotie race, who inhabit that part of Alba which lies nearest to greater Britain; and that Alba is now for this reason called Scotia from Ireland, from which they derive their origin, and whence they immediately came. {Hibernia enim antiquitus Scotia dicta est, de qua gens Scotorum Albaniam Britanniae maiori proximam quae ab eventu modo Scotia dicitur inhabitans, originem duxit et progressum habuit.}''

Marianus Scotus, a Scotie author, writing of St. Kilian, agrees with this. He speaks thus: Although that part of Britain which adjoins Sacsas on the north is now properly called Scotia, nevertheless Beda shows that Ireland was formerly known by that name; for when he states that the Pictish race came from Scythia to Ireland, he adds that it was the Scotie race they found there before them. ...

From the words of this author it is to be inferred that Scotia was a common



name for Ireland at that time, as there is no place in Alba called Patrick's Purgatory; and it is plain that the place so called is in Ireland; and hence that it was Ireland Caesarius called Scotia. Serarius, writing on St. Bonifacius, is in accord with this: Scotia was also a name for Ireland. However, since there came from the same land of Ireland a certain race to the east of Britain, where the Picti were dwelling, and there they settled down along with them, and at first were called Dalrheudini (that is, Dal Riada), from their own leader Rheuda (that is, Cairbre Rioghfhada), as Beda affirms. But after this they routed the Picti themselves; and they occupied the entire northern portion of that country; and they gave it the old name of their race, so that there is but one Scotie race. There are, however, two Scotias: one of them, the elder and proper Scotia, is Ireland, and the other, which is recent, is the northern part of Britain. {Hibernia Scotiae sibi nomen etiam vindicabat, quia tamen ex Hibernia ista Scotorum pars quaedam egressa est in eaque Britanniae ora quam Picti iam habebant consederunt; ii quidem principio a duce suo Rheuda Dalrheudini dicti fuerunt, ut ait V. Beda; postea tamen Pictos inde ipsos exegerunt, et boreale totum illud latus obtinuerunt, eique vetus gentis suae nomen indiderunt. Ita ut Scotorum gens una fuerit, sed Scotia duplex facta sit, una vetus et propria in Hibernia, recentior altera in septentrionali Britannia.}''

I note three things from the words of the author. The first of these is that the Irish are truly the Scots; the second is that it was the Dal Riada that were first called Scots in Alba, since it was they who first conquered the Picti in Alba. The third is that he says that Ireland was the older Scotia, and Alba the new Scotia, and that it was the Scotie race who first called it Scotia. Buchanan, a Scotch author, in the second book of the History of Scotland, makes a statement which bears out the author quoted above. He speaks thus: The inhabitants of Ireland were called Scots, as Orosius points out, and as our own annals record; it was not once only the Scots migrated from Ireland to Alba. {Scoti omnes Hiberniae habitatores initio vocabantur ut indicat Orosius, nec semel Scotorum ex Hibernia transitum in Albiam factum nostri annales referunt.}''

From this it is to be inferred that it was not the Dal Riada alone who went from Ireland to settle in Alba, but numerous other tribes as well from time to time.

XLIX.

We read in the seanchus of Ireland that the following tribes went to Alba in succession to conquer that country...

Before we treat of Niall Naoighiallach, we shall give here some events taken from the annals of Stow's Chronicle in confirmation of the truth of

all that we have said above, as I imagine that the account we shall give of Niall from the seanchus of Ireland will appear the more credible if I set down these things from a foreign chronicle. Stow speaks as follows: When Marius son of Arviragus was king of Britain in the year of the Lord 73, Rudhruighe, king of the Pictish tribe from Scythia, together with the Scotie race, came to conquer Britain and to waste it with sword and fire; and Marius, above mentioned, gave them battle, and slew Rudhruighe and a large number of his host; and to those of them who survived, he gave lands in the north of Alba to settle down in; and they asked wives of the Britons, but these were unwilling to give them to them. They asked wives of the Irish, and obtained them from them.”

As to this incident which Stow records of Rudhruighe, king of the Picts, it happened when the Pictish leader took women from Ireland in the time of Eireamhon, as we have said above, and that was more than thirteen hundred years before Marius was king of Britain.

The same author states that it was in the above year of the age of the Lord that Vespasian was made emperor, and that it was ten years before that time that the abbey of Glastonbury was founded. He also states that it was two hundred and seventy-six years after the birth of Christ that the emperor called Aurelianus first wore the imperial crown; and he was the first emperor who wore the imperial crown.

In the year of the Lord 395, Pelagius, a Briton, first began to sow heresy; and at this time the Scotie race and the Picti were wasting and destroying Great Britain; and the Britons sent envoys to the emperor Honorius asking assistance of him; and he only wrote to them requesting them to do all they could for themselves; and hence it came to pass that the Britons were a long time afterwards under the oppression of the Scots and the Picti. And again the Britons sent envoys to Rome; and they made a pitiful complaint of the cruelty towards them of the Scots and the Picts. The Romans sent an armed legion to relieve them; and when these reached Britain, they had several engagements with the Scots and the Picti; and the Roman host, growing weary, told the Britons to build a wall or fence between themselves and their bad neighbours, and that they themselves could not avoid returning to Rome.

L.

As to the Britons, when the Romans had left them, they built a fence of earth from sea to sea between themselves and the Scots and the Picti. And when the Scotie race and the Picti had heard that the Romans had forsaken the Britons, they made a sudden attack on the latter, and broke down the wall and pillaged the country, so that the Britons were forced to send envoys to the Romans a third time, beseeching them not to permit their

enemy to despoil them vengefully as they were doing. Upon this the Romans sent another legion to help them; and when these had reached Britain, they had several engagements with the Scots and Picti; and the Romans drove them across the boundary wall of which we have spoken. And when they had thus relieved the Britons, the Romans told them that it was of no advantage to themselves to come on any further expedition of relief to them, and that they should consider how they might protect or guard themselves against the enemy. Accordingly when the Roman army had left them, they began to build the wall that stretches from sea to sea between Britain and Alba, of stonework eight feet thick, and twelve feet high, according to Beda, in the fifth chapter of the first book of the History of Sacsa. When the Scots and the Picti heard that the Romans had refused to come any more to the aid of the Britons, they collected and assembled a large host, and marched towards the wall referred to, and overpassed it and devastated all Britain, so that the Britons were obliged to abandon their stone fortresses and dwellings and betake themselves for refuge to woods and wildernesses, where their sole food was the flesh of the wild beasts they hunted; and the remnant of them that survived wrote piteously to the consul who was in Rome whose name was Boetius, soliciting him for aid; and what they said was that they were hemmed in between the enemy and the sea, for as many of them as took to the sea, fleeing from the enemy, were drowned; and as many of them as turned from the sea were slain by the enemy, as Beda says in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of the History of Sacsa, quoting the words of the Britons when complaining to the Romans of the oppression they suffered from the Scots and Picti. These are the words:

The barbarians force us to the sea, (said they, speaking of the Scots and the Picti;) the sea throws them [us] back upon the barbarians; and by this twofold death, we are either slain or drowned, said they. {Repellunt barbari ad mare, repellit mare ad barbaros, inter haec oriuntur duo genera funerum, aut iugulamur aut mergimur.}''

From this it may be inferred that the oppression exercised by the Scots of Ireland over the Britons was very great. Nennius, an ancient British author says, according to Speed's Chronicle, that the Scots and the Picti oppressed Britain for a period of forty years; and Camden, agreeing with this, says: Five hundred years after Caesar came to Britain, that country was left to the barbarity of the Scots and the Picti. {Anno 500 a Caesaris ingressu Britannia Pictorum et Scotorum immanitati relinquitur.}''

This may also be inferred from the words of Beda in the fourteenth chapter of the same first book, in which, speaking of the Irish, he says: The shameless Irish plunderers return to their homes, (says he,) to come back soon again. {Revertuntur impudentes grassatores Hiberni domum post non longum tempus reversuri.}''

From these words of Beda it may be inferred that the Irish would often go on expeditions of plunder into Britain.

As to the Britons, they were a long time without being pillaged or plundered by the Scots and the Picti after the Romans had left them. But this oppression was not the only misfortune the Britons suffered from at that time. The Pelagian heresy was then deluding the people; and the Britons determined to send to the French clergy, asking them to send prelates and preachers to them from France to put down the Pelagian heresy. Upon this, the French clergy sat in council, and resolved to send two holy bishops to propagate the pure faith amongst them, namely, Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Troyes; and when they arrived, they vanquished the heretics.

Notwithstanding what we have said, a constant warfare existed between the Scots and the Britons to the time of Vortigern, who was king of Britain in the year of the Lord 447. However, on account of the evil passions and the pride and the sins of the Britons at that time, God gave the Scots and the Picti the victory over them, so that they were obliged to bring over Horsus and Hingistus with their German host to assist them against the Scots and the Picti. And God used these Germans as a scourge to deprive the Britons of the sovereignty of all Britain ever since. The chroniclers of Britain relate, as Stow notes in the fifty-third page of the first part of his Chronicle, which was printed in London in the year of the Lord 1614, that 480 of the British nobles were treacherously slain by the Saxons, and that Aurelius Ambrosius, the king of Britain at that time, ordered that of the stones which Merlin took over to Britain from Sliabh gClaire in Munster a monument be raised on the spot on which these nobles were slain. It was, moreover, in the same place that he himself was buried. And the place was then called Chorea Gigantum; and it is now called Stone Henge on Salisbury Plain. And the same author says that it was from Africa the Gaels brought these stones; and Monomotensis says that no two of the stones were taken from the same country.

From this we may infer that the Gaels were wont to go to Africa to plunder that country, and that they were therefore powerful in other countries besides Ireland; and whoever should be surprised at these events or disbelieve them let him blame himself for it, for not having seen or searched the records. For often one is ignorant of the truth through not having made himself familiar with the old books of the ancients, as Macrobius points out in the sixth book of the Saturnalia, in which he says: We are ignorant of many things which should not be hidden from us if we were accustomed to read the ancients {*Multa ignoramus quae non laterent si veterum lectio nobis esset familiaris.*}''; thus, when we state that the Scots and the Picti exacted a tribute from the Britons, if the reader disbelieves us, let him read Camden's chronicle, and he will find therein these words: The Britons were made to pay tribute to the Scots in the year of the Lord 446 {*Britanni facti sunt tributarii*

Scotis et Pictis anno Christi 446.}''; or if we state that the Picti were extinguished by the Scots when Cinneide son of Ailpin was king of Alba 839 years after the birth of Christ, let him read Camden's chronicle, and he will find there testimony to the same event; or were we to assert that no foreign nation ever acquired full supremacy over Ireland except the tribes that successively occupied it, namely, Partholon, the clanna Neimidh, the Fir Bholg, and the Tuatha De Danann, and the sons of Milidh, perhaps we should not be believed unless the reader had seen what Gulielmus Nubrigensis has written, treating of Ireland, in the twenty-sixth chapter of the second book of his history, in which he says, Ireland never submitted to a foreign power. {Hibernia nunquam externae subiavit ditioni.}''

Similarly, if I make statements here concerning Niall Naoighiallach which the reader has not heard hitherto, let him know that I have song or story to prove every statement I advance here.

LI.

We read in a Life of Patrick, which we found written in an old vellum book, together with the Life of Mochuda and Abban, and other saints, that Patrick was a Briton. These are the words of the old book: Patrick, (it says,) a Briton, born in the town called Nemptor, in the Plain of the Tabernacles, of pious and religious parents. {Patricius Brito natus in oppido Nemptor in Campo Taburno .i. tabernaculorum, ex parentibus devotis et religiosis ortus.}''

In the same place it uses these words: After the Scots from Ireland, together with their king Niall Naoighiallach, had plundered many territories in opposition to the Roman sovereignty, they severely pillaged Britain—the northern portion of it at first; and when they had banished the old tribes from it, they themselves dwelt in it. ...

The same author says in the same place that it followed from this that there were three kingdoms in Great Britain, namely, Scotia, Anglia, and Britannia. The same author states that it was at this time, when Niall Naoighiallach was on this expedition planting the Dal Riada in Alba, an Irish fleet went to the place where Patrick dwelt. These are the author's words: An Irish fleet, (he says,) went at this time to the place where St. Patrick was, to pillage the country, and, as was the custom with the Irish, they brought a large number of captives with them, together with St. Patrick, then aged sixteen years, and his two sisters, namely Lupida and Darerca; and St. Patrick was brought as a captive to Ireland in the ninth year of the reign of Niall, king of Ireland, who held strenuously the sovereignty of Ireland twenty-seven years, and who pillaged Wales and Anglia to the sea that lies between Anglia and France. ...

Dathi son of Fiachraidh, son of Eochaidh Muighmheadhon, son of Muiredhach Tireach, son of Fiachraidh Sraibhthine, son of Cairbre Lithfeachair, son of Cormac, son of Art Aoinfhear, son of Conn Ceadchathach of the race of Eireamhon, held the sovereignty of Ireland twenty-three years. Fial daughter of Eochaidh, from whom is named Cruachan Feile, was his first wife. His second wife was Eithne daughter of Orach and mother of Oilill Molt. His third wife, Ruadh daughter of Airteach Uichtleathan son of Fear Congha, was mother of Fiachraidh Ealgach; and she died in bringing him forth. Fearadhach was his proper name at first; and he was called Dathi, for dathi} means 'quick'; and it was because of the quickness with which he put on his armour that he was called Dathi. And the manner in which Dathi was slain was this: a flash lightning descended from heaven on his crown when he was engaged in conquering France; and it was near the Alp mountains he was slain by the vengeance of God, since he had pillaged the penitentiary of a holy hermit called Parmenius who cursed him. And when he was slain in this manner, his friends brought his body to Ireland and buried it in Roilig na Riogh at Cruachain.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.”

But we shall stop at this point in Keating’s work, and consider just a sample of sources from which Keating, like other historians, have drawn information for their histories. Many of the most ancient books are lost, so what we know from them are fragments from works like Keating’s.

***Excerpts From Some Ancient Irish Chronicles:***

Below are excerpts from the *Chronicon Scotorum* (aka the *Irish Chronicles*) (see <http://www.ucc.ie/celt/published/T100016.html>) :

***INCIPIT CRONICUM SCOTORUM, i.e. THE CHRONICLE OF THE SCOTI IS  
BEGUN HERE.***

Understand, Reader, that for a certain reason, and plainly to avoid tediousness, what we desire is to make a short Abstract and Compendium of the History of the Scoti only in this copy, leaving out the lengthened details of the Books of History; wherefore it is that we entreat of you not to reproach us therefor, as we know that it is an exceedingly great deficiency.

The First Age of the world contains 1656 years according to the Hebrews, but 2242 according to the Seventy Interpreters; all which perished in the Deluge, in the same manner that oblivion is wont to swallow up infancy. Ten generations. Thus do the Gaedhel express the number of this age:—

1. Six years, fifty, and six hundred,  
as I reckon,  
A great thousand I count  
from Adam to the Flood.

Kal. v. f. l. 10. Anno Mundi 1599. *A.M. 1599* In this year the daughter of one of the Greeks came to Hibernia, whose name was hEriu, or Berba, or Cesar, and fifty maidens, and three men, with her. Ladhra was their conductor, who was the first that was buried in Hibernia. This the antiquaries of the Scoti do not relate.

The Second Age of the world begins, which contains 292 years, that is according to the Hebrews, as the poet says:—

1. From the Flood to Abraham,  
who was happily born,  
Two full, prosperous years,  
ninety and two hundred;

but according to the *lxx*. Interpreters, 940 years.

Kal. Anno Mundi 1859. *A.M. 1859* Ten years after that to the demolition of the Tower. Nine years after that to Fenius. In this year Fenius composed the language of the Gaeidhel from seventy-two languages, and subsequently committed it to Gaeidhel, son of Agnoman, viz., in the tenth year after the destruction of Nimrod's Tower.

The Third Age commences, which contains 942 years, and it begins with the birth of Abraham, as the poet said:—

1. From that birth, without peril,  
to David, the faithful prince,  
Forty-two years  
and nine hundred, certainly.

In the sixtieth year of the age of Abraham, Parrthalon arrived in Hibernia. This Parrthalon was the first who occupied Erinn after the Flood. On a Tuesday, the 14th of May, he arrived, his companions being eight in number, viz.:—four men and four women. They multiplied afterwards until they were in number 4,050 men and 1,000 women...

...Four years after the eruption of Brena, the death of Parrthalon took place. In Sen Magh Ealta he was buried. The reason, moreover, why that is called Sen Magh is because no tree ever grew there. Five hundred and two, or 402 years, as Eochaidh sang, Parrthalon's people were in Erinn. The first plague that happened in Erinn after the Flood was the pestilence of Parrthalon's people. It commenced on Monday, the 1st of May, and prevailed until the succeeding Sunday. From that plague of Parrthalon's people the Tamhleachda of the men of Erinn are called.

Erinn was waste for thirty years after the death of Partholon, until Nimhedh, son of Adhnmán (.uu.)<sup>1</sup> came to Inbher Sgene. He occupied Erinn afterwards, as it is related in the Invasions of Erinn...

...Forty-seven families and four soldiers went with the sons of Milidh, and with Scota, Pharaoh's daughter, on the sea to Erinn. They subsequently proceeded to land in Erinn at Inbher Slaini. They sailed round Erinn thrice, until finally they came to Inbher Sgene. Erenan, the youngest of Milidh's sons, went up into the mast to see how far they were from the land. He was drowned there, so that his limbs were severed by rocks, and, in dying, his head was placed on his mother's breast and gave forth a sigh. 'No wonder', said his mother, 'Erenan's going between two Inbher's, but he reached not the Inbher to which he came; he separated from the Inbher from which he came'. In that day there came a terrible storm, and the ship in which was Donn, son of Milidh, with fifty men, twelve women, and four soldiers, was cast away, so that they were drowned at the Dumacha in the western sea, called Tech nDuinn. On Thursday, the Kalends of May, on the 17th of the Moon, the fleet of the sons of Milidh occupied Erinn at Inbher Sgene, and the wife of Aimerigin Gluingil, i.e. Sgene Davilsir, died there, and her grave was made there; hence it was called Inbher Sgene. Erennan's grave was placed on the other side. The third day after the occupation of Erinn by the sons of Miledh, they fought the battle of Sliabh Mis against demons and Fomorians, and the sons of Milidh gained it, and they assumed the sovereignty of Erinn very soon afterwards; and so forth..."

Below are excerpts from the *Annals of the Four Masters* (see <http://www.ucc.ie/celt/published/T100005A/index.html>) :

"Annal M2242

M2242.0

The Age of the World, to this Year of the Deluge, 2242.

M2242.1

Forty days before the Deluge, Ceasair came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men; Bith, Ladhra, and Fintain, their names. Ladhra died at Ard Ladrann, and from him it is named. He was the first that died in Ireland. Bith died at Sliabh Beatha, and was interred in the carn of Sliabh Beatha, and from him the mountain is named. Ceasair died at Cuil Ceasra, in Connaught, and was interred in Carn Ceasra. From Fintan is *named* Feart Fintain, over Loch Deirdheirc.

Annal M2520

M2520.0

From the Deluge until Partholon took possession of Ireland 278 years; and the age of the world when he arrived in it, 2520.



M2520.1

The age of the world when Parthalon came into Ireland, 2520 years. These were the chieftains who were with him: Slainge, Laighlinne, and Rudhraidhe, his three sons; Dealgnat, Nerbha, Ciochbha, and Cerbnad, their four wives.

Annal M2527

M2527.0

The Age of the World, 2527.

M2527.1

Fea, son of Torton, son of Sru, died this year at Magh Fea, and was interred at Dolrai Maighe Fea; so that it was from him that the plain is named.

Annal M2530

M2530.0

The Age of the World, 2530.

M2530.1

In this year the first battle was fought in Ireland; i.e. Cical Grigenchosach, son of Goll, son of Garbh, of the Fomorians, and his mother, came into Ireland, eight hundred in number, so that a battle was fought between them *and Parthalon's people* at Sleamhnai Maighe Ithe, where the Fomorians were defeated by Parthalon, so that they were all slain. This is called the battle of Magh Ithe.

Annal M2532

M2532.0

The Age of the World, 2532.

M2532.1

The eruption of Loch Con and Loch Techeat in this year.

...

Annal M2545.

M2545.0

The Age of the World, 2545.

M2545.1

Rudhruidhe, son of Parthalon, was drowned in Loch Rudhruidhe, the lake having flowed over him; and from him the lake is called.

Annal M2546.

M2546.0

The Age of the World, 2546.

M2546.1

An inundation of the sea over the land at Brena in this year, which was the seventh lake eruption that occurred in the time of Parthalon; and this is named Loch Cuan.

Annal M2550.

M2550.0

The Age of the World, 2550.

M2550.1

Parthalon died on Sean Magh Ealta Eadair in this year. In the time of Parthalon's invasion these plains were cleared *of wood*; but it is not known in what particular years they were cleared: Magh nEithrige, in Connaught; Magh Ithe, in Leinster; Magh Lii, in Ui Mac Uais Breagh; Magh Latharna, in Dal Araidhe.

M2820.0

The Age of the World, 2820.

M2820.1

Nine thousand of Parthalon's people died in one week on Sean Mhagh Ealta Edair, namely, five thousand men, and four thousand women. Whence is *named* Taimhleacht Muintire Parthaloin. They had passed three hundred years in Ireland.

M2820.2

Ireland was thirty years waste till Neimhidh's arrival.

Annal M2850.

M2850.0

The Age of the World, 2850.

M2850.1

Neimhidh came to Ireland. On the twelfth day after the arrival of Neimhidh with his people, Macha, the wife of Neimhidh, died. These were the four chieftains who were with him: Sdam, Iarbhainel the Prophet, Fearghus Leithdheirg, and Ainninn. These were the four sons of Neimhidh. Medu, Macha, Yba, and Ceara, were the four wives of these chieftains.

...

### M2859.2

These were the forts that were erected, the plains that were cleared, and the lakes that sprang forth, in the time of Neimhidh, but the precise years are not found for them: Rath Cinnech, in Ui Niallain; Rath Cimbæith, in Seimhne; Magh Ceara, Magh nEabha, Magh Cuile Toladh, and Magh Luirg, in Connaught; Magh tochair, in Tir Eoghain; Leagmhagh, in Munster; Magh mBrensa, in Leinster; Magh Lughadh, in Ui Tuitre; Magh Seredh, in Teffia; Magh Seimhne, in Dal Araidhe; Magh Muirtheimhne, in Conaille; and Magh Macha, in Oirghialla; Loch Cal, in Ui Niallain; Loch Muinreamhair, in Luighne, in Sliabh Guaire. The battle of Murbholg, in Dal Riada; the battle of Baghna; and the battle of Cnamh Ross against the Fomorians. Neimhidh gained these *battles*.

### M2859.3

Neimhidh afterwards died of a plague, together with three thousand persons, in the island of Ard Neimhidh, in Crich Liathain, in Munster....”

Below are excerpts from the *Annals of Inisfallen* (see <http://celt.ucc.ie/published/T100004P/index.html>) :

“At this time the Fir Bolg, viz. Gann and Sengann occupied [...]

At this time the Tuatha Dé [Danann], viz. Delbaeth and Bres, two sons of Elatha, and the Dagda, Mac ind Óc, Lug son of Eithliu, Dian Cécht, Goibnenn the smith, Luchtaine the wright, and Crédne the craftsman, overcame the Fir Bolg.

The sons of Míl took Ireland. Míl, son of Bile, was their father. There were four sons of Míl, viz. Ír and Éber and Éremón and Donn, and [...] was the fifth. This, moreover, is recounted in the Invasion of Ireland: it was at the end of twenty-seven years after the death of [...], son of Iardonail, that the sons of Míl of Spain, son of Bile son of Bríge son of Ném son of Dá Thó son of Bregant son of Brath, etc. to Adam, came from Scythia. Míl son of Bile, then sets out from Scythia into exile after slaying Refflóir, son of Némi, in contending for sovereignty, with four ships on a sea-expedition, and in each ship fifteen married couples as well as an unmarried mercenary soldier. They remained three months in Taprobane Island. Another three months at sea until they reached Pharaoh, king of Egypt, [...] there. They remained seven years with Pharaoh in Egypt [...] they practised their various arts and various actions. Scotta, Pharaoh's daughter, married Míl, son of Bile, in the eighth year.

Pharaoh was drowned subsequently with his host in the Red Sea. When he [Míl] and his people find out that, they set out by sea with the same number and Scotta, Pharaoh's daughter, in addition, and they landed in Taprobane Island. They remained a month in it. They voyaged after that around Scythia to the entrance of the Caspian Sea. They anchored twenty-seven days in the Caspian Sea by reason of the singing of the mermaids

until Caicher the druid, delivered them. They rowed after that past the promontary of the Rhiphaean Mountain, coming from the north, until they landed in Dacia. They remained a month there. Caicher the druid, said to them: Until we reach Ireland we shall not halt. They then rowed past Gothia and past Germania to Bregantia and they landed in Spain. They found it uninhabited on their arrival. They remained there, dwelling in it, for thirty years, and it was from it 'Míl of Spain' was named; and there the two sons of Míl, viz. Éremón and Ír were born. And they are the two youngest. The two eldest, however, are Donn and Éber. They were born in the East, viz. Donn in Scythia and Éber in Egypt. A pestilence lasting one day, came upon them in Spain and twelve of their married couples, in addition to their three kings, viz. Míl Uice, and Occe, died. Forty-eight married couples and four mercenary soldiers set out after that with the sons of Míl and Scotta, Pharaoh's daughter, over sea to Ireland. A great storm arose (against them) and parted the ship in which Donn [...] was [from the others]. He and the crew of his ship were drowned at the sand-dunes in the western sea, hence the name Tech Duinn. The sons of Míl divided Ireland between them after that, as the historians relate.

The death of Éber, son of Míl, in Argedros, and his grave was made there.

In this year the eruption of Brosnach of Tír Éile over the land.

Ireland was divided into five between the sons of Cermait, viz. Mac Cécht and Mac Guill and Mac Gréine [...] the Tuatha Dé [Danann] afterwards, and these kings perished with them.

Ireland was divided between the sons of Éremón, viz. Muimne and Luigne and Laigne. Nuadu Argatlám [...] a lad at that time. Every family [...] subsequently in Ireland is of the race of Nuadu on account of his maintenance by his kinsmen and on account of his patience.”

This concludes our review of the chronicles and literature of the Irish. We witness in them the testimony of a very literate and cultured people, even in the years of their paganism.

## CHAPTER 2 : OF THE BRITISH (AKA WELSH)

In the course “Introduction to Ancient Literature”, we read *The Chronicle of the Early Britons*, translated into the English by Dr. William Cooper . In this chapter we shall survey some other ancient British chronicles, written by three different writers at different times in history and using varied manuscripts and records. While there are certain inconsistencies, on the whole there is remarkable correspondence among these chronicles and the chronicles of the Irish (aka Scots). In fact, as we shall read, the chronicles of Gildas, Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth draw upon not only ancient British historical records, but also historical records of such varied nationalities as the French and the Romans. Yet, the historians were agreed in the overall consistency of the varied manuscripts with the Biblical genealogies and historical accounts.

One important British (aka Welsh or Celtic) writer and historian was Gildas, surnamed by some Sapiens (meaning Wise), and by others Badonicus. He seems to have been born in the year 516 AD. We learn that he went abroad, probably to France, in his thirty-fourth year, where, after 10 years of hesitation and preparation, he composed the work bearing his name. His materials, he tells us, were collected from foreign rather than native sources, the latter of which had been put beyond his reach by circumstances. The Cambrian Annals give 570 AD as the year of his death.

The writings of Gildas have come down to us under the title of *On The Ruin of Britain (De Excidio Britanniae)*. The work is usually divided into three portions: a preface, the history proper, and an epistle. The epistle is largely made up of passages and texts of Scripture brought together for the purpose of condemning the vices of his countrymen and their rulers. In the history proper he passes in brief review the history of Britain from its invasion by the Romans till his own times. Among other matters reference is made to the introduction of Christianity in the reign of Tiberius; the persecution under Diocletian; the spread of the Arian heresy; the election of Maximus as emperor by the legions in Britain, and his subsequent death at Aquileia; the incursions of the Picts and Scots into the southern part of the island; the temporary assistance rendered to the harassed Britons by the Romans; the final abandonment of the island by the latter; the coming of the Saxons and their reception by Guortigern (Vortigern); and, finally, the conflicts between the Britons, led by a noble Roman, Ambrosius Aurelianus, and the new invaders.

Another important British writer and historian was Nennius. He was an 8th century British monk who copied older documents from old Welsh into Latin. The documents covered the time period from 1400 BC and earlier, to the time of Vortigern and the Anglo Saxon invasions. He apparently had access to no-longer available 5th century sources, just as Keating had access to sources which we no longer have access today. As in reading Keating, so in reading Nennius, we can obtain information from much earlier manuscripts, even though we cannot ourselves read those earlier manuscripts. We shall see throughout this textbook that this is a recurrent pattern. Nennius lived and wrote in Brecknock or Radflor. His great work, of which we shall read excerpts, was the *Historia Britonum*.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who died in 1154 AD, was bishop of St. Asaph and writer on early British history. He was born at Monmouth in Southeastern Wales about the year 1100 and was of Welsh or Breton descent. All three of his surviving works are written in Latin. Of his early life little is known, except that he received a liberal education under the eye of his paternal uncle, Uchtryd, who was at that time archdeacon, and subsequently bishop, of Llandaff. Geoffrey taught at Oxford between the years 1129 and 1151. A first edition of his *Historia Britonum* was in circulation by the year 1139, although the text which we possess appears to date from 1147. This famous work professes to be a translation from a Celtic source- a very old book in the British tongue which Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, had brought from Brittany. Geoffrey obtained, about 1140 AD, the archdeaconry of Llandaff on account of his learning. In 1151 he was promoted to the see of St Asaph. Geoffrey's *Historia Britonum* was well received and widely accepted as a legitimate historical account of the Britons, until modern criticism ridiculed it as largely a fabrication, full of myths. Of course, this was the same modern criticism that disparages the historical accuracy of Scripture on similar grounds. Modern critics cannot imagine that the Biblical account of the Noahic Flood and its aftermath is true.

***Excerpts From On The Ruin of Britain (De Excidio Britanniae) by Gildas (see <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/basis/gildas-full.html>) :***

#### **"I. The Preface**

1. Whatever in this my epistle I may write in my humble but well meaning manner, rather by way of lamentation than for display, let no one suppose that it springs from contempt of others or that I foolishly esteem myself as better than they; -for alas! the subject of my complaint is the general destruction of every thing that is good, and the general growth of evil throughout the land;--but that I rejoice to see her revive therefrom: for it is my present purpose to relate the deeds of an indolent and slothful race, rather than the exploits of those who have been valiant in the field. I have kept silence, I confess, with much mental anguish, compunction of feeling and contrition of heart, whilst I revolved all these things within myself; and, as God the searcher of the reins is witness, for the space of even ten years or more, [my inexperience, as at present also, and my unworthiness preventing me from taking upon myself the character of a censor. But I read how the illustrious lawgiver, for one word's doubting, was not allowed to enter the desired land; that the sons of the high-priest, for placing strange fire upon God's altar, were cut off by a speedy death; that God's people, for breaking the law of God, save two only, were slain by wild beasts, by fire and sword in the deserts of Arabia, though God had so loved them that he had made a way for them through the Red Sea, had fed them with bread from heaven, and water from the rock, and by the lifting up of a hand merely had made their armies invincible; and then, when they had crossed the Jordan and entered the unknown land, and the walls of the city had fallen down flat at the sound only of a

trumpet, the taking of a cloak and a little gold from the accursed things caused the deaths of many: and again the breach of their treaty with the Gibeonites, though that treaty had been obtained by fraud, brought destruction upon many; and I took warning from the sins of the people which called down upon them the reprehensions of the prophets and also of Jeremiah, with his fourfold Lamentations written in alphabetical order. I saw moreover in my own time, as that prophet also had complained, that the city had sat down lone and widowed, which before was full of people; that the queen of nations and the princess of provinces (i.e. the church), had been made tributary; that the gold was obscured, and the most excellent colour (which is the brightness of God's word) changed; that the sons of Sion (i.e. of holy mother church), once famous and clothed in the finest gold, grovelled in dung; and what added intolerably to the weight of grief of that illustrious man, and to mine, though but an abject, whilst he had thus mourned them in their happy and prosperous condition, "Her Nazarites were fairer than snow, more ruddy than old ivory, more beautiful than the sapphire." These and many other passages in the ancient Scriptures I regarded as a kind of mirror of human life, and I turned also to the New, wherein I read more clearly what perhaps to me before was dark...

Wherefore in zeal for the house of God and for his holy law, constrained either by the reasonings of my own thoughts, or by the pious entreaties of my brethren, I now discharge the debt so long exacted of me; humble, indeed, in style, but faithful, as I think, and friendly to all Christ's youthful soldiers, but severe and insupportable to foolish apostates; the former of whom, if I am not deceived, will receive the same with tears flowing from god's love; but the others with sorrow, such as is extorted from the indignation and pusillanimity of a convicted conscience.

2. I will, therefore, if God be willing, endeavour to say a few words about the situation of Britain, her disobedience and subjection, her rebellion, second subjection and dreadful slavery--of her religion, persecution, holy martyrs, heresies of different kinds --of her tyrants, her two hostile and ravaging nations--of her first devastation, her defence, her second devastation, and second taking vengeance--of her third devastation, of her famine, and the letters to Agitius\*-of her victory and her crimes--of the sudden rumour of enemies--of her famous pestilence-of her counsels --of her last enemy, far more cruel than the first-of the subversion of her cities, and of the remnant that escaped; and finally, of the peace which, by the will of God, has been granted her in these our times.

## II. The History

3. The island of Britain, situated on almost the utmost border of the earth, towards the south and west, and poised in the divine balance, as it is said, which supports the whole world, stretches out from the south-west towards the north pole, and is eight hundred miles long and two hundred broad[1], except where the headlands of sundry promontories stretch farther into the sea. It is surrounded by the ocean, which forms winding bays, and is strongly defended by this ample, and, if I may so call it, impassable barrier, save on the south side, where the narrow sea affords a passage to Belgic Gaul. It is enriched by the mouths of two noble rivers, the Thames and the Severn, as it were two arms, by which foreign luxuries were of old imported, and by other streams of less

importance. It is famous for eight and twenty cities, and is embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, well barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high, and provided with all requisite instruments of defence. Its plains are spacious, its hills are pleasantly situated, adapted for superior tillage, and its mountains are admirably calculated for the alternate pasturage of cattle, where flowers of various colours, trodden by the feet of man, give it the appearance of a lovely picture. It is decked, like a man's chosen bride, with divers jewels, with lucid fountains and abundant brooks wandering over the snow white sands; with transparent rivers, flowing in gentle murmurs, and offering a sweet pledge of slumber[2] to those who recline upon their banks, whilst it is irrigated by abundant lakes, which pour forth cool torrents of refreshing water.

4. This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded, from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels, sometimes against God, sometimes against her own citizens, and frequently also, against foreign kings and their subjects. For what can there either be, or be committed, more disgraceful or more unrighteous in human affairs, than to refuse to show fear to God or affection to one's own countrymen, and (without detriment to one's faith) to refuse due honour to those of higher dignity, to cast off all regard to reason, human and divine, and, in contempt of heaven and earth, to be guided by one's own sensual inventions? I shall, therefore, omit those ancient errors common to all the nations of the earth, in which, before Christ came in the flesh, all mankind were bound; nor shall I enumerate those diabolical idols of my country, which almost surpassed in number those of Egypt, and of which we still see some mouldering away within or without the deserted temples, with stiff and deformed features as was customary...

5. For when the rulers of Rome had obtained the empire of the world, subdued all the neighbouring nations and islands towards the east, and strengthened their renown by the first peace which they made with the Parthians, who border on India, there was a general cessation from war throughout the whole world; the fierce flame which they kindled could not be extinguished or checked by the Western Ocean, but passing beyond the sea, imposed submission upon our island without resistance, and entirely reduced to obedience its unwarlike but faithless people, not so much by fire and sword and warlike engines, like other nations, but threats alone, and menaces of judgments frowning on their countenance, whilst terror penetrated to their hearts.

6. When afterwards they returned to Rome, for want of pay, as is said, and had no suspicion of an approaching rebellion, that deceitful lioness (Boadicea) put to death the rulers who had been left among them, to unfold more fully and to confirm the enterprises of the Romans. When the report of these things reached the senate, and they with a speedy army made haste to take vengeance on the crafty foxes,\* as they called them, there was no bold navy on the sea to fight bravely for the country; by land there was no marshalled army, no right wing of battle, nor other preparation for resistance; but their backs were their shields against their vanquishers, and they presented their necks to their swords, whilst chill terror ran through every limb, and they stretched out their hands to be bound, like women; so that it has become a proverb far and wide, that the Britons are neither brave in war nor faithful in time of peace.



7. The Romans, therefore, having slain many of the rebels, and reserved others for slaves, that the land might not be entirely reduced to desolation, left the island, destitute as it was of wine and oil, and returned to Italy, leaving behind them taskmasters, to scourge the shoulders of the natives, to reduce their necks to the yoke, and their soil to the vassalage of a Roman province; to chastise the crafty race, not with warlike weapons, but with rods, and if necessary to gird upon their sides the naked sword, so that it was no longer thought to be Britain, but a Roman island; and all their money, whether of copper, gold, or silver, was stamped with Caesar's image.

8. Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ, the true Sun, showing to the whole world his splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses every thing temporal, at the latter part, as we know, of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, by whom his religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors.

9. These rays of light were received with lukewarm minds by the inhabitants, but they nevertheless took root among some of them in a greater or less degree, until the nine years' persecution of the tyrant Diocletian, when the churches throughout the whole world were overthrown, all the copies of the Holy Scriptures which could be found burned in the streets, and the chosen pastors of God's flock butchered, together with their innocent sheep, in order that not a vestige, if possible, might remain in some provinces of Christ's religion. What disgraceful flights then took place--what slaughter and death inflicted by way of punishment in divers shapes,--what dreadful apostacies from religion; and on the contrary, what glorious crowns of martyrdom then were won, --what raving fury was displayed by the persecutors, and patience on the part of the suffering saints, ecclesiastical history informs us; for the whole church were crowding in a body, to leave behind them the dark things of this world, and to make the best of their way to the happy mansions of heaven, as if to their proper home.

10. God, therefore, who wishes all men to be saved, and who calls sinners no less than those who think themselves righteous, magnified his mercy towards us, and, as we know, during the above-named persecution, that Britain might not totally be enveloped in the dark shades of night, he, of his own free gift, kindled up among us bright luminaries of holy martyrs, whose places of burial and of martyrdom, had they not for our manifold crimes been interfered with and destroyed by the barbarians, would have still kindled in the minds of the beholders no small fire of divine charity. Such were St. Alban of Verulam, Aaron and Julius, citizens of Carlisle, and the rest, of both sexes, who in different places stood their ground in the Christian contest.

...

12. In less than ten years, therefore, of the above-named persecution, and when these bloody decrees began to fail in consequence of the death of their authors, all Christ's young disciples, after so long and wintry a night, begin to behold the genial light of

heaven. They rebuild the churches, which had been levelled to the ground; they found, erect, and finish churches to the holy martyrs, and everywhere show their ensigns as token of their victory; festivals are celebrated and sacraments received with clean hearts and lips, and all the church's sons rejoice as it were in the fostering bosom of a mother. For this holy union remained between Christ their head and the members of his church, until the Arian treason, fatal as a serpent, and vomiting its poison from beyond the sea, caused deadly dissension between brothers inhabiting the same house, and thus, as if a road were made across the sea, like wild beasts of all descriptions, and darting the poison of every heresy from their jaws, they inflicted dreadful wounds upon their country, which is ever desirous to hear something new, and remains constant long to nothing.

13. At length also, new races of tyrants sprang up, in terrific numbers, and the island, still bearing its Roman name, but casting off her institutes and laws, sent forth among the Gauls that bitter scion of her own planting Maximus, with a great number of followers, and the ensigns of royalty, which he bore without decency and without lawful right, but in a tyrannical manner, and amid the disturbances of the seditious soldiery. He, by cunning arts rather than by valour, attaching to his rule, by perjury and falsehood, all the neighbouring towns and provinces, against the Roman state, extended one of his wings to Spain, the other to Italy, fixed the seat of his unholy government at Treves, and so furiously pushed his rebellion against his lawful emperors that he drove one of them out of Rome, and caused the other to terminate his most holy life. Trusting to these successful attempts, he not long after lost his accursed head before the walls of Aquileia, whereas he had before cut off the crowned heads of almost all the world.

14. After this, Britain is left deprived of all her soldiery and armed bands, of her cruel governors, and of the flower of her youth, who went with Maximus, but never again returned; and utterly ignorant as she was of the art of war, groaned in amazement for many years under the cruelty of two foreign nations--the Scots from the north-west, and the Picts from the north.

15. The Britons, impatient at the assaults of the Scots and Picts, their hostilities and dreadful oppressions, send ambassadors to Rome with letters, entreating in piteous terms the assistance of an armed band to protect them, and offering loyal and ready submission to the authority of Rome, if they only would expel their foes. A legion is immediately sent, forgetting their past rebellion, and provided sufficiently with arms. When they had crossed over the sea and landed, they came at once to close conflict with their cruel enemies, and slew great numbers of them. All of them were driven beyond the borders, and the humiliated natives rescued from the bloody slavery which awaited them. By the advice of their protectors, they now built a wall across the island from one sea to the other, which being manned with a proper force, might be a terror to the foes whom it was intended to repel, and a protection to their friends whom it covered. But this wall, being made of turf instead of stone, was of no use to that foolish people, who had no head to guide them.

16. The Roman legion had no sooner returned home in joy and triumph, than their former foes, like hungry and ravening wolves, rushing with greedy jaws upon the fold which is

left without a shepherd, and wafted both by the strength of oarsmen and the blowing wind, break through the boundaries, and spread slaughter on every side, and like mowers cutting down the ripe corn, they cut up, tread under foot, and overrun the whole country.

17. And now again they send suppliant ambassadors, with their garments rent and their heads covered with ashes, imploring assistance from the Romans, and like timorous chickens, crowding under the protecting wings of their parents, that their wretched country might not altogether be destroyed, and that the Roman name, which now was but an empty sound to fill the ear, might not become a reproach even to distant nations. Upon this, the Romans, moved with compassion, as far as human nature can be, at the relations of such horrors, send forward, like eagles in their flight, their unexpected bands of cavalry by land and mariners by sea, and planting their terrible swords upon the shoulders of their enemies, they mow them down like leaves which fall at the destined period; and as a mountain-torrent swelled with numerous streams, and bursting its banks with roaring noise, with foaming crest and yeasty wave rising to the stars, by whose eddying currents our eyes are as it were dazzled, does with one of its billows overwhelm every obstacle in its way, so did our illustrious defenders vigorously drive our enemies' band beyond the sea, if any could so escape them; for it was beyond those same seas that they transported, year after year, the plunder which they had gained, no one daring to resist them.

18. The Romans, therefore, left the country, giving notice that they could no longer be harassed by such laborious expeditions, nor suffer the Roman standards, with so large and brave an army, to be worn out by sea and land by fighting against these unwarlike, plundering vagabonds; but that the islanders, inuring themselves to warlike weapons, and bravely fighting, should valiantly protect their country, their property, wives and children, and, what is dearer than these, their liberty and lives; that they should not suffer their hands to be tied behind their backs by a nation which, unless they were enervated by idleness and sloth, was not more powerful than themselves, but that they should arm those hands with buckler, sword, and spear, ready for the field of battle; and, because they thought this also of advantage to the people they were about to leave, they, with the help of the miserable natives, built a wall different from the former, by public and private contributions, and of the same structure as walls generally, extending in a straight line from sea to sea, between some cities, which, from fear of their enemies, had there by chance been built. They then give energetic counsel to the timorous natives, and leave them patterns by which to manufacture arms. Moreover, on the south coast where their vessels lay, as there was some apprehension lest the barbarians might land, they erected towers at stated intervals, commanding a prospect of the sea; and then left the island never to return.

19. No sooner were they gone, than the Picts and Scots, like worms which in the heat of the mid-day come forth from their holes, hastily land again from their canoes, in which they had been carried beyond the Cichican\* valley, differing one from another in manners, but inspired with the same avidity for blood, and all more eager to shroud their villainous faces in bushy hair than to cover with decent clothing those parts of their body which required it. Moreover, having heard of the departure of our friends, and their resolution never to return, they seized with greater boldness than before on all the country

towards the extreme north as far as the wall. To oppose them there was placed on the heights a garrison equally slow to fight and ill adapted to run away, a useless and panic-struck company, who slumbered away days and nights on their unprofitable watch. Meanwhile the hooked weapons of their enemies were not idle, and our wretched countrymen were dragged from the wall and dashed against the ground. Such premature death, however, painful as it was, saved them from seeing the miserable sufferings of their brothers and children. But why should I say more? They left their cities, abandoned the protection of the wall, and dispersed themselves in flight more desperately than before. The enemy, on the other hand, pursued them with more unrelenting cruelty than before, and butchered our countrymen like sheep, so that their habitations were like those of savage beasts; for they turned their arms upon each other, and for the sake of a little sustenance, imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow countrymen. Thus foreign calamities were augmented by domestic feuds; so that the whole country was entirely destitute of provisions, save such as could be procured in the chase.

20. Again, therefore, the wretched remnant, sending to Aetius, a powerful Roman citizen, address him as follow:-- "To Aetius, now consul for the third time: the groans of the Britons." And again a little further, thus:-- "The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea throws us back on the barbarians: thus two modes of death await us, we are either slain or drowned." The Romans, however, could not assist them, and in the meantime the discomfited people, wandering in the woods, began to feel the effects of a severe famine, which compelled many of them without delay to yield themselves up to their cruel persecutors, to obtain subsistence: others of them, however, lying hid in mountains, caves and woods, continually sallied out from thence to renew the war. And then it was, for the first time, that they overthrew their enemies, who had for so many years been living in their country; for their trust was not in man, but in God; according to the maxim of Philo, "We must have divine assistance, when that of man fails." The boldness of the enemy was for a while checked, but not the wickedness of our countrymen; the enemy left our people, but the people did not leave their sins.

21. For it has always been a custom with our nation, as it is at present, to be impotent in repelling foreign foes, but bold and invincible in raising civil war, and bearing the burdens of their offences: they are impotent, I say, in following the standard of peace and truth, but bold in wickedness and falsehood. The audacious invaders therefore return to their winter quarters, determined before long again to return and plunder. And then, too, the Picts for the first time seated themselves at the extremity of the island, where they afterwards continued, occasionally plundering and wasting the country. During these truces, the wounds of the distressed people are healed, but another sore, still more venomous, broke out. No sooner were the ravages of the enemy checked, than the island was deluged with a most extraordinary plenty of all things, greater than was before known, and with it grew up every kind of luxury and licentiousness. It grew with so firm a root, that one might truly say of it, "Such fornication is heard of among you, as never was known the like among the Gentiles." But besides this vice, there arose also every other, to which human nature is liable and in particular that hatred of truth, together with her supporters, which still at present destroys every thing good in the island; the love of falsehood, together with its inventors, the reception of crime in the place of virtue, the

respect shown to wickedness rather than goodness, the love of darkness instead of the sun, the admission of Satan as an angel of light. Kings were anointed, not according to god's ordinance, but such as showed themselves more cruel than the rest; and soon after, they were put to death by those who had elected them, without any inquiry into their merits, but because others still more cruel were chosen to succeed them. If any one of these was of a milder nature than the rest, or in any way more regardful of the truth, he was looked upon as the ruiner of the country, every body cast a dart at him, and they valued things alike whether pleasing or displeasing to God, unless it so happened that what displeased him was pleasing to themselves...

23. Then all the councillors, together with that proud tyrant Gurthrigern [Vortigern], the British king, were so blinded, that, as a protection to their country, they sealed its doom by inviting in among them like wolves into the sheep-fold), the fierce and impious Saxons, a race hateful both to God and men, to repel the invasions of the northern nations. Nothing was ever so pernicious to our country, nothing was ever so unlucky. What palpable darkness must have enveloped their minds-darkness desperate and cruel! Those very people whom, when absent, they dreaded more than death itself, were invited to reside, as one may say, under the selfsame roof. Foolish are the princes, as it is said, of Thafneos, giving counsel to unwise Pharaoh. A multitude of whelps came forth from the lair of this barbaric lioness, in three cyuls, as they call them, that is, in three ships of war, with their sails wafted by the wind and with omens and prophecies favourable, for it was foretold by a certain soothsayer among them, that they should occupy the country to which they were sailing three hundred years, and half of that time, a hundred and fifty years, should plunder and despoil the same. They first landed on the eastern side of the island, by the invitation of the unlucky king, and there fixed their sharp talons, apparently to fight in favour of the island, but alas! more truly against it. Their mother-land, finding her first brood thus successful, sends forth a larger company of her wolfish offspring, which sailing over, join themselves to their bastard-born comrades. From that time the germ of iniquity and the root of contention planted their poison amongst us, as we deserved, and shot forth into leaves and branches. the barbarians being thus introduced as soldiers into the island, to encounter, as they falsely said, any dangers in defence of their hospitable entertainers, obtain an allowance of provisions, which, for some time being plentifully bestowed, stopped their doggish mouths. Yet they complain that their monthly supplies are not furnished in sufficient abundance, and they industriously aggravate each occasion of quarrel, saying that unless more liberality is shown them, they will break the treaty and plunder the whole island. In a short time, they follow up their threats with deeds...

25. Some therefore, of the miserable remnant, being taken in the mountains, were murdered in great numbers; others, constrained by famine, came and yielded themselves to be slaves for ever to their foes, running the risk of being instantly slain, which truly was the greatest favour that could be offered them: some others passed beyond the seas with loud lamentations instead of the voice of exhortation. "Thou hast given us as sheep to be slaughtered, and among the Gentiles hast thou dispersed us." Others, committing the safeguard of their lives, which were in continual jeopardy, to the mountains, precipices, thickly wooded forests, and to the rocks of the seas (albeit with trembling

hearts), remained still in their country. But in the meanwhile, an opportunity happening, when these most cruel robbers were returned home, the poor remnants of our nation (to whom flocked from divers places round about our miserable countrymen as fast as bees to their hives, for fear of an ensuing storm), being strengthened by God, calling upon him with all their hearts, as the poet says,-- "With their unnumbered vows they burden heaven," that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of Ambrosius Aurelianus, a modest man, who of all the Roman nation was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents, who for their merit were adorned with the purple, had been slain in these same broils, and now his progeny in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoke to battle their cruel conquerors, and by the goodness of our Lord obtain the victory.

26. After this, sometimes our countrymen, sometimes the enemy, won the field, to the end that our Lord might in this land try after his accustomed manner these his Israelites, whether they loved him or not, until the year of the siege of Bath-hill, when took place also the last almost, though not the least slaughter of our cruel foes, which was (as I am sure) forty-four years and one month after the landing of the Saxons, and also the time of my own nativity. And yet neither to this day are the cities of our country inhabited as before, but being forsaken and overthrown, still lie desolate; our foreign wars having ceased, but our civil troubles still remaining. For as well the remembrance of such terrible desolation of the island, as also of the unexpected recovery of the same, remained in the minds of those who were eyewitnesses of the wonderful events of both, and in regard thereof, kings, public magistrates, and private persons, with priests and clergymen, did all and every one of them live orderly according to their several vocations. But when these had departed out of this world, and a new race succeeded, who were ignorant of this troublesome time, and had only experience of the present prosperity, all the laws of truth and justice were so shaken and subverted, that not so much as a vestige or remembrance of these virtues remained among the above-named orders of men, except among a very few who, compared with the great multitude which were daily rushing headlong down to hell, are accounted so small a number, that our reverend mother, the church, scarcely beholds them, her only true children, reposing in her bosom; whose worthy lives, being a pattern to all men, and beloved of God, inasmuch as by their holy prayers, as by certain pillars and most profitable supporters, our infirmity is sustained up, that it may not utterly be broken down, I would have no one suppose I intended to reprove, if forced by the increasing multitude of offences, I have freely, aye, with anguish, not so much declared as bewailed the wickedness of those who are become servants, not only to their bellies, but also to the devil rather than to Christ, who is our blessed God, world without end.

For why shall their countrymen conceal what foreign nations round about now not only know, but also continually are casting in their teeth?

### III. THE EPISTLE.

27. BRITAIN has kings, but they are tyrants; she has judges, but unrighteous ones; generally engaged in plunder and rapine, but always preying on the innocent; whenever

they exert themselves to avenge or protect, it is sure to be in favour of robbers and criminals; they have an abundance of wives, yet are they addicted to fornication and adultery; they are ever ready to take oaths, and as often perjure themselves; they make a vow and almost immediately act falsely; they make war, but their wars are against their countrymen, and are unjust ones; they rigorously prosecute thieves throughout their country, but those who sit at table with them are robbers, and they not only cherish but reward them; they give alms plentifully, but in contrast to this is a whole pile of crimes which they have committed; they sit on the seat of justice, but rarely seek for the rule of right judgment; they despise the innocent and the humble, but seize every occasion of exalting to the utmost the bloody-minded; the proud, murderers, the combined and adulterers, enemies of God, who ought to be utterly destroyed and their names forgotten.

They have many prisoners in their gaols, loaded with chains, but this is done in treachery rather than in just punishment for crimes; and when they have stood before the altar, swearing by the name of God, they go away and think no more of the holy altar than if it were a mere heap of dirty stones..."

*Excerpts From 'History Of The Britons' by Nennius (see <http://www.gutenberg.net/dirs/etext99/brtns10.txt> ) :*

"I. The Prologue.

1. Nennius, the lowly minister and servant of the servants of God, by the grace of God, disciple of St. Elbotus,\* to all the followers of truth sendeth health.

\* Or Elvod, bishop of Bangor, A.D. 755, who first adopted in the Cambrian church the new cycle for regulating Easter.

Be it known to your charity, that being dull in intellect and rude of speech, I have presumed to deliver these things in the Latin tongue, not trusting to my own learning, which is little or none at all, but partly from traditions of our ancestors, partly from writings and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Britain, partly from the annals of the Romans, and the chronicles of the sacred fathers, Isidore, Hieronymus, Prosper, Eusebius, and from the histories of the Scots and Saxons, although our enemies, not following my own inclinations, but, to the best of my ability, obeying the commands of my seniors; I have lispingly put together this history from various sources, and have endeavored, from shame, to deliver down to posterity the few remaining ears of corn about past transactions, that they might not be trodden under foot, seeing that an ample crop has been snatched away already by the hostile reapers of foreign nations. For many things have been in my way, and I, to this day, have hardly been able to understand, even superficially, as was necessary, the sayings of other men;

much less was I able in my own strength, but like a barbarian, have I murdered and defiled the language of others. But I bore about with me an inward wound, and I was indignant, that the name of my own people, formerly famous and distinguished, should sink into oblivion, and like smoke be dissipated. But since, however, I had rather myself be the historian of the Britons than nobody, although so many are to be found who might much more satisfactorily discharge the labour thus imposed on me; I humbly entreat my readers, whose ears I may offend by the inelegance of my words, that they will fulfil the wish of my seniors, and grant me the easy task of listening with candour to my history. For zealous efforts very often fail: but bold enthusiasm, were it in its power, would not suffer me to fail. May, therefore, candour be shown where the inelegance of my words is insufficient, and may the truth of this history, which my rustic tongue has ventured, as a kind of plough, to trace out in furrows, lose none of its influence from that cause, in the ears of my hearers. For it is better to drink a wholesome draught of truth from the humble vessel, than poison mixed with honey from a golden goblet.

2. And do not be loath, diligent reader, to winnow my chaff, and lay up the wheat in the storehouse of your memory: for truth regards not who is the speaker, nor in what manner it is spoken, but that the thing be true; and she does not despise the jewel which she has rescued from the mud, but she adds it to her former treasures.

...

## II. The Apology of Nennius

Here begins the apology of Nennius, the historiographer of the Britons, of the race of the Britons.

3. I, Nennius, disciple of St. Elbotus, have endeavoured to write some extracts which the dulness of the British nation had cast away, because teachers had no knowledge, nor gave any information in their books about this island of Britain. But I have got together all that I could find as well from the annals of the Romans as from the chronicles of the sacred fathers, Hieronymus, Eusebius, Isidorus, Prosper, and from the annals of the Scots and Saxons, and from our ancient traditions. Many teachers and scribes have attempted to write this, but somehow or other have abandoned it from its difficulty, either on account of frequent deaths, or the often recurring calamities of war. I pray that every reader who shall read this book, may pardon me, for having attempted, like a chattering jay, or like some weak witness, to write these things,



after they had failed. I yield to him who knows more of these things than I do.

### III. The History.

4, 5. From Adam to the flood, are two thousand and forty-two years. From the flood of Abraham, nine hundred and forty-two.  
>From Abraham to Moses, six hundred. From Moses to Solomon, and the first building of the temple, four hundred and forty-eight.  
>From Solomon to the rebuilding of the temple, which was under Darius, king of the Persians, six hundred and twelve years are computed. From Darius to the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the fifteenth year of the emperor Tiberius, are five hundred and forty-eight years. So that from Adam to the ministry of Christ and the fifteenth year of the emperor Tiberius, are five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight years. From the passion of Christ are completed nine hundred and forty-six; from his incarnation, nine hundred and seventy-six: being the fifth year of Edmund, king of the Angles.

6. The first age of the world is from Adam to Noah; the second from Noah to Abraham; the third from Abraham to David; the fourth from David to Daniel; the fifth to John the Baptist; the sixth from John to the judgment, when our Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire.

The first Julius. The second Claudius. The third Severus. The fourth Carinus. The fifth Constantius. The sixth Maximus. The seventh Maximianus. The eighth another Severus Aequantius. The ninth Constantius.

Here beginneth the history of the Britons, edited by Mark the anchorite, a holy bishop of that people.

7. The island of Britain derives its name from Brutus, a Roman consul. Taken from the south-west point it inclines a little towards the west, and to its northern extremity measures eight hundred miles, and is in breadth two hundred. It contains thirty three cities,[1] viz.

1. Cair ebrauc (York).
2. Cair ceint (Canterbury).
3. Cair gurcoc (Anglesey?).
4. Cair guorthegern [2]
5. Cair custeint (Carnarvon).
6. Cair guoranegon (Worcester).

7. Cair segeint (Silchester).
8. Cair guin truis (Norwich, or Winwick).
9. Cair merdin (Caermarthen).
10. Cair peris (Porchester).
11. Cair lion (Caerleon-upon-Usk).
12. Cair mencipit (Verulam).
13. Cair caratauc (Catterick).
14. Cair ceri (Cirencester).
15. Cair glout (Gloucester).
16. Cair luillid (Carlisle).
17. Cair grant (Grantchester, now Cambridge).
18. Cair daun (Doncaster), or Cair dauri (Dorchester).
19. Cair britoc (Bristol).
20. Cair meguaid (Meivod).
21. Cair mauiguid (Manchester).
22. Cair ligion (Chester).
23. Cair guent (Winchester, or Caerwent, in Monmouthshire).
24. Cair collon (Colchester, or St. Colon, Cornwall).
25. Cair londein (London).
26. Cair guorcon (Worren, or Woran, in Pembrokeshire).
27. Cair lerion (Leicester).
28. Cair draithou (Drayton).
29. Cair pensavelcoit (Pevensey, in Sussex).
30. Cairtelm (Teyn-Grace, in Devonshire).
31. Cair Urnahc (Wroxeter, in Shropshire).
32. Cair colemion (Camelet, in Somersetshire).
33. Cair loit coit (Lincoln).

These are the names of the ancient cities of the island of Britain. it has also a vast many promontories, and castles innumerable, built of brick and stone. Its inhabitants consist of four different people; the Scots, the Picts, the Saxons and the ancient Britons.

8. Three considerable islands belong to it; one, on the south, opposite the Armorican shore, called Wight; another between Ireland and Britain, called Eubonia or Man; and another directly north, beyond the Picts, named Orkney; and hence it was anciently a proverbial expression, in reference to its kings and rulers, "He reigned over Britain and its three islands."

6. It is fertilized by several rivers, which traverse it in all directions, to the east and west, to the south and north; but there are two pre-eminently distinguished among the rest, the Thames and the Severn, which formerly, like the two arms of Britain, bore the ships employed in the conveyance of riches acquired by commerce. The Britons were once very populous, and exercised

extensive dominion from sea to sea.

10. Respecting the period when this island became inhabited subsequently to the flood, I have seen two distinct relations. According to the annals of the Roman history, the Britons deduce their origin both from the Greeks and Romans. On the side of the mother, from Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, king of Italy, and of the race of Silvanus, the son of Inachus, the son of Dardanus; who was the son of Saturn, king of the Greeks, and who, having possessed himself of a part of Asia, built the city of Troy. Dardanus was the father of Troius, who was the father of Priam and Anchises; Anchises was the father of Aeneas, who was the father of Ascanius and Silvius; and this Silvius was the son of Aeneas and Lavinia, the daughter of the king of Italy. From the sons of Aeneas and Lavinia descended Romulus and Remus, who were the sons of the holy queen Rhea, and the founders of Rome. Brutus was consul when he conquered Spain, and reduced that country to a Roman province. He afterwards subdued the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were the descendants of the Romans, from Silvius Posthumus. He was called Posthumus because he was born after the death of Aeneas his father; and his mother Lavinia concealed herself during her pregnancy; he was called Silvius, because he was born in a wood. Hence the Roman kings were called Silvan, and the Britons from Brutus, and rose from the family of Brutus.

Aeneas, after the Trojan war, arrived with his son in Italy; and Having vanquished Turnus, married Lavinia, the daughter of king Latinus, who was the son of Faunus, the son of Picus, the son of Saturn. After the death of Latinus, Aeneas obtained the kingdom Of the Romans, and Lavinia brought forth a son, who was named Silvius. Ascanius founded Alba, and afterwards married. And Lavinia bore to Aeneas a son, named Silvius; but Ascanius [1] married a wife, who conceived and became pregnant. And Aeneas, having been informed that his daughter-in-law was pregnant, ordered his son to send his magician to examine his wife, whether the child conceived were male or female. The magician came and examined the wife and pronounced it to be a son, who should become the most valiant among the Italians, and the most beloved of all men. [2] In consequence of this prediction, the magician was put to death by Ascanius; but it happened that the mother of the child dying at its birth, he was named Brutus; and after a certain interval, agreeably to what the magician had foretold, whilst he was playing with some others he shot his father with an arrow, not intentionally but by accident. [3] He was, for this cause, expelled from Italy, and came to the islands of the Tyrrhene sea, when he was exiled on account of the death of Turnus, slain by Aeneas. He then went

among the Gauls, and built the city of the Turones, called Turnis. [4] At length he came to this island named from him Britannia, dwelt there, and filled it with his own descendants, and it has been inhabited from that time to the present period.

[1] Other MSS. Silvius.

[2] V.R. Who should slay his father and mother, and be hated by all mankind.

[3] V.R. He displayed such superiority among his play-fellows, that they seemed to consider him as their chief.

[4] Tours.

11. Aeneas reigned over the Latins three years; Ascanius thirty three years; after whom Silvius reigned twelve years, and Posthumus thirty-nine \* years: the latter, from whom the kings of Alba are called Silvan, was brother to Brutus, who governed Britain at the time Eli the high-priest judged Israel, and when the ark of the covenant was taken by a foreign people. But Posthumus his brother reigned among the Latins.

\* V.R. Thirty-seven.

12. After an interval of not less than eight hundred years, came the Picts, and occupied the Orkney Islands: whence they laid waste many regions, and seized those on the left hand side of Britain, where they still remain, keeping possession of a third part of Britain to this day. \*

\* See Bede's Eccles. Hist.

13. Long after this, the Scots arrived in Ireland from Spain. The first that came was Partholomus,[1] with a thousand men and women; these increased to four thousand; but a mortality coming suddenly upon them, they all perished in one week. The second was Nimech, the son of...,[2] who, according to report, after having been at sea a year and a half, and having his ships shattered, arrived at a port in Ireland, and continuing there several years, returned at length with his followers to Spain. After these came three sons of a Spanish soldier with thirty ships, each of which contained thirty wives; and having remained there during the space of a year, there appeared to them, in the middle of the sea, a tower of glass, the summit of which seemed covered with men, to whom they often spoke, but received no answer. At length they determined to besiege the tower; and after a year's preparation, advanced towards it, with the whole number of their ships, and all the women, one ship only excepted, which had been wrecked, and in which were thirty men, and as many women; but when all had disembarked on the shore which surrounded the tower, the sea opened and swallowed them up. Ireland, however, was peopled, to the present

period, from the family remaining in the vessel which was wrecked. Afterwards, other came from Spain, and possessed themselves of various parts of Britain.

[1] V.R. Partholomaeus, or Bartholomaeus.

[2] A blank is here in the MS. Agnomen is found in some of the others.

14. Last of all came one Hoctor,[1] who continued there, and whose descendants remain there to this day. Istoreth, the son of Istorinus, with his followers, held Dalrieta; Buile had the island Eubonia, and other adjacent places. The sons of Liethali[2] obtained the country of the dimetae, where is a city called Menavia,[3] and the province Guiher and Cetgueli, [4] which they held till they were expelled from every part of Britain, by Cunedda and his sons.

[1] V.R. Damhoctor, Clamhoctor, and Elamhoctor.

[2] V.R. Liethan, Bethan, Vethan.

[3] St. David's.

[4] Guiher, probably the Welsh district Gower. Cetgueli is Caer Kidwelly, in Carmarthenshire.

15. According to the most learned among the Scots, if any one desires to learn what I am now going to state, Ireland was a desert, and uninhabited, when the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea, in which, as we read in the Book of the Law, the Egyptians who followed them were drowned. At that period, there lived among this people, with a numerous family, a Scythian of noble birth, who had been banished from his country and did not go to pursue the people of God. The Egyptians who were left, seeing the destruction of the great men of their nation, and fearing lest he should possess himself of their territory, took counsel together, and expelled him. Thus reduced, he wandered forty-two years in Africa, and arrived, with his family, at the altars of the Philistines, by the Lake of Osiers. Then passing between Rusicada and the hilly country of Syria, they travelled by the river Malva through Mauritania as far as the Pillars of Hercules; and crossing the Tyrrhene Sea, landed in Spain, where they continued many years, having greatly increased and multiplied. Thence, a thousand and two years after the Egyptians were lost in the Red Sea, they passed into Ireland, and the district of Dalrieta.\* At that period, Brutus, who first exercised the consular office, reigned over the Romans; and the state, which before was governed by regal power, was afterwards ruled, during four hundred and forty-seven years, by consuls, tribunes of the people, and dictators.

\* North-western part of Antrim in Ulster.

The Britons came to Britain in the third age of the world; and in

the fourth, the Scots took possession of Ireland.

The Britons who, suspecting no hostilities, were unprovided with the means of defence, were unanimously and incessantly attacked, both by the Scots from the west, and by the Picts from the north. A long interval after this, the Romans obtained the empire of the world.

16. From the first arrival of the Saxons into Britain, to the fourth year of king Mermenus, are computed four hundred and twenty eight years; from the nativity of our Lord to the coming of St. Patrick among the Scots, four hundred and five years; from the death of St. Patrick to that of St. Bridget, forty years; and from the birth of Columella[1] to the death of St Bridget four years.[2]

[1] V.R. Columba.

[2] Some MSS. add, the beginning of the calculation is 23 cycles of 19 years from the incarnation of our Lord to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, and they make 438 years. And from the arrival of St. Patrick to the cycle of 19 years in which we live are 22 cycles, which make 421 years.

17. I have learned another account of this Brutus from the ancient books of our ancestors. After the deluge, the three sons of Noah severally occupied three different parts of the earth: Shem extended his borders into Asia, Ham into Africa, and Japheth in Europe.

The first man that dwelt in Europe was Alanus, with his three sons, Hisicion, Armenon, and Neugio. Hisicion had four sons, Francus, Romanus, Alamanus, and Brutus. Armenon had five sons, Gothus, Valagothus, Cibidus, Burgundus, and Longobardus. Neugio had three sons, Vandalus, Saxo, and Boganus. From Hisicion arose four nations--the Franks, the Latins, the Germans, and Britons: from Armenon, the Gothi, Balagothi, Cibidi, Burgundi, and Longobardi: from Neugio, the Bogari, Vandali, Saxones, and Tarinegi. The whole of Europe was subdivided into these tribes.

Alanus is said to have been the son of Fethuir; Fethuir, the son of Ogomuin, who was the son of Thoi; Thoi was the son of Boibus, Boibus of Semion, Semion of Mair, Mair of Ectactus, Ectactus of Aurthack, Aurthack of Ethech, Ethech of Ooth, Ooth of Aber, Aber of Ra, Ra of Esraa, Esraa of Hisrau, Hisrau of Bath, Bath of Jobath, Jobath of Joham, Joham of Japheth, Japheth of Noah, Noah of Lamech, Lamech of Mathusalem, Mathusalem of Enoch, Enoch of Jared, Jared of Malalehel, Malalehel of Cainan, Cainan of Enos, Enos of Seth, Seth of Adam, and Adam was formed by the living God. We have obtained this information respecting the original inhabitants of

Britain from ancient tradition.

18. The Britons were thus called from Brutus: Brutus was the son of Hisicion, Hisicion was the son of Alanus, Alanus was the son of Rhea Silvia, Fhea Silvia was the daughter of Numa Pompilius, Numa was the son of Ascanius, Ascanius of Eneas, Eneas of Anchises, Anchises of Troius, Troius of Dardanus, Dardanus of Flisa, Flisa of Juuin, Juuin of Japheth; but Japheth had seven sons; from the first named Gomer, descended the Galli; from the second, Magog, the Scythi and Gothi; from the third, Madian, the Medi; from the fourth, Juuan, the Greeks; from the fifth, Tubal, arose the Hebrei, Hispani, and Itali; from the sixth, Mosoch, sprung the Cappadoces; and from the seventh, named Tiras, descended the Thraces: these are the sons of Japheth, the son of Noah, the son of Lamech.

19. The Romans, having obtained the dominion of the world, sent legates or deputies to the Britons to demand of them hostages and tribute, which they received from all other countries and islands; but they, fierce, disdainful, and haughty, treated the legation with contempt.

Then Julius Caesar, the first who had acquired absolute power at Rome, highly incensed against the Britons, sailed with sixty vessels to the mouth of the Thames, where they suffered shipwreck whilst he fought against Dolobellus, (the proconsul of the British king, who was called Belinus, and who was the son of Minocannus who governed all the islands of the Tyrrhene Sea), and thus Julius Caesar returned home without victory, having had his soldiers slain, and his ships shattered.

20. But after three years he again appeared with a large army, and three hundred ships, at the mouth of the Thames, where he renewed hostilities. In this attempt many of his soldiers and horses were killed; for the same consul had placed iron pikes in the shallow part of the river, and this having been effected with so much skill and secrecy as to escape the notice of the Roman soldiers, did them considerable injury; thus Caesar was once more compelled to return without peace or victory. The Romans were, therefore, a third time sent against the Britons; and under the command of Julius, defeated them near a place called Trinovantum [London], forty-seven years before the birth of Christ, and five thousand two hundred and twelve years from the creation.

Julius was the first exercising supreme power over the Romans who invaded Britain: in honour of him the Romans decreed the fifth month to be called after his name. He was assassinated in the Curia, in

the ides of March, and Octavius Augustus succeeded to the empire of the world. He was the only emperor who received tribute from the Britons, according to the following verse of Virgil: "Purpurea intexti tollunt aulaea Britanni."

...

[Nennius goes on to recount the history of the Britons following the time of their encounter with Julius Caesar. – JPM]

***'History of the Kings of Britain' by Geoffrey of Monmouth (see <http://www.yorku.ca/inpar/>) :***

The whole of Geoffrey of Monmouth's book *History of the Kings of Britain* is available free on-line at <http://www.yorku.ca/inpar/> in pdf format. In Book I, chapter 1 Geoffrey of Monmouth explains the context of his book. As pointed out earlier, it is a translation of a more ancient chronicle in the British tongue to the Latin tongue. Most of the remainder of Book I takes up the account of how Brutus the Trojan led a colony of other Trojans to Britain. Mention here is made of the Trojan War and Aeneas' conquest in Italy (which we shall read of in more detail when we read some of the chronicles of the Greeks and Romans). These are but two of many elements where we find various chronicles corroborating the accounts of other chronicles, even the chronicles in other nations. The level of corroborating evidence makes implausible the assertion that Geoffrey of Monmouth engaged in forgery and fabrication. Mention is also made in Book I of how Brutus the Trojan was of the race of Dardanus (aka Dodanim and Rodanim, among the Hebrews). This takes us back to the genealogies of scripture, namely Genesis 10:4 and I Chronicles 1:7. There we find that Dodanim descended from Javan, who descended from Japheth, who descended from Noah. Japheth (whose very name refers to his fair skin) was the father of the Caucasian peoples. Book II recounts the history of Britain in the immediate aftermath of the death of Brutus. It includes the account of Britain's division into three sections, which we know of today as England, Wales and Scotland. It relates contemporary events in other parts of the world, which are corroborated in other chronicles. And there was especially interaction between Britain and Gaul (known as France today). The British people conquered and settled not only in the island of Britain, but also in a section of France along its coast, known even still as Brittainy. The remaining books proceed generation by generation through the history of the Britons. Important aspects of history recorded in the British chronicles are corroborated in the Roman histories. Modern archaeology is also corroborating many of these historical records, such as the finding of "Iron Age" coins bearing the name "Tasciovantus", who appears in this history of Britain, but was long regarded as a mythical figure by modern critics.

Now let's consider some brief excerpts from *History of the Kings of Britain*:

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...After the Trojan war, Aeneas, flying with Ascanius from the destruction of their city sailed to Italy...After his death, Ascanius, succeeding in the kingdom, built Alba upon the Tiber, and begat a son named Sylvius, who...took to wife a niece of Lavinia. The damsel soon after conceived...the child was delivered to a nurse and called Brutus...

Brutus...set sail with a fair wind towards the promised island...the island was then called Albion...At last Brutus called the island after his own name Britain, and his companions Britons...Brutus, having thus at last set eyes upon his kingdom, formed a design of building a city...coming to the river Thames, he walked along the shore...he built a city, which he called New Troy; under which name it continued a long time after...Brutus had by his wife Ignoge three famous sons, whose names were Locrin, Albanact, and Kamber...

Julius Caesar, having subdued Gaul, came to...the island of Britain...Caesar wintered in Britain, and the following spring returned into Gaul...

After the departure of Claudius, Arviragus began to show his wisdom and courage, to rebuild cities and towns...His son Marius, a man of admirable prudence and wisdom, succeeded him in the kingdom. In his reign a certain king of the Picts, named Rodric, came from Scythia with a great fleet, and arrived in the north part of Britain, which is called Albania, and began to ravage that country...Marius therefore raising an army went in quest of him, and killed him in battle, and gained the victory; for a monument of which he set up a stone in the province, which from his name was afterwards called Westmoreland...He gave the conquered people that came with Rodric liberty to inhabit that part of Albania which is called Caithness...they had no wives...they sailed over into Ireland, and married the women of that country and by their offspring increased their number...

Chapter 19. Lucius is the first British king that embraces the Christian faith, together with his people...

Upon Constantine's advancement to the throne, the Saxons, with the two sons of Modred, made insurrection against him, though without success...Three years after this, he himself, by the vengeance of God pursuing him, was killed by Conan, and buried close to Uther Pendragon within the structure of stones, which was set up with wonderful art not far from Salisbury, and called in the English tongue, Stonehenge...

After him succeeded Aurelius Conan, his nephew...He raised disturbances against his uncle, who ought to have reigned after Constantine, and cast him into prison; and then killing his two sons, obtained the kingdom, but died in the second year of his reign...

After Conan succeeded Wortiporius, against whom the Saxons made insurrection...

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### ***Some Concluding Remarks :***

While there are unquestionably discrepancies and disparities among the various ancient chronicles, there are also remarkable correspondences, which should not be cavalierly dismissed. These correspondences cross national borders, as well as exist among the various chronicles within particular nations, such as the Britons.

In preparation for our study of the Roman and Greek chronicles in a future chapter, we should note what Nennius recorded in Chapter 18 of his *Historia Brittonum*:

“18. The Britons were thus called from Brutus: Brutus was the son of Hisicion, Hisicion was the son of Alanus, Alanus was the son of Rhea Silvia, Rhea Silvia was the daughter of Numa Pompilius, Numa was the son of Ascanius, Ascanius of Eneas, Eneas of Anchises, Anchises of Troius, Troius of Dardanus, Dardanus of Flisa, Flisa of Juuin, Juuin of Japheth; but Japheth had seven sons; from the first named Gomer, descended the Galli; from the second, Magog, the Scythi and Gothi; from the third, Madian, the Medi; from the fourth, Juuin, the Greeks; from the fifth, Tubal, arose the Hebrei, Hispani, and Itali; from the sixth, Mosoch, sprung the Cappadoces; and from the seventh, named Tiras, descended the Thraces: these are the sons of Japheth, the son of Noah, the son of Lamech.”

We shall see that various of these people and places associated with the Britons appear in the ancient chronicles of the Romans and the Greeks. The ancestry of the Britons was very much tied with the ancestry of the Greeks and Romans, all having some common descent from Javan (also spelled, Juuin). This is unlike the Scots, whose ancestry traces back to the Scythians, and their ancestor Magog.

The grandfather of Brutus, Alanus, was said to be the first man after the Flood to enter Europe. On the south coast of Turkey, there is the town of Alanya in the bay of Antalya. There is reason to believe this town was named for Alanus.

## CHAPTER 3 : OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS IN BRITAIN

"The Anglo-Saxons" is the general name given to the Germanic peoples who came to England from up and down the North Sea coast, from Denmark and from the northern coasts (in modern terms) of Germany, the Netherlands, and France. The eighth-century Northumbrian monk Bede, who wrote an *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* in 731 A.D., put it like this: "They came from three most powerful Germanic tribes, the Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes... there were many nations in Germania from whom the Angles and Saxons, who now live in Britain, get their origin ... There are the Frisians, Rugians, Danes, Huns, Old Saxons, and Boructuari." "Germania" here means not just modern Germany, but (from a Roman point of view) all of northern Europe, settled by barbarian Germanic tribes. In this chapter therefore we consider the literature of the Germanic peoples that settled in Britain beginning around the 5<sup>th</sup> century A.D., and in chapter 6 we consider the Germanic peoples in general (and especially those that remained in continental Europe). The Anglo-Saxons drove the Britons into Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany (in France) and wiped out many of the remaining British inhabitants (though some were absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon peoples of England), while the Anglo-Saxons dominated England up to even the lowlands of Scotland. The language of the early Anglo-Saxon people came to be called Old English. Below is a map showing Anglo-Saxon settlement in Britain:



While there is an abundance of extant literature after the Anglo-Saxons were Christianized, there is comparatively little extant literature from the preceding era when they were yet pagans. In this chapter we shall review some of the pagan literature that has been preserved. In addition, we shall consider the ancient literature of the Anglo-Saxons indirectly by reading excerpts from Christian authors in the centuries succeeding the pagan era, who had available to them literature of the pagan Anglo-Saxons, but which we lack in modern times.

One pagan poem of the Anglo-Saxons that has been preserved is *Widsith*. The only text of this poem survives in the Exeter Book, a manuscript of Old English poetry copied in the late tenth century. <http://www.bartleby.com/211/0306.html> has this background information on the poem:

“In the introduction (ll. 1–9) it is stated that the poet belonged to the Myrkingas, a people or rather dynasty whose territories, apparently, were conterminous with those of the Angli (cf. ll. 41 ff.), and that, in company with a princess named Ealhild, he visited the court of the Gothic king Eormenric. Then, in ll. 10 ff., he begins to enumerate the princes with whom he was acquainted. This list contains the names of many kings famous in history and tradition, together with those of the peoples which they governed, the formula employed being “A. ruled over B.” Among them we find Gifca (Gibicho), Breca, Finn, Hnaef, Saeferth (Sigferth?) and Ongentheow, who have been mentioned above, as well as Attila, Eormenric, Theodric (king of the Franks) and others, some of whom are not known from other sources. In ll. 35–44 there is a reference to the single combat of Offa, king of Angel, a story which is given by Saxo (pp. 113 ff.), Svend Aagesen and the *VieDuorum Offarum*. In ll. 45–49 we hear of the long and faithful partnership of Hrothgar and Hrothwulf and of their victory over Ingeld, an incident to which *Beowulf* (ll. 83 ff.) has only a vague allusion. Then, in ll. 50 ff. the poet again speaks of his journeys and gives a list of the nations he had visited. This list is twice interrupted (ll. 65–67, 70–74) by references to the generosity with which he had been treated by Guthhere, king of the Burgundians, and by Aelfwine (Alboin) in Italy. 6 In ll. 76–78 there is another interruption referring to the power of Casere, *i.e.* the Greek Emperor. Then, in ll. 88 ff., the poet tells of the gifts he had received from Eormenric, from his lord Eadgils, prince of the Myrkingas, and from Ealhild, and also of his own skill as a minstrel. At l. 109, he begins an enumeration of the Gothic heroes he had visited, most of whom are known to us from Jordanes, *Völsunga Saga* (probably also *Hervarar Saga*), *Vilkinsa Saga* and German traditions. In ll. 119 ff. he speaks of the ceaseless warfare round the forest of the Vistula, when the Goths had to defend their country against the Huns. The list closes with a reference to the martial deeds of Wudga and Hama, who are mentioned also in *Waldhere* and *Beowulf* as well as in *Vilkinsa Saga*, the former also in many other continental authorities. The epilogue consists of a short reflection on the life of wandering minstrels and on the advantages gained by princes in treating them generously... this poem appears to have been composed in strophic form...”

Translations of the poem *Widsith* are found at a variety of websites, such as this one at <http://www.georgetown.edu/faculty/ballc/oe/widsith-trans.html> :

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*A Verse Translation by [Douglas B. Killings](#)*

- Thus Widsith spoke, revealing a treasury of words,  
he to the greatest degree of the tribes over the Earth,  
and its peoples have traveled through; often he in the hall  
received,  
valuable treasures. He from the Myrgings  
5 his noble blood sprang. He with Ealhilde,  
the beloved peace-weaver, was on a journey,  
the Victory King's village they sought  
to the East of Angle, Eormanric,  
the angry and traitorous. Thus he spoke these many words:  
10 "Many people have I talked to, rulers mighty in power!  
Obliged these people are in virtuous conduct to live,  
one earl after another their country to rule,  
he who his throne wishes it to prosper!  
There was Hwala for a while the most noble,  
15 and Alexander's entire kingdom  
as well as his kin, and he was the most that thrived  
which I have often on this Earth have heard reports of.  
Attila ruled the Huns, Eormanric the Goths,  
Becca the Banings, the Burgundians by Gifca.  
20 Casere ruled the Creeks and Caelic the Finns,  
Hagena the Holm-Riggs and Heoden the Gloms.  
Witta ruled the Swaefe, Wada the Halsings,  
Meaca the Myrgings, Mearchealf the Hundings.  
Theodric ruled the Franks, Thyle the Rondings,  
25 Breoca the Brondings, Billing the Werns.  
Oswine ruled the Eow and the Eats by Getwulf,  
Finn Folcwalding the Frisian-kin.  
Sigehere the longest of the Sea-Danes ruled,  
Hnaef the Hocings, Helm the Wulfings,  
30 Wald the Woings, Wod the Thuring,  
Saeferth the Sycgs, the Swedes by Ongendtheow,  
Sceafthere the Ymbers, Sceafo the Longbeards,  
Hun the Haetwars and Holen the Wrosns.  
Hringweald was called the war-chief King.  
35 Offa ruled the Angle, Alewih the Danes;  
he was that man who was the bravest of all;  
however he over Offa in valor did not pass,  
for Offa forged first among men,  
when he was but a boy, most of his nation.  
40 No one of his time was in valor mightier  
on the battlefield. Once with his sword

he gained the mark of excellence with Myrgings  
 by Fifeldor; his ground held afterwards  
 by Angles and Swaefe, so Offa could strike.  
 45 Hrothwulf and Hrothgar held the longest  
 peace together, uncle and nephew,  
 after they repulsed the Viking-kin  
 and Ingeldes to the spear-point bowed down,  
 hewn to pieces at Heorot the Heatho-Beard's army.  
 50 Therefore I passed through many foreign lands  
 and through spacious ground. Good and evil  
 there I became acquainted with while my native country was  
 remote,  
 tho my kinsman's spirit followed from afar.  
 Forwith that I may sing and to tell my tale,  
 55 before this illustrious host in the Mead-hall,  
 how my noble patrons chose to reward me.  
 I was with the Huns and with Hreth-Goths,  
 with Swedes and with Geats and with South-Danes.  
 With the Ven I was and with Vendels and with Vikings.  
 60 With the Gepids I was and with Wends and with Gefflegs.  
 With the Angles I was and with Swaefe and with Aenenes.  
 With the Saxons I was and with Sycgs and with swordsmen.  
 With the whalemen I was and with Deans and with Heatho-Reams.  
 With the Thyring I was and with the Throwen,  
 65 and with Burgundy, for there I received a ring:  
 there Guthere gave to me a bright treasure,  
 to reward my songs. No paltry King was he!  
 With the Franks I was and with Frisians and with Frumtings.  
 With the Rugians I was and with Gloms and with Rome-Welsh.  
 70 So too I was in Italy with Aelfwine,  
 he had of all mankind, to my knowledge,  
 the easiest hand for praise to strive after,  
 encouraging generously the giving out of rings,  
 and a brilliant ring I was given, the child of Eadwin!  
 75 With the Saracens I was and with Serings.  
 With the Creeks I was and with Finns and with Ceaser,  
 he who a festive city of powerful might possessed,  
 riches and female slaves and Rome the great.  
 With the Scots I was and with Picts and with Scride-Finns.  
 80 With the Lidwicings I was and with Leons and with Longbeards,  
 with heathens and with heroes and with Hundings.  
 With the Isrealites I was and with Exsyringians,  
 with Hebrews and with Indians and with Egyptians.  
 With the Moides I was and with Persians and with Myrgings  
 85 and with Mofdings against the Myrgings,  
 and with Amothings. With the East-Thyrings I was

and with Eols and with Ists and Idumings.  
 And I was with Eormanrice for some time,  
 there to me the Goth king strove to be good;  
 90 he to me an ornament passed over, that founder of cities,  
 which therein was worth six-hundred in pure refined gold,  
 were the treasure portioned in a count of shillings;  
 this I to Eadgils the possession gave,  
 my protecting lord, when I to my dear home approached  
 95 with the reward, and there he to me some land passed over  
 in my father's native country, this ruler of the Myrginga.  
 And to me then Ealhild another ring was given,  
 that noble queen, daughter of Eadwin.  
 So that her pleasant praise would extend through many lands,  
 100 I in song sang the praises of her,  
 wherein I under the brilliant [sky?] knew this great  
 woman ornamented with gold and dispensing gifts.  
 This with Scilling I declared in a clear voice  
 for the benefit of my noble lord and in great song,  
 105 loud and noisy was the harp that made me sound melodious,  
 and afterwards many men of spirits that were splendid  
 spoke words, that of all they were acquainted with,  
 it was never in song better proclaimed.  
 After that I passed through the entire realm of the Goths,  
 110 seeking I companions that were of the best variety;  
 such was the household of Eormanric.  
 Hethca sought I and Beadeca and the Herelings,  
 Emerca sought I and Fridla and the East Gotans,  
 wise and good, the father of Unwen.  
 115 Secca sought I and Becca, Seafola and Theodric,  
 Heathoric and Sifeca Hlithe and Incgentheow.  
 Eadwin sought I and Elsa, Aegelmund and Hungar,  
 and that stately company of the With-Myrgings.  
 Wulfhere sought I and Wyrnhere; often there foul conflict was  
 not given up,  
 120 for that quick army was harsh with sword  
 around Vistula-wood where wearily they shielded  
 their old country from Attila's people.  
 Raedhere sought I and Rondhere, Rumstan and Gislhere,  
 Withergield and Freotheric, Wudga and Hama;  
 125 not that these comrades were the worst,  
 though I in the last place name in this song.  
 Often from that group hissing in flight  
 yelled the spear at fierce people;  
 pressing their rule to the gilded gold  
 130 of men and women, where Wudga and Hama.  
 So therefore I found at festivals out there on the cart,

that he who is the most beloved to country-dwellers  
 is one who is good to his heroes strong  
 whilst he posses his land, as long as he there lives."  
 135 Thus it is the course of bards to shape and to change into  
       words  
 the splendor of men through-out the many lands,  
 profiting from what they say, and speaking words of glory,  
 traveling South or North they meet  
 recounting wisdom and giving praise,  
 140 before the retainers set up before authority,  
 their fame grows, until all departs,  
 light and life together; he works for this glory,  
 for beneath the heavens this glory is permanent.

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Another Anglo-Saxon poem of the pagan era is *Deor*. Here is some background information concerning *Deor* from the website <http://www.bartleby.com/211/0307.html> :

“The elegy of *Deor* is a much shorter poem than *Widsith* (42 lines in all) and in its general tone presents a striking contrast to it. While *Widsith* tells of the glory of famous heroes and, incidentally, of the minstrel’s own success, *Deor* is taken up with stories of misfortune, which are brought forward in illustration of the poet’s troubles. The strophic form is preserved throughout and, except in the last fifteen lines, which seem to have been somewhat remodelled, each strophe ends with a refrain (a phenomenon for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in Old English poetry): “That (trouble) was got over (or brought to an end); so can this be.”

The website [http://www.kami.demon.co.uk/gesithas/readings/deor\\_oe.html](http://www.kami.demon.co.uk/gesithas/readings/deor_oe.html) shows the poem in its original Old English. Here are the first lines in Old English:

Welund him be wurman      wræces cunnade,  
 anhydig eorl      earfoða dreag,  
 hæfde him to gesippe      sorge ond longap,  
 wintercealde wræce;      wean oft onfond,  
 sibban hine Niðhad on      nede legde,  
 swoncre seonobende      on syllan monn.  
 Pæs ofereode,      þisses swa mæg!

Below is a modern English translation of the poem, found at the website [http://www.kami.demon.co.uk/gesithas/readings/deor\\_me.html](http://www.kami.demon.co.uk/gesithas/readings/deor_me.html) :

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“Welund tasted misery among snakes.  
 The stout-hearted hero endured troubles  
 had sorrow and longing as his companions  
 cruelty cold as winter - he often found woe



Once Nithad laid restraints on him,  
supple sinew-bonds on the better man.  
That went by; so can this.

To Beadohilde, her brothers' death was not  
so painful to her heart as her own problem  
which she had readily perceived  
that she was pregnant; nor could she ever  
foresee without fear how things would turn out.  
That went by, so can this.

We have learnt of the laments of Mathild,  
of Geat's lady, that they became countless  
so that the painful passion took away all sleep.  
That went by, so can this.

For thirty years Theodric possessed  
the Maring's stronghold; that was known to many.  
That went by, so can this.

We have heard of Eormanric's  
wolfish mind; he ruled men in many places  
in the Goths' realm - that was a grim king.  
Many a man sat surrounded by sorrows,  
misery his expectation, he often wished  
that the kingdom would be overcome.  
That went by, so may this.

A heavy-hearted man sits deprived of luck.  
He grows gloomy in his mind and thinks of himself  
that his share of troubles may be endless.  
He can then consider that throughout this world  
the wise Lord often brings about change  
to many a man, he shows him grace  
and certain fame; and to some a share of woes.

I wish to say this about myself:  
That for a time I was the Heodenings' poet,  
dear to my lord - my name was "Deor".  
For many years I had a profitable position,  
a loyal lord until now that Heorrenda,  
the man skilled in song, has received the estate  
which the warriors' guardian had given to me.  
That went by, so can this."

Unlike the Irish and the Britons, the Anglo-Saxons of England adopted Christianity through the missionary efforts of the Church of Rome. Consequently, the chronicles and literature of the Anglo-Saxons in the centuries following their Christianization often reflect a more decidedly Roman Catholic bias. And the Anglo-Saxons were quite estranged from the Britons, due to their religious, ethnic and cultural differences, as well as their competition for domination of the island. Nevertheless, they remarkably substantiate the history recorded in the British chronicles, both apparently relying upon pagan sources which are no longer extant today. In the remainder of this chapter we shall consider three Anglo-Saxon works of this class: Bede's *The History of the Primitive Church of England*, *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and Asser's *Life of King Alfred*.

Bede (often called The Venerable Bede) lived from 673-735 AD. He was born at Tyne, in County Durham, England and was taken as a child of seven to the monastery of Wearmouth. Shortly afterwards he was moved to become one of the first members of the monastic community at Jarrow. Here, he was ordained a deacon when he was 19 and a priest when he was 30; and here he spent the rest of his life. He never travelled outside of this area but yet became one of the most learned men of Europe. The scholarship and culture of Italy had been brought to Britain where it was transported to Jarrow. Here it was combined with the simpler traditions, devotions and evangelism of the Celtic church. In this setting Bede learned the love of scholarship, personal devotion and discipline. He mastered Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and had a good knowledge of the classical scholars and early church fathers. Bede's writings cover a broad spectrum, including natural history, poetry, Biblical translation and exposition of the scriptures. His earliest Biblical commentary was probably that on the book of the Revelation. He is remembered chiefly for *The History of the Primitive Church of England*. This five volume work records events in Britain from the raids by Julius Caesar in 55-54 BC to the arrival of the first missionary from Rome, Augustine, in 597.

*The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was compiled and written after Bede's work. Originally compiled on the orders of King Alfred the Great, approximately 890 AD, and subsequently maintained and added to by generations of anonymous scribes until the middle of the 12th Century. The original language is Anglo-Saxon (Old English), but later entries are essentially Middle English in tone.

Asser's *Life of King Alfred* was the contemporary biography of King Alfred. It was originally composed in Latin, possibly sometime around 888 A.D., by the Monk and Bishop Asser. Although similar to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* in its annalistic approach, Asser personalized his *Life of King Alfred* so that the man, and not just the Christian king who vanquished the paganistic heathen, was presented. Asser's *Life* differs also in its use of Latin, not the vernacular that most sources from Alfred's reign are written in. Asser must have had available to him some remarkable antiquarian Anglo-Saxon records to compose his genealogy of King Alfred.

Here is an extended excerpt from Bede's 'The History of the Primitive Church of England' (see

<http://www.ocf.org/OrthodoxPage/reading/St.Pachomius/bede.html>) :

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## Chapter One

### *Of the situation of Britain and of Ireland, and of their ancient Inhabitants.*

Britain, an island in the Atlantic Ocean, was formerly called Albion, and lies opposite to the principal parts of the continent of Europe, at some distance from Germany, Gaul and Spain. It is 800 miles in length, and only about 200 miles in its main breadth, But if you take into the account every promontory and tract of land projecting into the sea, it will be found to be about 1800 [other MSS "4,875"] in circumference. The nearest country to it towards the South is the province of the Morini, [now called the Department of the Straits of Calais,] and the passage by sea to Gessoriacum [which is the town of Calais] is about seven leagues or 21 miles. On the north side, the Isles called Orcades [Orkneys] are not far distant from it. The island is very fertile in corn, fruit, and trees, and abounds in pasture for cattle. It also produces vines in some places, and is plentifully supplied with land and water fowls, of different kinds; and is remarkable for brooks and rivers well stored with fish; particularly with salmon and eels. The surrounding sea affords seals, dolphins, and whales; besides many sorts of shell-fish; among which are oysters, and in them are often found excellent pearls of all colours, viz. red, pale, violet, and green; but they are mostly of a white colour. There is also a kind of shell-fish, of which the scarlet dye is made; which beautiful colour never fades with the heat of the sun, or from the effects of rain, but the older it grows the more bright and brilliant it becomes.

Many springs are found in different parts of the island, the waters of some of which are of such a nature as to yield a great quantity of salt. There are also several others of mineral waters, over which convenient structures have been raised to accommodate such persons as wish to take the benefit of the hot baths. For water, as St. Basil observes [*Hexaemeron*, 4.6], receives a healing quality when it runs over certain metals, and sometimes becomes very hot. The metals, which are generally found here, are lead, iron, copper, and silver. There is also a sort of stone, which is commonly called Jeat, or Geat, and is black and sparkling. It glitters when near the fire, and being heated, is said to have the property of driving away serpents. If it be warmed with rubbing, it attracts things to it, like amber.

The island was formerly embellished with 28 well-built cities, besides innumerable castles, all of which were also strongly fortified with walls, towers, gates, and bulwarks. As it is situated almost under the North pole, the days are so long in summer, that even at midnight in the northern parts a kind of twilight continues. But, in the winter, the nights for the same reason are very long, the darkness continuing for 17 or 18 hours; whereas in Armenia, Macedon, Italy, and other countries, in the same latitude, the longest day or night extends but to 15 hours, and the shortest to 9.

There are at present five different languages spoken in this island, viz. the British, the English, the Scotch, and those of the Picts and of the Latins, according to the different nations who at various periods have taken possession of it, and who all profess the same Christian faith, and the sublime morality of the gospel. The Latin language in particular, on account of their continual application to the study of the scriptures, is become common everywhere.

At first, this country had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, who sailing from Brittany, [now called the Department of Finisterre,] successfully invaded the southern coasts; and, when they had conquered the greatest part of it, it happened that the nation of the Picts, coming from Scythia, as it is reported, in a few ships, were driven by a storm entirely beyond all the coasts of Britain, and as far as the northern coasts of Ireland; where disembarking and finding the nation of the Scots, they requested to be allowed to settle amongst them, but could not obtain permission. (Ireland is the greatest island next to Britain, and situated to the westward of it.) The Picts, arriving here, as I just now observed, petitioned the inhabitants to grant them permission to establish themselves as a colony amongst them. The Scots answered that the island was not large enough to contain them both; but we can give you good advice added they; for we know there is another island, not far eastward from ours, which we can frequently see in clear weather. If you will go to it, you may easily establish yourselves there, or, if they should oppose you, employ us as auxiliaries. The Picts accordingly, sailing over to Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts of it; for the Britons were now possessed of the southern.

Now, these adventurers having brought no females with them, and applying to the Scots to allow them to marry with those of their nation, they would not consent to the proposal on any other terms than that, when any doubt should arise about the hereditary title to the crown, they should be bound to prefer the female line to the male, in the election of a king, which custom, it is well known, the Picts have always observed to this day.

In process of time, after the Britons and the Picts, Britain received a third nation, viz. the Scots, in that part which was possessed by the Picts. For these Scots coming out of Ireland, under the command of their leader Reuda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, entered and took possession of those places which they now inhabit. From which commander they are to this day called Dalreudins, Dal in their language signifying a part.

Ireland far surpasses Britain, both in breadth, and for its wholesome and serene air; so that snow scarcely ever lies on the ground more than three days together. No man makes hay in the summer for a winter's provision, or builds stables for his cattle. No noxious reptile is seen there, and no snake can live; for snakes have often been brought out of Britain for an experiment, and have been found dead as soon as the ships in which they were came near enough to the shore for them to be affected by the atmosphere. On the contrary, almost every thing which is brought from that island is an antidote against poison. In short, we have seen that when some persons have been stung by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, they immediately dispelled all the force of the spreading poison, and assuaged and took away all the tumours caused by the stings. The island is well supplied with milk and honey, nor is there any want of fish or fowl, and it is remarkable for deer: there are also some vines. This is properly the country of the Scots. Coming out from thence has been said, they added a third nation in Britain, to the Britons and Picts.

There is a large gulf, which formerly divided the nation of the Picts from the Britons; which gulf runs very far from the west into the land where, to this day, stands the very

strong city of the Britons, called Alcuith. The Scots arriving on the north side of the bay, settled there.

## Chapter II

### *The first Invasion of Britain by the Romans, under Caius Julius Cæsar.*

Britain was neither resorted to nor known by the Romans till the time of Caius Julius Cæsar, who, in the year 593 [other MSS more accurately "693"; the accepted date is 699] from the building of Rome, the 60th before the birth of Christ, having been elected Consul with Lucius Bibulus, whilst he conducted the war against the nations of the Germans and the Gauls, separated only by the river Rhine, came into the province of the Morini, from which, as we just now observed, is the shortest passage into this island. Here, having soon equipped a fleet of about 80 ships, large and small, he sailed over into Britain, where he at first met with a warm reception from the Britons, who made the most vigorous stand against him, and greatly harassed him. Afterwards being overtaken by a violent storm, he not only lost the greatest part of his fleet, but a great portion of his infantry, and almost all his cavalry.

Returning into France, he put his legions into winter quarters, and gave orders for building large and small ships of different descriptions, to the number of 600. Then, passing over again into Britain, he landed with an immense army, and attacked the Britons; but, whilst he was engaged in the battle, a sudden tempest arose, by which the ships, riding at anchor, were either dashed one against another, or driven on the sands; and 40 of them lost. The rest were with much difficulty repaired. Cæsar's cavalry was defeated by the enemy at the first charge, and here Labienus the tribune was killed: but Cæsar, renewing the attack after a great loss of his men, at length put the Britons to flight.

Thence he marched as far as the river Thames, which is said to be fordable only in one place. On the farther side of this river, an immense multitude of the enemy had assembled, under the command of Cassabelan their general; and fenced the bank, and almost all the ford under water, with very sharp stakes; the remains of which stakes are to be seen there to this day. They appear to be about the thickness of a man's leg, and being cased with lead, remain immovably fixed in the bottom of the river. The Romans having discovered this stratagem, avoided the danger by passing over the river at a little distance from them: which the Britons having perceived, and not daring to meet the shock of the Roman Legions, fled into the neighbouring woods to conceal themselves; from which they afterwards frequently sallied out, and greatly harassed the Romans. In the mean time, the strongest city of the Trinovantes (London), with Androgorius their general, surrendered to Cæsar, delivering forty hostages to him. This example was immediately followed by many other cities, which formed an alliance with the Romans. With their direction and assistance, Cæsar at length, with much difficulty, took Cassabelan's town, which was situated between two marshes, fortified by the surrounding woods, and furnished with all necessities.

Cæsar, having afterwards returned into France, and put his legions into winter quarters, was suddenly surrounded and attacked on all sides by different nations, who rose in rebellion against the Romans...

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And here is an extended excerpt from *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* (see <http://www.gutenberg.net/dirs/etext96/angsx10.txt>) :

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The island Britain (1) is 800 miles long, and 200 miles broad. And there are in the island five nations; English, Welsh (or British) (2), Scottish, Pictish, and Latin. The first inhabitants were the Britons, who came from Armenia (3), and first peopled Britain southward. Then happened it, that the Picts came south from Scythia, with long ships, not many; and, landing first in the northern part of Ireland, they told the Scots that they must dwell there. But they would not give them leave; for the Scots told them that they could not all dwell there together; "But," said the Scots, "we can nevertheless give you advice. We know another island here to the east. There you may dwell, if you will; and whosoever withstandeth you, we will assist you, that you may gain it." Then went the Picts and entered this land northward. Southward the Britons possessed it, as we before said. And the Picts obtained wives of the Scots, on condition that they chose their kings always on the female side (4); which they have continued to do, so long since. And it happened, in the run of years, that some party of Scots went from Ireland into Britain, and acquired some portion of this land. Their leader was called Reoda (5), from whom they are named Dalreodi (or Dalreathians).

Sixty winters ere that Christ was born, Caius Julius, emperor of the Romans, with eighty ships sought Britain. There he was first beaten in a dreadful fight, and lost a great part of his army. Then he let his army abide with the Scots (6), and went south into Gaul. There he gathered six hundred ships, with which he went back into Britain. When they first rushed together, Caesar's tribune, whose name was Labienus (7), was slain. Then took the Welsh sharp piles, and drove them with great clubs into the water, at a certain ford of the river called Thames. When the Romans found that, they would not go over the ford. Then fled the Britons to the fastnesses of the woods; and Caesar, having after much fighting gained many of the chief towns, went back into Gaul (8).

((B.C. 60. Before the incarnation of Christ sixty years, Gaius Julius the emperor, first of the Romans, sought the land of

Britain; and he crushed the Britons in battle, and overcame them; and nevertheless he was unable to gain any empire there.))

A.D. 1. Octavianus reigned fifty-six winters; and in the forty-second year of his reign Christ was born. Then three astrologers from the east came to worship Christ; and the children in Bethlehem were slain by Herod in persecution of Christ.

A.D. 3. This year died Herod, stabbed by his own hand; and Archelaus his son succeeded him. The child Christ was also this year brought back again from Egypt.

A.D. 6. From the beginning of the world to this year were agone five thousand and two hundred winters.

A.D. 11. This year Herod the son of Antipater undertook the government in Judea.

A.D. 12. This year Philip and Herod divided Judea into four kingdoms.

((A.D. 12. This year Judea was divided into four tetrarchies.))

A.D. 16. This year Tiberius succeeded to the empire.

A.D. 26. This year Pilate began to reign over the Jews.

A.D. 30. This year was Christ baptized; and Peter and Andrew were converted, together with James, and John, and Philip, and all the twelve apostles.

A.D. 33. This year was Christ crucified; (9) about five thousand two hundred and twenty six winters from the beginning of the world. (10)

A.D. 34. This year was St. Paul converted, and St. Stephen stoned.

A.D. 35. This year the blessed Peter the apostle settled an episcopal see in the city of Antioch.

A.D. 37. This year (11) Pilate slew himself with his own hand.

A.D. 39. This year Caius undertook the empire.

A.D. 44. This year the blessed Peter the apostle settled an

episcopal see at Rome; and James, the brother of John, was slain by Herod.

A.D. 45. This year died Herod, who slew James one year ere his own death.

A.D. 46. This year Claudius, the second of the Roman emperors who invaded Britain, took the greater part of the island into his power, and added the Orkneys to the dominion of the Romans. This was in the fourth year of his reign. And in the same year (12) happened the great famine in Syria which Luke mentions in the book called "The Acts of the Apostles". After Claudius Nero succeeded to the empire, who almost lost the island Britain through his incapacity.

((A.D. 46. This year the Emperor Claudius came to Britain, and subdued a large part of the island; and he also added the island of Orkney to the dominion of the Romans.))

A.D. 47. This year Mark, the evangelist in Egypt beginneth to write the gospel.

((A.D. 47. This was in the fourth year of his reign, and in this same year was the great famine in Syria which Luke speaks of in the book called "Actus Apostolorum".))

((A.D. 47. This year Claudius, king of the Romans, went with an army into Britain, and subdued the island, and subjected all the Picts and Welsh to the rule of the Romans.))

A.D. 50. This year Paul was sent bound to Rome.

A.D. 62. This year James, the brother of Christ, suffered.

A.D. 63. This year Mark the evangelist departed this life.

A.D. 69. This year Peter and Paul suffered.

A.D. 70. This year Vespasian undertook the empire.

A.D. 71. This year Titus, son of Vespasian, slew in Jerusalem eleven hundred thousand Jews.

A.D. 81. This year Titus came to the empire, after Vespasian, who said that he considered the day lost in which he did no good.



A.D. 83. This year Domitian, the brother of Titus, assumed the government.

A.D. 84. This year John the evangelist in the island Patmos wrote the book called "The Apocalypse".

A.D. 90. This year Simon, the apostle, a relation of Christ, was crucified: and John the evangelist rested at Ephesus.

A.D. 92. This year died Pope Clement.

A.D. 110. This year Bishop Ignatius suffered.

A.D. 116. This year Hadrian the Caesar began to reign.

A.D. 145. This year Marcus Antoninus and Aurelius his brother succeeded to the empire.

((A.D. 167. This year Eleutherius succeeded to the popedom, and held it fifteen years; and in the same year Lucius, king of the Britons, sent and begged baptism of him. And he soon sent it him, and they continued in the true faith until the time of Diocletian.))

A.D. 189. This year Severus came to the empire; and went with his army into Britain, and subdued in battle a great part of the island. Then wrought he a mound of turf, with a broad wall thereupon, from sea to sea, for the defence of the Britons. He reigned seventeen years; and then ended his days at York. His son Bassianus succeeded him in the empire. His other son, who perished, was called Geta. This year Eleutherius undertook the bishopric of Rome, and held it honourably for fifteen winters. To him Lucius, king of the Britons, sent letters, and prayed that he might be made a Christian. He obtained his request; and they continued afterwards in the right belief until the reign of Diocletian.

A.D. 199. In this year was found the holy rood. (13)

A.D. 283. This year suffered Saint Alban the Martyr.

A.D. 343. This year died St. Nicolaus.

A.D. 379. This year Gratian succeeded to the empire.

A.D. 381. This year Maximus the Caesar came to the empire. He

was born in the land of Britain, whence he passed over into Gaul. He there slew the Emperor Gratian; and drove his brother, whose name was Valentinian, from his country (Italy). The same Valentinian afterwards collected an army, and slew Maximus; whereby he gained the empire. About this time arose the error of Pelagius over the world.

A.D. 418. This year the Romans collected all the hoards of gold (14) that were in Britain; and some they hid in the earth, so that no man afterwards might find them, and some they carried away with them into Gaul.

A.D. 423. This year Theodosius the younger succeeded to the empire.

A.D. 429. This year Bishop Palladius was sent from Pope Celestine to the Scots, that he might establish their faith.

A.D. 430. This year Patricius was sent from Pope Celestine to preach baptism to the Scots.

((A.D. 430. This year Patrick was sent by Pope Celestine to preach baptism to the Scots.))

A.D. 435. This year the Goths sacked the city of Rome; and never since have the Romans reigned in Britain. This was about eleven hundred and ten winters after it was built. They reigned altogether in Britain four hundred and seventy winters since Gaius Julius first sought that land.

A.D. 443. This year sent the Britons over sea to Rome, and begged assistance against the Picts; but they had none, for the Romans were at war with Atila, king of the Huns. Then sent they to the Angles, and requested the same from the nobles of that nation.

A.D. 444. This year died St. Martin.

A.D. 448. This year John the Baptist showed his head to two monks, who came from the eastern country to Jerusalem for the sake of prayer, in the place that whilom was the palace of Herod. (15)

A.D. 449. This year Marcian and Valentinian assumed the empire, and reigned seven winters. In their days Hengest and Horsa, invited by Wurtgern, king of the Britons to his assistance,

landed in Britain in a place that is called Ipwinesfleet; first of all to support the Britons, but they afterwards fought against them. The king directed them to fight against the Picts; and they did so; and obtained the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles, and desired them to send more assistance. They described the worthlessness of the Britons, and the richness of the land. They then sent them greater support. Then came the men from three powers of Germany; the Old Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes. From the Jutes are descended the men of Kent, the Wightwarians (that is, the tribe that now dwelleth in the Isle of Wight), and that kindred in Wessex that men yet call the kindred of the Jutes. From the Old Saxons came the people of Essex and Sussex and Wessex. From Anglia, which has ever since remained waste between the Jutes and the Saxons, came the East Angles, the Middle Angles, the Mercians, and all of those north of the Humber. Their leaders were two brothers, Hengest and Horsa; who were the sons of Wihtgils; Wihtgils was the son of Witta, Witta of Wecta, Wecta of Woden. From this Woden arose all our royal kindred, and that of the Southumbrians also.

(A.D. 449. And in their days Vortigern invited the Angles thither, and they came to Britain in three ceols, at the place called Wippidsfleet.)

A.D. 455. This year Hengest and Horsa fought with Wurtgern the king on the spot that is called Aylesford. His brother Horsa being there slain, Hengest afterwards took to the kingdom with his son Esc.

A.D. 457. This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Britons on the spot that is called Crayford, and there slew four thousand men. The Britons then forsook the land of Kent, and in great consternation fled to London.

A.D. 465. This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Welsh, nigh Wippedfleet; and there slew twelve leaders, all Welsh. On their side a thane was there slain, whose name was Wipped.

A.D. 473. This year Hengest and Esc fought with the Welsh, and took immense Booty. And the Welsh fled from the English like fire.

A.D. 477. This year came Ella to Britain, with his three sons, Cymen, and Wlenking, and Cissa, in three ships; landing at a place that is called Cymenshore. There they slew many of the

Welsh; and some in flight they drove into the wood that is called Andred'sley.

A.D. 482. This year the blessed Abbot Benedict shone in this world, by the splendour of those virtues which the blessed Gregory records in the book of Dialogues.

A.D. 485. This year Ella fought with the Welsh nigh Mecred's-Burnsted.

A.D. 488. This year Esc succeeded to the kingdom; and was king of the men of Kent twenty-four winters.

A.D. 490. This year Ella and Cissa besieged the city of Andred, and slew all that were therein; nor was one Briten left there afterwards.

A.D. 495. This year came two leaders into Britain, Cerdic and Cynric his son, with five ships, at a place that is called Cerdic's-ore. And they fought with the Welsh the same day. Then he died, and his son Cynric succeeded to the government, and held it six and twenty winters. Then he died; and Ceawlin, his son, succeeded, who reigned seventeen years. Then he died; and Ceol succeeded to the government, and reigned five years. When he died, Ceolwulf, his brother, succeeded, and reigned seventeen years. Their kin goeth to Cerdic. Then succeeded Cynebils, Ceolwulf's brother's son, to the kingdom; and reigned one and thirty winters. And he first of West-Saxon kings received baptism. Then succeeded Cenwall, who was the son of Cynegils, and reigned one and thirty winters. Then held Sexburga, his queen, the government one year after him. Then succeeded Escwine to the kingdom, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and held it two years. Then succeeded Centwine, the son of Cynegils, to the kingdom of the West-Saxons, and reigned nine years. Then succeeded Ceadwall to the government, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and held it three years. Then succeeded Ina to the kingdom of the West-Saxons, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned thirty-seven winters. Then succeeded Ethelheard, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen years. Then succeeded Cuthred, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen winters. Then succeeded Sigebriht, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned one year. Then succeeded Cynwulf, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned one and thirty winters. Then succeeded Brihtric, whose kin goeth to Cerdic, and reigned sixteen years. Then succeeded Egbert to the kingdom, and held it seven and thirty winters, and seven months. Then succeeded Ethelwulf, his son, and reigned eighteen years and a

half. Ethelwulf was the son of Egbert, Egbert of Ealmund, Ealmund of Eafa, Eafa of Eoppa, Eoppa of Ingild, Ingild of Cenred (Ina of Cenred, Cuthburga of Cenred, and Cwenburga of Cenred), Cenred of Ceolwald, Ceolwald of Cuthwulf, Cuthwulf of Cuthwine, Cuthwine of Celm, Celm of Cynric, Cynric of Creoda, Creoda of Cerdic. Then succeeded Ethelbald, the son of Ethelwulf, to the kingdom, and held it five years. Then succeeded Ethelbert, his brother, and reigned five years. Then succeeded Ethelred, his brother, to the kingdom, and held it five years. Then succeeded Alfred, their brother, to the government. And then had elapsed of his age three and twenty winters, and three hundred and ninety-six winters from the time when his kindred first gained the land of Wessex from the Welsh. And he held the kingdom a year and a half less than thirty winters. Then succeeded Edward, the son of Alfred, and reigned twenty-four winters. When he died, then succeeded Athelstan, his son, and reigned fourteen years and seven weeks and three days. Then succeeded Edmund, his brother, and reigned six years and a half, wanting two nights. Then succeeded Edred, his brother, and reigned nine years and six weeks. Then succeeded Edwy, the son of Edmund, and reigned three years and thirty-six weeks, wanting two days. When he died, then succeeded Edgar, his brother, and reigned sixteen years and eight weeks and two nights. When he died, then succeeded Edward, the son of Edgar, and reigned --

A.D. 501. This year Porta and his two sons, Beda and Mela, came into Britain, with two ships, at a place called Portsmouth. They soon landed, and slew on the spot a young Briton of very high rank.

A.D. 508. This year Cerdic and Cynric slew a British king, whose name was Natanleod, and five thousand men with him. After this was the land named Netley, from him, as far as Charford.

A.D. 509. This year St. Benedict, the abbot, father of all the monks, (16) ascended to heaven.

A.D. 514. This year came the West-Saxons into Britain, with three ships, at the place that is called Cerdic's-ore. And Stuff and Wihtgar fought with the Britons, and put them to flight.

A.D. 519. This year Cerdic and Cynric undertook the government of the West-Saxons; the same year they fought with the Britons at a place now called Charford. From that day have reigned the children of the West-Saxon kings.

A.D. 527. This year Cerdic and Cynric fought with the Britons in the place that is called Cerdic's-ley.

A.D. 530. This year Cerdic and Cynric took the isle of Wight, and slew many men in Carisbrook.

A.D. 534. This year died Cerdic, the first king of the West-Saxons. Cynric his son succeeded to the government, and reigned afterwards twenty-six winters. And they gave to their two nephews, Stuff and Wihtgar, the whole of the Isle of Wight.

A.D. 538. This year the sun was eclipsed, fourteen days before the calends of March, from before morning until nine.

A.D. 540. This year the sun was eclipsed on the twelfth day before the calends of July; and the stars showed themselves full nigh half an hour over nine.

A.D. 544. This year died Wihtgar; and men buried him at Carisbrook.

A.D. 547. This year Ida began his reign; from whom first arose the royal kindred of the Northumbrians. Ida was the son of Eoppa, Eoppa of Esa, Esa of Ingwy, Ingwy of Angenwit, Angenwit of Alloc, Alloc of Bennoc, Bennoc of Brand, Brand of Balday, Balday of Woden. Woden of Fritholaf, Fritholaf of Frithowulf, Frithowulf of Finn, Finn of Godolph, Godolph of Geata. Ida reigned twelve years. He built Bamburgh-Castle, which was first surrounded with a hedge, and afterwards with a wall.

A.D. 552. This year Cynric fought with the Britons on the spot that is called Sarum, and put them to flight. Cerdic was the father of Cynric, Cerdic was the son of Elesa, Elesa of Esla, Esla of Gewis, Gewis of Wye, Wye of Frewin, Frewin of Frithgar, Frithgar of Brand, Brand of Balday, Balday of Woden. In this year Ethelbert, the son of Ermenric, was born, who on the two and thirtieth year of his reign received the rite of baptism, the first of all the kings in Britain.

A.D. 556. This year Cynric and Ceawlin fought with the Britons at Beranbury.

A.D. 560. This year Ceawlin undertook the government of the West-Saxons; and Ella, on the death of Ida, that of the Northumbrians; each of whom reigned thirty winters. Ella was the son of Iff, Iff of Usfrey, Usfrey of Wilgis, Wilgis of

Westerfalcon, Westerfalcon of Seafowl, Seafowl of Sebbald, Sebbald of Sigat, Sigat of Swaddy, Swaddy of Seagirt, Seagar of Waddy, Waddy of Woden, Woden of Frithowulf. This year Ethelbert came to the kingdom of the Cantuarians, and held it fifty-three winters. In his days the holy Pope Gregory sent us baptism. That was in the two and thirtieth year of his reign. And Columba, the mass-priest, came to the Picts, and converted them to the belief of Christ. They are the dwellers by the northern moors. And their king gave him the island of Hii, consisting of five hides, as they say, where Columba built a monastery. There he was abbot two and thirty winters; and there he died, when he was seventy-seven years old. The place his successors yet have. The Southern Picts were long before baptized by Bishop Ninnia, who was taught at Rome. His church or monastery is at Hwiterne, hallowed in the name of St. Martin, where he resteth with many holy men. Now, therefore, shall there be ever in Hii an abbot, and no bishop; and to him shall be subject all the bishops of the Scots; because Columba was an abbot -- no bishop.

((A.D. 565. This year Columba the presbyter came from the Scots among the Britons, to instruct the Picts, and he built a monastery in the island of Hii.))

A.D. 568. This year Ceawlin, and Cutha the brother of Ceawlin, fought with Ethelbert, and pursued him into Kent. And they slew two aldermen at Wimbledon, Oslake and Cnebba.

A.D. 571. This year Cuthulf fought with the Britons at Bedford, and took four towns, Lenbury, Aylesbury, Benson, and Ensham. And this same year he died.

A.D. 577. This year Cuthwin and Ceawlin fought with the Britons, and slew three kings, Commail, and Condida, and Farinmail, on the spot that is called Derham, and took from them three cities, Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath.

A.D. 583. This year Mauricius succeeded to the empire of the Romans.

A.D. 584. This year Ceawlin and Cutha fought with the Britons on the spot that is called Fretherne. There Cutha was slain. And Ceawlin took many towns, as well as immense booty and wealth. He then retreated to his own people.

A.D. 588. This year died King Ella; and Ethelric reigned after him five years.

A.D. 591. This year there was a great slaughter of Britons at Wanborough; Ceawlin was driven from his kingdom, and Ceolric reigned six years.

A.D. 592. This year Gregory succeeded to the papacy at Rome.

A.D. 593. This year died Ceawlin, and Cwichelm, and Cryda; and Ethelfrith succeeded to the kingdom of the Northumbrians. He was the son of Ethelric; Ethelric of Ida.

A.D. 596. This year Pope Gregory sent Augustine to Britain with very many monks, to preach the word of God to the English people.

A.D. 597. This year began Ceolwulf to reign over the West-Saxons; and he constantly fought and conquered, either with the Angles, or the Welsh, or the Picts, or the Scots. He was the son of Cutha, Cutha of Cynric, Cynric of Cerdic, Cerdic of Elesa, Elesa of Gewis, Gewis of Wye, Wye of Frewin, Frewin of Frithgar, Frithgar of Brand, Brand of Balday, and Balday of Woden. This year came Augustine and his companions to England. (17)

A.D. 601. This year Pope Gregory sent the pall to Archbishop Augustine in Britain, with very many learned doctors to assist him; and Bishop Paulinus converted Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, to baptism.

A.D. 603. This year Aeden, king of the Scots, fought with the Dalreathians, and with Ethelfrith, king of the Northumbrians, at Theakstone; where he lost almost all his army. Theobald also, brother of Ethelfrith, with his whole armament, was slain. None of the Scottish kings durst afterwards bring an army against this nation. Hering, the son of Hussa, led the army thither.

((A.D. 603. This year Aethan, King of the Scots, fought against the Dalreods and against Ethelfrith, king of the Northumbrians, at Daegsanstane [Dawston?], and they slew almost all his army. There Theobald, Ethelfrith's brother, was slain with all his band. Since then no king of the Scots has dared to lead an army against this nation. Hering, the son of Hussa, led the enemy thither.))

A.D. 604. This year Augustine consecrated two bishops, Mellitus and Justus. Mellitus he sent to preach baptism to the East-Saxons. Their king was called Seabert, the son of Ricola, Ethelbert's sister, whom Ethelbert placed there as king.



Ethelbert also gave Mellitus the bishopric of London; and to Justus he gave the bishopric of Rochester, which is twenty-four miles from Canterbury.

((A.D. 604. This year Augustine consecrated two bishops, Mellitus and Justus. He sent Mellitus to preach baptism to the East-Saxons, whose king was called Sebert, son of Ricole, the sister of Ethelbert, and whom Ethelbert had there appointed king. And Ethelbert gave Mellitus a bishop's see in London, and to Justus he gave Rochester, which is twenty-four miles from Canterbury.))

A.D. 606. This year died Gregory; about ten years since he sent us baptism. His father was called Gordianus, and his mother Silvia.

A.D. 607. This year Ceolwulf fought with the South-Saxons. And Ethelfrith led his army to Chester; where he slew an innumerable host of the Welsh; and so was fulfilled the prophecy of Augustine, wherein he saith "If the Welsh will not have peace with us, they shall perish at the hands of the Saxons." There were also slain two hundred priests, (18) who came thither to pray for the army of the Welsh. Their leader was called Brocmail, who with some fifty men escaped thence.

A.D. 611. This year Cynegils succeeded to the government in Wessex, and held it one and thirty winters. Cynegils was the son of Ceol, Ceol of Cutha, Cutha of Cynric.

A.D. 614. This year Cynegils and Cwichelm fought at Bampton, and slew two thousand and forty-six of the Welsh.

A.D. 616. This year died Ethelbert, king of Kent, the first of English kings that received baptism: he was the son of Ermenric. He reigned fifty-six winters, and was succeeded by his son Eadbald. And in this same year had elapsed from the beginning of the world five thousand six hundred and eighteen winters. This Eadbald renounced his baptism, and lived in a heathen manner; so that he took to wife the relict of his father. Then Laurentius, who was archbishop in Kent, meant to depart southward over sea, and abandon everything. But there came to him in the night the apostle Peter, and severely chastised him, (19) because he would so desert the flock of God. And he charged him to go to the king, and teach him the right belief. And he did so; and the king returned to the right belief. In this king's days the same Laurentius, who was archbishop in Kent after Augustine, departed

this life on the second of February, and was buried near Augustine. The holy Augustine in his lifetime invested him bishop, to the end that the church of Christ, which yet was new in England, should at no time after his decease be without an archbishop. After him Mellitus, who was first Bishop of London, succeeded to the archbishopric. The people of London, where Mellitus was before, were then heathens: and within five winters of this time, during the reign of Eadbald, Mellitus died. To him succeeded Justus, who was Bishop of Rochester, whereto he consecrated Romanus bishop.

((A.D. 616. In that time Laurentius was archbishop, and for the sorrowfulness which he had on account of the king's unbelief he was minded to forsake this country entirely, and go over sea; but St. Peter the apostle scourged him sorely one night, because he wished thus to forsake the flock of God, and commanded him to teach boldly the true faith to the king; and he did so, and the king turned to the right (faith). In the days of this same king, Eadbald, this Laurentius died. The holy Augustine, while yet in sound health, ordained him bishop, in order that the community of Christ, which was yet new in England, should not after his decease be at any time without an archbishop. After him Mellitus, who had been previously Bishop of London, succeeded to the archbishopric. And within five years of the decease of Laurentius, while Eadbald still reigned, Mellitus departed to Christ.))

A.D. 617. This year was Ethelfrith, king of the Northumbrians, slain by Redwald, king of the East-Angles; and Edwin, the son of Ella, having succeeded to the kingdom, subdued all Britain, except the men of Kent alone, and drove out the Ethelings, the sons of Ethelfrith, namely, Enfrid. Oswald, Oswy, Oslac, Oswood. Oslaf, and Offa.

A.D. 624. This year died Archbishop Mellitus.

A.D. 625. This year Paulinus was invested bishop of the Northumbrians, by Archbishop Justus, on the twelfth day before the calends of August.

(A.D. 625. This year Archbishop Justus consecrated Paulinus bishop of the North-humbrians.)

A.D. 626. This year came Eamer from Cwichelm, king of the West-Saxons, with a design to assassinate King Edwin; but he killed Lilla his thane, and Forthere, and wounded the king. The same

night a daughter was born to Edwin, whose name was Eanfleda. Then promised the king to Paulinus, that he would devote his daughter to God, if he would procure at the hand of God, that he might destroy his enemy, who had sent the assassin to him. He then advanced against the West-Saxons with an army, felled on the spot five kings, and slew many of their men. This year Eanfleda, the daughter of King Edwin, was baptized, on the holy eve of Pentecost. And the king within twelve months was baptized, at Easter, with all his people. Easter was then on the twelfth of April. This was done at York, where he had ordered a church to be built of timber, which was hallowed in the name of St. Peter. There the king gave the bishopric to Paulinus; and there he afterwards ordered a larger church to be built of stone. This year Penda began to reign; and reigned thirty winters. He had seen fifty winters when he began to reign. Penda was the son of Wybba, Wybba of Creoda, Creoda of Cynewald, Cynewald of Cnebba, Cnebba of Icel, Icel of Eomer, Eomer of Angelthew, Angelthew of Offa, Offa of Wearmund, Wearmund of Whitley, Whitley of Woden.

A.D. 627. This year was King Edwin baptized at Easter, with all his people, by Paulinus, who also preached baptism in Lindsey, where the first person who believed was a certain rich man, of the name of Bleek, with all his people. At this time Honorius succeeded Boniface in the papacy, and sent hither to Paulinus the pall; and Archbishop Justus having departed this life on the tenth of November, Honorius was consecrated at Lincoln Archbishop of Canterbury by Paulinus; and Pope Honorius sent him the pall. And he sent an injunction to the Scots, that they should return to the right celebration of Easter...”

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Below is an excerpt from *The Life of King Alfred* by Asser, Bishop of Sherborne (see <http://sunsite.berkeley.edu/OMACL/KingAlfred/part1.html>), originally composed in Latin:

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## **THE LIFE OF KING ALFRED**

### **From A.D. 849 to A.D. 887.**

#### **Part I**

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 849, was born Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, at the royal village of Wanating, (1) in Berkshire, which country has its name from the wood of Berroc, where the box-tree grows most abundantly. His genealogy is traced in the following order. King Alfred was the son of king Ethelwulf, who was the son of Egbert, who was the son of Elmund, was the son of Eafa, who was the son of Eoppa, who

the son of Ingild. Ingild, and Ina, the famous king of the West-Saxons, were two brothers. Ina went to Rome, and there ending this life honourably, entered the heavenly kingdom, to reign there for ever with Christ. Ingild and Ina were the sons of Coenred, who was the son of Ceolwald, who was the son of Cudam, who was the son of Cuthwin, who was the son of Ceawlin, who was the son of Cynric, who was the son of Creoda, who was the son of Cerdic, who was the son of Elesa, who was the son of Gewis, from whom the Britons name all that nation Gegwis, (2) who was the son of Brond, who was the son of Beldeg, who was the son of Woden, who was the son of Frithowald, who was the son of Frealaf, who was the son of Frithuwulf, who was the son of Finn of Godwulf, who was the son of Gear, which Geat the pagans long worshipped as a god. Sedulius makes mention of him in his metrical Paschal poem, as follows: --

When gentle poets with their fictions vain,  
In tragic language and bombastic strain,  
To their god Geat, comic deity,  
Loud praises sing, &c.

Geat was the son of Taetwa, who was the son of Beaw, who was the son of Sceldi, who was the son of Heremod, who was the son of Itermon, who was the son of Hathra, who was the son of Guala, who was the son of Bedwig, who was the son of Shem [this website has incorrectly rendered it 'Shem', when the original appears as 'Seth', which should not be confused with 'Shem' - JPM] , who was the son of Noah, who was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methusalem, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Malaleci, who was the son of Cainian, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam.

The mother of Alfred was named Osburga, a religious woman, noble both by birth and by nature; she was daughter of Oslac, the famous butler of king Ethtelwulf, which Oslac was a Goth by nation, descended from the Goths and Jutes, of the seed, namely, of Stuf and Whitgar, two brothers and counts; who, having received possession of the Isle of Wight from their uncle, King Cerdic, and his son Cynric their cousin, slew the few British inhabitants whom they could find in that island, at a place called Gwihtgaraburgh; (3) for the other inhabitants of the island had either been slain, or escaped into exile...

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It is noted above that "Seth" is incorrectly translated from the Latin original into English as "Shem". This is erroneous, and represents an example of interpretive dynamic translation, instead of strict literal translation. The Latin original of Asser's *Life of King Alfred* can be found at <http://www.thelatinlibrary.com/asserius.html> . In the original Latin, here is how the paragraph reads:

"Qui Geata fuit Taetua; qui fuit Beau; qui fuit Sceldwea; qui fuit Heremod; qui fuit Itermod; qui fuit Hathra; qui fuit Huala; qui fuit Beduig; qui fuit Seth; qui fuit Noe; qui fuit Lamech; qui fuit Mathusalem; qui fuit Enoch; qui fuit Malaleel; qui fuit Cainan; qui fuit Enos; qui fuit Seth; qui fuit Adam."

Dr. William Cooper has accurately noted how Alfred's ancestor "Seth", son of Noah, is generally rendered "Sceaf" or "Sceth" in the other Germanic writings, and is not to be etymologically confused with the name "Shem". It seems "Sceaf" or "Sceth" was the Germanic rendering of "Japheth".

So we must be careful in our reading of such ancient literature not to jump to unwarranted conclusions. Carefulness of study of these resources surely can afford us invaluable insights into the pagan Anglo-Saxon people, even their relation to persons mentioned in scripture.

## CHAPTER 4 : OF THE ROMANS

Before surveying some ancient Roman and Greek chronicles and other literature, let's review what we have learned thus far, and what scripture teaches us. According to Genesis 10, the sons of Japheth were Gomer, Magog (the father of the Scythian peoples), Madai, Javan, Tubal, Meshech and Tiras. We have seen how the Irish chronicles trace the genealogy of the Irish (aka the Scots) back to Magog. We have also seen how the British chronicles trace the genealogy of Brutus back to Javan. According to Genesis 10, the sons of Javan were Elishah, Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim. In his book *Forgotten History of the Western People from the Earliest Origins*, Mike Gascoigne provides us with these helpful insights on the sons of Javan, based upon the ancient historical records (see <http://www.write-on.co.uk/history/alanus.htm>) :

“The sons of Javan were:

- Elishah, who populated Greece. The province of Eleia is named after him, and also from his name we get the word *Hellenic*.
- Tarshish, the father of the peoples of Tartesis, who are thought to have settled in Spain.
- Kittim, whose descendants settled in Cyprus.
- Dodanim, whose descendants settled near Troy in Asia Minor, and were known as the Dardanians. The islands off the western coast of Turkey are still known as the Dardanelles. The Dardanians were allies of the Trojans and became assimilated with them. They were scattered when Troy was burnt by the Greeks (the famous story of the wooden horse). The Britons, named after Brutus, are believed to have descended from them.”

We have read how the early history of the Britons is inter-woven with that of the Greeks and the Romans, according to the British chronicles. Evidence suggests all three peoples are descended from Javan. So we should look to see if the Greek and Roman chronicles confirm or refute the accounts in the British chronicles.

Both ancient Greek and Roman chronicles trace the beginnings of Rome to the man Aeneas, who we met in the British chronicles. The two Greek writers Hellanicus of Lesbos and Damastes of Sigeum say that Aeneas founded Rome. The Roman Porcius Cato, also known as Cato the Elder or Cato the Censor (234-149 BC), wrote *The Origines*, where he says that Aeneas married Lavionia, daughter of King Latinus of Latium, and founded Alba Longa. Latin and Greek chronicles describe this Aeneas as being of the house of Dardania (i.e., a descendant of Dodanim). The house of Dardania was in league with the house of Troy, in its ill-fated Trojan War with the Greeks. In the major Greek poem and history of the Trojan War, titled *The Iliad*, which was written by Homer, Aeneas' role was minor. Despite this minor role, Homer says that Aeneas was second only to Hector as a warrior on the Trojan side. Hector the son of King Priam of Troy and of Hecuba, was commander-in-chief of the Trojans and their allies, while Aeneas served as second-in-command. In the Epic Cycle poem, *The Sack of Ilium*, Aeneas and his Dardanian followers were alarmed when two large sea serpents killed

Laocoon and his son, before the Trojan Horse. Aeneas took this as a bad sign, so he gathered his followers returned to Mount Ida, leaving Troy to its fate. The image of Aeneas escaping Troy with his father and son appears in a 6th century BC Greek vase painting. And as we have seen in a previous chapter, the British chronicles said that the first king of Britain was Brutus, great-grandson of Aeneas. Brutus is said to have left Italy to find a new home on the British Isles. But the history of Aeneas we shall focus upon now was written by Rome's most famed historian and poet, Virgil.

Virgil (whose full name was Publius Vergilius Maro ) was born on October 15, 70 B.C., in a small village near Mantua in Northern Italy. His father was a prosperous landowner, described variously as a "potter" and a "courier", who could afford thorough education for the future poet. Virgil attended school at Cremona and Milan, and then went to Rome, where he studied mathematics, medicine and rhetoric, and completed his studies in Naples. He entered literary circles as an "Alexandrian," the name given to a group of poets who sought inspiration in the sophisticated work of third-century Greek poets also known as Alexandrians. After the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C. Virgil's property was confiscated for veterans. According to some sources it was afterwards restored at the command of Octavian (later styled Augustus). In the following years Virgil spent most of his time in Campania and Sicily, but he had also a house at Rome. Between 42 and 37 B.C. Virgil composed pastoral poems known as *Eclogues* ('rustic poems' and 'selections'), spent years on the *Georgics* (literally, 'pertaining to agriculture'), a didactic work on farming, a townsman's view of the country. Augustus Caesar pressed Virgil to write of the glory of Rome under his sway. Thus the remaining time of his life, from 30 to 19 B.C., Virgil devoted to the composition of *The Aeneid*, the national poetic history of Rome, to glorify the Empire. Although ambitious, Virgil was never really happy about the task; it was like performing a religious and political duty. Virgil accompanied the Emperor to Megara and then to Italy. The journey turned out to be fatal and the poet died in 19 B.C. of a fever he contracted on his visit to Greece. It is said that the poet had instructed his executor Varius to destroy *The Aeneid*, but Augustus ordered Varius to ignore this request, and the poem was published.

The general theme of *The Aeneid* was that all civilization should be united into one single state under the rule of Roman law. It became a textbook for use in all of the schools in Rome, providing a history of Rome which accorded with the government's political aims.

Before we read excerpts from *The Aeneid*, let's briefly rehearse an outline of Roman history according to *The Aeneid* and other Roman chronicles. Aeneas, according to the Roman chronicles, left the burning city of Troy with his son Ascanius. After many adventures, Aeneas and his son arrived at the city of Laurentum on the west coast of Italy. Aeneas married Lavinia, the daughter of the king of the area, Latinus, and founded the town of Lavinium in honor of his wife. Ascanius, son of Aeneas, decided to build a new city, which he named Alba Longa, under the Alban mountain. Alba Longa, which is a city of ancient Latium, in the Alban Hills near Lake Albano, is approximately 12 miles southeast of Rome. It was a city before 1100 B.C. and apparently the most powerful in Latium. Tradition says that Romulus and Remus were born in Alba Longa, thus making it the mother city of Rome. 753 BC is the traditional date for the founding

of Rome by Romulus and Remus. 510 BC marks the traditional date of the overthrow of the Tarquin (Etruscan) kings of Rome and establishment of the Roman Republic. In the 4th century B.C. Roman attained domination of Italy through military victories, alliances and the foundation of colonies. The Roman conquest of Italy was completed by the conquest of the Greek cities of southern Italy and the defeat of their Greek allies (Pyrrhus of Epirus) in the 270s.

While we should not imagine that every dot and tittle of Virgil's *The Aeneid* is true, neither should we read it as mere mythology. Its basic outline of history is correct, albeit embellished, and containing some historical inaccuracies. Its main flaw lies in its rank paganism and superstition, which is often marked by deification of mere human personalities.

Virgil's *The Aeneid* is an epic poem written in dactylic hexameter. Dactylic hexameter is a form of meter in poetry or a rhythmic scheme. It is traditionally associated with classical epic poetry, both Greek and Latin, such as Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Virgil's *Aeneid*. A dactyl is a collection of three syllables, the first long, the other two short; thus, the ideal line of dactylic hexameter consists of six (*hexa*) metrons or feet, each of which is dactylic. Typically, however, the last foot of the line is not a real dactyl, but rather a two-syllable spondee or trochee, i.e. the penultimate syllable is always long, the final syllable either long or short (such a syllable with optional stress is known as an anceps syllable). In reality, it is difficult to arrange words in this meter, so poets may replace dactyls by spondees, which are feet with two long syllables. Traditionally, the fifth foot in a line is very often a real dactyl. About one line in 20 of Homer has a spondee in the fifth foot, and such a line is called "spondaic." Accordingly, a line of dactylic hexameter can be diagrammed as follows. Note that - is a long syllable, *u* a short syllable, and *U* either one long or two shorts:

- U | - U | - U | - U | - u u | - -

For example:

Down in a | deep dark | hole sat an | old pig |  
munching a | bean stalk

The "foot" is often compared to a musical measure and the long and short syllables to half notes and quarter notes, respectively. Excessive use of spondees can make the sound oppressive. Cicero's line

*O for/tuna/tam na/tam me/ consule / Romam*  
("how fortunate to be born during my Roman  
consulship")

has five spondees – only *consule* is a dactyl.



Now let's read some excerpts from *The Aeneid* itself.

*Excerpts from Virgil's 'The Aeneid'* (<http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~joelja/aeneid.html>):

## BOOK I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,  
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,  
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.  
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,  
And in the doubtful war, before he won  
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;  
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,  
And settled sure succession in his line,  
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,  
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;  
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;  
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began  
To persecute so brave, so just a man;  
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,  
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!  
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,  
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,  
An ancient town was seated on the sea;  
A Tyrian colony; the people made  
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:  
Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more  
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.  
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,  
The seat of awful empire she design'd.  
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,  
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)  
That times to come should see the Trojan race  
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;  
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway  
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.  
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;  
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late  
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.  
Besides, long causes working in her mind,  
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;

Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd  
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;  
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,  
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.  
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd  
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.  
For this, far distant from the Latian coast  
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;  
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train  
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.  
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,  
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,  
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,  
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,  
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;  
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,  
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:

"Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she,  
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?  
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;  
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.  
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,  
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?  
She, for the fault of one offending foe,  
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:  
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,  
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;  
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,  
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,  
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound  
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.  
But I, who walk in awful state above,  
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,  
For length of years my fruitless force employ  
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!  
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,  
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught.  
The restless regions of the storms she sought,  
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,  
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy throne,  
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,  
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.  
This way and that th' impatient captives tend,  
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.  
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,

And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands;  
 Which did he not, their unresisted sway  
 Would sweep the world before them in their way;  
 Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space would roll,  
 And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.  
 In fear of this, the Father of the Gods  
 Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,  
 And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with mountain  
 loads;  
 Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,  
 To loose their fetters, or their force allay.  
 To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd,  
 And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:  
 "O Aeolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n  
 The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n;  
 Thy force alone their fury can restrain,  
 And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main-  
 A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,  
 With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;  
 To fruitful Italy their course they steer,  
 And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.  
 Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;  
 Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.  
 Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,  
 Around my person wait, and bear my train:  
 Succeed my wish, and second my design;  
 The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,  
 And make thee father of a happy line."  
 To this the god: "'T is yours, O queen, to will  
 The work which duty binds me to fulfil.  
 These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,  
 Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:  
 Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,  
 I sit with gods at their celestial feast;  
 Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;  
 Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."  
 He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side  
 His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.  
 The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,  
 And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;  
 Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,  
 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.  
 South, East, and West with mix'd confusion roar,  
 And roll the foaming billows to the shore.  
 The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries  
 Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;  
 And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;  
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;  
The face of things a frightful image bears,  
And present death in various forms appears.  
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,  
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;  
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,  
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!  
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!  
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,  
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,  
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields  
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields  
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear  
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,  
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,  
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,  
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:  
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow;  
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;  
While those astern, descending down the steep,  
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.  
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,  
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.  
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:  
They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,  
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.  
Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,  
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,  
And in mid ocean left them moor'd aland.  
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,  
(A horrid sight!) ev'n in the hero's view,  
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:  
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,  
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the ship was toss'd,  
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;  
And here and there above the waves were seen  
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.  
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,  
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.  
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,  
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,  
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,  
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound  
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.

Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,  
 He rear'd his awful head above the main,  
 Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes  
 Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.  
 He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,  
 By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.  
 Full well the god his sister's envy knew,  
 And what her aims and what her arts pursue.  
 He summon'd Eurys and the western blast,  
 And first an angry glance on both he cast;  
 Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence  
 This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?  
 Is it for you to ravage seas and land,  
 Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?  
 To raise such mountains on the troubled main?  
 Whom I- but first 't is fit the billows to restrain;  
 And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.  
 Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear-  
 The realms of ocean and the fields of air  
 Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me  
 The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.  
 His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:  
 There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,  
 With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,  
 And boast and bluster in his empty hall."  
 He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,  
 Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.  
 Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train  
 Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,  
 Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:  
 The god himself with ready trident stands,  
 And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;  
 Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides  
 His finny coursers and in triumph rides,  
 The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.  
 As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,  
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;  
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:  
 If then some grave and pious man appear,  
 They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;  
 He soothes with sober words their angry mood,  
 And quenches their innate desire of blood:  
 So, when the Father of the Flood appears,  
 And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,  
 Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,  
 High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,

Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.  
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars  
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay:  
An island shades it from the rolling sea,  
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;  
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,  
In double streams the briny waters glide.  
Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene  
Appears above, and groves for ever green:  
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,  
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.  
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls  
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls:  
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,  
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.  
Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,  
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.  
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,  
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes  
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:  
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves  
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:  
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,  
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.  
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around  
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:  
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,  
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.  
Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,  
And takes a prospect of the seas below,  
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,  
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.  
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,  
Three beamy stags command a lordly train  
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng  
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.  
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,  
He took the quiver and the trusty bow  
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first  
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;  
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain  
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.  
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,  
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.  
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,

When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)  
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,  
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.  
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief  
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:  
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose  
To future good our past and present woes.  
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;  
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.  
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?  
Resume your courage and dismiss your care,  
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate  
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.  
Thro' various hazards and events, we move  
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.  
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)  
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,  
Endure the hardships of your present state;  
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;  
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.  
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,  
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.  
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;  
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;  
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.  
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,  
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls  
with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends  
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:  
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,  
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.  
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate  
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state  
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.  
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys  
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,  
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes—  
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,  
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,  
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:

"O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand  
Disperses thunder on the seas and land,  
Disposing all with absolute command;  
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?

Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?  
 Our hope of Italy not only lost,  
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,  
 But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.  
 You promis'd once, a progeny divine  
 Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,  
 In after times should hold the world in awe,  
 And to the land and ocean give the law.  
 How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care  
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?  
 Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,  
 When Fortune still pursues her former blow,  
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?  
 What end of labors has your will decreed?  
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,  
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,  
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves  
 And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.  
 At length he founded Padua's happy seat,  
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;  
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,  
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.  
 But we, descended from your sacred line,  
 Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,  
 Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,  
 Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.  
 Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?  
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

To whom the Father of th' immortal race,  
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,  
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,  
 First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:

"Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire  
 The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.  
 Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;  
 And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Aeneas calls,  
 Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:  
 No councils have revers'd my firm decree.  
 And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,  
 Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate:  
 Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)  
 In Italy shall wage successful war,  
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,  
 And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,  
 Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun  
 Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run:  
 This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,



Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.  
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,  
 Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,  
 And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.  
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd  
 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen  
 Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,  
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,  
 Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.  
 The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:  
 Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,  
 Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,  
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.  
 To them no bounds of empire I assign,  
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.  
 Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,  
 Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;  
 At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,  
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.  
 The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,  
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.  
 An age is ripening in revolving fate  
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,  
 And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,  
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.  
 Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,  
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies  
 Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,  
 Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,  
 Securely shall repay with rites divine;  
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.  
 Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,  
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace:  
 Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,  
 And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;  
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain  
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.  
 Janus himself before his fane shall wait,  
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,  
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains  
 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;  
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,  
 He sits, and threatens the world with vain alarms."  
 He said, and sent Cyllenius with command  
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land  
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,  
 The queen might force them from her town and state.

Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,  
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.  
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,  
Performs his message, and displays his rod:  
The surly murmurs of the people cease;  
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace:  
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,  
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:  
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.  
But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,  
He rose, the coast and country to survey,  
Anxious and eager to discover more.  
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;  
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone  
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.  
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:  
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;  
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.  
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,  
And true Achates on his steps attends.  
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,  
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:  
A huntress in her habit and her mien;  
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.  
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;  
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;  
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.  
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:  
With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.  
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,  
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,  
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?  
A painted quiver at her back she bore;  
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;  
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."

Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:  
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,  
O virgin! or what other name you bear  
Above that style- O more than mortal fair!  
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!  
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,  
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,  
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;  
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,  
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?

Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,  
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall."  
 "I dare not," she replied, "assume the name  
 Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:  
 For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,  
 And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.  
 Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are-  
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.  
 The rising city, which from far you see,  
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.  
 Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,  
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.  
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;  
 Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known  
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,  
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart  
 At once was wounded with an equal dart.  
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;  
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:  
 One who condemn'd divine and human laws.  
 Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.  
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,  
 With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;  
 Before the sacred altar made him bleed,  
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.  
 Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coin'd,  
 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.  
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears  
 Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,  
 And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.  
 The cruel altars and his fate he tells,  
 And the dire secret of his house reveals,  
 Then warns the widow, with her household gods,  
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.  
 Last, to support her in so long a way,  
 He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.  
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,  
 The queen provides companions of her flight:  
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,  
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.  
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;  
 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.  
 The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea  
 With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.  
 I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,  
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;  
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes

May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;  
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd,  
From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.  
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?  
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,  
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:  
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,  
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!  
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,  
The day would sooner than the tale be done!  
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came-  
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.  
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,  
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.  
The good Aeneas am I call'd- a name,  
While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.  
My household gods, companions of my woes,  
With pious care I rescued from our foes.  
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;  
And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.  
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;  
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.  
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,  
From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet.  
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,  
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,  
In Libyan desarts wander thus alone."

His tender parent could no longer bear;  
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.  
"Whoe'er you are- not unbelov'd by Heav'n,  
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n-  
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,  
And to the queen expose your just request.  
Now take this earnest of success, for more:  
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;  
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;  
Or I renounce my skill in augury.  
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,  
And stoop with closing pinions from above;  
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,  
And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:  
Now, all united in a goodly team,  
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.  
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,  
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;  
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,

Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.  
No more advice is needful; but pursue  
The path before you, and the town in view."

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear  
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,  
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:  
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;  
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.  
The prince pursued the parting deity  
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?  
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son  
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;  
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;  
And still to speak in accents not your own."  
Against the goddess these complaints he made,  
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.  
They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,  
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,  
Or force to tell the causes of their way.  
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime  
To visit Paphos and her native clime;  
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,  
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:  
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;  
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,  
Now at a nearer distance view the town.  
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,  
Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bow'rs,  
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,  
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.  
The toiling Tyrians on each other call  
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;  
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng  
Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along.  
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,  
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.  
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice  
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.  
Here some design a mole, while others there  
Lay deep foundations for a theater;  
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,  
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.  
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,  
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,

When winter past, and summer scarce begun,  
 Invites them forth to labor in the sun;  
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense  
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;  
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive  
 The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;  
 All with united force, combine to drive  
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive:  
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;  
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.  
 "Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"  
 Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,  
 Their lofty tow'rs; then, entiring at the gate,  
 Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)  
 He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,  
 Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.  
 Full in the center of the town there stood,  
 Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.  
 The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,  
 And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:  
 From under earth a courser's head they drew,  
 Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.  
 This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,  
 Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.  
 Sidonian Dido here with solemn state  
 Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,  
 Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;  
 But more the goddess made the place divine.  
 On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,  
 And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:  
 The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;  
 The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.  
 What first Aeneas this place beheld,  
 Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.  
 For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd  
 His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,  
 Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,  
 The striving artists, and their arts' renown;  
 He saw, in order painted on the wall,  
 Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:  
 The wars that fame around the world had blown,  
 All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.  
 There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,  
 And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.  
 He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here  
 The monuments of Trojan woes appear!  
 Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:

See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!  
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,  
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."  
He said (his tears a ready passage find),  
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,  
And with an empty picture fed his mind:  
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,  
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,  
Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,  
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.  
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,  
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;  
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword  
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,  
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food  
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.  
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied  
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;  
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,  
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,  
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:  
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,  
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.  
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,  
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,  
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.  
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,  
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;  
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.  
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew  
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.  
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,  
The lifeless body of his son is sold.  
So sad an object, and so well express'd,  
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,  
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,  
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.  
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,  
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;  
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,  
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.  
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,  
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:  
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;  
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.  
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,  
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,

And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.

Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,  
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,  
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train  
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.  
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,  
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,  
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads  
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:  
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,  
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;  
Latona sees her shine above the rest,  
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.  
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,  
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.  
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,  
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;  
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:  
In crowds around, the swarming people join.  
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,  
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;  
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,  
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.  
Another way by chance Aeneas bends  
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,  
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,  
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,  
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,  
And widely scatter'd on another coast.  
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,  
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;  
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,  
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,  
Impatient till they told their present state,  
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,  
And why they came, and what was their request;  
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,  
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,  
And gain admission to the gracious queen.  
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;  
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:

"O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods  
To found an empire in these new abodes,  
To build a town, with statutes to restrain  
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,  
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,  
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.



Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!  
 Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,  
 And spare the remnant of a pious race!  
 We come not with design of wasteful prey,  
 To drive the country, force the swains away:  
 Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;  
 The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.  
 A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;  
 The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold-  
 Th' Oenotrians held it once- by common fame  
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.  
 To that sweet region was our voyage bent,  
 When winds and ev'ry warring element  
 Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,  
 Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:  
 The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,  
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.  
 Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,  
 Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.  
 What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,  
 What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,  
 Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,  
 And drive us to the cruel seas again?  
 If our hard fortune no compassion draws,  
 Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,  
 The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.  
 Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,  
 Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;  
 Observant of the right, religious of his word.  
 If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,  
 Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;  
 Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,  
 Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.  
 We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,  
 Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.  
 Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,  
 Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,  
 That, if our prince be safe, we may renew  
 Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.  
 But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain  
 That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,  
 And if our young Iulus be no more,  
 Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,  
 That we to good Acestes may return,  
 And with our friends our common losses mourn."  
 Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew  
 With cries and clamors his request renew.

The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,  
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:  
"Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,  
And doubts attending an unsettled state,  
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.  
Who has not heard the story of your woes,  
The name and fortune of your native place,  
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?  
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,  
Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.  
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,  
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,  
You seek the good Acestes' government,  
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,  
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:  
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs  
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,  
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.  
And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, would bring  
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.  
My people shall, by my command, explore  
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,  
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest  
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,  
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:  
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:  
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?  
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,  
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?  
One only wants; and him we saw in vain  
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.  
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;  
The rest agrees with what your mother said."  
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,  
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,  
August in visage, and serenely bright.  
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,  
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,  
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;  
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,  
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:  
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,  
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

"He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,

And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;  
 Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,  
 A prince that owes his life to you alone.  
 Fair majesty, the refuge and redress  
 Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,  
 You, who your pious offices employ  
 To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;  
 Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,  
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor;  
 Associate in your town a wand'ring train,  
 And strangers in your palace entertain:  
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,  
 Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?  
 The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;  
 If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,  
 And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.  
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!  
 In you this age is happy, and this earth,  
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.  
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,  
 And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;  
 While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,  
 Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.  
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,  
 Your image shall be present in my mind."  
 Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,  
 And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:  
 With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,  
 Serestus with his left; then to his breast  
 Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;  
 And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,  
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;  
 Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;  
 Then recollected stood, and thus began:  
 "What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs  
 Have cast you shipwrack'd on our barren shores?  
 Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,  
 Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?

The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore  
 To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?  
 It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,  
 When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,  
 And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:  
 My father Belus then with fire and sword  
 Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,  
 And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.

From him the Trojan siege I understood,  
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.  
Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,  
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.  
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,  
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:  
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,  
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;  
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,  
I learn to pity woes so like my own."  
She said, and to the palace led her guest;  
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.  
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,  
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;  
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,  
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;  
And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls  
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.  
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,  
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:  
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;  
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,  
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd  
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),  
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen  
The fights and figures of illustrious men,  
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, paternal care  
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,  
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,  
To give a glad relation of the past,  
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,  
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:  
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;  
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,  
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,  
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,  
Her mother Leda's present, when she came  
To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;  
The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,  
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore  
Of double texture, glorious to behold,  
One order set with gems, and one with gold.  
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,  
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,  
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:

That Cupid should assume the shape and face  
 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;  
 Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,  
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:  
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,  
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.  
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,  
 And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:  
 "My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone  
 Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,  
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,  
 And on thy succor and thy faith relies.  
 Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,  
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;  
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.  
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains;  
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.  
 For this 't is needful to prevent her art,  
 And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:  
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,  
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.  
 How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:  
 Ascanius by his father is design'd  
 To come, with presents laden, from the port,  
 To gratify the queen, and gain the court.  
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,  
 And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,  
 Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit  
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.  
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace  
 But only for a night's revolving space:  
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;  
 That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,  
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,  
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,  
 Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."  
 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside  
 His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;  
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,  
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.  
 The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,  
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:  
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,  
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves,  
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,  
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.  
 Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,

Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,  
 And brought the gifts. The queen already sate  
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,  
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest  
 Was next her side; in order sate the rest.  
 Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;  
 Th' attendants water for their hands supply,  
 And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.  
 Next fifty handmaids in long order bore  
 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:  
 Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join  
 To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.  
 The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,  
 Approach, and on the painted couches rest.  
 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,  
 But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,  
 His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,  
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's  
 disguise;  
 Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,  
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.  
 But, far above the rest, the royal dame,  
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)  
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,  
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.  
 The guileful god about the hero long,  
 With children's play, and false embraces, hung;  
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms  
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.  
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,  
 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;  
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,  
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,  
 And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.  
 The dead is to the living love resign'd;  
 And all Aeneas enters in her mind.  
 Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,  
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,  
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,  
 And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.  
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display  
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.  
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,  
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:  
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.  
 Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:  
 "O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,

With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;  
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!  
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line  
 In lasting concord from this day combine.  
 Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,  
 And gracious Juno, both be present here!  
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address  
 To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."  
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd  
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)  
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;  
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.  
 'T was Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;  
 He took challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,  
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,  
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.  
 The goblet goes around: Iopas brought  
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:  
 The various labors of the wand'ring moon,  
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;  
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence  
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,  
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;  
 What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays  
 The summer nights and shortens winter days.  
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:  
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.  
 Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,  
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;  
 Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;  
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,  
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;  
 The steeds of Diomedes varied the discourse,  
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;  
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,  
 To hear the series of the war desir'd.  
 "Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,  
 "The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:  
 The fatal issue of so long a war,  
 Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;  
 For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,  
 Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,  
 Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,  
 The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

***A Summary of the Remaining Books of Virgil's 'The Aeneid':***

In Book II Aeneas recounts the fall of Troy, at Dido's request. He tells how a "captured" Greek Sinon deludes them about the reason why the horse was constructed to appease Minerva [Athena] after their attack on her temple. Laocoön, a priest who spears the horse, is attacked by two serpents, along with his sons. The Trojans break down their wall to get the horse inside. At night, the Greeks sail back to the shore and Sinon releases the men in the horse. A vision of Hector appears to Aeneas telling him to flee the ensuing destruction and found a new city. The palace is attacked, and King Priam of Troy is slain by Pyrrhus (Achilles' son). Aeneas considers killing Helen but Venus deters him. A divine portent appears over the head of Iulus (Ascanius), Aeneas' son. Anchises refuses to flee at first but is persuaded, and Aeneas carries him on his shoulders. His wife Creusa becomes separated and dies--her spirit comes to him and prophesies his great future.

Book III recounts their journey from Troy. Book III concludes with their making it to Sicily, where Anchises dies.

Book IV recounts the time of Aeneas in Carthage. He and his band had traveled from Sicily to Carthage. Book IV takes up where Book I left off. Though bound by a vow to her husband Sychaeus (killed by his brother Pygmalion), Dido has a rising passion for Aeneas, which her sister Anna encourages. Juno gets Venus to agree to the union, and arranges a hunt and a storm to bring them together in a cave. After their tryst, rumors fly through Carthage. Her former suitor, King Iarbus is jealous. Jupiter sends Mercury to chastise Aeneas and to remind him of his destiny, which does not lie with Dido. Dido rebukes Aeneas, but Aeneas explains to her his duty without emotion, as prompted by Jupiter, and denies that they were in fact married. Dido is angered at him and swears vengeance. She tries to get Anna to delay their departure, then received bad omens and realizes she is doomed. Mercury warns Aeneas to flee and they hastily depart in their ships. Dido orders an attack on them and curses them, pledging eternal war with the Carthaginians. She ascends to the pyre and kills herself with a sword.

In Book V we read of the Aeneas' time again in Sicily. King Acestes receives them hospitably. He and Aeneas decide to hold funeral games. They have a race of ships (won by Cloanthus), foot races (Euryalus), boxing (won by Entellus), archery, and equestrian maneuvers.

Book VI tells of Aeneas' visionary time in the underworld, following the landing of their ships land at Cumae on the west coast of Italy. In the lower world Aeneas encounters Anchises. There are spirits there awaiting reincarnation after drinking of Lethe to induce forgetfulness. Anchises predicts the future: the Alban kings, other kings, Romulus, Iulus, Numa, etc. Anchises says that Rome's fame will be for its leadership and contribution to government rather than for its artistic contributions. He ends with a panegyric to Augustus' deceased son, Marcellus. Aeneas reemerges to the world of the living.

In Book VII they sail past Circe's island and land near the Tiber's mouth in Latium. The Laurentians (or Latians, Latins) are ruled by King Latinus. The spirit of Faunus tells Latinus that his daughter Lavinia should marry a foreigner. The Trojans come to see the king, who treats them generously and offers Aeneas his daughter in marriage. Juno is angered by this tranquil scene and sends the Fury Allecto to stir up discord and war. In a remarkably poetic description, she infects Queen Amata with resentment at her husband's



decision. Amata hides Lavinia and goes into a frenzied rage with some Bacchantes. Allecto also stirs up the Rutulians, in particular Turnus their king, who has been the chief suitor of Lavinia. Turnus seems to plan to march on both the Trojans and the Laurentines. Allecto also causes Iulus (Ascanius), Aeneas' son, to wound a deer or stag kept as a royal pet by Tyrrhus--this is the precipitating event and war breaks out. Allecto gloats and Latinus is powerless to stop the preparations. The people arm for war and the gates of war are thrown open by Juno after Latinus refuses. A catalog of combatants against Troy is given.

Books VIII through XII tell of the deadly combat against the Trojans under Aeneas. In Book XII Turnus meets with King Latinus, and indicates he expects Lavinia's hand if he wins. Latinus advises him his request cannot be granted because she is destined to marry a foreigner, and asks him to relent and break off the combat, sparing them all further needless deaths. But Queen Amata is adamant that she will not accept Aeneas as her son-in-law. Turnus issues a challenge to Aeneas for single combat, the victor to receive Lavinia's hand. At dawn, the Latins and Trojans gather on the plain outside the city. Juno plots with Turnus' sister Juturna, now a sea-nymph, to save him. Aeneas prays and makes a pledge that his victory will lead to peaceful coexistence and equality and that if he is defeated, the Trojan's will depart. Latinus also makes a pledge to honor the terms of the single combat. Juturna arrives among the assembled Latins disguised as Tolumnius. An omen of an eagle and other birds suggests that the Trojans can be defeated and Juturna/Tolumnius precipitates the battle. Aeneas tries to stop the fighting, is wounded by an arrow, and is hastily taken away. Iapix, a healer favored by Apollo, tries to heal Aeneas and is surprised to find himself successful, thanks to herbs Venus adds unseen to the balm. Aeneas speaks with Iulus, then rushes into battle, seeking Turnus. Juturnus assumes the disguise of Turnus' chariot driver Metiscus, keeping him away from serious threats. Many are slain by the two heroes before their final confrontation. Aeneas considers destroying Latinus' city with fire. Queen Amata has lost her mind and hangs herself. Turnus confronts his disguised sister and spurns her aid, preferring an heroic death. He jumps from his chariot and calls to his men to allow him to seek single combat with Aeneas, which Aeneas accepts--the two armies draw back. They fight, Turnus' sword breaks against Aeneas' armor, Juturna provides a replacement. Juno and Jupiter conference--he asks that she cease her meddling with the destined outcome, and at last she relents. She asks only that "Troy" be forgotten, the Ausonian customs remain, and that the language of the conquered and commingled peoples shall remain Latin. Jupiter sends a Fury disguised as a screech-owl as an omen to Turnus. Juturna laments the portent against her brother. Turnus tries to throw a large boulder at Aeneas but his strength is flagging, he has no escape, and Aeneas finally spears him in his thigh. Turnus concedes defeat and asks that his body be given a proper burial, even that his life be spared. But Aeneas sees Pallas' swordbelt around Turnus and in a final rage exacts his vengeance, slaying Turnus with his sword. Thus concludes Virgil's pagan historical perspective on Roman history.

Another ancient Roman historian was Titus Livius. Here is an excerpt from his book, *The History of Rome, Vol. I*, which is available at <http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/etcbin/toccer-new2?id=Liv1His.sgm&images=images/modeng&data=/texts/english/modeng/parsed&ta>

[g=public&part=1&division=div1](#) : "...To begin with, it is generally admitted that after the capture of Troy, whilst the rest of the Trojans were massacred, against two of them- Aeneas and Antenor -the Achivi refused to exercise the rights of war, partly owing to old ties of hospitality, and partly because these men had always been in favour of making peace and surrendering Helen. Their subsequent fortunes were different. Antenor sailed into the furthest part of the Adriatic, accompanied by a number of Enetians who had been driven from Paphlagonia by a revolution, and after losing their king Pylaemenes before Troy were looking for a settlement and a leader. The combined force of Enetians and Trojans defeated the Euganei, who dwelt between the sea and the Alps and occupied their land. The place where they disembarked was called Troy, and the name was extended to the surrounding district; the whole nation were called Veneti. Similar misfortunes led to Aeneas becoming a wanderer, but the Fates were preparing a higher destiny for him. He first visited Macedonia, then was carried down to Sicily in quest of a settlement; from Sicily he directed his course to the Laurentian territory. Here, too, the name of Troy is found, and here the Trojans disembarked, and as their almost infinite wanderings had left them nothing but their arms and their ships, they began to plunder the neighbourhood. The Aborigines, who occupied the country, with their king Latinus at their head, came hastily together from the city and the country districts to repel the inroads of the strangers by force of arms.

From this point there is a twofold tradition. According to the one, Latinus was defeated in battle, and made peace with Aeneas, and subsequently a family alliance. According to the other, whilst the two armies were standing ready to engage and waiting for the signal, Latinus advanced in front of his lines and invited the leader of the strangers to a conference. He inquired of him what manner of men they were, whence they came, what had happened to make them leave their homes, what were they in quest of when they landed in Latinus' territory. When he heard that the men were Trojans, that their leader was Aeneas, the son of Anchises and Venus, that their city had been burnt, and that the homeless exiles were now looking for a place to settle in and build a city, he was so struck with the noble bearing of the men and their leader, and their readiness to accept alike either peace or war, that he gave his right hand as a solemn pledge of friendship for the future. A formal treaty was made between the leaders and mutual greetings exchanged between the armies. Latinus received Aeneas as a guest in his house, and there, in the presence of his tutelary deities, completed the political alliance by a domestic one, and gave his daughter in marriage to Aeneas. This incident confirmed the Trojans in the hope that they had reached the term of their wanderings and won a permanent home. They built a town, which Aeneas called Lavinium after his wife. In a short time a boy was born of the new marriage, to whom his parents gave the name of Ascanius.

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## 1.2

In a short time the Aborigines and Trojans became involved in war with Turnus, the king of the Rutulians. Lavinia had been betrothed to him before the arrival of Aeneas, and, furious at finding a stranger preferred to him, he declared war against both Latinus and Aeneas. Neither side could congratulate themselves on the result of the battle; the Rutulians were defeated, but the victorious Aborigines and Trojans lost their leader Latinus. Feeling their need of allies, Turnus and the Rutulians had recourse to the

celebrated power of the Etruscans and Mezentius, their king, who was reigning at Caere, a wealthy city in those days. From the first he had felt anything but pleasure at the rise of the new city, and now he regarded the growth of the Trojan state as much too rapid to be safe to its neighbours, so he welcomed the proposal to join forces with the Rutulians. To keep the Aborigines from abandoning him in the face of this strong coalition and to secure their being not only under the same laws, but also the same designation, Aeneas called both nations by the common name of Latins. From that time the Aborigines were not behind the Trojans in their loyal devotion to Aeneas. So great was the power of Etruria that the renown of her people had filled not only the inland parts of Italy but also the coastal districts along the whole length of the land from the Alps to the Straits of Messina. Aeneas, however, trusting to the loyalty of the two nations who were day by day growing into one, led his forces into the field, instead of awaiting the enemy behind his walls. The battle resulted in favour of the Latins, but it was the last mortal act of Aeneas. His tomb- whatever it is lawful and right to call him- is situated on the bank of the Numicius. He is addressed as "Jupiter Indiges."

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### ***1.3***

His son, Ascanius, was not old enough to assume the government; but his throne remained secure throughout his minority. During that interval- such was Lavinia's force of character- though a woman was regent, the Latin State, and the kingdom of his father and grandfather, were preserved unimpaired for her son. I will not discuss the question- for who could speak decisively about a matter of such extreme antiquity?- whether the man whom the Julian house claim, under the name of Iulus, as the founder of their name, was this Ascanius or an older one than he, born of Creusa, whilst Ilium was still intact, and after its fall a sharer in his father's fortunes. This Ascanius, where ever born, or of whatever mother- it is generally agreed in any case that he was the son of Aeneas- left to his mother (or his stepmother) the city of Lavinium, which was for those days a prosperous and wealthy city, with a superabundant population, and built a new city at the foot of the Alban hills, which from its position, stretching along the side of the hill, was called "Alba Longa." An interval of thirty years elapsed between the foundation of Lavinium and the colonisation of Alba Longa. Such had been the growth of the Latin power, mainly through the defeat of the Etruscans, that neither at the death of Aeneas, nor during the regency of Lavinia, nor during the immature years of the reign of Ascanius, did either Mezentius and the Etruscans or any other of their neighbours venture to attack them. When terms of peace were being arranged, the river Albula, now called the Tiber, had been fixed as the boundary between the Etruscans and the Latins.

Ascanius was succeeded by his son Silvius, who by some chance had been born in the forest. He became the father of Aeneas Silvius, who in his turn had a son, Latinus Silvius. He planted a number of colonies: the colonists were called Prisci Latini. The cognomen of Silvius was common to all the remaining kings of Alba, each of whom succeeded his father. Their names are Alba, Atys, Capys, Capetus, Tiberinus, who was drowned in crossing the Albula, and his name transferred to the river, which became henceforth the famous Tiber. Then came his son Agrippa, after him his son Romulus Silvius. He was struck by lightning and left the crown to his son Aventinus, whose shrine was on the hill which bears his name and is now a part of the city of Rome. He was succeeded by Proca,

who had two sons, Numitor and Amulius. To Numitor, the elder, he bequeathed the ancient throne of the Silvian house. Violence, however, proved stronger than either the father's will or the respect due to the brother's seniority; for Amulius expelled his brother and seized the crown. Adding crime to crime, he murdered his brother's sons and made the daughter, Rea Silvia, a Vestal virgin; thus, under the presence of honouring her, depriving her of all hopes of issue.

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#### 1.4

But the Fates had, I believe, already decreed the origin of this great city and the foundation of the mightiest empire under heaven. The Vestal was forcibly violated and gave birth to twins. She named Mars as their father, either because she really believed it, or because the fault might appear less heinous if a deity were the cause of it. But neither gods nor men sheltered her or her babes from the king's cruelty; the priestess was thrown into prison, the boys were ordered to be thrown into the river. By a heaven-sent chance it happened that the Tiber was then overflowing its banks, and stretches of standing water prevented any approach to the main channel. Those who were carrying the children expected that this stagnant water would be sufficient to drown them, so under the impression that they were carrying out the king's orders they exposed the boys at the nearest point of the overflow, where the Ficus Ruminalis (said to have been formerly called Romularis) now stands. The locality was then a wild solitude. The tradition goes on to say that after the floating cradle in which the boys had been exposed had been left by the retreating water on dry land, a thirsty she-wolf from the surrounding hills, attracted by the crying of the children, came to them, gave them her teats to suck and was so gentle towards them that the king's flock-master found her licking the boys with her tongue. According to the story, his name was Faustulus. He took the children to his hut and gave them to his wife Larentia to bring up. Some writers think that Larentia, from her unchaste life, had got the nickname of "She-wolf" amongst the shepherds, and that this was the origin of the marvellous story. As soon as the boys, thus born and thus brought up, grew to be young men they did not neglect their pastoral duties, but their special delight was roaming through the woods on hunting expeditions. As their strength and courage were thus developed, they used not only to lie in wait for fierce beasts of prey, but they even attacked brigands when loaded with plunder. They distributed what they took amongst the shepherds, with whom, surrounded by a continually increasing body of young men, they associated themselves in their serious undertakings and in their sports and pastimes.

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#### 1.5

It is said that the festival of the Lupercalia, which is still observed, was even in those days celebrated on the Palatine hill. This hill was originally called Pallantium from a city of the same name in Arcadia; the name was afterwards changed to Palatium. Evander, an Arcadian, had held that territory many ages before, and had introduced an annual festival from Arcadia in which young men ran about naked for sport and wantonness, in honour of the Lycaean Pan, whom the Romans afterwards called Inuus. The existence of this festival was widely recognised, and it was while the two brothers were engaged in it that the brigands, enraged at losing their plunder, ambushed them. Romulus successfully defended himself, but Remus was taken prisoner and brought before Amulius, his captors

impudently accusing him of their own crimes. The principal charge brought against them was that of invading Numitor's lands with a body of young men whom they had got together, and carrying off plunder as though in regular warfare. Remus accordingly was handed over to Numitor for punishment. Faustulus had from the beginning suspected that it was royal offspring that he was bringing up, for he was aware that the boys had been exposed at the king's command and the time at which he had taken them away exactly corresponded with that of their exposure. He had, however, refused to divulge the matter prematurely, until either a fitting opportunity occurred or necessity demanded its disclosure. The necessity came first. Alarmed for the safety of Remus he revealed the state of the case to Romulus. It so happened that Numitor also, who had Remus in his custody, on hearing that he and his brother were twins and comparing their ages and the character and bearing so unlike that of one in a servile condition, began to recall the memory of his grandchildren, and further inquiries brought him to the same conclusion as Faustulus; nothing was wanting to the recognition of Remus. So the king Amulius was being enmeshed on all sides by hostile purposes. Romulus shrunk from a direct attack with his body of shepherds, for he was no match for the king in open fight. They were instructed to approach the palace by different routes and meet there at a given time, whilst from Numitor's house Remus lent his assistance with a second band he had collected. The attack succeeded and the king was killed.

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### *1.6*

At the beginning of the fray, Numitor gave out that an enemy had entered the City and was attacking the palace, in order to draw off the Alban soldiery to the citadel, to defend it. When he saw the young men coming to congratulate him after the assassination, he at once called a council of his people and explained his brother's infamous conduct towards him, the story of his grandsons, their parentage and bringing up, and how he recognised them. Then he proceeded to inform them of the tyrant's death and his responsibility for it. The young men marched in order through the midst of the assembly and saluted their grandfather as king; their action was approved by the whole population, who with one voice ratified the title and sovereignty of the king. After the government of Alba was thus transferred to Numitor, Romulus and Remus were seized with the desire of building a city in the locality where they had been exposed. There was the superfluous population of the Alban and Latin towns, to these were added the shepherds: it was natural to hope that with all these Alba would be small and Lavinium small in comparison with the city which was to be founded. These pleasant anticipations were disturbed by the ancestral curse -ambition-which led to a deplorable quarrel over what was at first a trivial matter. As they were twins and no claim to precedence could be based on seniority, they decided to consult the tutelary deities of the place by means of augury as to who was to give his name to the new city, and who was to rule it after it had been founded. Romulus accordingly selected the Palatine as his station for observation, Remus the Aventine.

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### *1.7*

Remus is said to have been the first to receive an omen: six vultures appeared to him. The augury had just been announced to Romulus when double the number appeared to him. Each was saluted as king by his own party. The one side based their claim on the priority

of the appearance, the other on the number of the birds. Then followed an angry altercation; heated passions led to bloodshed; in the tumult Remus was killed. The more common report is that Remus contemptuously jumped over the newly raised walls and was forthwith killed by the enraged Romulus, who exclaimed, "So shall it be henceforth with every one who leaps over my walls." Romulus thus became sole ruler, and the city was called after him, its founder. His first work was to fortify the Palatine hill where he had been brought up. The worship of the other deities he conducted according to the use of Alba, but that of Hercules in accordance with the Greek rites as they had been instituted by Evander. It was into this neighbourhood, according to the tradition, that Hercules, after he had killed Geryon, drove his oxen, which were of marvellous beauty. He swam across the Tiber, driving the oxen before him, and wearied with his journey, lay down in a grassy place near the river to rest himself and the oxen, who enjoyed the rich pasture. When sleep had overtaken him, as he was heavy with food and wine, a shepherd living near, called Cacus, presuming on his strength, and captivated by the beauty of the oxen, determined to secure them. If he drove them before him into the cave, their hoof-marks would have led their owner on his search for them in the same direction, so he dragged the finest of them backwards by their tails into his cave. At the first streak of dawn Hercules awoke, and on surveying his herd saw that some were missing. He proceeded towards the nearest cave, to see if any tracks pointed in that direction, but he found that every hoof-mark led from the cave and none towards it. Perplexed and bewildered he began to drive the herd away from so dangerous a neighbourhood. Some of the cattle, missing those which were left behind, lowed as they often do, and an answering low sounded from the cave. Hercules turned in that direction, and as Cacus tried to prevent him by force from entering the cave, he was killed by a blow from Hercules' club, after vainly appealing for help to his comrades.

The king of the country at that time was Evander, a refugee from Peloponnesus, who ruled more by personal ascendancy than by the exercise of power. He was looked up to with reverence for his knowledge of letters—a new and marvellous thing for uncivilised men—but he was still more revered because of his mother Carmenta, who was believed to be a divine being and regarded with wonder by all as an interpreter of Fate, in the days before the arrival of the Sibyl in Italy. This Evander, alarmed by the crowd of excited shepherds standing round a stranger whom they accused of open murder, ascertained from them the nature of his act and what led to it. As he observed the bearing and stature of the man to be more than human in greatness and august dignity, he asked who he was. When he heard his name, and learnt his father and his country he said, "Hercules, son of Jupiter, hail! My mother, who speaks truth in the name of the gods, has prophesied that thou shalt join the company of the gods, and that here a shrine shall be dedicated to thee, which in ages to come the most powerful nation in all the world shall call their Ara Maxima and honour with shine own special worship." Hercules grasped Evander's right hand and said that he took the omen to himself and would fulfil the prophecy by building and consecrating the altar. Then a heifer of conspicuous beauty was taken from the herd, and the first sacrifice was offered; the Potitii and Pinarii, the two principal families in those parts, were invited by Hercules to assist in the sacrifice and at the feast which followed. It so happened that the Potitii were present at the appointed time, and the entrails were placed before them; the Pinarii arrived after these were consumed and came in for the rest of the banquet. It became a permanent institution from that time, that as



long as the family of the Pinarii survived they should not eat of the entrails of the victims. The Potitii, after being instructed by Evander, presided over that rite for many ages, until they handed over this ministerial office to public servants after which the whole race of the Potitii perished. This out of all foreign rites, was the only one which Romulus adopted, as though he felt that an immortality won through courage, of which this was the memorial, would one day be his own reward.

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### 1.8

After the claims of religion had been duly acknowledged, Romulus called his people to a council. As nothing could unite them into one political body but the observance of common laws and customs, he gave them a body of laws, which he thought would only be respected by a rude and uncivilised race of men if he inspired them with awe by assuming the outward symbols of power. He surrounded himself with greater state, and in particular he called into his service twelve lictors. Some think that he fixed upon this number from the number of the birds who foretold his sovereignty; but I am inclined to agree with those who think that as this class of public officers was borrowed from the same people from whom the "sella curulis" and the "toga praetexta" were adopted- their neighbours, the Etruscans- so the number itself also was taken from them. Its use amongst the Etruscans is traced to the custom of the twelve sovereign cities of Etruria, when jointly electing a king, furnishing him each with one lictor. Meantime the City was growing by the extension of its walls in various directions; an increase due rather to the anticipation of its future population than to any present overcrowding. His next care was to secure an addition to the population that the size of the City might not be a source of weakness. It had been the ancient policy of the founders of cities to get together a multitude of people of obscure and low origin and then to spread the fiction that they were the children of the soil. In accordance with this policy, Romulus opened a place of refuge on the spot where, as you go down from the Capitol, you find an enclosed space between two groves. A promiscuous crowd of freemen and slaves, eager for change, fled thither from the neighbouring states. This was the first accession of strength to the nascent greatness of the city. When he was satisfied as to its strength, his next step was to provide for that strength being wisely directed. He created a hundred senators; either because that number was adequate, or because there were only a hundred heads of houses who could be created. In any case they were called the "Patres" in virtue of their rank, and their descendants were called "Patricians."

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### 1.9

The Roman State had now become so strong that it was a match for any of its neighbours in war, but its greatness threatened to last for only one generation, since through the absence of women there was no hope of offspring, and there was no right of intermarriage with their neighbours. Acting on the advice of the senate, Romulus sent envoys amongst the surrounding nations to ask for alliance and the right of intermarriage on behalf of his new community. It was represented that cities, like everything else, sprung from the humblest beginnings, and those who were helped on by their own courage and the favour of heaven won for themselves great power and great renown. As to the origin of Rome, it was well known that whilst it had received divine assistance,

courage and self-reliance were not wanting. There should, therefore, be no reluctance for men to mingle their blood with their fellow-men. Nowhere did the envoys meet with a favourable reception. Whilst their proposals were treated with contumely, there was at the same time a general feeling of alarm at the power so rapidly growing in their midst.

Usually they were dismissed with the question, "whether they had opened an asylum for women, for nothing short of that would secure for them intermarriage on equal terms." The Roman youth could ill brook such insults, and matters began to look like an appeal to force. To secure a favourable place and time for such an attempt, Romulus, disguising his resentment, made elaborate preparations for the celebration of games in honour of "Equestrian Neptune," which he called "the Consualia." He ordered public notice of the spectacle to be given amongst the adjoining cities, and his people supported him in making the celebration as magnificent as their knowledge and resources allowed, so that expectations were raised to the highest pitch. There was a great gathering; people were eager to see the new City, all their nearest neighbours-the people of Caenina, Antemnae, and Crustumerium-were there, and the whole Sabine population came, with their wives and families. They were invited to accept hospitality at the different houses, and after examining the situation of the City, its walls and the large number of dwelling-houses it included, they were astonished at the rapidity with which the Roman State had grown.

When the hour for the games had come, and their eyes and minds were alike riveted on the spectacle before them, the preconcerted signal was given and the Roman youth dashed in all directions to carry off the maidens who were present. The larger part were carried off indiscriminately, but some particularly beautiful girls who had been marked out for the leading patricians were carried to their houses by plebeians told off for the task. One, conspicuous amongst them all for grace and beauty, is reported to have been carried off by a group led by a certain Talassius, and to the many inquiries as to whom she was intended for, the invariable answer was given, "For Talassius." Hence the use of this word in the marriage rites. Alarm and consternation broke up the games, and the parents of the maidens fled, distracted with grief, uttering bitter reproaches on the violators of the laws of hospitality and appealing to the god to whose solemn games they had come, only to be the victims of impious perfidy. The abducted maidens were quite as despondent and indignant. Romulus, however, went round in person, and pointed out to them that it was all owing to the pride of their parents in denying right of intermarriage to their neighbours. They would live in honourable wedlock, and share all their property and civil rights, and- dearest of all to human nature-would be the mothers of freemen. He begged them to lay aside their feelings of resentment and give their affections to those whom fortune had made masters of their persons. An injury had often led to reconciliation and love; they would find their husbands all the more affectionate, because each would do his utmost, so far as in him lay, to make up for the loss of parents and country. These arguments were reinforced by the endearments of their husbands, who excused their conduct by pleading the irresistible force of their passion-a plea effective beyond all others in appealing to a woman's nature.

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### ***1.10***

The feelings of the abducted maidens were now pretty completely appeased, but not so those of their parents. They went about in mourning garb, and tried by their tearful



complaints to rouse their countrymen to action. Nor did they confine their remonstrances to their own cities; they flocked from all sides to Titus Tatius, the king of the Sabines, and sent formal deputations to him, for his was the most influential name in those parts. The people of Caenina, Crustumerium, and Antemnae were the greatest sufferers; they thought Tatius and his Sabines were too slow in moving, so these three cities prepared to make war conjointly. Such, however, were the impatience and anger of the Caeninensians that even the Crustuminians and Antemnates did not display enough energy for them, so the men of Caenina made an attack upon Roman territory on their own account. Whilst they were scattered far and wide, pillaging and destroying, Romulus came upon them with an army, and after a brief encounter taught them that anger is futile without strength. He put them to a hasty flight, and following them up, killed their king and despoiled his body; then after slaying their leader took their city at the first assault. He was no less anxious to display his achievements than he had been great in performing them, so, after leading his victorious army home, he mounted to the Capitol with the spoils of his dead foe borne before him on a frame constructed for the purpose. He hung them there on an oak, which the shepherds looked upon as a sacred tree, and at the same time marked out the site for the temple of Jupiter, and addressing the god by a new title, uttered the following invocation: "Jupiter Feretrius! these arms taken from a king, I, Romulus a king and conqueror, bring to thee, and on this domain, whose bounds I have in will and purpose traced, I dedicate a temple to receive the 'spolia opima' which posterity following my example shall bear hither, taken from the kings and generals of our foes slain in battle." Such was the origin of the first temple dedicated in Rome. And the gods decreed that though its founder did not utter idle words in declaring that posterity would thither bear their spoils, still the splendour of that offering should not be dimmed by the number of those who have rivalled his achievement. For after so many years have elapsed and so many wars been waged, only twice have the "spolia opima" been offered. So seldom has Fortune granted that glory to men.

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### 1.11

Whilst the Romans were thus occupied, the army of the Antemnates seized the opportunity of their territory being unoccupied and made a raid into it. Romulus hastily led his legion against this fresh foe and surprised them as they were scattered over the fields. At the very first battle-shout and charge the enemy were routed and their city captured. Whilst Romulus was exulting over this double victory, his wife, Hersilia, moved by the entreaties of the abducted maidens, implored him to pardon their parents and receive them into citizenship, for so the State would increase in unity and strength. He readily granted her request. He then advanced against the Crustuminians, who had commenced war, but their eagerness had been damped by the successive defeats of their neighbours, and they offered but slight resistance. Colonies were planted in both places; owing to the fertility of the soil of the Crustumine district, the majority gave their names for that colony. On the other hand there were numerous migrations to Rome mostly of the parents and relatives of the abducted maidens. The last of these wars was commenced by the Sabines and proved the most serious of all, for nothing was done in passion or impatience; they masked their designs till war had actually commenced. Strategy was aided by craft and deceit, as the following incident shows. Spurius Tarpeius was in command of the Roman citadel. Whilst his daughter had gone outside the fortifications to

fetch water for some religious ceremonies, Tatius bribed her to admit his troops within the citadel. Once admitted, they crushed her to death beneath their shields, either that the citadel might appear to have been taken by assault, or that her example might be left as a warning that no faith should be kept with traitors. A further story runs that the Sabines were in the habit of wearing heavy gold armlets on their left arms and richly jewelled rings, and that the girl made them promise to give her "what they had on their left arms," accordingly they piled their shields upon her instead of golden gifts. Some say that in bargaining for what they had in their left hands, she expressly asked for their shields, and being suspected of wishing to betray them, fell a victim to her own bargain.

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### *1.12*

However this may be, the Sabines were in possession of the citadel. And they would not come down from it the next day, though the Roman army was drawn up in battle array over the whole of the ground between the Palatine and the Capitoline hill, until, exasperated at the loss of their citadel and determined to recover it, the Romans mounted to the attack. Advancing before the rest, Mettius Curtius, on the side of the Sabines, and Hostius Hostilius, on the side of the Romans, engaged in single combat. Hostius, fighting on disadvantageous ground, upheld the fortunes of Rome by his intrepid bravery, but at last he fell; the Roman line broke and fled to what was then the gate of the Palatine. Even Romulus was being swept away by the crowd of fugitives, and lifting up his hands to heaven he exclaimed: "Jupiter, it was thy omen that I obeyed when I laid here on the Palatine the earliest foundations of the City. Now the Sabines hold its citadel, having bought it by a bribe, and coming thence have seized the valley and are pressing hitherwards in battle. Do thou, Father of gods and men, drive hence our foes, banish terror from Roman hearts, and stay our shameful flight! Here do I vow a temple to thee, 'Jove the Stayer,' as a memorial for the generations to come that it is through thy present help that the City has been saved." Then, as though he had become aware that his prayer had been heard, he cried, "Back, Romans! Jupiter Optimus Maximus bids you stand and renew the battle." They stopped as though commanded by a voice from heaven-Romulus dashed up to the foremost line, just as Mettius Curtius had run down from the citadel in front of the Sabines and driven the Romans in headlong flight over the whole of the ground now occupied by the Forum. He was now not far from the gate of the Palatine, and was shouting: "We have conquered our faithless hosts, our cowardly foes; now they know that to carry off maidens is a very different thing from fighting with men." In the midst of these vaunts Romulus, with a compact body of valiant troops, charged down on him. Mettius happened to be on horseback, so he was the more easily driven back, the Romans followed in pursuit, and, inspired by the courage of their king, the rest of the Roman army routed the Sabines. Mettius, unable to control his horse, maddened by the noise of his pursuers, plunged into a morass. The danger of their general drew off the attention of the Sabines for a moment from the battle; they called out and made signals to encourage him, so, animated to fresh efforts, he succeeded in extricating himself. Thereupon the Romans and Sabines renewed the fighting in the middle of the valley, but the fortune of Rome was in the ascendant.

### 1.13

Then it was that the Sabine women, whose wrongs had led to the war, throwing off all womanish fears in their distress, went boldly into the midst of the flying missiles with dishevelled hair and rent garments. Running across the space between the two armies they tried to stop any further fighting and calm the excited passions by appealing to their fathers in the one army and their husbands in the other not to bring upon themselves a curse by staining their hands with the blood of a father-in-law or a son-in-law, nor upon their posterity the taint of parricide. "If," they cried, "you are weary of these ties of kindred, these marriage-bonds, then turn your anger upon us; it is we who are the cause of the war, it is we who have wounded and slain our husbands and fathers. Better for us to perish rather than live without one or the other of you, as widows or as orphans." The armies and their leaders were alike moved by this appeal. There was a sudden hush and silence. Then the generals advanced to arrange the terms of a treaty. It was not only peace that was made, the two nations were united into one State, the royal power was shared between them, and the seat of government for both nations was Rome. After thus doubling the City, a concession was made to the Sabines in the new appellation of Quirites, from their old capital of Cures. As a memorial of the battle, the place where Curtius got his horse out of the deep marsh on to safer ground was called the Curtian lake. The joyful peace, which put an abrupt close to such a deplorable war, made the Sabine women still dearer to their husbands and fathers, and most of all to Romulus himself. Consequently when he effected the distribution of the people into the thirty curiae, he affixed their names to the curiae. No doubt there were many more than thirty women, and tradition is silent as to whether those whose names were given to the curiae were selected on the ground of age, or on that of personal distinction-either their own or their husbands'-or merely by lot. The enrolment of the three centuries of knights took place at the same time; the Ramnenses were called after Romulus, the Titienses from T. Tatius. The origin of the Luceres and why they were so called is uncertain. Thenceforward the two kings exercised their joint sovereignty with perfect harmony.

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### 1.14

Some years subsequently the kinsmen of King Tatius ill-treated the ambassadors of the Laurentines. They came to seek redress from him in accordance with international law, but the influence and importunities of his friends had more weight with Tatius than the remonstrances of the Laurentines. The consequence was that he brought upon himself the punishment due to them, for when he had gone to the annual sacrifice at Lavinium, a tumult arose in which he was killed. Romulus is reported to have been less distressed at this incident than his position demanded, either because of the insincerity inherent in all joint sovereignty, or because he thought he had deserved his fate. He refused, therefore, to go to war, but that the wrong done to the ambassadors and the murder of the king might be expiated, the treaty between Rome and Lavinium was renewed. Whilst in this direction an unhoped-for peace was secured, war broke out in a much nearer quarter, in fact almost at the very gates of Rome. The people of Fidenae considered that a power was growing up too close to them, so to prevent the anticipations of its future greatness from being realised, they took the initiative in making war. Armed bands invaded and devastated the country lying between the City and Fidenae. Thence they turned to the

left-the Tiber barred their advance on the right-and plundered and destroyed, to the great alarm of the country people. A sudden rush from the fields into the City was the first intimation of what was happening. A war so close to their gates admitted of no delay, and Romulus hurriedly led out his army and encamped about a mile from Fidenae. Leaving a small detachment to guard the camp, he went forward with his whole force, and whilst one part were ordered to lie in ambush in a place overgrown with dense brushwood, he advanced with the larger part and the whole of the cavalry towards the city, and by riding up to the very gates in a disorderly and provocative manner he succeeded in drawing the enemy. The cavalry continued these tactics and so made the flight which they were to feign seem less suspicious, and when their apparent hesitation whether to fight or to flee was followed by the retirement of the infantry, the enemy suddenly poured out of the crowded gates, broke the Roman line and pressed on in eager pursuit till they were brought to where the ambush was set. Then the Romans suddenly rose and attacked the enemy in flank; their panic was increased by the troops in the camp bearing down upon them. Terrified by the threatened attacks from all sides, the Fidenates turned and fled almost before Romulus and his men could wheel round from their simulated flight. They made for their town much more quickly than they had just before pursued those who pretended to flee, for their flight was a genuine one. They could not, however, shake off the pursuit; the Romans were on their heels, and before the gates could be closed against them, burst through pell-mell with the enemy.

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### *1.15*

The contagion of the war-spirit in Fidenae infected the Veientes. This people were connected by ties of blood with the Fidenates, who were also Etruscans, and an additional incentive was supplied by the mere proximity of the place, should the arms of Rome be turned against all her neighbours. They made an incursion into Roman territory, rather for the sake of plunder than as an act of regular war. After securing their booty they returned with it to Veii, without entrenching a camp or waiting for the enemy. The Romans, on the other hand, not finding the enemy on their soil, crossed the Tiber, prepared and determined to fight a decisive battle. On hearing that they had formed an entrenched camp and were preparing to advance on their city, the Veientes went out against them, preferring a combat in the open to being shut up and having to fight from houses and walls. Romulus gained the victory, not through stratagem, but through the prowess of his veteran army. He drove the routed enemy up to their walls, but in view of the strong position and fortifications of the city, he abstained from assaulting it. On his march homewards, he devastated their fields more out of revenge than for the sake of plunder. The loss thus sustained, no less than the previous defeat, broke the spirit of the Veientes, and they sent envoys to Rome to sue for peace. On condition of a cession of territory a truce was granted to them for a hundred years. These were the principal events at home and in the field that marked the reign of Romulus. Throughout- whether we consider the courage he showed in recovering his ancestral throne, or the wisdom he displayed in founding the City and adding to its strength through war and peace alike-we find nothing incompatible with the belief in his divine origin and his admission to divine immortality after death. It was, in fact, through the strength given by him that the City was powerful enough to enjoy an assured peace for forty years after his departure. He was, however, more acceptable to the populace than to the patricians, but most of all was he the idol of

his soldiers. He kept a bodyguard of three hundred men round him in peace as well as in war. These he called the "Celeres."

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### *1.16*

After these immortal achievements, Romulus held a review of his army at the "Caprae Palus" in the Campus Martius. A violent thunderstorm suddenly arose and enveloped the king in so dense a cloud that he was quite invisible to the assembly. From that hour Romulus was no longer seen on earth. When the fears of the Roman youth were allayed by the return of bright, calm sunshine after such fearful weather, they saw that the royal seat was vacant. Whilst they fully believed the assertion of the senators, who had been standing close to him, that he had been snatched away to heaven by a whirlwind, still, like men suddenly bereaved, fear and grief kept them for some time speechless. At length, after a few had taken the initiative, the whole of those present hailed Romulus as "a god, the son of a god, the King and Father of the City of Rome." They put up supplications for his grace and favour, and prayed that he would be propitious to his children and save and protect them. I believe, however, that even then there were some who secretly hinted that he had been torn limb from limb by the senators—a tradition to this effect, though certainly a very dim one, has filtered down to us. The other, which I follow, has been the prevailing one, due, no doubt, to the admiration felt for the man and the apprehensions excited by his disappearance. This generally accepted belief was strengthened by one man's clever device. The tradition runs that Proculus Julius, a man whose authority had weight in matters of even the gravest importance, seeing how deeply the community felt the loss of the king, and how incensed they were against the senators, came forward into the assembly and said: "Quirites! at break of dawn, to-day, the Father of this City suddenly descended from heaven and appeared to me. Whilst, thrilled with awe, I stood rapt before him in deepest reverence, praying that I might be pardoned for gazing upon him, 'Go,' said he, 'tell the Romans that it is the will of heaven that my Rome should be the head of all the world. Let them henceforth cultivate the arts of war, and let them know assuredly, and hand down the knowledge to posterity, that no human might can withstand the arms of Rome.'" It is marvellous what credit was given to this man's story, and how the grief of the people and the army was soothed by the belief which had been created in the immortality of Romulus.

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### *1.17*

Disputes arose among the senators about the vacant throne. It was not the jealousies of individual citizens, for no one was sufficiently prominent in so young a State, but the rivalries of parties in the State that led to this strife. The Sabine families were apprehensive of losing their fair share of the sovereign power, because after the death of Tatius they had had no representative on the throne; they were anxious, therefore, that the king should be elected from amongst them. The ancient Romans could ill brook a foreign king; but amidst this diversity of political views, all were for a monarchy; they had not yet tasted the sweets of liberty. The senators began to grow apprehensive of some aggressive act on the part of the surrounding states, now that the City was without a central authority and the army without a general. They decided that there must be some head of the State, but no one could make up his mind to concede the dignity to any one



else. The matter was settled by the hundred senators dividing themselves into ten "decuries," and one was chosen from each decury to exercise the supreme power. Ten therefore were in office, but only one at a time had the insignia of authority and the lictors. Their individual authority was restricted to five days, and they exercised it in rotation. This break in the monarchy lasted for a year, and it was called by the name it still bears—that of "interregnum." After a time the plebs began to murmur that their bondage was multiplied, for they had a hundred masters instead of one. It was evident that they would insist upon a king being elected and elected by them. When the senators became aware of this growing determination, they thought it better to offer spontaneously what they were bound to part with, so, as an act of grace, they committed the supreme power into the hands of the people, but in such a way that they did not give away more privilege than they retained. For they passed a decree that when the people had chosen a king, his election would only be valid after the senate had ratified it by their authority. The same procedure exists to-day in the passing of laws and the election of magistrates, but the power of rejection has been withdrawn; the senate give their ratification before the people proceed to vote, whilst the result of the election is still uncertain. At that time the "interrex" convened the assembly and addressed it as follows: "Quirites! elect your king, and may heaven's blessing rest on your labours! If you elect one who shall be counted worthy to follow Romulus, the senate will ratify your choice." So gratified were the people at the proposal that, not to appear behindhand in generosity, they passed a resolution that it should be left to the senate to decree who should reign in Rome.

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### 1.18

There was living, in those days, at Cures, a Sabine city, a man of renowned justice and piety—Numa Pompilius. He was as conversant as any one in that age could be with all divine and human law. His master is given as Pythagoras of Samos, as tradition speaks of no other. But this is erroneous, for it is generally agreed that it was more than a century later, in the reign of Servius Tullius, that Pythagoras gathered round him crowds of eager students, in the most distant part of Italy, in the neighbourhood of Metapontum, Heraclea, and Crotona. Now, even if he had been contemporary with Numa, how could his reputation have reached the Sabines? From what places, and in what common language could he have induced any one to become his disciple? Who could have guaranteed the safety of a solitary individual travelling through so many nations differing in speech and character? I believe rather that Numa's virtues were the result of his native temperament and self-training, moulded not so much by foreign influences as by the rigorous and austere discipline of the ancient Sabines, which was the purest type of any that existed in the old days. When Numa's name was mentioned, though the Roman senators saw that the balance of power would be on the side of the Sabines if the king were chosen from amongst them, still no one ventured to propose a partisan of his own, or any senator, or citizen in preference to him. Accordingly they all to a man decreed that the crown should be offered to Numa Pompilius. He was invited to Rome, and following the precedent set by Romulus, when he obtained his crown through the augury which sanctioned the founding of the City, Numa ordered that in his case also the gods should be consulted. He was solemnly conducted by an augur, who was afterwards honoured by being made a State functionary for life, to the Citadel, and took his seat on a stone facing south. The augur seated himself on his left hand, with his head covered, and holding in his right hand

a curved staff without any knots, which they called a "lituus." After surveying the prospect over the City and surrounding country, he offered prayers and marked out the heavenly regions by an imaginary line from east to west; the southern he defined as "the right hand," the northern as "the left hand." He then fixed upon an object, as far as he could see, as a corresponding mark, and then transferring the lituus to his left hand, he laid his right upon Numa's head and offered this prayer: "Father Jupiter, if it be heaven's will that this Numa Pompilius, whose head I hold, should be king of Rome, do thou signify it to us by sure signs within those boundaries which I have traced." Then he described in the usual formula the augury which he desired should be sent. They were sent, and Numa being by them manifested to be king, came down from the "templum."

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### ***1.19***

Having in this way obtained the crown, Numa prepared to found, as it were, anew, by laws and customs, that City which had so recently been founded by force of arms. He saw that this was impossible whilst a state of war lasted, for war brutalised men. Thinking that the ferocity of his subjects might be mitigated by the disuse of arms, he built the temple of Janus at the foot of the Aventine as an index of peace and war, to signify when it was open that the State was under arms, and when it was shut that all the surrounding nations were at peace. Twice since Numa's reign has it been shut, once after the first Punic war in the consulship of T. Manlius, the second time, which heaven has allowed our generation to witness, after the battle of Actium, when peace on land and sea was secured by the emperor Caesar Augustus. After forming treaties of alliance with all his neighbours and closing the temple of Janus, Numa turned his attention to domestic matters. The removal of all danger from without would induce his subjects to luxuriate in idleness, as they would be no longer restrained by the fear of an enemy or by military discipline. To prevent this, he strove to inculcate in their minds the fear of the gods, regarding this as the most powerful influence which could act upon an uncivilised and, in those ages, a barbarous people. But, as this would fail to make a deep impression without some claim to supernatural wisdom, he pretended that he had nocturnal interviews with the nymph Egeria: that it was on her advice that he was instituting the ritual most acceptable to the gods and appointing for each deity his own special priests. First of all he divided the year into twelve months, corresponding to the moon's revolutions. But as the moon does not complete thirty days in each month, and so there are fewer days in the lunar year than in that measured by the course of the sun, he interpolated intercalary months and so arranged them that every twentieth year the days should coincide with the same position of the sun as when they started, the whole twenty years being thus complete. He also established a distinction between the days on which legal business could be transacted and those on which it could not, because it would sometimes be advisable that there should be no business transacted with the people.

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### ***1.20***

Next he turned his attention to the appointment of priests. He himself, however, conducted a great many religious services, especially those which belong to the Flamen of Jupiter. But he thought that in a warlike state there would be more kings of the type of Romulus than of Numa who would take the field in person. To guard, therefore, against

the sacrificial rites which the king performed being interrupted, he appointed a Flamen as perpetual priest to Jupiter, and ordered that he should wear a distinctive dress and sit in the royal curule chair. He appointed two additional Flamens, one for Mars, the other for Quirinus, and also chose virgins as priestesses to Vesta. This order of priestesses came into existence originally in Alba and was connected with the race of the founder. He assigned them a public stipend that they might give their whole time to the temple, and made their persons sacred and inviolable by a vow of chastity and other religious sanctions. Similarly he chose twelve "Salii" for Mars Gradivus, and assigned to them the distinctive dress of an embroidered tunic and over it a brazen cuirass. They were instructed to march in solemn procession through the City, carrying the twelve shields called the "Ancilia," and singing hymns accompanied by a solemn dance in triple time. The next office to be filled was that of the Pontifex Maximus. Numa appointed the son of Marcus, one of the senators- Numa Marcius-and all the regulations bearing on religion, written out and sealed, were placed in his charge. Here was laid down with what victims, on what days, and at what temples the various sacrifices were to be offered, and from what sources the expenses connected with them were to be defrayed. He placed all other sacred functions, both public and private, under the supervision of the Pontifex, in order that there might be an authority for the people to consult, and so all trouble and confusion arising through foreign rites being adopted and their ancestral ones neglected might be avoided. Nor were his functions confined to directing the worship of the celestial gods; he was to instruct the people how to conduct funerals and appease the spirits of the departed, and what prodigies sent by lightning or in any other way were to be attended to and expiated. To elicit these signs of the divine will, he dedicated an altar to Jupiter Elicius on the Aventine, and consulted the god through auguries, as to which prodigies were to receive attention.

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### *1.21*

The deliberations and arrangements which these matters involved diverted the people from all thoughts of war and provided them with ample occupation. The watchful care of the gods, manifesting itself in the providential guidance of human affairs, had kindled in all hearts such a feeling of piety that the sacredness of promises and the sanctity of oaths were a controlling force for the community scarcely less effective than the fear inspired by laws and penalties. And whilst his subjects were moulding their characters upon the unique example of their king, the neighbouring nations, who had hitherto believed that it was a fortified camp and not a city that was placed amongst them to vex the peace of all, were now induced to respect them so highly that they thought it sinful to injure a State so entirely devoted to the service of the gods. There was a grove through the midst of which a perennial stream flowed, issuing from a dark cave. Here Numa frequently retired unattended as if to meet the goddess, and he consecrated the grove to the Camaenae, because it was there that their meetings with his wife Egeria took place. He also instituted a yearly sacrifice to the goddess Fides and ordered that the Flamens should ride to her temple in a hooded chariot, and should perform the service with their hands covered as far as the fingers, to signify that Faith must be sheltered and that her seat is holy even when it is in men's right hands. There were many other sacrifices appointed by him and places dedicated for their performance which the pontiffs call the Argei. The greatest of all his works was the preservation of peace and the security of his realm throughout the



whole of his reign. Thus by two successive kings the greatness of the State was advanced; by each in a different way, by the one through war, by the other through peace. Romulus reigned thirty-seven years, Numa forty-three. The State was strong and disciplined by the lessons of war and the arts of peace.

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## 1.22

The death of Numa was followed by a second interregnum. Then Tullus Hostilius, a grandson of the Hostilius who had fought so brilliantly at the foot of the Citadel against the Sabines, was chosen king by the people, and their choice was confirmed by the senate...”

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Titus Livius’ *The History of Rome* affords us many insights into Roman history and culture, and many ancient Roman traditions have passed down to later generations.

Julius Caesar, himself a prominent player in Roman history, authored various books which are extant today, and which offer us unique insights into the time in which he lived and ruled. One of his more famous works is *The Gallic Wars*, excerpted below from the website <http://classics.mit.edu/Caesar/gallic.1.1.html> :

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## Book 1

### Chapter 1

All Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which the Belgae inhabit, the Aquitani another, those who in their own language are called Celts, in our Gauls, the third. All these differ from each other in language, customs and laws. The river Garonne separates the Gauls from the Aquitani; the Marne and the Seine separate them from the Belgae. Of all these, the Belgae are the bravest, because they are furthest from the civilization and refinement of [our] Province, and merchants least frequently resort to them, and import those things which tend to effeminate the mind; and they are the nearest to the Germans, who dwell beyond the Rhine, with whom they are continually waging war; for which reason the Helvetii also surpass the rest of the Gauls in valor, as they contend with the Germans in almost daily battles, when they either repel them from their own territories, or themselves wage war on their frontiers. One part of these, which it has been said that the Gauls occupy, takes its beginning at the river Rhone; it is bounded by the river Garonne, the ocean, and the territories of the Belgae; it borders, too, on the side of the Sequani and the Helvetii, upon the river Rhine, and stretches toward the north. The Belgae rises from the extreme frontier of Gaul, extend to the lower part of the river Rhine; and look toward the north and the rising sun. Aquitania extends from the river Garonne to the Pyrenean mountains and to that part of the ocean which is near Spain: it looks between the setting of the sun, and the north star.

## Chapter 2

Among the Helvetii, Orgetorix was by far the most distinguished and wealthy. He, when Marcus Messala and Marcus Piso were consuls, incited by lust of sovereignty, formed a conspiracy among the nobility, and persuaded the people to go forth from their territories with all their possessions, [saying] that it would be very easy, since they excelled all in valor, to acquire the supremacy of the whole of Gaul. To this he the more easily persuaded them, because the Helvetii, are confined on every side by the nature of their situation; on one side by the Rhine, a very broad and deep river, which separates the Helvetian territory from the Germans; on a second side by the Jura, a very high mountain, which is [situated] between the Sequani and the Helvetii; on a third by the Lake of Geneva, and by the river Rhone, which separates our Province from the Helvetii. From these circumstances it resulted, that they could range less widely, and could less easily make war upon their neighbors; for which reason men fond of war [as they were] were affected with great regret. They thought, that considering the extent of their population, and their renown for warfare and bravery, they had but narrow limits, although they extended in length 240, and in breadth 180 [Roman] miles.

## Chapter 3

Induced by these considerations, and influenced by the authority of Orgetorix, they determined to provide such things as were necessary for their expedition - to buy up as great a number as possible of beasts of burden and wagons - to make their sowings as large as possible, so that on their march plenty of corn might be in store - and to establish peace and friendship with the neighboring states. They reckoned that a term of two years would be sufficient for them to execute their designs; they fix by decree their departure for the third year. Orgetorix is chosen to complete these arrangements. He took upon himself the office of ambassador to the states: on this journey he persuades Casticus, the son of Catamantaledes (one of the Sequani, whose father had possessed the sovereignty among the people for many years, and had been styled "friend" by the senate of the Roman people), to seize upon the sovereignty in his own state, which his father had held before him, and he likewise persuades Dumnorix, an Aeduan, the brother of Divitiacus, who at that time possessed the chief authority in the state, and was exceedingly beloved by the people, to attempt the same, and gives him his daughter in marriage. He proves to them that to accomplish their attempts was a thing very easy to be done, because he himself would obtain the government of his own state; that there was no doubt that the Helvetii were the most powerful of the whole of Gaul; he assures them that he will, with his own forces and his own army, acquire the sovereignty for them. Incited by this speech, they give a pledge and oath to one another, and hope that, when they have seized the sovereignty, they will, by means of the three most powerful and valiant nations, be enabled to obtain possession of the whole of Gaul.

## Chapter 4

When this scheme was disclosed to the Helvetii by informers, they, according to their

custom, compelled Orgetorix to plead his cause in chains; it was the law that the penalty of being burned by fire should await him if condemned. On the day appointed for the pleading of his cause, Orgetorix drew together from all quarters to the court, all his vassals to the number of ten thousand persons; and led together to the same place all his dependents and debtor-bondsmen, of whom he had a great number; by means of those he rescued himself from [the necessity of] pleading his cause. While the state, incensed at this act, was endeavoring to assert its right by arms, and the magistrates were mustering a large body of men from the country, Orgetorix died; and there is not wanting a suspicion, as the Helvetii think, of his having committed suicide.

## **Chapter 5**

After his death, the Helvetii nevertheless attempt to do that which they had resolved on, namely, to go forth from their territories. When they thought that they were at length prepared for this undertaking, they set fire to all their towns, in number about twelve - to their villages about four hundred - and to the private dwellings that remained; they burn up all the corn, except what they intend to carry with them; that after destroying the hope of a return home, they might be the more ready for undergoing all dangers. They order every one to carry forth from home for himself provisions for three months, ready ground. They persuade the Rauraci, and the Tulingi, and the Latobrigi, their neighbors, to adopt the same plan, and after burning down their towns and villages, to set out with them: and they admit to their party and unite to themselves as confederates the Boii, who had dwelt on the other side of the Rhine, and had crossed over into the Norican territory, and assaulted Noreia.

## **Chapter 6**

There were in all two routes, by which they could go forth from their country one through the Sequani narrow and difficult, between Mount Jura and the river Rhone (by which scarcely one wagon at a time could be led; there was, moreover, a very high mountain overhanging, so that a very few might easily intercept them; the other, through our Province, much easier and freer from obstacles, because the Rhone flows between the boundaries of the Helvetii and those of the Allobroges, who had lately been subdued, and is in some places crossed by a ford. The furthest town of the Allobroges, and the nearest to the territories of the Helvetii, is Geneva. From this town a bridge extends to the Helvetii. They thought that they should either persuade the Allobroges, because they did not seem as yet well-affected toward the Roman people, or compel them by force to allow them to pass through their territories. Having provided every thing for the expedition, they appoint a day, on which they should all meet on the bank of the Rhone. This day was the fifth before the kalends of April [i.e. the 28th of March], in the consulship of Lucius Piso and Aulus Gabinius [B.C. 58.]

## **Chapter 7**

When it was reported to Caesar that they were attempting to make their route through our Province he hastens to set out from the city, and, by as great marches as he can, proceeds

to Further Gaul, and arrives at Geneva. He orders the whole Province [to furnish] as great a number of soldiers as possible, as there was in all only one legion in Further Gaul: he orders the bridge at Geneva to be broken down. When the Helvetii are apprized of his arrival they send to him, as ambassadors, the most illustrious men of their state (in which embassy Numeius and Verudoctius held the chief place), to say "that it was their intention to march through the Province without doing any harm, because they had" [according to their own representations,] "no other route: that they requested, they might be allowed to do so with his consent." Caesar, inasmuch as he kept in remembrance that Lucius Cassius, the consul, had been slain, and his army routed and made to pass under the yoke by the Helvetii, did not think that [their request] ought to be granted: nor was he of opinion that men of hostile disposition, if an opportunity of marching through the Province were given them, would abstain from outrage and mischief. Yet, in order that a period might intervene, until the soldiers whom he had ordered [to be furnished] should assemble, he replied to the ambassadors, that he would take time to deliberate; if they wanted any thing, they might return on the day before the ides of April [on April 12th].

## **Chapter 8**

Meanwhile, with the legion which he had with him and the soldiers which had assembled from the Province, he carries along for nineteen [Roman, not quite eighteen English] miles a wall, to the height of sixteen feet, and a trench, from the Lake of Geneva, which flows into the river Rhone, to Mount Jura, which separates the territories of the Sequani from those of the Helvetii. When that work was finished, he distributes garrisons, and closely fortifies redoubts, in order that he may the more easily intercept them, if they should attempt to cross over against his will. When the day which he had appointed with the ambassadors came, and they returned to him; he says, that he can not, consistently with the custom and precedent of the Roman people, grant any one a passage through the Province; and he gives them to understand, that, if they should attempt to use violence he would oppose them. The Helvetii, disappointed in this hope, tried if they could force a passage (some by means of a bridge of boats and numerous rafts constructed for the purpose; others, by the fords of the Rhone, where the depth of the river was least, sometimes by day, but more frequently by night), but being kept at bay by the strength of our works, and by the concourse of the soldiers, and by the missiles, they desisted from this attempt.

## **Chapter 9**

There was left one way, [namely] through the Sequani, by which, on account of its narrowness, they could not pass without the consent of the Sequani. As they could not of themselves prevail on them, they send ambassadors to Dumnorix the Aeduan, that through his intercession, they might obtain their request from the Sequani. Dumnorix, by his popularity and liberality, had great influence among the Sequani, and was friendly to the Helvetii, because out of that state he had married the daughter of Orgetorix; and, incited by lust of sovereignty, was anxious for a revolution, and wished to have as many states as possible attached to him by his kindness toward them. He, therefore, undertakes the affair, and prevails upon the Sequani to allow the Helvetii to march through their

territories, and arranges that they should give hostages to each other - the Sequani not to obstruct the Helvetii in their march - the Helvetii, to pass without mischief and outrage.

## **Chapter 10**

It is again told Caesar, that the Helvetii intended to march through the country of the Sequani and the Aedui into the territories of the Santones, which are not far distant from those boundaries of the Tolosates, which [viz. Tolosa, Toulouse] is a state in the Province. If this took place, he saw that it would be attended with great danger to the Province to have warlike men, enemies of the Roman people, bordering upon an open and very fertile tract of country. For these reasons he appointed Titus Labienus, his lieutenant, to the command of the fortification which he had made. He himself proceeds to Italy by forced marches, and there levies two legions, and leads out from winter-quarters three which were wintering around Aquileia, and with these five legions marches rapidly by the nearest route across the Alps into Further Gaul. Here the Centrones and the Graioceli and the Caturiges, having taken possession of the higher parts, attempt to obstruct the army in their march. After having routed these in several battles, he arrives in the territories of the Vocontii in the Further Province on the seventh day from Ocelum, which is the most remote town of the Hither Province; thence he leads his army into the country of the Allobroges, and from the Allobroges to the Segusiani. These people are the first beyond the Province on the opposite side of the Rhone.

## **Chapter 11**

The Helvetii had by this time led their forces over through the narrow defile and the territories of the Sequani, and had arrived at the territories of the Aedui, and were ravaging their lands. The Aedui, as they could not defend themselves and their possessions against them, send ambassadors to Caesar to ask assistance, [pleading] that they had at all times so well deserved of the Roman people, that their fields ought not to have been laid waste - their children carried off into slavery - their towns stormed, almost within sight of our army. At the same time the Ambarri, the friends and kinsmen of the Aedui, apprise Caesar, that it was not easy for them, now that their fields had been devastated, to ward off the violence of the enemy from their towns: the Allobroges likewise, who had villages and possessions on the other side of the Rhone, betake themselves in flight to Caesar, and assure him that they had nothing remaining, except the soil of their land. Caesar, induced by these circumstances, decides, that he ought not to wait until the Helvetii, after destroying all the property of his allies, should arrive among the Santones.

## **Chapter 12**

There is a river [called] the Saone, which flows through the territories of the Aedui and Sequani into the Rhone with such incredible slowness, that it can not be determined by the eye in which direction it flows. This the Helvetii were crossing by rafts and boats joined together. When Caesar was informed by spies that the Helvetii had already conveyed three parts of their forces across that river, but that the fourth part was left

behind on this side of the Saone, he set out from the camp with three legions during the third watch, and came up with that division which had not yet crossed the river. Attacking them encumbered with baggage, and not expecting him, he cut to pieces a great part of them; the rest betook themselves to flight, and concealed themselves in the nearest woods. That canton [which was cut down] was called the Tigurine; for the whole Helvetian state is divided into four cantons. This single canton having left their country, within the recollection of our fathers, had slain Lucius Cassius the consul, and had made his army pass under the yoke. Thus, whether by chance, or by the design of the immortal gods, that part of the Helvetian state which had brought a signal calamity upon the Roman people, was the first to pay the penalty. In this Caesar avenged not only the public but also his own personal wrongs, because the Tigurini had slain Lucius Piso the lieutenant [of Cassius], the grandfather of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, his [Caesar's] father-in-law, in the same battle as Cassius himself.

### **Chapter 13**

This battle ended, that he might be able to come up with the remaining forces of the Helvetii, he procures a bridge to be made across the Saone, and thus leads his army over. The Helvetii, confused by his sudden arrival, when they found that he had effected in one day, what they, themselves had with the utmost difficulty accomplished in twenty namely, the crossing of the river, send ambassadors to him; at the head of which embassy was Divico, who had been commander of the Helvetii, in the war against Cassius. He thus treats with Caesar: - that, "if the Roman people would make peace with the Helvetii they would go to that part and there remain, where Caesar might appoint and desire them to be; but if he should persist in persecuting them with war that he ought to remember both the ancient disgrace of the Roman people and the characteristic valor of the Helvetii. As to his having attacked one canton by surprise, [at a time] when those who had crossed the river could not bring assistance to their friends, that he ought not on that account to ascribe very much to his own valor, or despise them; that they had so learned from their sires and ancestors, as to rely more on valor than on artifice and stratagem. Wherefore let him not bring it to pass that the place, where they were standing, should acquire a name, from the disaster of the Roman people and the destruction of their army or transmit the remembrance [of such an event to posterity]."

### **Chapter 14**

To these words Caesar thus replied: - that "on that very account he felt less hesitation, because he kept in remembrance those circumstances which the Helvetian ambassadors had mentioned, and that he felt the more indignant at them, in proportion as they had happened undeservedly to the Roman people: for if they had been conscious of having done any wrong, it would not have been difficult to be on their guard, but for that very reason had they been deceived, because neither were they aware that any offense had been given by them, on account of which they should be afraid, nor did they think that they ought to be afraid without cause. But even if he were willing to forget their former outrage, could he also lay aside the remembrance of the late wrongs, in that they had against his will attempted a route through the Province by force, in that they had molested

the Aedui, the Ambarri, and the Allobroges? That as to their so insolently boasting of their victory, and as to their being astonished that they had so long committed their outrages with impunity, [both these things] tended to the same point; for the immortal gods are wont to allow those persons whom they wish to punish for their guilt sometimes a greater prosperity and longer impunity, in order that they may suffer the more severely from a reverse of circumstances. Although these things are so, yet, if hostages were to be given him by them in order that he may be assured these will do what they promise, and provided they will give satisfaction to the Aedui for the outrages which they had committed against them and their allies, and likewise to the Allobroges, he [Caesar] will make peace with them." Divico replied, that "the Helvetii had been so trained by their ancestors, that they were accustomed to receive, not to give hostages; of that fact the Roman people were witness." Having given this reply, he withdrew.

## **Chapter 15**

On the following day they move their camp from that place; Caesar does the same, and sends forward all his cavalry, to the number of four thousand (which he had drawn together from all parts of the Province and from the Aedui and their allies), to observe toward what parts the enemy are directing their march. These, having too eagerly pursued the enemy's rear, come to a battle with the cavalry of the Helvetii in a disadvantageous place, and a few of our men fall. The Helvetii, elated with this battle, because they had with five hundred horse repulsed so large a body of horse, began to face us more boldly, sometimes too from their rear to provoke our men by an attack. Caesar [however] restrained his men from battle, deeming it sufficient for the present to prevent the enemy from rapine, forage, and depredation. They marched for about fifteen days in such a manner that there was not more than five or six miles between the enemy's rear and our van.

## **Chapter 16**

Meanwhile, Caesar kept daily importuning the Aedui for the corn which they had promised in the name of their state; for, in consequence of the coldness (Gaul, being as before said, situated toward the north), not only was the corn in the fields not ripe, but there was not in store a sufficiently large quantity even of fodder: besides he was unable to use the corn which he had conveyed in ships up the river Saone, because the Helvetii, from whom he was unwilling to retire had diverted their march from the Saone. The Aedui kept deferring from day to day, and saying that it was being collected - brought in - on the road." When he saw that he was put off too long, and that the day was close at hand on which he ought to serve out the corn to his soldiers; - having called together their chiefs, of whom he had a great number in his camp, among them Divitiacus and Liscus who was invested with the chief magistracy (whom the Aedui style the Vergobretus, and who is elected annually and has power of life or death over his countrymen), he severely reprimands them, because he is not assisted by them on so urgent an occasion, when the enemy were so close at hand, and when [corn] could neither be bought nor taken from the fields, particularly as, in a great measure urged by their prayers, he had undertaken the

war; much more bitterly, therefore does he complain of his being forsaken...”

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Though Julius Caesar was gifted in many respects, not even he could excel Cicero in oratory. Marcus Tullius Cicero, living 106–43 B.C., was the greatest orator that ancient Rome produced. He was also famous as a politician and a philosopher. Below is an illustrative speech of Cicero, found at the website <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/cgi-bin/ptext?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.02.0023> :

M. Tullius Cicero, *Speech before Roman Citizens on Behalf of Gaius Rabirius, Defendant Against the Charge of Treason* (ed. William Blake Tyrrell)

I. Although, [Roman](#) citizens, my custom at the outset of speaking has never been to offer in return the reason why I am defending someone, especially since I have always considered a just cause enough of a bond for me with all citizens in their legal perils, in this defense of Gaius [Rabirius](#)' life and citizenship, his reputation, and all his fortunes the rationale underlying my sense of duty, it seems, must be explained, since the reason that seemed to me most just for defending him ought to seem to you the very one for acquitting him. [2] My long friendship with Gaius [Rabirius](#), the honor of the man, considerations of civilized behavior, and the unbroken custom of my life have urged me to defend him, but, in truth, the survival of the Republic, my duty as consul, and, finally, the consulship itself which, along with the welfare of the Republic, you have entrusted to me have compelled me to do so with my every effort.

Criminal negligence, [Roman](#) citizens, has not summoned [Rabirius](#) into a crisis of his life and citizenship, neither has jealousy inspired by his life nor any lasting, just, and grievous enmity. Rather, that the most important support for the majesty of our empire handed down to us by our ancestors be abolished from the Republic, and that henceforth the influence of the senate, the consul's civilian authority, and the meeting of the minds of good men be utterly powerless against the pernicious plague upon the citizen body, for these aims and purposes and toward overturning these institutions, have one man's old age, frailty, and privacy come under assault. [3] Accordingly, if it is the mark of a good consul, when he sees all the supports of the Republic being undermined and wrest asunder, to bring help to the fatherland, to succor the common health and fortunes, to invoke the integrity of citizens, and to consider his own survival of less importance than the common survival, it is as well the mark of good and brave citizens, men like you who have emerged in every crisis facing the Republic, to cut off all avenues for sedition, to fortify the bulwarks of the Republic, to reckon that the supreme command resides in the consuls, the utmost deliberation in the senate, and to judge that man who has followed their leadership worthy of praise and glory, not penalties and capital punishment. [4] Accordingly, the task of defending this man is primarily mine, but the ardor for preserving the man ought to be ours, yours and mine, in common.”

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A contemporary acquaintance of Cicero was the famous Roman poet Horace. Here is a brief biography of Horace, excerpted from  
[http://ancienthistory.about.com/library/bl/bl\\_horace.htm](http://ancienthistory.about.com/library/bl/bl_horace.htm) :

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“Quintus Horatius Flaccus -- Horace -- was a Roman poet who lived from December 8, 65 B.C. to November 27, 8 B.C. Horace provides autobiographical information in his poetry, from which we learn that he was the son of a freedman "coactor argentarius" (auction broker) and "publicanus" (tax collector). Another source for his life is Suetonius.

Horace received an education at Rome under L. Orbilius Pupillus, and then in Athens at the Academy where he met Cicero. While in Greece, Horace joined the army of Brutus and fought at Philippi. As a result of being on the losing side against Octavian and Mark Antony, Horace's family's property was confiscated.

In 39 B.C., after Augustus granted amnesty, Horace became a secretary in the Roman treasury. In 38, Horace met and became the patron of Maecenas, who provided him with a villa in the Sabine hills. Augustus favored Horace and commissioned him to write the *Carmen Saeculare* for the Secular Games of 17 B.C.

### **The works of Horace**

- *De Arte Poetica Liber* - The Art of Poetry
  - *Carmen Saeculare* - Poem of the Secular Games
  - *Carminum Libri IV* - The Odes (4 Books)
  - *Epistularum Libri II* - The Epistles (2 Books)
  - *Epodon Liber* - The Epodes “
  - *Sermonum Libri II (Satira)* - The Satires (2 Books)
- 

Below are samples from Horace's *Odes*, found at  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext04/dsndc10.txt> :

---

JAM SATIS TERRIS.

Enough of snow and hail at last  
The Sire has sent in vengeance down:  
His bolts, at His own temple cast,  
Appall'd the town,  
Appall'd the lands, lest Pyrrha's time  
Return, with all its monstrous sights,  
When Proteus led his flocks to climb  
The flatten'd heights,

When fish were in the elm-tops caught,  
 Where once the stock-dove wont to bide,  
 And does were floating, all distraught,  
 Adown the tide.  
 Old Tiber, hurl'd in tumult back  
 From mingling with the Etruscan main,  
 Has threaten'd Numa's court with wrack  
 And Vesta's fane.  
 Roused by his Ilia's plaintive woes,  
 He vows revenge for guiltless blood,  
 And, spite of Jove, his banks o'erflows,  
 Uxorious flood.  
 Yes, Fame shall tell of civic steel  
 That better Persian lives had spilt,  
 To youths, whose minish'd numbers feel  
 Their parents' guilt.  
 What god shall Rome invoke to stay  
 Her fall? Can suppliance overbear  
 The ear of Vesta, turn'd away  
 From chant and prayer?  
 Who comes, commission'd to atone  
 For crime like ours? at length appear,  
 A cloud round thy bright shoulders thrown,  
 Apollo seer!  
 Or Venus, laughter-loving dame,  
 Round whom gay Loves and Pleasures fly;  
 Or thou, if slighted sons may claim  
 A parent's eye,  
 O weary--with thy long, long game,  
 Who lov'st fierce shouts and helmets bright,  
 And Moorish warrior's glance of flame  
 Or e'er he smite!  
 Or Maia's son, if now awhile  
 In youthful guise we see thee here,  
 Caesar's avenger--such the style  
 Thou deign'st to bear;  
 Late be thy journey home, and long  
 Thy sojourn with Rome's family;  
 Nor let thy wrath at our great wrong  
 Lend wings to fly.  
 Here take our homage, Chief and Sire;  
 Here wreathe with bay thy conquering brow,  
 And bid the prancing Mede retire,  
 Our Caesar thou!

...

## SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

The touch of Zephyr and of Spring has loosen'd Winter's thrall;  
The well-dried keels are wheel'd again to sea:  
The ploughman cares not for his fire, nor cattle for their stall,  
And frost no more is whitening all the lea.  
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the bright moon overhead;  
The Graces and the Nymphs, together knit,  
With rhythmic feet the meadow beat, while Vulcan, fiery red,  
Heats the Cyclopien forge in Aetna's pit.  
'Tis now the time to wreath the brow with branch of myrtle green,  
Or flowers, just opening to the vernal breeze;  
Now Faunus claims his sacrifice among the shady treen,  
Lambkin or kidling, which soe'er he please.  
Pale Death, impartial, walks his round; he knocks at cottage-gate  
And palace-portal. Sestius, child of bliss!  
How should a mortal's hopes be long, when short his being's date?  
Lo here! the fabulous ghosts, the dark abyss,  
The void of the Plutonian hall, where soon as e'er you go,  
No more for you shall leap the auspicious die  
To seat you on the throne of wine; no more your breast shall glow  
For Lycidas, the star of every eye.

---

Publius Ovidius Naso (March 20, 43 BC – AD 17) Roman poet known to the English-speaking world simply as Ovid, wrote on topics of love, abandoned women, and mythological transformations. Augustus banished Ovid in AD 8 to Tomis on the Black Sea for reasons that remain mysterious. (Ovid himself wrote that it was because of an 'error' and a 'carmen' – a mistake and a poem.) He may have had an affair with a female relative of Augustus, and the 'carmen' mentioned by Ovid may be his immoral poem *Ars Amatoria*, which had been available for some time.

Ovid wrote in elegiac couplets, with the exception of his *Metamorphoses*, which he wrote in dactylic hexameter, in imitation of Vergil's *Aeneid* and Homer's epics. Elegiac couplets consist of alternating lines of dactylic hexameter and pentameter: two dactyls followed by a long syllable, a caesura, then two more dactyls followed by a long syllable. Elegiac couplets were considered more appropriate for love poetry, whereas dactylic hexameter was considered more appropriate for lofty historical epics. Here is an example of an elegiac couplet, in which the first line is dactylic hexameter and the second line is pentameter:

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,  
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

## **ELEGY I:**

### **THE POET EXPLAINS HOW IT IS HE COMES TO SING OF LOVE INSTEAD OF BATTLES.**

WAS about to sing, in heroic strain, of arms and fierce combats. 'Twas a subject suited to my verse, whose lines were all of equal measure. But Cupid, so 'tis said, began to laugh, and stole away one foot. Who was it, cruel boy, gave thee this right to meddle with poetry? We poets belong to the train of the Muses and follow not in thine. What would be said if Venus were to seize upon the arms of golden-haired Minerva, and if golden-haired Minerva were to wave thy lighted torches in the wind? Who would deem it well that Ceres should queen it o'er the wood-crowned heights, and that the tilling of the fields should be the quivered Virgin's care? Shall Apollo, with his glorious tresses, go armed with the spear, what time Mars wakes into song the strings of the Aonian lyre? Too great already are thine empire and thy power; wherefore then, boy, wouldst thou make wider yet the frontiers of thy realm? Is all the world thine? Shall Helicon and the Vale of Tempe call thee master, too? Shall Apollo himself cease to be lord of his own lyre? Brave was the line that sounded the opening of my new poem, but lo! Love comes and stays my soaring flight. No boy have I, nor long-haired girl, to inspire me in these lighter strains.

Such was the burden of my plaint when, on a sudden, Cupid lowered his quiver and drew forth therefrom arrows to pierce my heart. Then, bending his curving bow with a will upon his knee, he said, "Poet, here is matter for thy song." Ah, hapless me, Love's arrow did but all too surely find its mark. On fire am I, and Love, and none but Love now rules my heart that ne'er was slave till now. Now let six feet my book begin, and let it end in five. Farewell fierce War, farewell thy measure too. Only with the myrtle of the salt sea's marge shalt thou bind thy fair head, my Muse, who needs must tune thy numbers to eleven feet.

## **ELEGY II:**

### **THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.**

WHO is it that can tell me why my bed seems so is hard and why the bedclothes will not stay upon it? Wherefore has this night--and oh, how long it was!--dragged on, bringing no sleep to my eyes? Why are my weary limbs visited with restlessness and pain? If it were Love that had come to make me suffer, surely I should know it. Or stay, what if he slips in like a thief, what if he comes, without a word of warning, to wound me with his cruel arts? Yes, 'tis he! His slender arrows have pierced my heart, and fell Love holds it

like a conquered land. Shall I yield me to him? Or shall I strive against him, and so add fuel to this sudden flame? Well, I will yield; burdens willingly borne do lighter weigh. I know that the flames will leap from the shaken torch and die away in the one you leave alone. The young oxen which rebel against the yoke are more often beaten than those which willingly submit. And if a horse be fiery, harsh is the bit that tames him. When he takes to -the fray with a will, he feels the curb less galling. And so it is with Love; for hearts that struggle and rebel against him, he is more implacable and stern than for such as willingly confess his sway.

Ah well, be it so, Cupid; thy prey am I. I am a poor captive kneeling with suppliant hands before my conqueror. What is the use of fighting? Pardon and peace is what I ask. And little, I trow, would it redound to your glory, armed as you are, to strike down a defenceless man. Crown thy brows with myrtle and thy mother's doves yoke to thy car. Thy step-father will give thee the chariot that befits thee, and upon that chariot, amid the acclamations of the throng, thou shalt stand a conqueror, guiding with skill thy harnessed birds. Captives in thy train, youths and maidens shall follow, and splendid shall be thy triumph. And I, thy latest victim, shall be there with my fresh wound, and with submissive mien I will bear my new-wrought fetters. Prudence shall be led captive with hands bound behind her back, and Modesty, and whatsoever else is an obstacle to Love. All things shall be in awe of thee, and stretching forth their arms towards thee the throng with mighty voice shall thunder "Io Triumph!" Caresses shall be thy escort, and Illusion and Madness, a troop that ever follows in thy train. With these fighting on thy side, nor men nor gods shall stand against thee; but if their aid be lacking, naked shalt thou be. Proud to behold thy triumph, thy mother will applaud thee from High Olympus and scatter roses on thy upturned face. Thy wings and thy locks shall be adorned with precious stones, and all with gold resplendent shalt thou drive thy golden car. Then too, if I know thee well, thou wilt set countless other hearts on fire, and many a wound shalt deal as thou passest on thy way. Repose, even when thou art fain to rest, cometh not to thine arrows. Thy ardent flame turns water itself to vapour. Such was Bacchus when he triumphed over the land of the Ganges. Thou art drawn along by doves; his car was drawn by tigers. Since, then, I am to have a part in thy godlike triumph, lose not the rights which thy victory gives thee over me. Bethink thee of the victories of thy kinsman Cæsar; he shields the conquered with the very hand that conquers them..."

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In his work *The Metamorphoses*, Ovid does not offer an epic narrative of history like his literary predecessors of Greece and Rome, but promises a chronological account of the cosmos from creation to his own day, incorporating many myths and legends from the Greek and Roman traditions. Here are excerpts from the the work, found at <http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/creation-ovid.html> :

## **The Creation of the Earth and the Great Flood**

according to Greek and Roman Mythology abstracted from *The Metamorphoses* of Ovid

Before there was earth or sea or heaven, there existed only chaos: shapeless, unorganized, lifeless matter. There was no sun, no moon, and no air. Elements existed, but they had neither form nor character. The earth was without firmness, the water without fluidity, and the sky without light.

There was opposition in all things: hot conflicted with cold, wet with dry, heavy with light, and hard with soft.

Finally a god, a natural higher force, resolved this conflict, separating earth from heaven, parting the dry land from the waters, and dividing the clear air from the clouds, thus organizing all things into a balanced union. In the highest sphere he made a heavenly vault of weightless and untainted ether. The next lower region he filled with air, light but not without substance. Then came the heavy earth, which sank down under its own weight and was encircled by the sea.

Thus did the god, whichever god it was, set order to the chaotic mass by separating it into its components, then organizing them into a harmonious whole.

Then the god shaped the earth into a great ball and caused the seas to spread in one direction and the other. He created springs, pools, and lakes, then formed rivers, causing them to flow toward the seas. He flattened out the plains, caused valleys to sink down, and pushed up mountains from the level places.

The earth he organized into five zones, the same number that exist in heaven, which is divided into two regions on the right, two on the left, and one in the center. On earth the middle zone is too hot for habitation and the two outer zones are too cold, but between these extremes the god created two temperate zones where heat and cold are balanced.

Beneath the ether and above the earth hangs the air, where the god formed mist and clouds, placing thunderbolts within the clouds. To each of the four winds he assigned limits and purpose. He caused the stars, which heretofore had been veiled in darkness, to shine forth across the sky.

The waters he filled with fishes, the earth with wild animals, and the air with birds. But none of these creatures approached the gods in intelligence; none could rightly be called master over all the others.

Then man was born. Either the god who had created this better earth made man from divine seed, or Prometheus, molded an image of the gods from a clump of earth that had been newly separated from the ether and thus still retained some divine qualities. Whoever created man, this new being was made to stand erect with his eyes directed toward heaven and the stars, unlike other animals who hang their heads and gaze toward the ground.

The first age of man was a golden age, during which men did what was right without laws and without the threat of punishment. No one strayed far from home. Everyone lived at peace with his neighbors, and the earth itself gave up its fruits without cultivation or labor. Berries, fruits, grains, and flowers abounded although the land remained untilled. Rivers flowed with milk and nectar, and honey dripped from the trees. Springtime was the only season.

When Saturn lost his rule to Jove this golden age on earth gave way to a silver age. Jove, the sky god, shortened springtime and added the seasons of summer, fall, and winter. The earth now yielded its bounty of grain only from plowed fields, made fruitful by the labor of man and beast.

Then came an age of bronze. Just as bronze is harder than silver, men were now more disposed toward warfare than heretofore.

Finally came an age of iron, a metal baser and harder than gold, silver, or bronze. Now the natural virtues of man gave way to baser, harsher qualities. Modesty, truth, and loyalty were replaced by treachery, deceit, and greed. Sailors now traversed the seas seeking new lands and power. Men sought wealth in foreign places and from beneath the earth, wealth that in turn became the cause of much wickedness and suffering. Friend betrayed friend, and relative turned against relative.

The conflict on earth threatened even heaven. Legends tell how at that time giants attempted an attack on the realm of the gods by piling mountains together to reach the sky. Jove defended his heavenly kingdom with a mighty thunderbolt, which destroyed the tower of mountains, crushing the giants beneath it as it fell. Torrents of blood flowed forth from their bodies, drenching the earth. It is said that from this blood-soaked earth was born a new breed of men, who like their giant forebears had no respect for the gods.

Looking down from his kingdom in the sky, Jove saw that mankind was now hopelessly violent and cruel. He called together his council, and they came to him forthwith, traveling that famous bright path across heaven's vault, the Milky Way. Jove angrily demanded that the utterly corrupt human race be destroyed, promising that afterward he himself would supervise the creation of a new stock of men. The gods sadly agreed that only this extreme act would solve the threat of mankind's wickedness.

Jove was about to strike the earth with a barrage of thunderbolts when he realized that the conflagration caused by such an attack might threaten heaven itself, so he resolved to destroy the earth's inhabitants by water instead of by fiery lightning. To this end he fettered the North Wind, then charged the South Wind to bring forth endless rains. Jove's brother Neptune, god of the seas, caused the tides and the waves to rise upon the land and the rivers to overflow their banks.

Man and beast alike fell prey to the ever-rising flood. Orchards and planted fields were washed away. Houses and other buildings were either demolished by the crashing waves or submerged beneath a sea that had no shores. Not even the temples and sacred images

were spared. The birds themselves, their wings finally tiring from continuous flight, in the end were forced to surrender to watery graves.

In the end only one place on earth remained above water: the twin summits of Mount Parnassus. It was here that the small boat carrying Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha ran aground. They alone had survived the great deluge.

When Jove saw that only one man and one woman were still alive on earth, and that this husband and this wife were virtuous people, both true worshippers, he released the North Wind and caused it to dissipate the storms and clouds. Then Neptune called upon Triton to recall the tides and waves with a signal from his conch-shell trumpet.

The earth was now restored, but lifeless, desolate, and empty. Deucalion and Pyrrha, seeing that they were the only living beings left on earth, sought guidance by going together to the Waters of Cephissus, which were again flowing in their usual channel. They sprinkled themselves with this holy water, then entered the temple and asked for assistance. The answer came through an oracle that they should leave the temple and scatter behind them their mothers' bones.

Deucalion could not believe his ears, and Pyrrha stated aloud that she would never dishonor her mother's spirit by thus disturbing her bones. Deucalion, however, thought that the words of the oracle were not to be taken literally, that the mother mentioned was not a human mother, but rather mother earth, and that the bones to be scattered were stones from the earth's body. Deciding to put this interpretation to the test, Deucalion and Pyrrha scattered behind them stones from the earth.

No one would believe what happened afterward, if it were not for the testimony of ancient legends. The stones, once thrown to the ground, lost their hardness and assumed human forms. Those scattered by Deucalion became male, and those scattered by Pyrrha became female. And thus the earth was repopulated.

Then through the natural process of warmth and moisture and earth reacting with one another the lower animals were reborn as well. Yes, fire and water are opposites, but moist heat is the source of all living things. Creation comes about through the resolution of opposing forces.

- Source: Abstracted from *The Metamorphoses of Ovid*, translated by Mary M. Innes (Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1955), book 1. 1955 by Mary M. Innes....
- Jove, the principal god mentioned in the above myth, is another name for Jupiter, the supreme god in Roman mythology. The name Jupiter is a title designating "Heavenly Father." Jupiter is normally associated with Zeus in Greek mythology.
- Saturn, a Roman god of fertility and agriculture, is associated with Cronus in Greek mythology. Saturn was overthrown by his sons Jove (Jupiter), Neptune, and Pluto, marking an end to the golden age. At this transition Jove assumed rule over heaven and earth, Neptune over the seas, and Pluto over the underworld.



- Prometheus, according to Ovid, was *possibly* the creator of man. (Ovid apparently had conflicting sources on this detail.) Prometheus was the son of a Titan (ancient gods of nature) and an Oceanid (a family of water dieties). Prometheus' most famous act was to steal fire from heaven for the intended benefit of man. The outraged Zeus punished Prometheus by having him nailed to a cliff in the Caucasus Mountains. Each day an eagle attacked him and ate out his liver, which grew back every night, allowing the punishment to continue forever.
  - Deucalion and Pyrrha, the sole survivors of the great flood, were not only husband and wife, but also half brother and half sister, both being the offspring of Prometheus by different mothers.
- 

The ancient Romans like Ovid borrowed heavily from the Greeks, the writings of which we shall consider in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER THREE : OF THE GREEKS

There is significant evidence that the Greeks, unlike various other peoples, did not keep careful written records of their history until around the time that the Persians began invading Greece. This is not to say they did not write or did not record any history further into their antiquity, for men like Hesiod and Homer lived in the 800s BC. But compared with the Jews and Babylonians, even this was very late indeed to start keeping careful historical records. As a result, Greek chronicles have their Noah (who they called Deucalion) giving birth to the father of the Greeks, and not accounting for the origin of many other nations of the world. Events and people that occurred over a long duration, are collapsed into a much shorter time frame in the Greek chronicles. And the Greek chronicles are more subject to some contradiction among themselves, when it comes to the earlier history.

Yet despite these shortcomings, the Greek chronicles attest to much of the basic historical outline we have read in previous chronicles. They attest to the Noahic Flood (or, in their terms, the great flood during the time of Deucalion), the father of the Hellenic peoples (named Hellen), the Trojan War with the Grecians, etc. In this chapter we shall consider the following Greek chronicles, referring to these and other events: the Parian Marble, Homer's *Iliad*, and Herodotus' *History*. In addition, we shall review other genres of ancient Greek literature.

### *The Parian Marble*

One of the oldest Grecian chronicles still extant is the Parian Marble. The Parian Marble (otherwise known as the Parian Chronicle or the *Marmor Parium*) is the earliest extant example of a Greek chronological table. It has been in Oxford since 1667, and is one of the greatest treasures of the Ashmolean Museum. The name of the compiler of the Parian Marble is lost, but he covers the period beginning from the accession of King Cecrops in Athens in 1581 BC. And his history extends to 264 BC, apparently the date of composition and of the inscription itself on the marble. For over a hundred of these thirteen hundred years, he found events to record of a very varied nature. He dates Deucalion's flood to 1528 BC, the invention of corn by Demeter to 1409 BC, and the fall of Troy to 1209 BC. He dates Hesiod one generation earlier than Homer, in the late tenth century.

Here are excerpts from the Parian Marble, which can be read in full at <http://www.ashmol.ox.ac.uk/ash/faqs/q004/q004001.html> :

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“[From all the records and general accounts] I have recorded [the previous times], beginning from Cecrops becoming first king of Athens, until [\_\_\_\_] uanax was archon in Paros, and Diognetus in Athens.

1) From when Cecrops became king of Athens and the place was called Cecropia, which had previously been called Actica from Actaeon who was native there, 1318 years.

[1318 years before 264 BC is 1582 BC – JPM]

2) From when Deucalion became king near Parnassus in Lycoreia when Cecrops was king of Athens, 1310 years.

[1310 years before 264 BC is 1574 BC – JPM]

3) From when there was a dispute at Athens between Ares and Poseidon, because of Poseidon's son Halirrhothius, and the place was called the Hill of Ares, 1268 years, when Cr[ana]os was king of Athens.

4) From when there was a flood in the time of Deucalion, and Deucalion fled the waters from Lycoreia to Athens to [Cranaos] and [founded the temple of Olympian] Zeu[s, and] made offerings for his deliverance, 1265 years, when Cranaos was king of Athens.

5) From [when Amphi]ctyon <the> son of Deucalion became king in Thermopylae and brought together those living round about the [tem]ple and named them [Amphictyons], and [sacrificed on their behalf], where the Amphictyons even now still make offerings , 1258 years, when Amphictyon was king of Athens.

6) From when Hellen the [son of] Deuc[alion] became king of [Phthi]otis, and those previously called Greeks were named Hellenes, and [the Panath\_\_ games\_\_\_\_], 1257 [years], when Amphictyon was king of Athens.

7) From when Cadmus the son of Agenor came to Thebes [\_\_\_\_and] built the Cadmeia, 1255 years, when Amphictyon was king of Athens.

8) From when \_\_\_\_nices became king, 1252 years, when Amphictyon was king of Athens.

9) From when [the first fifty-oared] ship [ prepared by Danaus] sailed from Egypt to Greece and was called a penteconter, and the daughters of Danaus, \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_ and Helike and Archedike, chosen by lot by the rest, [founded the temple of Lindian Athene] and made offerings on the headland \_\_\_\_ in Lindos in Rhodes, 1247 years, [when Erichthonios] was king [of Athens].

10) [From when] at the time of the first Panathenaia, [Erich]thonius yoked up a chariot and showed how to race, and [gave] the Athenians [their name, and the glory] of the mother of the gods appeared in Cybele, and Hyagnis the Phrygian first invented the Phrygian flute in \_\_\_\_\_, and first played [the music c]alled Phrygian, and other styles of the Mother, of Dionysus, of Pan and \_\_\_\_\_, 1242 years, when Erychthonius, who yoked horses to a chariot, was king of Athens...

21) From [the invasion] of the Amazons [into Attica, 99]2 [years], when Theseus was king of Athens...

23) From when the [Helle]nes marched against Troy, 954 years, in the 13th year that [Men]estheus was king of Athe[ns].

24) From when Troy was taken, 945 years, in the <2>2nd year that [Menesthe]us was king of Athens, on the 7th day before the end of the month Th[argelio]n...

27) From when Ne[l]eus colonised [Miletus and all the] rest of [Ioni]a, Ephesus, Erythrae, Clazomenae, P[ri]ene, Lebedos, Teos, Colophon, Myus, [Phocaia], Samos, [Chios, and] the [Pan]ioni[an] games took place, [8]13 years, when Me[nestheus was king] of Athens [for the 13th year].

28) From when [Hes]iod the poet [appeared] 67\_\_\_\_ years when \_\_\_\_ was king of Athens.

29) From when Homer the poet appeared, 643 years, when [D]iognetus was king of Athens..."

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### ***Homer's 'Iliad'***

Here are extended excerpts from Homer's *Iliad*, the full version of which can be read at <http://darkwing.uoregon.edu/~joelja/iliad.html> :

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### **BOOK I**

Sing, O goddess, the anger of Achilles son of Peleus, that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans. Many a brave soul did it send hurrying down to Hades, and many a hero did it yield a prey to dogs and vultures, for so were the counsels of Jove fulfilled from the day on which the son of Atreus, king of men, and great Achilles, first fell out with one another.

And which of the gods was it that set them on to quarrel? It was the son of Jove and Leto; for he was angry with the king and sent a pestilence upon the host to plague the people, because the son of Atreus had dishonoured Chryses his priest. Now Chryses had come to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and had brought with him a great ransom: moreover he bore in his hand the sceptre of Apollo wreathed with a suppliant's wreath and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus, who were their chiefs.

"Sons of Atreus," he cried, "and all other Achaeans, may the gods who dwell in Olympus grant you to sack the city of Priam, and to reach your homes in safety; but free my daughter, and accept a ransom for her, in reverence to Apollo, son of Jove."

On this the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away.

"Old man," said he, "let me not find you tarrying about our ships, nor yet coming hereafter. Your sceptre of the god and your wreath shall profit you nothing. I will not free her. She shall grow old in my house at Argos far from her own home, busying herself with her loom and visiting my couch; so go, and do not provoke me or it shall be the worse for you."

The old man feared him and obeyed. Not a word he spoke, but went by the shore of the sounding sea and prayed apart to King Apollo whom lovely Leto had borne. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest Chryse and holy Cilla and rulest Tenedos with thy might, hear me oh thou of Sminthe. If I have ever decked your temple with garlands, or burned your thigh-bones in fat of bulls or goats, grant my prayer, and let your arrows avenge these my tears upon the Danaans."

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. He came down furious from the summits of Olympus, with his bow and his quiver upon his shoulder, and the arrows rattled on his back with the rage that trembled within him. He sat himself down away from the ships with a face as dark as night, and his silver bow rang death as he shot his arrow in the midst of them. First he smote their mules and their hounds, but presently he aimed his shafts at the people themselves, and all day long the pyres of the dead were burning.

For nine whole days he shot his arrows among the people, but upon the tenth day Achilles called them in assembly- moved thereto by Juno, who saw the Achaeans in their death-throes and had compassion upon them. Then, when they were got together, he rose and spoke among them.

"Son of Atreus," said he, "I deem that we should now turn roving home if we would escape destruction, for we are being cut down by war and pestilence at once. Let us ask some priest or prophet, or some reader of dreams (for dreams, too, are of Jove) who can tell us why Phoebus Apollo is so angry, and say whether it is for some vow that we have broken, or hecatomb that we have not offered, and whether he will accept the savour of lambs and goats without blemish, so as to take away the plague from us."

With these words he sat down, and Calchas son of Thestor, wisest of augurs, who knew things past present and to come, rose to speak. He it was who had guided the Achaeans with their fleet to Ilius, through the prophesyings with which Phoebus Apollo had inspired him. With all sincerity and goodwill he addressed them thus:-

"Achilles, loved of heaven, you bid me tell you about the anger of King Apollo, I will therefore do so; but consider first and swear that you will stand by me heartily in word and deed, for I know that I shall offend one who rules the Argives with might, to whom all the Achaeans are in subjection. A plain man cannot stand against the anger of a king, who if he swallow his displeasure now, will yet nurse revenge till he has wreaked it. Consider, therefore, whether or no you

will protect me."

And Achilles answered, "Fear not, but speak as it is borne in upon you from heaven, for by Apollo, Calchas, to whom you pray, and whose oracles you reveal to us, not a Danaan at our ships shall lay his hand upon you, while I yet live to look upon the face of the earth- no, not though you name Agamemnon himself, who is by far the foremost of the Achaeans."

Thereon the seer spoke boldly. "The god," he said, "is angry neither about vow nor hecatomb, but for his priest's sake, whom Agamemnon has dishonoured, in that he would not free his daughter nor take a ransom for her; therefore has he sent these evils upon us, and will yet send others. He will not deliver the Danaans from this pestilence till Agamemnon has restored the girl without fee or ransom to her father, and has sent a holy hecatomb to Chryse. Thus we may perhaps appease him."

With these words he sat down, and Agamemnon rose in anger. His heart was black with rage, and his eyes flashed fire as he scowled on Calchas and said, "Seer of evil, you never yet prophesied smooth things concerning me, but have ever loved to foretell that which was evil. You have brought me neither comfort nor performance; and now you come seeing among Danaans, and saying that Apollo has plagued us because I would not take a ransom for this girl, the daughter of Chryses. I have set my heart on keeping her in my own house, for I love her better even than my own wife Clytemnestra, whose peer she is alike in form and feature, in understanding and accomplishments. Still I will give her up if I must, for I would have the people live, not die; but you must find me a prize instead, or I alone among the Argives shall be without one. This is not well; for you behold, all of you, that my prize is to go elsewhither."

And Achilles answered, "Most noble son of Atreus, covetous beyond all mankind, how shall the Achaeans find you another prize? We have no common store from which to take one. Those we took from the cities have been awarded; we cannot disallow the awards that have been made already. Give this girl, therefore, to the god, and if ever Jove grants us to sack the city of Troy we will requite you three and fourfold."

Then Agamemnon said, "Achilles, valiant though you be, you shall not thus outwit me. You shall not overreach and you shall not persuade me. Are you to keep your own prize, while I sit tamely under my loss and give up the girl at your bidding? Let the Achaeans find me a prize in fair exchange to my liking, or I will come and take your own, or that of Ajax or of Ulysses; and he to whomsoever I may come shall rue my coming. But of this we will take thought hereafter; for the present, let us draw a ship into the sea, and find a crew for her expressly; let us put a hecatomb on board, and let us send Chryseis also; further, let some chief man among us be in command, either Ajax,

or Idomeneus, or yourself, son of Peleus, mighty warrior that you are, that we may offer sacrifice and appease the the anger of the god."

Achilles scowled at him and answered, "You are steeped in insolence and lust of gain. With what heart can any of the Achaeans do your bidding, either on foray or in open fighting? I came not warring here for any ill the Trojans had done me. I have no quarrel with them. They have not raided my cattle nor my horses, nor cut down my harvests on the rich plains of Phthia; for between me and them there is a great space, both mountain and sounding sea. We have followed you, Sir Insolence! for your pleasure, not ours- to gain satisfaction from the Trojans for your shameless self and for Menelaus. You forget this, and threaten to rob me of the prize for which I have toiled, and which the sons of the Achaeans have given me. Never when the Achaeans sack any rich city of the Trojans do I receive so good a prize as you do, though it is my hands that do the better part of the fighting. When the sharing comes, your share is far the largest, and I, forsooth, must go back to my ships, take what I can get and be thankful, when my labour of fighting is done. Now, therefore, I shall go back to Phthia; it will be much better for me to return home with my ships, for I will not stay here dishonoured to gather gold and substance for you."

And Agamemnon answered, "Fly if you will, I shall make you no prayers to stay you. I have others here who will do me honour, and above all Jove, the lord of counsel. There is no king here so hateful to me as you are, for you are ever quarrelsome and ill affected. What though you be brave? Was it not heaven that made you so? Go home, then, with your ships and comrades to lord it over the Myrmidons. I care neither for you nor for your anger; and thus will I do: since Phoebus Apollo is taking Chryseis from me, I shall send her with my ship and my followers, but I shall come to your tent and take your own prize Briseis, that you may learn how much stronger I am than you are, and that another may fear to set himself up as equal or comparable with me."

The son of Peleus was furious, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided whether to draw his sword, push the others aside, and kill the son of Atreus, or to restrain himself and check his anger. While he was thus in two minds, and was drawing his mighty sword from its scabbard, Minerva came down from heaven (for Juno had sent her in the love she bore to them both), and seized the son of Peleus by his yellow hair, visible to him alone, for of the others no man could see her. Achilles turned in amaze, and by the fire that flashed from her eyes at once knew that she was Minerva. "Why are you here," said he, "daughter of aegis-bearing Jove? To see the pride of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Let me tell you- and it shall surely be- he shall pay for this insolence with his life."

And Minerva said, "I come from heaven, if you will hear me, to bid

you stay your anger. Juno has sent me, who cares for both of you alike. Cease, then, this brawling, and do not draw your sword; rail at him if you will, and your railing will not be vain, for I tell you- and it shall surely be- that you shall hereafter receive gifts three times as splendid by reason of this present insult. Hold, therefore, and obey."

"Goddess," answered Achilles, "however angry a man may be, he must do as you two command him. This will be best, for the gods ever hear the prayers of him who has obeyed them."

He stayed his hand on the silver hilt of his sword, and thrust it back into the scabbard as Minerva bade him. Then she went back to Olympus among the other gods, and to the house of aegis-bearing Jove.

But the son of Peleus again began railing at the son of Atreus, for he was still in a rage. "Wine-bibber," he cried, "with the face of a dog and the heart of a hind, you never dare to go out with the host in fight, nor yet with our chosen men in ambuscade. You shun this as you do death itself. You had rather go round and rob his prizes from any man who contradicts you. You devour your people, for you are king over a feeble folk; otherwise, son of Atreus, henceforward you would insult no man. Therefore I say, and swear it with a great oath- nay, by this my sceptre which shalt sprout neither leaf nor shoot, nor bud anew from the day on which it left its parent stem upon the mountains- for the axe stripped it of leaf and bark, and now the sons of the Achaeans bear it as judges and guardians of the decrees of heaven- so surely and solemnly do I swear that hereafter they shall look fondly for Achilles and shall not find him. In the day of your distress, when your men fall dying by the murderous hand of Hector, you shall not know how to help them, and shall rend your heart with rage for the hour when you offered insult to the bravest of the Achaeans."

With this the son of Peleus dashed his gold-bestudded sceptre on the ground and took his seat, while the son of Atreus was beginning fiercely from his place upon the other side. Then uprose smooth-tongued Nestor, the facile speaker of the Pylians, and the words fell from his lips sweeter than honey. Two generations of men born and bred in Pylos had passed away under his rule, and he was now reigning over the third. With all sincerity and goodwill, therefore, he addressed them thus:-

"Of a truth," he said, "a great sorrow has befallen the Achaean land. Surely Priam with his sons would rejoice, and the Trojans be glad at heart if they could hear this quarrel between you two, who are so excellent in fight and counsel. I am older than either of you; therefore be guided by me. Moreover I have been the familiar friend of men even greater than you are, and they did not disregard my counsels. Never again can I behold such men as Pirithous and Dryas shepherd of his people, or as Caeneus, Exadius, godlike Polyphemus, and Theseus



son of Aegeus, peer of the immortals. These were the mightiest men ever born upon this earth: mightiest were they, and when they fought the fiercest tribes of mountain savages they utterly overthrew them. I came from distant Pylos, and went about among them, for they would have me come, and I fought as it was in me to do. Not a man now living could withstand them, but they heard my words, and were persuaded by them. So be it also with yourselves, for this is the more excellent way. Therefore, Agamemnon, though you be strong, take not this girl away, for the sons of the Achaeans have already given her to Achilles; and you, Achilles, strive not further with the king, for no man who by the grace of Jove wields a sceptre has like honour with Agamemnon. You are strong, and have a goddess for your mother; but Agamemnon is stronger than you, for he has more people under him. Son of Atreus, check your anger, I implore you; end this quarrel with Achilles, who in the day of battle is a tower of strength to the Achaeans."

And Agamemnon answered, "Sir, all that you have said is true, but this fellow must needs become our lord and master: he must be lord of all, king of all, and captain of all, and this shall hardly be. Granted that the gods have made him a great warrior, have they also given him the right to speak with railing?"

Achilles interrupted him. "I should be a mean coward," he cried, "were I to give in to you in all things. Order other people about, not me, for I shall obey no longer. Furthermore I say- and lay my saying to your heart- I shall fight neither you nor any man about this girl, for those that take were those also that gave. But of all else that is at my ship you shall carry away nothing by force. Try, that others may see; if you do, my spear shall be reddened with your blood."

When they had quarrelled thus angrily, they rose, and broke up the assembly at the ships of the Achaeans. The son of Peleus went back to his tents and ships with the son of Menoetius and his company, while Agamemnon drew a vessel into the water and chose a crew of twenty oarsmen. He escorted Chryseis on board and sent moreover a hecatomb for the god. And Ulysses went as captain.

These, then, went on board and sailed their ways over the sea. But the son of Atreus bade the people purify themselves; so they purified themselves and cast their filth into the sea. Then they offered hecatombs of bulls and goats without blemish on the sea-shore, and the smoke with the savour of their sacrifice rose curling up towards heaven.

Thus did they busy themselves throughout the host. But Agamemnon did not forget the threat that he had made Achilles, and called his trusty messengers and squires Talthybius and Eurybates. "Go," said he, "to the tent of Achilles, son of Peleus; take Briseis by the hand and bring her hither; if he will not give her I shall come with others and take her- which will press him harder."

He charged them straightly further and dismissed them, whereon they went their way sorrowfully by the seaside, till they came to the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. They found Achilles sitting by his tent and his ships, and ill-pleased he was when he beheld them. They stood fearfully and reverently before him, and never a word did they speak, but he knew them and said, "Welcome, heralds, messengers of gods and men; draw near; my quarrel is not with you but with Agamemnon who has sent you for the girl Briseis. Therefore, Patroclus, bring her and give her to them, but let them be witnesses by the blessed gods, by mortal men, and by the fierceness of Agamemnon's anger, that if ever again there be need of me to save the people from ruin, they shall seek and they shall not find. Agamemnon is mad with rage and knows not how to look before and after that the Achaeans may fight by their ships in safety."

Patroclus did as his dear comrade had bidden him. He brought Briseis from the tent and gave her over to the heralds, who took her with them to the ships of the Achaeans- and the woman was loth to go. Then Achilles went all alone by the side of the hoar sea, weeping and looking out upon the boundless waste of waters. He raised his hands in prayer to his immortal mother, "Mother," he cried, "you bore me doomed to live but for a little season; surely Jove, who thunders from Olympus, might have made that little glorious. It is not so. Agamemnon, son of Atreus, has done me dishonour, and has robbed me of my prize by force."

As he spoke he wept aloud, and his mother heard him where she was sitting in the depths of the sea hard by the old man her father. Forthwith she rose as it were a grey mist out of the waves, sat down before him as he stood weeping, caressed him with her hand, and said, "My son, why are you weeping? What is it that grieves you? Keep it not from me, but tell me, that we may know it together."

Achilles drew a deep sigh and said, "You know it; why tell you what you know well already? We went to Thebe the strong city of Eetion, sacked it, and brought hither the spoil. The sons of the Achaeans shared it duly among themselves, and chose lovely Chryseis as the meed of Agamemnon; but Chryses, priest of Apollo, came to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and brought with him a great ransom: moreover he bore in his hand the sceptre of Apollo, wreathed with a suppliant's wreath, and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus who were their chiefs.

"On this the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, who spoke fiercely to him and sent him roughly away. So he went back in anger, and Apollo, who loved him dearly, heard his prayer. Then the god sent a deadly dart upon the Argives, and the people died thick on one another, for the arrows went everywhither among the wide host of the Achaeans. At last a seer in the fulness

of his knowledge declared to us the oracles of Apollo, and I was myself first to say that we should appease him. Whereon the son of Atreus rose in anger, and threatened that which he has since done. The Achaeans are now taking the girl in a ship to Chryse, and sending gifts of sacrifice to the god; but the heralds have just taken from my tent the daughter of Briseus, whom the Achaeans had awarded to myself.

"Help your brave son, therefore, if you are able. Go to Olympus, and if you have ever done him service in word or deed, implore the aid of Jove. Ofttimes in my father's house have I heard you glory in that you alone of the immortals saved the son of Saturn from ruin, when the others, with Juno, Neptune, and Pallas Minerva would have put him in bonds. It was you, goddess, who delivered him by calling to Olympus the hundred-handed monster whom gods call Briareus, but men Aegaeon, for he is stronger even than his father; when therefore he took his seat all-glorious beside the son of Saturn, the other gods were afraid, and did not bind him. Go, then, to him, remind him of all this, clasp his knees, and bid him give succour to the Trojans. Let the Achaeans be hemmed in at the sterns of their ships, and perish on the sea-shore, that they may reap what joy they may of their king, and that Agamemnon may rue his blindness in offering insult to the foremost of the Achaeans."

Thetis wept and answered, "My son, woe is me that I should have borne or suckled you. Would indeed that you had lived your span free from all sorrow at your ships, for it is all too brief; alas, that you should be at once short of life and long of sorrow above your peers: woe, therefore, was the hour in which I bore you; nevertheless I will go to the snowy heights of Olympus, and tell this tale to Jove, if he will hear our prayer: meanwhile stay where you are with your ships, nurse your anger against the Achaeans, and hold aloof from fight. For Jove went yesterday to Oceanus, to a feast among the Ethiopians, and the other gods went with him. He will return to Olympus twelve days hence; I will then go to his mansion paved with bronze and will beseech him; nor do I doubt that I shall be able to persuade him."

On this she left him, still furious at the loss of her that had been taken from him. Meanwhile Ulysses reached Chryse with the hecatomb. When they had come inside the harbour they furled the sails and laid them in the ship's hold; they slackened the forestays, lowered the mast into its place, and rowed the ship to the place where they would have her lie; there they cast out their mooring-stones and made fast the hawsers. They then got out upon the sea-shore and landed the hecatomb for Apollo; Chryseis also left the ship, and Ulysses led her to the altar to deliver her into the hands of her father. "Chryses," said he, "King Agamemnon has sent me to bring you back your child, and to offer sacrifice to Apollo on behalf of the Danaans, that we may propitiate the god, who has now brought sorrow upon the

Argives."

So saying he gave the girl over to her father, who received her gladly, and they ranged the holy hecatomb all orderly round the altar of the god. They washed their hands and took up the barley-meal to sprinkle over the victims, while Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud on their behalf. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, that protectest Chryse and holy Cilla, and rulest Tenedos with thy might. Even as thou didst hear me aforetime when I prayed, and didst press hardly upon the Achaeans, so hear me yet again, and stay this fearful pestilence from the Danaans."

Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. When they had done praying and sprinkling the barley-meal, they drew back the heads of the victims and killed and flayed them. They cut out the thigh-bones, wrapped them round in two layers of fat, set some pieces of raw meat on the top of them, and then Chryses laid them on the wood fire and poured wine over them, while the young men stood near him with five-pronged spits in their hands. When the thigh-bones were burned and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest up small, put the pieces upon the spits, roasted them till they were done, and drew them off: then, when they had finished their work and the feast was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share, so that all were satisfied. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, pages filled the mixing-bowl with wine and water and handed it round, after giving every man his drink-offering.

Thus all day long the young men worshipped the god with song, hymning him and chaunting the joyous paean, and the god took pleasure in their voices; but when the sun went down, and it came on dark, they laid themselves down to sleep by the stern cables of the ship, and when the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared they again set sail for the host of the Achaeans. Apollo sent them a fair wind, so they raised their mast and hoisted their white sails aloft. As the sail bellied with the wind the ship flew through the deep blue water, and the foam hissed against her bows as she sped onward. When they reached the wide-stretching host of the Achaeans, they drew the vessel ashore, high and dry upon the sands, set her strong props beneath her, and went their ways to their own tents and ships.

But Achilles abode at his ships and nursed his anger. He went not to the honourable assembly, and sallied not forth to fight, but gnawed at his own heart, pining for battle and the war-cry.

Now after twelve days the immortal gods came back in a body to Olympus, and Jove led the way. Thetis was not unmindful of the charge her son had laid upon her, so she rose from under the sea and went through great heaven with early morning to Olympus, where she found the mighty son of Saturn sitting all alone upon its topmost ridges. She sat herself down before him, and with her left hand seized his knees, while with her right she caught him under the chin, and

besought him, saying-

"Father Jove, if I ever did you service in word or deed among the immortals, hear my prayer, and do honour to my son, whose life is to be cut short so early. King Agamemnon has dishonoured him by taking his prize and keeping her. Honour him then yourself, Olympian lord of counsel, and grant victory to the Trojans, till the Achaeans give my son his due and load him with riches in requital."

Jove sat for a while silent, and without a word, but Thetis still kept firm hold of his knees, and besought him a second time.

"Incline your head," said she, "and promise me surely, or else deny me- for you have nothing to fear- that I may learn how greatly you disdain me."

At this Jove was much troubled and answered, "I shall have trouble if you set me quarrelling with Juno, for she will provoke me with her taunting speeches; even now she is always railing at me before the other gods and accusing me of giving aid to the Trojans. Go back now, lest she should find out. I will consider the matter, and will bring it about as wish. See, I incline my head that you believe me. This is the most solemn that I can give to any god. I never recall my word, or deceive, or fail to do what I say, when I have nodded my head."

As he spoke the son of Saturn bowed his dark brows, and the ambrosial locks swayed on his immortal head, till vast Olympus reeled.

When the pair had thus laid their plans, they parted- Jove to his house, while the goddess quitted the splendour of Olympus, and plunged into the depths of the sea. The gods rose from their seats, before the coming of their sire. Not one of them dared to remain sitting, but all stood up as he came among them. There, then, he took his seat. But Juno, when she saw him, knew that he and the old merman's daughter, silver-footed Thetis, had been hatching mischief, so she at once began to upbraid him. "Trickster," she cried, "which of the gods have you been taking into your counsels now? You are always settling matters in secret behind my back, and have never yet told me, if you could help it, one word of your intentions."

"Juno," replied the sire of gods and men, "you must not expect to be informed of all my counsels. You are my wife, but you would find it hard to understand them. When it is proper for you to hear, there is no one, god or man, who will be told sooner, but when I mean to keep a matter to myself, you must not pry nor ask questions."

"Dread son of Saturn," answered Juno, "what are you talking about? I? Pry and ask questions? Never. I let you have your own way in everything. Still, I have a strong misgiving that the old merman's daughter Thetis has been talking you over, for she was with you and had hold of your knees this self-same morning. I believe, therefore, that you have been promising her to give glory to Achilles, and to kill much people at the ships of the Achaeans."

"Wife," said Jove, "I can do nothing but you suspect me and find it out. You will take nothing by it, for I shall only dislike you the more, and it will go harder with you. Granted that it is as you say; I mean to have it so; sit down and hold your tongue as I bid you for if I once begin to lay my hands about you, though all heaven were on your side it would profit you nothing."

On this Juno was frightened, so she curbed her stubborn will and sat down in silence. But the heavenly beings were disquieted throughout the house of Jove, till the cunning workman Vulcan began to try and pacify his mother Juno. "It will be intolerable," said he, "if you two fall to wrangling and setting heaven in an uproar about a pack of mortals. If such ill counsels are to prevail, we shall have no pleasure at our banquet. Let me then advise my mother- and she must herself know that it will be better- to make friends with my dear father Jove, lest he again scold her and disturb our feast. If the Olympian Thunderer wants to hurl us all from our seats, he can do so, for he is far the strongest, so give him fair words, and he will then soon be in a good humour with us."

As he spoke, he took a double cup of nectar, and placed it in his mother's hand. "Cheer up, my dear mother," said he, "and make the best of it ..."

Juno smiled at this, and as she smiled she took the cup from her son's hands. Then Vulcan drew sweet nectar from the mixing-bowl, and served it round among the gods, going from left to right; and the blessed gods laughed out a loud applause as they saw him ...

Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun they feasted, and every one had his full share, so that all were satisfied. Apollo struck his lyre, and the Muses lifted up their sweet voices, calling and answering one another. But when the sun's glorious light had faded, they went home to bed, each in his own abode, which lame Vulcan with his consummate skill had fashioned for them. So Jove, the Olympian Lord of Thunder, hied him to the bed in which he always slept; and when he had got on to it he went to sleep, with Juno of the golden throne by his side.

## **BOOK II**

Now the other gods and the armed warriors on the plain slept soundly, but Jove was wakeful, for he was thinking how to do honour to Achilles, and destroyed much people at the ships of the Achaeans. In the end he deemed it would be best to send a lying dream to King Agamemnon; so he called one to him and said to it, "Lying Dream, go to the ships of the Achaeans, into the tent of Agamemnon, and say to him word to word as I now bid you. Tell him to get the Achaeans instantly under arms, for he shall take Troy. There are no longer divided counsels among the gods; Juno has brought them to her own

mind, and woe betides the Trojans."

The dream went when it had heard its message, and soon reached the ships of the Achaeans. It sought Agamemnon son of Atreus and found him in his tent, wrapped in a profound slumber. It hovered over his head in the likeness of Nestor, son of Neleus, whom Agamemnon honoured above all his councillors, and said:-

"You are sleeping, son of Atreus; one who has the welfare of his host and so much other care upon his shoulders should dock his sleep. Hear me at once, for I come as a messenger from Jove, who, though he be not near, yet takes thought for you and pities you. He bids you get the Achaeans instantly under arms, for you shall take Troy. There are no longer divided counsels among the gods; Juno has brought them over to her own mind, and woe betides the Trojans at the hands of Jove. Remember this, and when you wake see that it does not escape you."

The dream then left him, and he thought of things that were, surely not to be accomplished. He thought that on that same day he was to take the city of Priam, but he little knew what was in the mind of Jove, who had many another hard-fought fight in store alike for Danaans and Trojans. Then presently he woke, with the divine message still ringing in his ears; so he sat upright, and put on his soft shirt so fair and new, and over this his heavy cloak. He bound his sandals on to his comely feet, and slung his silver-studded sword about his shoulders; then he took the imperishable staff of his father, and sallied forth to the ships of the Achaeans.

The goddess Dawn now wended her way to vast Olympus that she might herald day to Jove and to the other immortals, and Agamemnon sent the criers round to call the people in assembly; so they called them and the people gathered thereon. But first he summoned a meeting of the elders at the ship of Nestor king of Pylos, and when they were assembled he laid a cunning counsel before them.

"My friends," said he, "I have had a dream from heaven in the dead of night, and its face and figure resembled none but Nestor's. It hovered over my head and said, 'You are sleeping, son of Atreus; one who has the welfare of his host and so much other care upon his shoulders should dock his sleep. Hear me at once, for I am a messenger from Jove, who, though he be not near, yet takes thought for you and pities you. He bids you get the Achaeans instantly under arms, for you shall take Troy. There are no longer divided counsels among the gods; Juno has brought them over to her own mind, and woe betides the Trojans at the hands of Jove. Remember this.' The dream then vanished and I awoke. Let us now, therefore, arm the sons of the Achaeans. But it will be well that I should first sound them, and to this end I will tell them to fly with their ships; but do you others go about among the host and prevent their doing so."

He then sat down, and Nestor the prince of Pylos with all

sincerity and goodwill addressed them thus: "My friends," said he, "princes and councillors of the Argives, if any other man of the Achaeans had told us of this dream we should have declared it false, and would have had nothing to do with it. But he who has seen it is the foremost man among us; we must therefore set about getting the people under arms."

With this he led the way from the assembly, and the other sceptred kings rose with him in obedience to the word of Agamemnon; but the people pressed forward to hear. They swarmed like bees that sally from some hollow cave and flit in countless throng among the spring flowers, bunched in knots and clusters; even so did the mighty multitude pour from ships and tents to the assembly, and range themselves upon the wide-watered shore, while among them ran Wildfire Rumour, messenger of Jove, urging them ever to the fore. Thus they gathered in a pell-mell of mad confusion, and the earth groaned under the tramp of men as the people sought their places. Nine heralds went crying about among them to stay their tumult and bid them listen to the kings, till at last they were got into their several places and ceased their clamour. Then King Agamemnon rose, holding his sceptre. This was the work of Vulcan, who gave it to Jove the son of Saturn. Jove gave it to Mercury, slayer of Argus, guide and guardian. King Mercury gave it to Pelops, the mighty charioteer, and Pelops to Atreus, shepherd of his people. Atreus, when he died, left it to Thyestes, rich in flocks, and Thyestes in his turn left it to be borne by Agamemnon, that he might be lord of all Argos and of the isles. Leaning, then, on his sceptre, he addressed the Argives.

"My friends," he said, "heroes, servants of Mars, the hand of heaven has been laid heavily upon me. Cruel Jove gave me his solemn promise that I should sack the city of Priam before returning, but he has played me false, and is now bidding me go ingloriously back to Argos with the loss of much people. Such is the will of Jove, who has laid many a proud city in the dust, as he will yet lay others, for his power is above all. It will be a sorry tale hereafter that an Achaean host, at once so great and valiant, battled in vain against men fewer in number than themselves; but as yet the end is not in sight. Think that the Achaeans and Trojans have sworn to a solemn covenant, and that they have each been numbered- the Trojans by the roll of their householders, and we by companies of ten; think further that each of our companies desired to have a Trojan householder to pour out their wine; we are so greatly more in number that full many a company would have to go without its cup-bearer. But they have in the town allies from other places, and it is these that hinder me from being able to sack the rich city of Ilius. Nine of Jove years are gone; the timbers of our ships have rotted; their tackling is sound no longer. Our wives and little ones at home look anxiously for our coming, but the work that we came hither to do has



not been done. Now, therefore, let us all do as I say: let us sail back to our own land, for we shall not take Troy."

With these words he moved the hearts of the multitude, so many of them as knew not the cunning counsel of Agamemnon. They surged to and fro like the waves of the Icarian Sea, when the east and south winds break from heaven's clouds to lash them; or as when the west wind sweeps over a field of corn and the ears bow beneath the blast, even so were they swayed as they flew with loud cries towards the ships, and the dust from under their feet rose heavenward. They cheered each other on to draw the ships into the sea; they cleared the channels in front of them; they began taking away the stays from underneath them, and the welkin rang with their glad cries, so eager were they to return.

Then surely the Argives would have returned after a fashion that was not fated. But Juno said to Minerva, "Alas, daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, unwearable, shall the Argives fly home to their own land over the broad sea, and leave Priam and the Trojans the glory of still keeping Helen, for whose sake so many of the Achaeans have died at Troy, far from their homes? Go about at once among the host, and speak fairly to them, man by man, that they draw not their ships into the sea."

Minerva was not slack to do her bidding. Down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus, and in a moment she was at the ships of the Achaeans. There she found Ulysses, peer of Jove in counsel, standing alone. He had not as yet laid a hand upon his ship, for he was grieved and sorry; so she went close up to him and said, "Ulysses, noble son of Laertes, are you going to fling yourselves into your ships and be off home to your own land in this way? Will you leave Priam and the Trojans the glory of still keeping Helen, for whose sake so many of the Achaeans have died at Troy, far from their homes? Go about at once among the host, and speak fairly to them, man by man, that they draw not their ships into the sea."

Ulysses knew the voice as that of the goddess: he flung his cloak from him and set off to run. His servant Eurybates, a man of Ithaca, who waited on him, took charge of the cloak, whereon Ulysses went straight up to Agamemnon and received from him his ancestral, imperishable staff. With this he went about among the ships of the Achaeans.

Whenever he met a king or chieftain, he stood by him and spoke him fairly. "Sir," said he, "this flight is cowardly and unworthy. Stand to your post, and bid your people also keep their places. You do not yet know the full mind of Agamemnon; he was sounding us, and ere long will visit the Achaeans with his displeasure. We were not all of us at the council to hear what he then said; see to it lest he be angry and do us a mischief; for the pride of kings is great, and the hand of Jove is with them."

But when he came across any common man who was making a noise, he struck him with his staff and rebuked him, saying, "Sirrah, hold your peace, and listen to better men than yourself. You are a coward and no soldier; you are nobody either in fight or council; we cannot all be kings; it is not well that there should be many masters; one man must be supreme- one king to whom the son of scheming Saturn has given the sceptre of sovereignty over you all."

Thus masterfully did he go about among the host, and the people hurried back to the council from their tents and ships with a sound as the thunder of surf when it comes crashing down upon the shore, and all the sea is in an uproar.

The rest now took their seats and kept to their own several places, but Thersites still went on wagging his unbridled tongue- a man of many words, and those unseemly; a monger of sedition, a railer against all who were in authority, who cared not what he said, so that he might set the Achaeans in a laugh. He was the ugliest man of all those that came before Troy- bandy-legged, lame of one foot, with his two shoulders rounded and hunched over his chest. His head ran up to a point, but there was little hair on the top of it. Achilles and Ulysses hated him worst of all, for it was with them that he was most wont to wrangle; now, however, with a shrill squeaky voice he began heaping his abuse on Agamemnon. The Achaeans were angry and disgusted, yet none the less he kept on brawling and bawling at the son of Atreus.

"Agamemnon," he cried, "what ails you now, and what more do you want? Your tents are filled with bronze and with fair women, for whenever we take a town we give you the pick of them. Would you have yet more gold, which some Trojan is to give you as a ransom for his son, when I or another Achaean has taken him prisoner? or is it some young girl to hide and lie with? It is not well that you, the ruler of the Achaeans, should bring them into such misery. Weakling cowards, women rather than men, let us sail home, and leave this fellow here at Troy to stew in his own meeds of honour, and discover whether we were of any service to him or no. Achilles is a much better man than he is, and see how he has treated him- robbing him of his prize and keeping it himself. Achilles takes it meekly and shows no fight; if he did, son of Atreus, you would never again insult him."

Thus railed Thersites, but Ulysses at once went up to him and rebuked him sternly. "Check your glib tongue, Thersites," said he, "and babble not a word further. Chide not with princes when you have none to back you. There is no viler creature come before Troy with the sons of Atreus. Drop this chatter about kings, and neither revile them nor keep harping about going home. We do not yet know how things are going to be, nor whether the Achaeans are to return with good success or evil. How dare you gibe at Agamemnon because the Danaans have awarded him so many prizes? I tell you, therefore- and it shall

surely be- that if I again catch you talking such nonsense, I will either forfeit my own head and be no more called father of Telemachus, or I will take you, strip you stark naked, and whip you out of the assembly till you go blubbing back to the ships."

On this he beat him with his staff about the back and shoulders till he dropped and fell a-weeping. The golden sceptre raised a bloody weal on his back, so he sat down frightened and in pain, looking foolish as he wiped the tears from his eyes. The people were sorry for him, yet they laughed heartily, and one would turn to his neighbour saying, "Ulysses has done many a good thing ere now in fight and council, but he never did the Argives a better turn than when he stopped this fellow's mouth from prating further. He will give the kings no more of his insolence."

Thus said the people. Then Ulysses rose, sceptre in hand, and Minerva in the likeness of a herald bade the people be still, that those who were far off might hear him and consider his council. He therefore with all sincerity and goodwill addressed them thus:-

"King Agamemnon, the Achaeans are for making you a by-word among all mankind. They forget the promise they made you when they set out from Argos, that you should not return till you had sacked the town of Troy, and, like children or widowed women, they murmur and would set off homeward. True it is that they have had toil enough to be disheartened. A man chafes at having to stay away from his wife even for a single month, when he is on shipboard, at the mercy of wind and sea, but it is now nine long years that we have been kept here; I cannot, therefore, blame the Achaeans if they turn restive; still we shall be shamed if we go home empty after so long a stay- therefore, my friends, be patient yet a little longer that we may learn whether the prophesyings of Calchas were false or true.

"All who have not since perished must remember as though it were yesterday or the day before, how the ships of the Achaeans were detained in Aulis when we were on our way hither to make war on Priam and the Trojans. We were ranged round about a fountain offering hecatombs to the gods upon their holy altars, and there was a fine plane-tree from beneath which there welled a stream of pure water. Then we saw a prodigy; for Jove sent a fearful serpent out of the ground, with blood-red stains upon its back, and it darted from under the altar on to the plane-tree. Now there was a brood of young sparrows, quite small, upon the topmost bough, peeping out from under the leaves, eight in all, and their mother that hatched them made nine. The serpent ate the poor cheeping things, while the old bird flew about lamenting her little ones; but the serpent threw his coils about her and caught her by the wing as she was screaming. Then, when he had eaten both the sparrow and her young, the god who had sent him made him become a sign; for the son of scheming Saturn turned him into stone, and we stood there wondering at that which had come to

pass. Seeing, then, that such a fearful portent had broken in upon our hecatombs, Calchas forthwith declared to us the oracles of heaven. 'Why, Achaeans,' said he, 'are you thus speechless? Jove has sent us this sign, long in coming, and long ere it be fulfilled, though its fame shall last for ever. As the serpent ate the eight fledglings and the sparrow that hatched them, which makes nine, so shall we fight nine years at Troy, but in the tenth shall take the town.' This was what he said, and now it is all coming true. Stay here, therefore, all of you, till we take the city of Priam."

On this the Argives raised a shout, till the ships rang again with the uproar. Nestor, knight of Gerene, then addressed them. "Shame on you," he cried, "to stay talking here like children, when you should fight like men. Where are our covenants now, and where the oaths that we have taken? Shall our counsels be flung into the fire, with our drink-offerings and the right hands of fellowship wherein we have put our trust? We waste our time in words, and for all our talking here shall be no further forward. Stand, therefore, son of Atreus, by your own steadfast purpose; lead the Argives on to battle, and leave this handful of men to rot, who scheme, and scheme in vain, to get back to Argos ere they have learned whether Jove be true or a liar. For the mighty son of Saturn surely promised that we should succeed, when we Argives set sail to bring death and destruction upon the Trojans. He showed us favourable signs by flashing his lightning on our right hands; therefore let none make haste to go till he has first lain with the wife of some Trojan, and avenged the toil and sorrow that he has suffered for the sake of Helen. Nevertheless, if any man is in such haste to be at home again, let him lay his hand to his ship that he may meet his doom in the sight of all. But, O king, consider and give ear to my counsel, for the word that I say may not be neglected lightly. Divide your men, Agamemnon, into their several tribes and clans, that clans and tribes may stand by and help one another. If you do this, and if the Achaeans obey you, you will find out who, both chiefs and peoples, are brave, and who are cowards; for they will vie against the other. Thus you shall also learn whether it is through the counsel of heaven or the cowardice of man that you shall fail to take the town."

And Agamemnon answered, "Nestor, you have again outdone the sons of the Achaeans in counsel. Would, by Father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo, that I had among them ten more such councillors, for the city of King Priam would then soon fall beneath our hands, and we should sack it. But the son of Saturn afflicts me with bootless wranglings and strife. Achilles and I are quarrelling about this girl, in which matter I was the first to offend; if we can be of one mind again, the Trojans will not stave off destruction for a day. Now, therefore, get your morning meal, that our hosts join in fight. Whet well your spears; see well to the ordering of your shields; give

good feeds to your horses, and look your chariots carefully over, that we may do battle the livelong day; for we shall have no rest, not for a moment, till night falls to part us. The bands that bear your shields shall be wet with the sweat upon your shoulders, your hands shall weary upon your spears, your horses shall steam in front of your chariots, and if I see any man shirking the fight, or trying to keep out of it at the ships, there shall be no help for him, but he shall be a prey to dogs and vultures."

Thus he spoke, and the Achaeans roared applause. As when the waves run high before the blast of the south wind and break on some lofty headland, dashing against it and buffeting it without ceasing, as the storms from every quarter drive them, even so did the Achaeans rise and hurry in all directions to their ships. There they lighted their fires at their tents and got dinner, offering sacrifice every man to one or other of the gods, and praying each one of them that he might live to come out of the fight. Agamemnon, king of men, sacrificed a fat five-year-old bull to the mighty son of Saturn, and invited the princes and elders of his host. First he asked Nestor and King Idomeneus, then the two Ajaxes and the son of Tydeus, and sixthly Ulysses, peer of gods in counsel; but Menelaus came of his own accord, for he knew how busy his brother then was. They stood round the bull with the barley-meal in their hands, and Agamemnon prayed, saying, "Jove, most glorious, supreme, that dwellest in heaven, and ridest upon the storm-cloud, grant that the sun may not go down, nor the night fall, till the palace of Priam is laid low, and its gates are consumed with fire. Grant that my sword may pierce the shirt of Hector about his heart, and that full many of his comrades may bite the dust as they fall dying round him."

Thus he prayed, but the son of Saturn would not fulfil his prayer. He accepted the sacrifice, yet none the less increased their toil continually. When they had done praying and sprinkling the barley-meal upon the victim, they drew back its head, killed it, and then flayed it. They cut out the thigh-bones, wrapped them round in two layers of fat, and set pieces of raw meat on the top of them. These they burned upon the split logs of firewood, but they spitted the inward meats, and held them in the flames to cook. When the thigh-bones were burned, and they had tasted the inward meats, they cut the rest up small, put the pieces upon spits, roasted them till they were done, and drew them off; then, when they had finished their work and the feast was ready, they ate it, and every man had his full share, so that all were satisfied. As soon as they had had enough to eat and drink, Nestor, knight of Gerene, began to speak. "King Agamemnon," said he, "let us not stay talking here, nor be slack in the work that heaven has put into our hands. Let the heralds summon the people to gather at their several ships; we will then go about among the host, that we may begin fighting at once."

Thus did he speak, and Agamemnon heeded his words. He at once sent the criers round to call the people in assembly. So they called them, and the people gathered thereon. The chiefs about the son of Atreus chose their men and marshalled them, while Minerva went among them holding her priceless aegis that knows neither age nor death...

They were like great flocks of geese, or cranes, or swans on the plain about the waters of Cayster, that wing their way hither and thither, glorying in the pride of flight, and crying as they settle till the fen is alive with their screaming. Even thus did their tribes pour from ships and tents on to the plain of the Scamander, and the ground rang as brass under the feet of men and horses. They stood as thick upon the flower-bespangled field as leaves that bloom in summer.

As countless swarms of flies buzz around a herdsman's homestead in the time of spring when the pails are drenched with milk, even so did the Achaeans swarm on to the plain to charge the Trojans and destroy them.

The chiefs disposed their men this way and that before the fight began, drafting them out as easily as goatherds draft their flocks when they have got mixed while feeding; and among them went King Agamemnon, with a head and face like Jove the lord of thunder, a waist like Mars, and a chest like that of Neptune. As some great bull that lords it over the herds upon the plain, even so did Jove make the son of Atreus stand peerless among the multitude of heroes.

And now, O Muses, dwellers in the mansions of Olympus, tell me- for you are goddesses and are in all places so that you see all things, while we know nothing but by report- who were the chiefs and princes of the Danaans? As for the common soldiers, they were so that I could not name every single one of them though I had ten tongues, and though my voice failed not and my heart were of bronze within me, unless you, O Olympian Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing Jove, were to recount them to me. Nevertheless, I will tell the captains of the ships and all the fleet together.

Peneleos, Leitus, Arcesilaus, Prothoenor, and Clonius were captains of the Boeotians ... From these there came fifty ships, and in each there were a hundred and twenty young men of the Boeotians.

Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of Mars, led the people that dwelt in Aspledon and Orchomenus the realm of Minyas. Astyoche a noble maiden bore them in the house of Actor son of Azeus; for she had gone with Mars secretly into an upper chamber, and he had lain with her. With these there came thirty ships.

The Phoceans were led by Schedius and Epistrophus, sons of mighty Iphitus the son of Naubolus... with their chieftains came forty ships, and they marshalled the forces of the Phoceans, which were stationed next to the Boeotians, on their left.

Ajax, the fleet son of Oileus, commanded the Locrians. He was not so

great, nor nearly so great, as Ajax the son of Telamon. He was a little man, and his breastplate was made of linen, but in use of the spear he excelled all the Hellenes and the Achaeans. These dwelt in Cynus, Opous, Calliarus, Bessa, Scarphe, fair Augeae, Tarphe, and Thronium about the river Boagrius. With him there came forty ships of the Locrians who dwell beyond Euboea.

The fierce Abantes held Euboea with its cities, Chalcis, Eretria, Histiaea rich in vines, Cerinthus upon the sea, and the rock-perched town of Dium; with them were also the men of Carystus and Styra; Elephenor of the race of Mars was in command of these; he was son of Chalcodon, and chief over all the Abantes. With him they came, fleet of foot and wearing their hair long behind, brave warriors, who would ever strive to tear open the corslets of their foes with their long ashen spears. Of these there came fifty ships.

And they that held the strong city of Athens, the people of great Erechtheus, who was born of the soil itself, but Jove's daughter, Minerva, fostered him, and established him at Athens in her own rich sanctuary. There, year by year, the Athenian youths worship him with sacrifices of bulls and rams. These were commanded by Menestheus, son of Peteos. No man living could equal him in the marshalling of chariots and foot soldiers. Nestor could alone rival him, for he was older. With him there came fifty ships.

Ajax brought twelve ships from Salamis, and stationed them alongside those of the Athenians.

The men of Argos, again, and those who held the walls of Tiryns, with Hermione, and Asine upon the gulf; Troezen, Eionae, and the vineyard lands of Epidaurus; the Achaean youths, moreover, who came from Aegina and Mases; these were led by Diomed of the loud battle-cry, and Sthenelus son of famed Capaneus. With them in command was Euryalus, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus; but Diomed was chief over them all. With these there came eighty ships.

Those who held the strong city of Mycenae, rich Corinth and Cleonae; Orneae, Araethyrea, and Licyon, where Adrastus reigned of old; Hyperesia, high Gonoessa, and Pellene; Aegium and all the coast-land round about Helice; these sent a hundred ships under the command of King Agamemnon, son of Atreus. His force was far both finest and most numerous, and in their midst was the king himself, all glorious in his armour of gleaming bronze- foremost among the heroes, for he was the greatest king, and had most men under him.

And those that dwelt in Lacedaemon, lying low among the hills, Pharis, Sparta, with Messe the haunt of doves; Bryseae, Augeae, Amyclae, and Helos upon the sea; Laas, moreover, and Oetylus; these were led by Menelaus of the loud battle-cry, brother to Agamemnon, and of them there were sixty ships, drawn up apart from the others.

Among them went Menelaus himself, strong in zeal, urging his men to fight; for he longed to avenge the toil and sorrow that he had

suffered for the sake of Helen.

The men of Pylos and Arene, and Thryum where is the ford of the river Alpheus...

And those that held Arcadia, under the high mountain of Cyllene, near the tomb of Aepytus, where the people fight hand to hand; the men of Pheneus also, and Orchomenus rich in flocks; of Rhipae, Stratie, and bleak Enispe; of Tegea and fair Mantinea; of Stymphelus and Parrhasia; of these King Agapenor son of Ancaeus was commander, and they had sixty ships. Many Arcadians, good soldiers, came in each one of them, but Agamemnon found them the ships in which to cross the sea, for they were not a people that occupied their business upon the waters.

The men, moreover, of Buprasium and of Elis, so much of it as is enclosed between Hyrmine, Myrsinus upon the sea-shore, the rock Olene and Alesium. These had four leaders, and each of them had ten ships, with many Epeans on board. Their captains were Amphimachus and Thalpius- the one, son of Cteatus, and the other, of Eurytus- both of the race of Actor. The two others were Diores, son of Amarynces, and Polyxenus, son of King Agasthenes, son of Augeas.

And those of Dulichium with the sacred Echinean islands, who dwelt beyond the sea off Elis; these were led by Meges, peer of Mars, and the son of valiant Phyleus, dear to Jove, who quarrelled with his father, and went to settle in Dulichium. With him there came forty ships.

Ulysses led the brave Cephallenians, who held Ithaca, Neritum with its forests, Crocylea, rugged Aegilips, Samos and Zacynthus, with the mainland also that was over against the islands. These were led by Ulysses, peer of Jove in counsel, and with him there came twelve ships.

Thoas, son of Andraemon, commanded the Aetolians, who dwelt in Pleuron, Olenus, Pylene, Chalcis by the sea, and rocky Calydon, for the great king Oeneus had now no sons living, and was himself dead, as was also golden-haired Meleager, who had been set over the Aetolians to be their king. And with Thoas there came forty ships.

The famous spearsman Idomeneus led the Cretans, who held Cnossus, and the well-walled city of Gortys; Lyctus also, Miletus and Lycastus that lies upon the chalk; the populous towns of Phaestus and Rhytium, with the other peoples that dwelt in the hundred cities of Crete. All these were led by Idomeneus, and by Meriones, peer of murderous Mars. And with these there came eighty ships.

Tlepolemus, son of Hercules, a man both brave and large of stature, brought nine ships of lordly warriors from Rhodes...

And Nireus brought three ships from Syme- Nireus, who was the handsomest man that came up under Ilius of all the Danaans after the son of Peleus- but he was a man of no substance, and had but a small following.



And those that held Nisyros, Crapathus, and Casus, with Cos, the city of Eurypylus, and the Calydnian islands, these were commanded by Pheidippus and Antiphus, two sons of King Thessalus the son of Hercules. And with them there came thirty ships.

Those again who held Pelasgic Argos, Alos, Alope, and Trachis; and those of Phthia and Hellas the land of fair women, who were called Myrmidons, Hellenes, and Achaeans; these had fifty ships, over which Achilles was in command. But they now took no part in the war, inasmuch as there was no one to marshal them; for Achilles stayed by his ships, furious about the loss of the girl Briseis, whom he had taken from Lyrnessus at his own great peril, when he had sacked Lyrnessus and Thebe, and had overthrown Mynes and Epistrophus, sons of king Evenor, son of Selepus. For her sake Achilles was still grieving, but ere long he was again to join them.

And those that held Phylace and the flowery meadows of Pyrasus, sanctuary of Ceres; Iton, the mother of sheep; Antrum upon the sea, and Pteleum that lies upon the grass lands. Of these brave Protesilaus had been captain while he was yet alive, but he was now lying under the earth. He had left a wife behind him in Phylace to tear her cheeks in sorrow, and his house was only half finished, for he was slain by a Dardanian warrior while leaping foremost of the Achaeans upon the soil of Troy. Still, though his people mourned their chieftain, they were not without a leader, for Podarces, of the race of Mars, marshalled them. . . With him there came forty ships.

And those that held Pherae by the Boebean lake, with Boebe, Glaphyrae, and the populous city of Iolcus, these with their eleven ships were led by Eumelus, son of Admetus, whom Alcestis bore to him, loveliest of the daughters of Pelias.

And those that held Methone and Thaumacia, with Meliboea and rugged Olizon, these were led by the skilful archer Philoctetes, and they had seven ships, each with fifty oarsmen all of them good archers; but Philoctetes was lying in great pain in the Island of Lemnos, where the sons of the Achaeans left him, for he had been bitten by a poisonous water snake . . .

Those, again, of Tricca and the stony region of Ithome, and they that held Oechalia, the city of Oechalian Eurytus, these were commanded by the two sons of Aesculapius, skilled in the art of healing, Podalirius and Machaon. And with them there came thirty ships.

The men, moreover, of Ormenius, and by the fountain of Hypereia, with those that held Asterius, and the white crests of Titanus, these were led by Eurypylus, the son of Euaemon, and with them there came forty ships.

Those that held Argissa and Gyrtone, Orthe, Elone, and the white city of Oloosson, of these brave Polypoetes was leader. He was son of Pirithous, who was son of Jove himself, for Hippodameia bore him to

Pirithous on the day when he took his revenge on the shaggy mountain savages and drove them from Mt. Pelion to the Aithices. But Polypoetes was not sole in command, for with him was Leonteus, of the race of Mars, who was son of Coronus, the son of Caeneus. And with these there came forty ships.

Guneus brought two and twenty ships from Cyphus, and he was followed by the Enienes and the valiant Peraebi, who dwelt about wintry Dodona, and held the lands round the lovely river Titaresius, which sends its waters into the Peneus. They do not mingle with the silver eddies of the Peneus, but flow on the top of them like oil; for the Titaresius is a branch of dread Orcus and of the river Styx.

Of the Magnetes, Prothous son of Tenthredon was commander. They were they that dwelt about the river Peneus and Mt. Pelion. Prothous, fleet of foot, was their leader, and with him there came forty ships.

Such were the chiefs and princes of the Danaans. Who, then, O Muse, was the foremost, whether man or horse, among those that followed after the sons of Atreus?

Of the horses, those of the son of Pheres were by far the finest. They were driven by Eumelus, and were as fleet as birds. They were of the same age and colour, and perfectly matched in height. Apollo, of the silver bow, had bred them in Perea- both of them mares, and terrible as Mars in battle. Of the men, Ajax, son of Telamon, was much the foremost so long as Achilles' anger lasted, for Achilles excelled him greatly and he had also better horses; but Achilles was now holding aloof at his ships by reason of his quarrel with Agamemnon, and his people passed their time upon the sea shore, throwing discs or aiming with spears at a mark, and in archery...

Thus marched the host like a consuming fire, and the earth groaned beneath them when the lord of thunder is angry and lashes the land about Typhoeus among the Arimi, where they say Typhoeus lies. Even so did the earth groan beneath them as they sped over the plain.

And now Iris, fleet as the wind, was sent by Jove to tell the bad news among the Trojans. They were gathered in assembly, old and young, at Priam's gates, and Iris came close up to Priam, speaking with the voice of Priam's son Polites, who, being fleet of foot, was stationed as watchman for the Trojans on the tomb of old Aesyetes, to look out for any sally of the Achaeans. In his likeness Iris spoke, saying, "Old man, you talk idly, as in time of peace, while war is at hand. I have been in many a battle, but never yet saw such a host as is now advancing. They are crossing the plain to attack the city as thick as leaves or as the sands of the sea. Hector, I charge you above all others, do as I say. There are many allies dispersed about the city of Priam from distant places and speaking divers tongues. Therefore, let each chief give orders to his own people, setting them severally in array and leading them forth to battle."

Thus she spoke, but Hector knew that it was the goddess, and at once

broke up the assembly. The men flew to arms; all the gates were opened, and the people thronged through them, horse and foot, with the tramp as of a great multitude.

Now there is a high mound before the city, rising by itself upon the plain. Men call it Batieia, but the gods know that it is the tomb of lithe Myrine. Here the Trojans and their allies divided their forces.

Priam's son, great Hector of the gleaming helmet, commanded the Trojans, and with him were arrayed by far the greater number and most valiant of those who were longing for the fray.

The Dardanians were led by brave Aeneas, whom Venus bore to Anchises, when she, goddess though she was, had lain with him upon the mountain slopes of Ida. He was not alone, for with him were the two sons of Antenor, Archilochus and Acamas, both skilled in all the arts of war.

They that dwelt in Telea under the lowest spurs of Mt. Ida, men of substance, who drink the limpid waters of the Aesepus, and are of Trojan blood- these were led by Pandarus son of Lycaon, whom Apollo had taught to use the bow.

They that held Adresteia and the land of Apaesus, with Pityeia, and the high mountain of Tereia- these were led by Adrestus and Amphius, whose breastplate was of linen. These were the sons of Merops of Percote, who excelled in all kinds of divination. He told them not to take part in the war, but they gave him no heed, for fate lured them to destruction.

They that dwelt about Percote and Practius, with Sestos, Abydos, and Arisbe- these were led by Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a brave commander- Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, whom his powerful dark bay steeds, of the breed that comes from the river Selleis, had brought from Arisbe.

Hippothous led the tribes of Pelasgian spearmen, who dwelt in fertile Larissa- Hippothous, and Pylaeus of the race of Mars, two sons of the Pelasgian Lethus, son of Teutamus.

Acamas and the warrior Peirous commanded the Thracians and those that came from beyond the mighty stream of the Hellespont.

Euphemus, son of Troezenus, the son of Ceos, was captain of the Ciconian spearmen.

Pyraechmes led the Paeonian archers from distant Amydon, by the broad waters of the river Axius, the fairest that flow upon the earth.

The Paphlagonians were commanded by stout-hearted Pylaemenes from Enetae, where the mules run wild in herds. These were they that held Cytorus and the country round Sesamus, with the cities by the river Parthenius, Cromna, Aegialus, and lofty Erithini.

Odius and Epistrophus were captains over the Halizoni from distant Alybe, where there are mines of silver.

Chromis, and Ennomus the augur, led the Mysians, but his skill in augury availed not to save him from destruction, for he fell by the hand of the fleet descendant of Aeacus in the river, where he slew

others also of the Trojans.

Phorcys, again, and noble Ascanius led the Phrygians from the far country of Ascania, and both were eager for the fray.

Mesthles and Antiphus commanded the Meonians, sons of Talaemenes, born to him of the Gygaean lake. These led the Meonians, who dwelt under Mt. Tmolus.

Nastes led the Carians, men of a strange speech. These held Miletus and the wooded mountain of Phthires, with the water of the river Maeander and the lofty crests of Mt. Mycale. These were commanded by Nastes and Amphimachus, the brave sons of Nomion. He came into the fight with gold about him, like a girl; fool that he was, his gold was of no avail to save him, for he fell in the river by the hand of the fleet descendant of Aeacus, and Achilles bore away his gold.

Sarpedon and Glaucus led the Lycians from their distant land, by the eddying waters of the Xanthus.

### **BOOK III**

When the companies were thus arrayed, each under its own captain, the Trojans advanced as a flight of wild fowl or cranes that scream overhead when rain and winter drive them over the flowing waters of Oceanus to bring death and destruction on the Pygmies, and they wrangle in the air as they fly; but the Achaeans marched silently, in high heart, and minded to stand by one another.

As when the south wind spreads a curtain of mist upon the mountain tops, bad for shepherds but better than night for thieves, and a man can see no further than he can throw a stone, even so rose the dust from under their feet as they made all speed over the plain.

When they were close up with one another, Alexandrus came forward as champion on the Trojan side. On his shoulders he bore the skin of a panther, his bow, and his sword, and he brandished two spears shod with bronze as a challenge to the bravest of the Achaeans to meet him in single fight. Menelaus saw him thus stride out before the ranks, and was glad as a hungry lion that lights on the carcase of some goat or horned stag, and devours it there and then, though dogs and youths set upon him. Even thus was Menelaus glad when his eyes caught sight of Alexandrus, for he deemed that now he should be revenged. He sprang, therefore, from his chariot, clad in his suit of armour.

Alexandrus quailed as he saw Menelaus come forward, and shrank in fear of his life under cover of his men. As one who starts back affrighted, trembling and pale, when he comes suddenly upon a serpent in some mountain glade, even so did Alexandrus plunge into the throng of Trojan warriors, terror-stricken at the sight of the son Atreus.

Then Hector upbraided him. "Paris," said he, "evil-hearted Paris,

fair to see, but woman-mad, and false of tongue, would that you had never been born, or that you had died unwed. Better so, than live to be disgraced and looked askance at. Will not the Achaeans mock at us and say that we have sent one to champion us who is fair to see but who has neither wit nor courage? ... The Trojans are a weak-kneed people, or ere this you would have had a shirt of stones for the wrongs you have done them."

And Alexandrus answered, "Hector, your rebuke is just. You are hard as the axe which a shipwright wields at his work, and cleaves the timber to his liking. As the axe in his hand, so keen is the edge of your scorn. Still, taunt me not with the gifts that golden Venus has given me; they are precious; let not a man disdain them, for the gods give them where they are minded, and none can have them for the asking. If you would have me do battle with Menelaus, bid the Trojans and Achaeans take their seats, while he and I fight in their midst for Helen and all her wealth. Let him who shall be victorious and prove to be the better man take the woman and all she has, to bear them to his home, but let the rest swear to a solemn covenant of peace whereby you Trojans shall stay here in Troy, while the others go home to Argos and the land of the Achaeans."

When Hector heard this he was glad, and went about among the Trojan ranks holding his spear by the middle to keep them back, and they all sat down at his bidding: but the Achaeans still aimed at him with stones and arrows, till Agamemnon shouted to them saying, "Hold, Argives, shoot not, sons of the Achaeans; Hector desires to speak."

They ceased taking aim and were still, whereon Hector spoke. "Hear from my mouth," said he, "Trojans and Achaeans, the saying of Alexandrus, through whom this quarrel has come about. He bids the Trojans and Achaeans lay their armour upon the ground, while he and Menelaus fight in the midst of you for Helen and all her wealth. Let him who shall be victorious and prove to be the better man take the woman and all she has, to bear them to his own home, but let the rest swear to a solemn covenant of peace."

Thus he spoke, and they all held their peace, till Menelaus of the loud battle-cry addressed them. "And now," he said, "hear me too, for it is I who am the most aggrieved. I deem that the parting of Achaeans and Trojans is at hand, as well it may be, seeing how much have suffered for my quarrel with Alexandrus and the wrong he did me. Let him who shall die, die, and let the others fight no more. Bring, then, two lambs, a white ram and a black ewe, for Earth and Sun, and we will bring a third for Jove. Moreover, you shall bid Priam come, that he may swear to the covenant himself; for his sons are high-handed and ill to trust, and the oaths of Jove must not be transgressed or taken in vain. Young men's minds are light as air, but when an old man comes he looks before and after, deeming that which

shall be fairest upon both sides."

The Trojans and Achaeans were glad when they heard this, for they thought that they should now have rest. They backed their chariots toward the ranks, got out of them, and put off their armour, laying it down upon the ground; and the hosts were near to one another with a little space between them. Hector sent two messengers to the city to bring the lambs and to bid Priam come, while Agamemnon told Talthybius to fetch the other lamb from the ships, and he did as Agamemnon had said.

Meanwhile Iris went to Helen in the form of her sister-in-law, wife of the son of Antenor, for Helicaon, son of Antenor, had married Laodice, the fairest of Priam's daughters. She found her in her own room, working at a great web of purple linen, on which she was embroidering the battles between Trojans and Achaeans, that Mars had made them fight for her sake. Iris then came close up to her and said, "Come hither, child, and see the strange doings of the Trojans and Achaeans till now they have been warring upon the plain, mad with lust of battle, but now they have left off fighting, and are leaning upon their shields, sitting still with their spears planted beside them. Alexandrus and Menelaus are going to fight about yourself, and you are to the the wife of him who is the victor."

Thus spoke the goddess, and Helen's heart yearned after her former husband, her city, and her parents. She threw a white mantle over her head, and hurried from her room, weeping as she went, not alone, but attended by two of her handmaids, Aethrae, daughter of Pittheus, and Clymene. And straightway they were at the Scaean gates.

The two sages, Ucalegon and Antenor, elders of the people, were seated by the Scaean gates, with Priam, Panthous, Thymoetes, Lampus, Clytius, and Hiketaon of the race of Mars. These were too old to fight, but they were fluent orators, and sat on the tower like cicales that chirrup delicately from the boughs of some high tree in a wood. When they saw Helen coming towards the tower, they said softly to one another, "Small wonder that Trojans and Achaeans should endure so much and so long, for the sake of a woman so marvellously and divinely lovely. Still, fair though she be, let them take her and go, or she will breed sorrow for us and for our children after us."

But Priam bade her draw nigh. "My child," said he, "take your seat in front of me that you may see your former husband, your kinsmen and your friends. I lay no blame upon you, it is the gods, not you who are to blame. It is they that have brought about this terrible war with the Achaeans. Tell me, then, who is yonder huge hero so great and goodly? I have seen men taller by a head, but none so comely and so royal. Surely he must be a king."

"Sir," answered Helen, "father of my husband, dear and reverend in my eyes, would that I had chosen death rather than to have come here with your son, far from my bridal chamber, my friends, my darling

daughter, and all the companions of my girlhood. But it was not to be, and my lot is one of tears and sorrow. As for your question, the hero of whom you ask is Agamemnon, son of Atreus, a good king and a brave soldier, brother-in-law as surely as that he lives, to my abhorred and miserable self."

The old man marvelled at him and said, "Happy son of Atreus, child of good fortune. I see that the Achaeans are subject to you in great multitudes. When I was in Phrygia I saw much horsemen, the people of Otreus and of Mygdon, who were camping upon the banks of the river Sangarius; I was their ally, and with them when the Amazons, peers of men, came up against them, but even they were not so many as the Achaeans."

The old man next looked upon Ulysses; "Tell me," he said, "who is that other, shorter by a head than Agamemnon, but broader across the chest and shoulders? His armour is laid upon the ground, and he stalks in front of the ranks as it were some great woolly ram ordering his ewes."

And Helen answered, "He is Ulysses, a man of great craft, son of Laertes. He was born in rugged Ithaca, and excels in all manner of stratagems and subtle cunning."

On this Antenor said, "Madam, you have spoken truly. Ulysses once came here as envoy about yourself, and Menelaus with him. I received them in my own house, and therefore know both of them by sight and conversation. When they stood up in presence of the assembled Trojans, Menelaus was the broader shouldered, but when both were seated Ulysses had the more royal presence. After a time they delivered their message, and the speech of Menelaus ran trippingly on the tongue; he did not say much, for he was a man of few words, but he spoke very clearly and to the point, though he was the younger man of the two; Ulysses, on the other hand, when he rose to speak, was at first silent and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. There was no play nor graceful movement of his sceptre; he kept it straight and stiff like a man unpractised in oratory- one might have taken him for a mere churl or simpleton; but when he raised his voice, and the words came driving from his deep chest like winter snow before the wind, then there was none to touch him, and no man thought further of what he looked like."

Priam then caught sight of Ajax and asked, "Who is that great and goodly warrior whose head and broad shoulders tower above the rest of the Argives?"

"That," answered Helen, "is huge Ajax, bulwark of the Achaeans, and on the other side of him, among the Cretans, stands Idomeneus looking like a god, and with the captains of the Cretans round him. Often did Menelaus receive him as a guest in our house when he came visiting us from Crete. I see, moreover, many other Achaeans whose names I could tell you, but there are two whom I can nowhere find,

Castor, breaker of horses, and Pollux the mighty boxer; they are children of my mother, and own brothers to myself. . . ."

She knew not that both these heroes were already lying under the earth in their own land of Lacedaemon.

Meanwhile the heralds were bringing the holy oath-offerings through the city- two lambs and a goatskin of wine, the gift of earth; and Idaeus brought the mixing bowl and the cups of gold. He went up to Priam and said, "Son of Laomedon, the princes of the Trojans and Achaeans bid you come down on to the plain and swear to a solemn covenant. Alexandrus and Menelaus are to fight for Helen in single combat, that she and all her wealth may go with him who is the victor. We are to swear to a solemn covenant of peace whereby we others shall dwell here in Troy, while the Achaeans return to Argos and the land of the Achaeans."

The old man trembled as he heard, but bade his followers yoke the horses, and they made all haste to do so. He mounted the chariot, gathered the reins in his hand, and Antenor took his seat beside him; they then drove through the Scaean gates on to the plain. When they reached the ranks of the Trojans and Achaeans they left the chariot, and with measured pace advanced into the space between the hosts.

Agamemnon and Ulysses both rose to meet them. The attendants brought on the oath-offerings and mixed the wine in the mixing-bowls; they poured water over the hands of the chieftains, and the son of Atreus drew the dagger that hung by his sword, and cut wool from the lambs' heads; this the men-servants gave about among the Trojan and Achaean princes, and the son of Atreus lifted up his hands in prayer.

"Father Jove," he cried, "that rulest in Ida, most glorious in power, and thou oh Sun, that seest and givest ear to all things, Earth and Rivers, and ye who in the realms below chastise the soul of him that has broken his oath, witness these rites and guard them, that they be not vain. If Alexandrus kills Menelaus, let him keep Helen and all her wealth, while we sail home with our ships; but if Menelaus kills Alexandrus, let the Trojans give back Helen and all that she has; let them moreover pay such fine to the Achaeans as shall be agreed upon, in testimony among those that shall be born hereafter. Aid if Priam and his sons refuse such fine when Alexandrus has fallen, then will I stay here and fight on till I have got satisfaction."

As he spoke he drew his knife across the throats of the victims, and laid them down gasping and dying upon the ground, for the knife had reft them of their strength. Then they poured wine from the mixing-bowl into the cups, and prayed to the everlasting gods, saying, Trojans and Achaeans among one another, "Jove, most great and glorious, and ye other everlasting gods, grant that the brains of them who shall first sin against their oaths- of them and their children- may be shed upon the ground even as this wine, and let their wives



become the slaves of strangers."

Thus they prayed, but not as yet would Jove grant them their prayer. Then Priam, descendant of Dardanus, spoke, saying, "Hear me, Trojans and Achaeans, I will now go back to the wind-beaten city of Ilius: I dare not with my own eyes witness this fight between my son and Menelaus, for Jove and the other immortals alone know which shall fall."

On this he laid the two lambs on his chariot and took his seat. He gathered the reins in his hand, and Antenor sat beside him; the two then went back to Ilius. Hector and Ulysses measured the ground, and cast lots from a helmet of bronze to see which should take aim first. Meanwhile the two hosts lifted up their hands and prayed saying, "Father Jove, that rulest from Ida, most glorious in power, grant that he who first brought about this war between us may die, and enter the house of Hades, while we others remain at peace and abide by our oaths."

Great Hector now turned his head aside while he shook the helmet, and the lot of Paris flew out first. The others took their several stations, each by his horses and the place where his arms were lying, while Alexandrus, husband of lovely Helen, put on his goodly armour. First he greaved his legs with greaves of good make and fitted with ankle-clasps of silver; after this he donned the cuirass of his brother Lycaon, and fitted it to his own body; he hung his silver-studded sword of bronze about his shoulders, and then his mighty shield. On his comely head he set his helmet, well-wrought, with a crest of horse-hair that nodded menacingly above it, and he grasped a redoubtable spear that suited his hands. In like fashion Menelaus also put on his armour.

When they had thus armed, each amid his own people, they strode fierce of aspect into the open space, and both Trojans and Achaeans were struck with awe as they beheld them. They stood near one another on the measured ground, brandishing their spears, and each furious against the other. Alexandrus aimed first, and struck the round shield of the son of Atreus, but the spear did not pierce it, for the shield turned its point. Menelaus next took aim, praying to Father Jove as he did so. "King Jove," he said, "grant me revenge on Alexandrus who has wronged me; subdue him under my hand that in ages yet to come a man may shrink from doing ill deeds in the house of his host."

He poised his spear as he spoke, and hurled it at the shield of Alexandrus. Through shield and cuirass it went, and tore the shirt by his flank, but Alexandrus swerved aside, and thus saved his life. Then the son of Atreus drew his sword, and drove at the projecting part of his helmet, but the sword fell shivered in three or four pieces from his hand, and he cried, looking towards Heaven, "Father Jove, of all gods thou art the most spiteful; I made sure of my

revenge, but the sword has broken in my hand, my spear has been hurled in vain, and I have not killed him."

With this he flew at Alexandrus, caught him by the horsehair plume of his helmet, and began dragging him towards the Achaeans. The strap of the helmet that went under his chin was choking him, and Menelaus would have dragged him off to his own great glory had not Jove's daughter Venus been quick to mark and to break the strap of oxhide, so that the empty helmet came away in his hand. This he flung to his comrades among the Achaeans, and was again springing upon Alexandrus to run him through with a spear, but Venus snatched him up in a moment (as a god can do), hid him under a cloud of darkness, and conveyed him to his own bedchamber.

Then she went to call Helen, and found her on a high tower with the Trojan women crowding round her. She took the form of an old woman who used to dress wool for her when she was still in Lacedaemon, and of whom she was very fond. Thus disguised she plucked her by perfumed robe and said, "Come hither; Alexandrus says you are to go to the house; he is on his bed in his own room, radiant with beauty and dressed in gorgeous apparel. No one would think he had just come from fighting, but rather that he was going to a dance, or had done dancing and was sitting down."

With these words she moved the heart of Helen to anger. When she marked the beautiful neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and sparkling eyes, she marvelled at her and said, "Goddess, why do you thus beguile me? Are you going to send me afield still further to some man whom you have taken up in Phrygia or fair Meonia? Menelaus has just vanquished Alexandrus, and is to take my hateful self back with him. You are come here to betray me. Go sit with Alexandrus yourself; henceforth be goddess no longer; never let your feet carry you back to Olympus; worry about him and look after him till he make you his wife, or, for the matter of that, his slave- but me? I shall not go; I can garnish his bed no longer; I should be a by-word among all the women of Troy. Besides, I have trouble on my mind."

Venus was very angry, and said, "Bold hussy, do not provoke me; if you do, I shall leave you to your fate and hate you as much as I have loved you. I will stir up fierce hatred between Trojans and Achaeans, and you shall come to a bad end."

At this Helen was frightened. She wrapped her mantle about her and went in silence, following the goddess and unnoticed by the Trojan women.

When they came to the house of Alexandrus the maid-servants set about their work, but Helen went into her own room, and the laughter-loving goddess took a seat and set it for her facing Alexandrus. On this Helen, daughter of aegis-bearing Jove, sat down, and with eyes askance began to upbraid her husband.

"So you are come from the fight," said she; "would that you had

fallen rather by the hand of that brave man who was my husband. You used to brag that you were a better man with hands and spear than Menelaus. go, but I then, an challenge him again- but I should advise you not to do so, for if you are foolish enough to meet him in single combat, you will soon all by his spear."

And Paris answered, "Wife, do not vex me with your reproaches. This time, with the help of Minerva, Menelaus has vanquished me; another time I may myself be victor, for I too have gods that will stand by me. Come, let us lie down together and make friends. Never yet was I so passionately enamoured of you as at this moment- not even when I first carried you off from Lacedaemon and sailed away with you- not even when I had converse with you upon the couch of love in the island of Cranae was I so enthralled by desire of you as now." On this he led her towards the bed, and his wife went with him.

Thus they laid themselves on the bed together; but the son of Atreus strode among the throng, looking everywhere for Alexandrus, and no man, neither of the Trojans nor of the allies, could find him. If they had seen him they were in no mind to hide him, for they all of them hated him as they did death itself. Then Agamemnon, king of men, spoke, saying, "Hear me, Trojans, Dardanians, and allies. The victory has been with Menelaus; therefore give back Helen with all her wealth, and pay such fine as shall be agreed upon, in testimony among them that shall be born hereafter."

Thus spoke the son of Atreus, and the Achaeans shouted in applause.

## BOOK IV

Now the gods were sitting with Jove in council upon the golden floor while Hebe went round pouring out nectar for them to drink, and as they pledged one another in their cups of gold they looked down upon the town of Troy. The son of Saturn then began to tease Juno, talking at her so as to provoke her. "Menelaus," said he, "has two good friends among the goddesses, Juno of Argos, and Minerva of Alalcomene, but they only sit still and look on, while Venus keeps ever by Alexandrus' side to defend him in any danger; indeed she has just rescued him when he made sure that it was all over with him- for the victory really did lie with Menelaus. We must consider what we shall do about all this; shall we set them fighting anew or make peace between them? If you will agree to this last Menelaus can take back Helen and the city of Priam may remain still inhabited."

Minerva and Juno muttered their discontent as they sat side by side hatching mischief for the Trojans. Minerva scowled at her father, for she was in a furious passion with him, and said nothing, but Juno could not contain herself. "Dread son of Saturn," said she, "what, pray, is the meaning of all this? Is my trouble, then, to go for nothing, and the sweat that I have sweated, to say nothing of my

horses, while getting the people together against Priam and his children? Do as you will, but we other gods shall not all of us approve your counsel."

Jove was angry and answered, "My dear, what harm have Priam and his sons done you that you are so hotly bent on sacking the city of Ilius? Will nothing do for you but you must within their walls and eat Priam raw, with his sons and all the other Trojans to boot? Have it your own way then; for I would not have this matter become a bone of contention between us. I say further, and lay my saying to your heart, if ever I want to sack a city belonging to friends of yours, you must not try to stop me; you will have to let me do it, for I am giving in to you sorely against my will. Of all inhabited cities under the sun and stars of heaven, there was none that I so much respected as Ilius with Priam and his whole people. Equitable feasts were never wanting about my altar, nor the savour of burning fat, which is honour due to ourselves."

"My own three favourite cities," answered Juno, "are Argos, Sparta, and Mycenae. Sack them whenever you may be displeased with them. I shall not defend them and I shall not care. Even if I did, and tried to stay you, I should take nothing by it, for you are much stronger than I am, but I will not have my own work wasted. I too am a god and of the same race with yourself. I am Saturn's eldest daughter, and am honourable not on this ground only, but also because I am your wife, and you are king over the gods. Let it be a case, then, of give-and-take between us, and the rest of the gods will follow our lead. Tell Minerva to go and take part in the fight at once, and let her contrive that the Trojans shall be the first to break their oaths and set upon the Achaeans."

The sire of gods and men heeded her words, and said to Minerva, "Go at once into the Trojan and Achaean hosts, and contrive that the Trojans shall be the first to break their oaths and set upon the Achaeans."

This was what Minerva was already eager to do, so down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus. She shot through the sky as some brilliant meteor which the son of scheming Saturn has sent as a sign to mariners or to some great army, and a fiery train of light follows in its wake. The Trojans and Achaeans were struck with awe as they beheld, and one would turn to his neighbour, saying, "Either we shall again have war and din of combat, or Jove the lord of battle will now make peace between us."

Thus did they converse. Then Minerva took the form of Laodocus, son of Antenor, and went through the ranks of the Trojans to find Pandarus, the redoubtable son of Lycaon. She found him standing among the stalwart heroes who had followed him from the banks of the Aesopus, so she went close up to him and said, "Brave son of Lycaon, will you do as I tell you? If you dare send an arrow at Menelaus you

will win honour and thanks from all the Trojans, and especially from prince Alexandrus- he would be the first to requite you very handsomely if he could see Menelaus mount his funeral pyre, slain by an arrow from your hand. Take your home aim then, and pray to Lycian Apollo, the famous archer; vow that when you get home to your strong city of Zelea you will offer a hecatomb of firstling lambs in his honour."

His fool's heart was persuaded, and he took his bow from its case. This bow was made from the horns of a wild ibex which he had killed as it was bounding from a rock; he had stalked it, and it had fallen as the arrow struck it to the heart. Its horns were sixteen palms long, and a worker in horn had made them into a bow, smoothing them well down, and giving them tips of gold. When Pandarus had strung his bow he laid it carefully on the ground, and his brave followers held their shields before him lest the Achaeans should set upon him before he had shot Menelaus. Then he opened the lid of his quiver and took out a winged arrow that had yet been shot, fraught with the pangs of death. He laid the arrow on the string and prayed to Lycian Apollo, the famous archer, vowing that when he got home to his strong city of Zelea he would offer a hecatomb of firstling lambs in his honour. He laid the notch of the arrow on the oxhide bowstring, and drew both notch and string to his breast till the arrow-head was near the bow; then when the bow was arched into a half-circle he let fly, and the bow twanged, and the string sang as the arrow flew gladly on over the heads of the throng.

But the blessed gods did not forget thee, O Menelaus, and Jove's daughter, driver of the spoil, was the first to stand before thee and ward off the piercing arrow. She turned it from his skin as a mother whisks a fly from off her child when it is sleeping sweetly; she guided it to the part where the golden buckles of the belt that passed over his double cuirass were fastened, so the arrow struck the belt that went tightly round him. It went right through this and through the cuirass of cunning workmanship; it also pierced the belt beneath it, which he wore next his skin to keep out darts or arrows; it was this that served him in the best stead, nevertheless the arrow went through it and grazed the top of the skin, so that blood began flowing from the wound.

As when some woman of Meonia or Caria strains purple dye on to a piece of ivory that is to be the cheek-piece of a horse, and is to be laid up in a treasure house- many a knight is fain to bear it, but the king keeps it as an ornament of which both horse and driver may be proud- even so, O Menelaus, were your shapely thighs and your legs down to your fair ankles stained with blood.

When King Agamemnon saw the blood flowing from the wound he was afraid, and so was brave Menelaus himself till he saw that the barbs of the arrow and the thread that bound the arrow-head to the shaft

were still outside the wound. Then he took heart, but Agamemnon heaved a deep sigh as he held Menelaus's hand in his own, and his comrades made moan in concert. "Dear brother," he cried, "I have been the death of you in pledging this covenant and letting you come forward as our champion. The Trojans have trampled on their oaths and have wounded you; nevertheless the oath, the blood of lambs, the drink-offerings and the right hands of fellowship in which have put our trust shall not be vain. If he that rules Olympus fulfil it not here and now, he will yet fulfil it hereafter, and they shall pay dearly with their lives and with their wives and children. The day will surely come when mighty Ilius shall be laid low, with Priam and Priam's people, when the son of Saturn from his high throne shall overshadow them with his awful aegis in punishment of their present treachery. This shall surely be; but how, Menelaus, shall I mourn you, if it be your lot now to die? I should return to Argos as a by-word, for the Achaeans will at once go home. We shall leave Priam and the Trojans the glory of still keeping Helen, and the earth will rot your bones as you lie here at Troy with your purpose not fulfilled. Then shall some braggart Trojan leap upon your tomb and say, 'Ever thus may Agamemnon wreak his vengeance; he brought his army in vain; he is gone home to his own land with empty ships, and has left Menelaus behind him.' Thus will one of them say, and may the earth then swallow me."

But Menelaus reassured him and said, "Take heart, and do not alarm the people; the arrow has not struck me in a mortal part, for my outer belt of burnished metal first stayed it, and under this my cuirass and the belt of mail which the bronze-smiths made me."

And Agamemnon answered, "I trust, dear Menelaus, that it may be even so, but the surgeon shall examine your wound and lay herbs upon it to relieve your pain."

He then said to Talthybius, "Talthybius, tell Machaon, son to the great physician, Aesculapius, to come and see Menelaus immediately. Some Trojan or Lycian archer has wounded him with an arrow to our dismay, and to his own great glory."

Talthybius did as he was told, and went about the host trying to find Machaon. Presently he found standing amid the brave warriors who had followed him from Tricca; thereon he went up to him and said, "Son of Aesculapius, King Agamemnon says you are to come and see Menelaus immediately. Some Trojan or Lycian archer has wounded him with an arrow to our dismay and to his own great glory."

Thus did he speak, and Machaon was moved to go. They passed through the spreading host of the Achaeans and went on till they came to the place where Menelaus had been wounded and was lying with the chieftains gathered in a circle round him. Machaon passed into the middle of the ring and at once drew the arrow from the belt, bending its barbs back through the force with which he pulled it out. He undid the burnished belt, and beneath this the cuirass and the belt of

mail which the bronze-smiths had made; then, when he had seen the wound, he wiped away the blood and applied some soothing drugs which Chiron had given to Aesculapius out of the good will he bore him.

While they were thus busy about Menelaus, the Trojans came forward against them, for they had put on their armour, and now renewed the fight.

You would not have then found Agamemnon asleep nor cowardly and unwilling to fight, but eager rather for the fray. He left his chariot rich with bronze and his panting steeds in charge of Eurymedon, son of Ptolemaeus the son of Peiraeus, and bade him hold them in readiness against the time his limbs should weary of going about and giving orders to so many, for he went among the ranks on foot. When he saw men hasting to the front he stood by them and cheered them on.

"Argives," said he, "slacken not one whit in your onset; father Jove will be no helper of liars; the Trojans have been the first to break their oaths and to attack us; therefore they shall be devoured of vultures; we shall take their city and carry off their wives and children in our ships."

But he angrily rebuked those whom he saw shirking and disinclined to fight. "Argives," he cried, "cowardly miserable creatures, have you no shame to stand here like frightened fawns who, when they can no longer scud over the plain, huddle together, but show no fight? You are as dazed and spiritless as deer. Would you wait till the Trojans reach the sterns of our ships as they lie on the shore, to see, whether the son of Saturn will hold his hand over you to protect you?"

Thus did he go about giving his orders among the ranks. Passing through the crowd, he came presently on the Cretans, arming round Idomeneus, who was at their head, fierce as a wild boar, while Meriones was bringing up the battalions that were in the rear. Agamemnon was glad when he saw him, and spoke him fairly. "Idomeneus," said he, "I treat you with greater distinction than I do any others of the Achaeans, whether in war or in other things, or at table. When the princes are mixing my choicest wines in the mixing-bowls, they have each of them a fixed allowance, but your cup is kept always full like my own, that you may drink whenever you are minded. Go, therefore, into battle, and show yourself the man you have been always proud to be."

Idomeneus answered, "I will be a trusty comrade, as I promised you from the first I would be. Urge on the other Achaeans, that we may join battle at once, for the Trojans have trampled upon their covenants. Death and destruction shall be theirs, seeing they have been the first to break their oaths and to attack us."

The son of Atreus went on, glad at heart, till he came upon the two Ajaxes arming themselves amid a host of foot-soldiers... Glad was King Agamemnon when he saw them. "No need," he cried, "to give orders to such leaders of the Argives as you are, for of your own

selves you spur your men on to fight with might and main. Would, by father Jove, Minerva, and Apollo that all were so minded as you are, for the city of Priam would then soon fall beneath our hands, and we should sack it."

With this he left them and went onward to Nestor, the facile speaker of the Pylians, who was marshalling his men and urging them on, in company with Pelagon, Alastor, Chromius, Haemon, and Bias shepherd of his people. He placed his knights with their chariots and horses in the front rank, while the foot-soldiers, brave men and many, whom he could trust, were in the rear. The cowards he drove into the middle, that they might fight whether they would or no. He gave his orders to the knights first, bidding them hold their horses well in hand, so as to avoid confusion. "Let no man," he said, "relying on his strength or horsemanship, get before the others and engage singly with the Trojans, nor yet let him lag behind or you will weaken your attack; but let each when he meets an enemy's chariot throw his spear from his own; this be much the best; this is how the men of old took towns and strongholds; in this wise were they minded."

Thus did the old man charge them, for he had been in many a fight, and King Agamemnon was glad. "I wish," he said to him, that your limbs were as supple and your strength as sure as your judgment is; but age, the common enemy of mankind, has laid his hand upon you; would that it had fallen upon some other, and that you were still young."

And Nestor, knight of Gerene, answered, "Son of Atreus, I too would gladly be the man I was when I slew mighty Ereuthalion; but the gods will not give us everything at one and the same time. I was then young, and now I am old; still I can go with my knights and give them that counsel which old men have a right to give. The wielding of the spear I leave to those who are younger and stronger than myself."

Agamemnon went his way rejoicing, and presently found Menestheus, son of Peteos, tarrying in his place, and with him were the Athenians loud of tongue in battle. Near him also tarried cunning Ulysses, with his sturdy Cephallenians round him; they had not yet heard the battle-cry, for the ranks of Trojans and Achaeans had only just begun to move, so they were standing still, waiting for some other columns of the Achaeans to attack the Trojans and begin the fighting. When he saw this Agamemnon rebuked them and said, "Son of Peteos, and you other, steeped in cunning, heart of guile, why stand you here cowering and waiting on others? You two should be of all men foremost when there is hard fighting to be done, for you are ever foremost to accept my invitation when we councillors of the Achaeans are holding feast. You are glad enough then to take your fill of roast meats and to drink wine as long as you please, whereas now you would not care though you saw ten columns of Achaeans engage the enemy in front of you."



Ulysses glared at him and answered, "Son of Atreus, what are you talking about? How can you say that we are slack? When the Achaeans are in full fight with the Trojans, you shall see, if you care to do so, that the father of Telemachus will join battle with the foremost of them. You are talking idly."

When Agamemnon saw that Ulysses was angry, he smiled pleasantly at him and withdrew his words. "Ulysses," said he, "noble son of Laertes, excellent in all good counsel, I have neither fault to find nor orders to give you, for I know your heart is right, and that you and I are of a mind. Enough; I will make you amends for what I have said, and if any ill has now been spoken may the gods bring it to nothing."

...

As when some mighty wave that thunders on the beach when the west wind has lashed it into fury- it has reared its head afar and now comes crashing down on the shore; it bows its arching crest high over the jagged rocks and spews its salt foam in all directions- even so did the serried phalanxes of the Danaans march steadfastly to battle. The chiefs gave orders each to his own people, but the men said never a word; no man would think it, for huge as the host was, it seemed as though there was not a tongue among them, so silent were they in their obedience; and as they marched the armour about their bodies glistened in the sun. But the clamour of the Trojan ranks was as that of many thousand ewes that stand waiting to be milked in the yards of some rich flockmaster, and bleat incessantly in answer to the bleating of their lambs; for they had not one speech nor language, but their tongues were diverse, and they came from many different places. These were inspired of Mars, but the others by Minerva- and with them came Panic, Rout, and Strife whose fury never tires, sister and friend of murderous Mars, who, from being at first but low in stature, grows till she uprears her head to heaven, though her feet are still on earth. She it was that went about among them and flung down discord to the waxing of sorrow with even hand between them.

When they were got together in one place shield clashed with shield and spear with spear in the rage of battle. The bossed shields beat one upon another, and there was a tramp as of a great multitude- death-cry and shout of triumph of slain and slayers, and the earth ran red with blood. As torrents swollen with rain course madly down their deep channels till the angry floods meet in some gorge, and the shepherd the hillside hears their roaring from afar- even such was the toil and uproar of the hosts as they joined in battle.

First Antilochus slew an armed warrior of the Trojans, Echeolus,

son of Thalyisius, fighting in the foremost ranks... Forthwith Ajax, son of Telamon, slew the fair youth Simoeisius, son of Anthemion, whom his mother bore by the banks of the Simois, as she was coming down from Mt. Ida, where she had been with her parents to see their flocks. Therefore he was named Simoeisius, but he did not live to pay his parents for his rearing, for he was cut off untimely by the spear of mighty Ajax, who struck him in the breast by the right nipple as he was coming on among the foremost fighters; the spear went right through his shoulder, and he fell as a poplar that has grown straight and tall in a meadow by some mere, and its top is thick with branches...Hector, and they that were in front, then gave round while the Argives raised a shout and drew off the dead, pressing further forward as they did so. But Apollo looked down from Pergamus and called aloud to the Trojans, for he was displeased. "Trojans," he cried, "rush on the foe, and do not let yourselves be thus beaten by the Argives. Their skins are not stone nor iron that when hit them you do them no harm. Moreover, Achilles, the son of lovely Thetis, is not fighting, but is nursing his anger at the ships."

Thus spoke the mighty god, crying to them from the city, while Jove's redoubtable daughter, the Triton-born, went about among the host of the Achaeans, and urged them forward whenever she beheld them slackening.

Then fate fell upon Diores, son of Amarynceus, for he was struck by a jagged stone near the ankle of his right leg. He that hurled it was Peirous, son of Imbrassus, captain of the Thracians, who had come from Aenus; the bones and both the tendons were crushed by the pitiless stone. ...he two corpses lay stretched on earth near to one another, the one captain of the Thracians and the other of the Epeans; and many another fell round them. And now no man would have made light of the fighting if he could have gone about among it scatheless and unwounded, with Minerva leading him by the hand, and protecting him from the storm of spears and arrows. For many Trojans and Achaeans on that day lay stretched side by side face downwards upon the earth..."

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### ***The History of Herodotus***

The noted Greek historian Herodotus treats the basic history recorded in Homer's *Iliad* as true history, not some mythological fable. Herodotus wrote his *History* in 440 BC. Here are excerpts from Herodotus' *History*, the complete work of which can be read at <http://classics.mit.edu/Herodotus/history.html> :

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## **Book I**

### **Clio**

These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes, in the hope

of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feuds. According to the Persians best informed in history, the Phoenicians began to quarrel. This people, who had formerly dwelt on the shores of the Erythraean Sea, having migrated to the Mediterranean and settled in the parts which they now inhabit, began at once, they say, to adventure on long voyages, freighting their vessels with the wares of Egypt and Assyria. They landed at many places on the coast, and among the rest at Argos, which was then preeminent above all the states included now under the common name of Hellas. Here they exposed their merchandise, and traded with the natives for five or six days; at the end of which time, when almost everything was sold, there came down to the beach a number of women, and among them the daughter of the king, who was, they say, agreeing in this with the Greeks, Io, the child of Inachus. The women were standing by the stern of the ship intent upon their purchases, when the Phoenicians, with a general shout, rushed upon them. The greater part made their escape, but some were seized and carried off. Io herself was among the captives. The Phoenicians put the women on board their vessel, and set sail for Egypt. Thus did Io pass into Egypt, according to the Persian story, which differs widely from the Phoenician: and thus commenced, according to their authors, the series of outrages.

At a later period, certain Greeks, with whose name they are unacquainted, but who would probably be Cretans, made a landing at Tyre, on the Phoenician coast, and bore off the king's daughter, Europe. In this they only retaliated; but afterwards the Greeks, they say, were guilty of a second violence. They manned a ship of war, and sailed to Aea, a city of Colchis, on the river Phasis; from whence, after despatching the rest of the business on which they had come, they carried off Medea, the daughter of the king of the land. The monarch sent a herald into Greece to demand reparation of the wrong, and the restitution of his child; but the Greeks made answer that, having received no reparation of the wrong done them in the seizure of Io the Argive, they should give none in this instance.

In the next generation afterwards, according to the same authorities, Alexander the son of Priam, bearing these events in mind, resolved to procure himself a wife out of Greece by violence, fully persuaded, that as the Greeks had not given satisfaction for their outrages, so neither would he be forced to make any for his. Accordingly he made prize of Helen; upon which the Greeks decided that, before resorting to other measures, they would send envoys to reclaim the princess and require reparation of the wrong. Their demands were met by a reference to the violence which had been offered to Medea, and they were asked with what face they could now require satisfaction, when they had formerly rejected all demands for either reparation or restitution addressed to them.

Hitherto the injuries on either side had been mere acts of common violence; but in what followed the Persians consider that the Greeks were greatly to blame, since before any attack had been made on Europe, they led an army into Asia. Now as for the carrying off of women, it is the deed, they say, of a rogue: but to make a stir about such as are carried off, argues a man a fool. Men of sense care nothing for such women, since it is plain that without their own consent they would never be forced away. The Asiatics, when the

Greeks ran off with their women, never troubled themselves about the matter; but the Greeks, for the sake of a single Lacedaemonian girl, collected a vast armament, invaded Asia, and destroyed the kingdom of Priam. Henceforth they ever looked upon the Greeks as their open enemies. For Asia, with all the various tribes of barbarians that inhabit it, is regarded by the Persians as their own; but Europe and the Greek race they look on as distinct and separate.

Such is the account which the Persians give of these matters. They trace to the attack upon Troy their ancient enmity towards the Greeks. The Phoenicians, however, as regards Io, vary from the Persian statements. They deny that they used any violence to remove her into Egypt; she herself, they say, having formed an intimacy with the captain, while his vessel lay at Argos, and perceiving herself to be with child, of her own free will accompanied the Phoenicians on their leaving the shore, to escape the shame of detection and the reproaches of her parents. Whether this latter account be true, or whether the matter happened otherwise, I shall not discuss further. I shall proceed at once to point out the person who first within my own knowledge inflicted injury on the Greeks, after which I shall go forward with my history, describing equally the greater and the lesser cities. For the cities which were formerly great have most of them become insignificant; and such as are at present powerful, were weak in the olden time. I shall therefore discourse equally of both, convinced that human happiness never continues long in one stay.

Croesus, son of Alyattes, by birth a Lydian, was lord of all the nations to the west of the river Halys. This stream, which separates Syria from Paphlagonia, runs with a course from south to north, and finally falls into the Euxine. So far as our knowledge goes, he was the first of the barbarians who had dealings with the Greeks, forcing some of them to become his tributaries, and entering into alliance with others. He conquered the Aeolians, Ionians, and Dorians of Asia, and made a treaty with the Lacedaemonians. Up to that time all Greeks had been free. For the Cimmerian attack upon Ionia, which was earlier than Croesus, was not a conquest of the cities, but only an inroad for plundering.

The sovereignty of Lydia, which had belonged to the Heraclides, passed into the family of Croesus, who were called the Mermnadae, in the manner which I will now relate. There was a certain king of Sardis, Candaules by name, whom the Greeks called Myrsilus. He was a descendant of Alcaeus, son of Hercules. The first king of this dynasty was Agron, son of Ninus, grandson of Belus, and great-grandson of Alcaeus; Candaules, son of Myrsus, was the last. The kings who reigned before Agron sprang from Lydus, son of Atys, from whom the people of the land, called previously Meonians, received the name of Lydians. The Heraclides, descended from Hercules and the slave-girl of Jardanus, having been entrusted by these princes with the management of affairs, obtained the kingdom by an oracle. Their rule endured for two and twenty generations of men, a space of five hundred and five years; during the whole of which period, from Agron to Candaules, the crown descended in the direct line from father to son.

Now it happened that this Candaules was in love with his own wife; and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in the whole world. This fancy had strange consequences. There was in his bodyguard a man whom he specially favoured, Gyges, the son of

Dascylus. All affairs of greatest moment were entrusted by Candaules to this person, and to him he was wont to extol the surpassing beauty of his wife. So matters went on for a while. At length, one day, Candaules, who was fated to end ill, thus addressed his follower: "I see thou dost not credit what I tell thee of my lady's loveliness; but come now, since men's ears are less credulous than their eyes, contrive some means whereby thou mayst behold her naked." At this the other loudly exclaimed, saying, "What most unwise speech is this, master, which thou hast uttered? Wouldst thou have me behold my mistress when she is naked? Bethink thee that a woman, with her clothes, puts off her bashfulness. Our fathers, in time past, distinguished right and wrong plainly enough, and it is our wisdom to submit to be taught by them. There is an old saying, 'Let each look on his own.' I hold thy wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only, I beseech thee, ask me not to do wickedly."

Gyges thus endeavoured to decline the king's proposal, trembling lest some dreadful evil should befall him through it. But the king replied to him, "Courage, friend; suspect me not of the design to prove thee by this discourse; nor dread thy mistress, lest mischief be thee at her hands. Be sure I will so manage that she shall not even know that thou hast looked upon her. I will place thee behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. When I enter to go to rest she will follow me. There stands a chair close to the entrance, on which she will lay her clothes one by one as she takes them off. Thou wilt be able thus at thy leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair toward the bed, and her back is turned on thee, be it thy care that she see thee not as thou passest through the doorway."

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when bedtime came, led Gyges into his sleeping-chamber, and a moment after the queen followed. She entered, and laid her garments on the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. After a while she moved toward the bed, and her back being then turned, he glided stealthily from the apartment. As he was passing out, however, she saw him, and instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed aught, purposing to take vengeance upon the husband who had so affronted her. For among the Lydians, and indeed among the barbarians generally, it is reckoned a deep disgrace, even to a man, to be seen naked.

No sound or sign of intelligence escaped her at the time. But in the morning, as soon as day broke, she hastened to choose from among her retinue such as she knew to be most faithful to her, and preparing them for what was to ensue, summoned Gyges into her presence. Now it had often happened before that the queen had desired to confer with him, and he was accustomed to come to her at her call. He therefore obeyed the summons, not suspecting that she knew aught of what had occurred. Then she addressed these words to him: "Take thy choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to thee. Slay Candaules, and thereby become my lord, and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. So wilt thou not again, obeying all behests of thy master, behold what is not lawful for thee. It must needs be that either he perish by whose counsel this thing was done, or thou, who sawest me naked, and so didst break our usages." At these words Gyges stood awhile in mute astonishment; recovering after a time, he earnestly

besought the queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice. But finding he implored in vain, and that necessity was indeed laid on him to kill or to be killed, he made choice of life for himself, and replied by this inquiry: "If it must be so, and thou compellest me against my will to put my lord to death, come, let me hear how thou wilt have me set on him." "Let him be attacked," she answered, "on the spot where I was by him shown naked to you, and let the assault be made when he is asleep."

All was then prepared for the attack, and when night fell, Gyges, seeing that he had no retreat or escape, but must absolutely either slay Candaules, or himself be slain, followed his mistress into the sleeping-room. She placed a dagger in his hand and hid him carefully behind the self-same door. Then Gyges, when the king was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck him dead. Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into the possession of Gyges, of whom Archilochus the Parian, who lived about the same time, made mention in a poem written in iambic trimeter verse.

Gyges was afterwards confirmed in the possession of the throne by an answer of the Delphic oracle. Enraged at the murder of their king, the people flew to arms, but after a while the partisans of Gyges came to terms with them, and it was agreed that if the Delphic oracle declared him king of the Lydians, he should reign; if otherwise, he should yield the throne to the Heraclides. As the oracle was given in his favour he became king. The Pythoness, however, added that, in the fifth generation from Gyges, vengeance should come for the Heraclides; a prophecy of which neither the Lydians nor their princes took any account till it was fulfilled. Such was the way in which the Mermnadae deposed the Heraclides, and themselves obtained the sovereignty.

When Gyges was established on the throne, he sent no small presents to Delphi, as his many silver offerings at the Delphic shrine testify. Besides this silver he gave a vast number of vessels of gold, among which the most worthy of mention are the goblets, six in number, and weighing altogether thirty talents, which stand in the Corinthian treasury, dedicated by him. I call it the Corinthian treasury, though in strictness of speech it is the treasury not of the whole Corinthian people, but of Cypselus, son of Eetion. Excepting Midas, son of Gordias, king of Phrygia, Gyges was the first of the barbarians whom we know to have sent offerings to Delphi. Midas dedicated the royal throne whereon he was accustomed to sit and administer justice, an object well worth looking at. It lies in the same place as the goblets presented by Gyges. The Delphians call the whole of the silver and the gold which Gyges dedicated, after the name of the donor, Gygian.

As soon as Gyges was king he made an in-road on Miletus and Smyrna, and took the city of Colophon. Afterwards, however, though he reigned eight and thirty years, he did not perform a single noble exploit. I shall therefore make no further mention of him, but pass on to his son and successor in the kingdom, Ardys.

Ardys took Priene and made war upon Miletus. In his reign the Cimmerians, driven from their homes by the nomads of Scythia, entered Asia and captured Sardis, all but the citadel. He reigned forty-nine years, and was succeeded by his son, Sadyattes, who reigned twelve years. At his death his son Alyattes mounted the throne.

This prince waged war with the Medes under Cyaxares, the grandson of Deioces, drove the Cimmerians out of Asia, conquered Smyrna, the Colophonian colony, and invaded Clazomenae. From this last contest he did not come off as he could have wished, but met with a sore defeat; still, however, in the course of his reign, he performed other actions very worthy of note, of which I will now proceed to give an account.

Inheriting from his father a war with the Milesians, he pressed the siege against the city by attacking it in the following manner. When the harvest was ripe on the ground he marched his army into Milesia to the sound of pipes and harps, and flutes masculine and feminine. The buildings that were scattered over the country he neither pulled down nor burnt, nor did he even tear away the doors, but left them standing as they were. He cut down, however, and utterly destroyed all the trees and all the corn throughout the land, and then returned to his own dominions. It was idle for his army to sit down before the place, as the Milesians were masters of the sea. The reason that he did not demolish their buildings was that the inhabitants might be tempted to use them as homesteads from which to go forth to sow and till their lands; and so each time that he invaded the country he might find something to plunder.

In this way he carried on the war with the Milesians for eleven years, in the course of which he inflicted on them two terrible blows; one in their own country in the district of Limeneium, the other in the plain of the Maeander. During six of these eleven years, Sadyattes, the son of Ardys who first lighted the flames of this war, was king of Lydia, and made the incursions. Only the five following years belong to the reign of Alyattes, son of Sadyattes, who (as I said before) inheriting the war from his father, applied himself to it unremittingly. The Milesians throughout the contest received no help at all from any of the Ionians, excepting those of Chios, who lent them troops in requital of a like service rendered them in former times, the Milesians having fought on the side of the Chians during the whole of the war between them and the people of Erythrae.

It was in the twelfth year of the war that the following mischance occurred from the firing of the harvest-fields. Scarcely had the corn been set alight by the soldiers when a violent wind carried the flames against the temple of Minerva Assesia, which caught fire and was burnt to the ground. At the time no one made any account of the circumstance; but afterwards, on the return of the army to Sardis, Alyattes fell sick. His illness continued, whereupon, either advised thereto by some friend, or perchance himself conceiving the idea, he sent messengers to Delphi to inquire of the god concerning his malady. On their arrival the Pythoness declared that no answer should be given them until they had rebuilt the temple of Minerva, burnt by the Lydians at Assesus in Milesia.

Thus much I know from information given me by the Delphians; the remainder of the story the Milesians add.

The answer made by the oracle came to the ears of Periander, son of Cypselus, who was a very close friend to Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus at that period. He instantly despatched a messenger to report the oracle to him, in order that Thrasybulus, forewarned of its

tenor, might the better adapt his measures to the posture of affairs.

Alyattes, the moment that the words of the oracle were reported to him, sent a herald to Miletus in hopes of concluding a truce with Thrasybulus and the Milesians for such a time as was needed to rebuild the temple. The herald went upon his way; but meantime Thrasybulus had been apprised of everything; and conjecturing what Alyattes would do, he contrived this artifice. He had all the corn that was in the city, whether belonging to himself or to private persons, brought into the market-place, and issued an order that the Milesians should hold themselves in readiness, and, when he gave the signal, should, one and all, fall to drinking and revelry.

The purpose for which he gave these orders was the following. He hoped that the Sardinian herald, seeing so great store of corn upon the ground, and all the city given up to festivity, would inform Alyattes of it, which fell out as he anticipated. The herald observed the whole, and when he had delivered his message, went back to Sardis. This circumstance alone, as I gather, brought about the peace which ensued. Alyattes, who had hoped that there was now a great scarcity of corn in Miletus, and that the people were worn down to the last pitch of suffering, when he heard from the herald on his return from Miletus tidings so contrary to those he had expected, made a treaty with the enemy by which the two nations became close friends and allies. He then built at Assesus two temples to Minerva instead of one, and shortly after recovered from his malady. Such were the chief circumstances of the war which Alyattes waged with Thrasybulus and the Milesians.

This Periander, who apprised Thrasybulus of the oracle, was son of Cypselus, and tyrant of Corinth. In his time a very wonderful thing is said to have happened. The Corinthians and the Lesbians agree in their account of the matter. They relate that Arion of Methymna, who as a player on the harp, was second to no man living at that time, and who was, so far as we know, the first to invent the dithyrambic measure, to give it its name, and to recite in it at Corinth, was carried to Taenarum on the back of a dolphin.

He had lived for many years at the court of Periander, when a longing came upon him to sail across to Italy and Sicily. Having made rich profits in those parts, he wanted to recross the seas to Corinth. He therefore hired a vessel, the crew of which were Corinthians, thinking that there was no people in whom he could more safely confide; and, going on board, he set sail from Tarentum. The sailors, however, when they reached the open sea, formed a plot to throw him overboard and seize upon his riches. Discovering their design, he fell on his knees, beseeching them to spare his life, and making them welcome to his money. But they refused; and required him either to kill himself outright, if he wished for a grave on the dry land, or without loss of time to leap overboard into the sea. In this strait Arion begged them, since such was their pleasure, to allow him to mount upon the quarter-deck, dressed in his full costume, and there to play and sing, and promising that, as soon as his song was ended, he would destroy himself. Delighted at the prospect of hearing the very best harper in the world, they consented, and withdrew from the stern to the middle of the vessel: while Arion dressed himself in the full costume of his calling, took his harp, and standing on the quarter-deck, chanted the Orthian. His strain ended, he flung himself, fully attired as he was, headlong into the



sea. The Corinthians then sailed on to Corinth. As for Arion, a dolphin, they say, took him upon his back and carried him to Taenarum, where he went ashore, and thence proceeded to Corinth in his musician's dress, and told all that had happened to him. Periander, however, disbelieved the story, and put Arion in ward, to prevent his leaving Corinth, while he watched anxiously for the return of the mariners. On their arrival he summoned them before him and asked them if they could give him any tidings of Arion. They returned for answer that he was alive and in good health in Italy, and that they had left him at Tarentum, where he was doing well. Thereupon Arion appeared before them, just as he was when he jumped from the vessel: the men, astonished and detected in falsehood, could no longer deny their guilt. Such is the account which the Corinthians and Lesbians give; and there is to this day at Taenarum, an offering of Arion's at the shrine, which is a small figure in bronze, representing a man seated upon a dolphin.

Having brought the war with the Milesians to a close, and reigned over the land of Lydia for fifty-seven years, Alyattes died. He was the second prince of his house who made offerings at Delphi. His gifts, which he sent on recovering from his sickness, were a great bowl of pure silver, with a salver in steel curiously inlaid, a work among all the offerings at Delphi the best worth looking at. Glaucus, the Chian, made it, the man who first invented the art of inlaying steel.

On the death of Alyattes, Croesus, his son, who was thirty-five years old, succeeded to the throne. Of the Greek cities, Ephesus was the first that he attacked. The Ephesians, when he laid siege to the place, made an offering of their city to Diana, by stretching a rope from the town wall to the temple of the goddess, which was distant from the ancient city, then besieged by Croesus, a space of seven furlongs. They were, as I said, the first Greeks whom he attacked. Afterwards, on some pretext or other, he made war in turn upon every Ionian and Aeolian state, bringing forward, where he could, a substantial ground of complaint; where such failed him, advancing some poor excuse.

In this way he made himself master of all the Greek cities in Asia, and forced them to become his tributaries; after which he began to think of building ships, and attacking the islanders. Everything had been got ready for this purpose, when Bias of Priene (or, as some say, Pittacus the Mytilenean) put a stop to the project. The king had made inquiry of this person, who was lately arrived at Sardis, if there were any news from Greece; to which he answered, "Yes, sire, the islanders are gathering ten thousand horse, designing an expedition against thee and against thy capital." Croesus, thinking he spake seriously, broke out, "Ah, might the gods put such a thought into their minds as to attack the sons of the Lydians with cavalry!" "It seems, oh! king," rejoined the other, "that thou desirest earnestly to catch the islanders on horseback upon the mainland,- thou knowest well what would come of it. But what thinkest thou the islanders desire better, now that they hear thou art about to build ships and sail against them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, and there revenge on them the wrongs of their brothers upon the mainland, whom thou holdest in slavery?" Croesus was charmed with the turn of the speech; and thinking there was reason in what was said, gave up his ship-building and concluded a league of amity with the Ionians of the isles.

Croesus afterwards, in the course of many years, brought under his sway almost all the nations to the west of the Halys. The Lycians and Cilicians alone continued free; all the other tribes he reduced and held in subjection. They were the following: the Lydians, Phrygians, Mysians, Mariandynians, Chalybians, Paphlagonians, Thynian and Bithynian Thracians, Carians, Ionians, Dorians, Aeolians and Pamphylians.

When all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time, and among them Solon, the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretence of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which, at the request of the Athenians, he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Croesus at Sardis. Croesus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasures, and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and, so far as time allowed, inspected them, Croesus addressed this question to him. "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom, of all the men that thou hast seen, thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals: but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he heard, Croesus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied, "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further because, after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbours near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honours."

Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Croesus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest, expecting that at any rate, he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered; "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of them:- There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time: so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of

worshippers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men, who stood around the car, extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

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

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

to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end: for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

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

After Solon had gone away a dreadful vengeance, sent of God, came upon Croesus, to punish him, it is likely, for deeming himself the happiest of men. First he had a dream in the night, which foreshowed him truly the evils that were about to befall him in the person of his son. For Croesus had two sons, one blasted by a natural defect, being deaf and dumb; the other, distinguished far above all his co-mates in every pursuit. The name of the last was Atys. It was this son concerning whom he dreamt a dream that he would die by the blow of an iron weapon. When he woke, he considered earnestly with himself, and, greatly alarmed at the dream, instantly made his son take a wife, and whereas in former years the youth had been wont to command the Lydian forces in the field, he now would not suffer him to accompany them. All the spears and javelins, and weapons used in the wars, he removed out of the male apartments, and laid them in heaps in the chambers of the women, fearing lest perhaps one of the weapons that hung against the wall might fall and strike him.

Now it chanced that while he was making arrangements for the wedding, there came to Sardis a man under a misfortune, who had upon him the stain of blood. He was by race a Phrygian, and belonged to the family of the king. Presenting himself at the palace of Croesus, he prayed to be admitted to purification according to the customs of the country. Now the Lydian method of purifying is very nearly the same as the Greek. Croesus granted the request, and went through all the customary rites, after which he asked the suppliant of his birth and country, addressing him as follows:- "Who art thou, stranger, and from what part of Phrygia fleddest thou to take refuge at my hearth? And whom, moreover, what man or what woman, hast thou slain?" "Oh! king," replied the Phrygian, "I am the son of Gordias, son of Midas. I am named Adrastus. The man I unintentionally slew was my own brother. For this my father drove me from the land, and I lost all. Then fled I here to thee." "Thou art the offspring," Croesus rejoined, "of a house friendly to mine, and thou art come to friends. Thou shalt want for nothing so long as thou abidest in my dominions. Bear thy misfortune as easily as thou mayest, so will it go best with thee." Thenceforth Adrastus lived in the palace of the king.

It chanced that at this very same time there was in the Mysian Olympus a huge monster of a boar, which went forth often from this mountain country, and wasted the corn-fields of the Mysians. Many a time had the Mysians collected to hunt the beast, but instead of doing him any hurt, they came off always with some loss to themselves. At length they sent ambassadors to Croesus, who delivered their message to him in these words: "Oh! king, a mighty monster of a boar has appeared in our parts, and destroys the labour of our hands. We do our best to take him, but in vain. Now therefore we beseech thee to let thy son accompany us back, with some chosen youths and hounds, that we may rid our

country of the animal." Such was the tenor of their prayer.

But Croesus bethought him of his dream, and answered, "Say no more of my son going with you; that may not be in any wise. He is but just joined in wedlock, and is busy enough with that. I will grant you a picked band of Lydians, and all my huntsmen and hounds; and I will charge those whom I send to use all zeal in aiding you to rid your country of the brute."

With this reply the Mysians were content; but the king's son, hearing what the prayer of the Mysians was, came suddenly in, and on the refusal of Croesus to let him go with them, thus addressed his father: "Formerly, my father, it was deemed the noblest and most suitable thing for me to frequent the wars and hunting-parties, and win myself glory in them; but now thou keepest me away from both, although thou hast never beheld in me either cowardice or lack of spirit. What face meanwhile must I wear as I walk to the forum or return from it? What must the citizens, what must my young bride think of me? What sort of man will she suppose her husband to be? Either, therefore, let me go to the chase of this boar, or give me a reason why it is best for me to do according to thy wishes."

Then Croesus answered, "My son, it is not because I have seen in thee either cowardice or aught else which has displeased me that I keep thee back; but because a vision which came before me in a dream as I slept, warned me that thou wert doomed to die young, pierced by an iron weapon. It was this which first led me to hasten on thy wedding, and now it hinders me from sending thee upon this enterprise. Fain would I keep watch over thee, if by any means I may cheat fate of thee during my own lifetime. For thou art the one and only son that I possess; the other, whose hearing is destroyed, I regard as if he were not."

"Ah! father," returned the youth, "I blame thee not for keeping watch over me after a dream so terrible; but if thou mistakest, if thou dost not apprehend the dream aright, 'tis no blame for me to show thee wherein thou errest. Now the dream, thou saidst thyself, foretold that I should die stricken by an iron weapon. But what hands has a boar to strike with? What iron weapon does he wield? Yet this is what thou fearest for me. Had the dream said that I should die pierced by a tusk, then thou hadst done well to keep me away; but it said a weapon. Now here we do not combat men, but a wild animal. I pray thee, therefore, let me go with them."

"There thou hast me, my son," said Croesus, "thy interpretation is better than mine. I yield to it, and change my mind, and consent to let thee go."

Then the king sent for Adrastus, the Phrygian, and said to him, "Adrastus, when thou wert smitten with the rod of affliction- no reproach, my friend- I purified thee, and have taken thee to live with me in my palace, and have been at every charge. Now, therefore, it behoves thee to requite the good offices which thou hast received at my hands by consenting to go with my son on this hunting party, and to watch over him, if perchance you should be attacked upon the road by some band of daring robbers. Even apart from

this, it were right for thee to go where thou mayest make thyself famous by noble deeds. They are the heritage of thy family, and thou too art so stalwart and strong."

Adrastus answered, "Except for thy request, Oh! king, I would rather have kept away from this hunt; for methinks it ill beseems a man under a misfortune such as mine to consort with his happier compeers; and besides, I have no heart to it. On many grounds I had stayed behind; but, as thou urgest it, and I am bound to pleasure thee (for truly it does behove me to requite thy good offices), I am content to do as thou wishest. For thy son, whom thou givest into my charge, be sure thou shalt receive him back safe and sound, so far as depends upon a guardian's carefulness."

Thus assured, Croesus let them depart, accompanied by a band of picked youths, and well provided with dogs of chase. When they reached Olympus, they scattered in quest of the animal; he was soon found, and the hunters, drawing round him in a circle, hurled their weapons at him. Then the stranger, the man who had been purified of blood, whose name was Adrastus, he also hurled his spear at the boar, but missed his aim, and struck Atys. Thus was the son of Croesus slain by the point of an iron weapon, and the warning of the vision was fulfilled. Then one ran to Sardis to bear the tidings to the king, and he came and informed him of the combat and of the fate that had befallen his son.

If it was a heavy blow to the father to learn that his child was dead, it yet more strongly affected him to think that the very man whom he himself once purified had done the deed. In the violence of his grief he called aloud on Jupiter Catharsius to be a witness of what he had suffered at the stranger's hands. Afterwards he invoked the same god as Jupiter Ephistius and Hetaereus- using the one term because he had unwittingly harboured in his house the man who had now slain his son; and the other, because the stranger, who had been sent as his child's guardian, had turned out his most cruel enemy.

Presently the Lydians arrived, bearing the body of the youth, and behind them followed the homicide. He took his stand in front of the corse, and, stretching forth his hands to Croesus, delivered himself into his power with earnest entreaties that he would sacrifice him upon the body of his son- "his former misfortune was burthen enough; now that he had added to it a second, and had brought ruin on the man who purified him, he could not bear to live." Then Croesus, when he heard these words, was moved with pity towards Adrastus, notwithstanding the bitterness of his own calamity; and so he answered, "Enough, my friend; I have all the revenge that I require, since thou givest sentence of death against thyself. But in sooth it is not thou who hast injured me, except so far as thou hast unwittingly dealt the blow. Some god is the author of my misfortune, and I was forewarned of it a long time ago." Croesus after this buried the body of his son, with such honours as befitted the occasion. Adrastus, son of Gordias, son of Midas, the destroyer of his brother in time past, the destroyer now of his purifier, regarding himself as the most unfortunate wretch whom he had ever known, so soon as all was quiet about the place, slew himself upon the tomb. Croesus, bereft of his son, gave himself up to mourning for two full years.

At the end of this time the grief of Croesus was interrupted by intelligence from abroad.

He learnt that Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, had destroyed the empire of Astyages, the son of Cyaxares; and that the Persians were becoming daily more powerful. This led him to consider with himself whether it were possible to check the growing power of that people before it came to a head. With this design he resolved to make instant trial of the several oracles in Greece, and of the one in Libya. So he sent his messengers in different directions, some to Delphi, some to Abae in Phocis, and some to Dodona; others to the oracle of Amphiaraus; others to that of Trophonius; others, again, to Branchidae in Milesia. These were the Greek oracles which he consulted. To Libya he sent another embassy, to consult the oracle of Ammon. These messengers were sent to test the knowledge of the oracles, that, if they were found really to return true answers, he might send a second time, and inquire if he ought to attack the Persians.

The messengers who were despatched to make trial of the oracles were given the following instructions: they were to keep count of the days from the time of their leaving Sardis, and, reckoning from that date, on the hundredth day they were to consult the oracles, and to inquire of them what Croesus the son of Alyattes, king of Lydia, was doing at that moment. The answers given them were to be taken down in writing, and brought back to him. None of the replies remain on record except that of the oracle at Delphi. There, the moment that the Lydians entered the sanctuary, and before they put their questions, the Pythoness thus answered them in hexameter verse:-

I can count the sands, and I can measure the ocean;  
I have ears for the silent, and know what the dumb man meaneth;  
Lo! on my sense there striketh the smell of a shell-covered  
tortoise,  
Boiling now on a fire, with the flesh of a lamb, in a cauldron-  
Brass is the vessel below, and brass the cover above it.

These words the Lydians wrote down at the mouth of the Pythoness as she prophesied, and then set off on their return to Sardis. When all the messengers had come back with the answers which they had received, Croesus undid the rolls, and read what was written in each. Only one approved itself to him, that of the Delphic oracle. This he had no sooner heard than he instantly made an act of adoration, and accepted it as true, declaring that the Delphic was the only really oracular shrine, the only one that had discovered in what way he was in fact employed. For on the departure of his messengers he had set himself to think what was most impossible for any one to conceive of his doing, and then, waiting till the day agreed on came, he acted as he had determined. He took a tortoise and a lamb, and cutting them in pieces with his own hands, boiled them both together in a brazen cauldron, covered over with a lid which was also of brass.

Such then was the answer returned to Croesus from Delphi. What the answer was which the Lydians who went to the shrine of Amphiaraus and performed the customary rites obtained of the oracle there, I have it not in my power to mention, for there is no record of it. All that is known is that Croesus believed himself to have found there also an oracle which spoke the truth.

After this Croesus, having resolved to propitiate the Delphic god with a magnificent sacrifice, offered up three thousand of every kind of sacrificial beast, and besides made a huge pile, and placed upon it couches coated with silver and with gold, and golden goblets, and robes and vests of purple; all which he burnt in the hope of thereby making himself more secure of the favour of the god. Further he issued his orders to all the people of the land to offer a sacrifice according to their means. When the sacrifice was ended, the king melted down a vast quantity of gold, and ran it into ingots, making them six palms long, three palms broad, and one palm in thickness. The number of ingots was a hundred and seventeen, four being of refined gold, in weight two talents and a half; the others of pale gold, and in weight two talents. He also caused a statue of a lion to be made in refined gold, the weight of which was ten talents. At the time when the temple of Delphi was burnt to the ground, this lion fell from the ingots on which it was placed; it now stands in the Corinthian treasury, and weighs only six talents and a half, having lost three talents and a half by the fire.

On the completion of these works Croesus sent them away to Delphi, and with them two bowls of an enormous size, one of gold, the other of silver, which used to stand, the latter upon the right, the former upon the left, as one entered the temple. They too were moved at the time of the fire; and now the golden one is in the Clazomenian treasury, and weighs eight talents and forty-two minae; the silver one stands in the corner of the ante-chapel, and holds six hundred amphorae. This is known because the Delphians fill it at the time of the Theophania. It is said by the Delphians to be a work of Theodore the Samian, and I think that they say true, for assuredly it is the work of no common artist. Croesus sent also four silver casks, which are in the Corinthian treasury, and two lustral vases, a golden and a silver one. On the former is inscribed the name of the Lacedaemonians, and they claim it as a gift of theirs, but wrongly, since it was really given by Croesus. The inscription upon it was cut by a Delphian, who wished to pleasure the Lacedaemonians. His name is known to me, but I forbear to mention it. The boy, through whose hand the water runs, is (I confess) a Lacedaemonian gift, but they did not give either of the lustral vases. Besides these various offerings, Croesus sent to Delphi many others of less account, among the rest a number of round silver basins. Also he dedicated a female figure in gold, three cubits high, which is said by the Delphians to be the statue of his baking-woman; and further, he presented the necklace and the girdles of his wife.

These were the offerings sent by Croesus to Delphi. To the shrine of Amphiaraus, with whose valour and misfortune he was acquainted, he sent a shield entirely of gold, and a spear, also of solid gold, both head and shaft. They were still existing in my day at Thebes, laid up in the temple of Ismenian Apollo.

The messengers who had the charge of conveying these treasures to the shrines, received instructions to ask the oracles whether Croesus should go to war with the Persians and if so, whether he should strengthen himself by the forces of an ally. Accordingly, when they had reached their destinations and presented the gifts, they proceeded to consult the oracles in the following terms:- "Croesus, of Lydia and other countries, believing that these are the only real oracles in all the world, has sent you such presents as your discoveries deserved, and now inquires of you whether he shall go to war with the



Persians, and if so, whether he shall strengthen himself by the forces of a confederate." Both the oracles agreed in the tenor of their reply, which was in each case a prophecy that if Croesus attacked the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire, and a recommendation to him to look and see who were the most powerful of the Greeks, and to make alliance with them.

At the receipt of these oracular replies Croesus was overjoyed, and feeling sure now that he would destroy the empire of the Persians, he sent once more to Pytho, and presented to the Delphians, the number of whom he had ascertained, two gold staters apiece. In return for this the Delphians granted to Croesus and the Lydians the privilege of precedence in consulting the oracle, exemption from all charges, the most honourable seat at the festivals, and the perpetual right of becoming at pleasure citizens of their town.

After sending these presents to the Delphians, Croesus a third time consulted the oracle, for having once proved its truthfulness, he wished to make constant use of it. The question whereto he now desired an answer was- "Whether his kingdom would be of long duration?" The following was the reply of the Pythoness:-

Wait till the time shall come when a mule is monarch of Media;  
Then, thou delicate Lydian, away to the pebbles of Hermus;  
Haste, oh! haste thee away, nor blush to behave like a coward.

Of all the answers that had reached him, this pleased him far the best, for it seemed incredible that a mule should ever come to be king of the Medes, and so he concluded that the sovereignty would never depart from himself or his seed after him. Afterwards he turned his thoughts to the alliance which he had been recommended to contract, and sought to ascertain by inquiry which was the most powerful of the Grecian states. His inquiries pointed out to him two states as pre-eminent above the rest. These were the Lacedaemonians and the Athenians, the former of Doric, the latter of Ionic blood. And indeed these two nations had held from very, early times the most distinguished place in Greece, the being a Pelasgic, the other a Hellenic people, and the one having never quitted its original seats, while the other had been excessively migratory; for during the reign of Deucalion, Phthiotis was the country in which the Hellenes dwelt, but under Dorus, the son of Hellen, they moved to the tract at the base of Ossa and Olympus, which is called Histiaeotis; forced to retire from that region by the Cadmeians, they settled, under the name of Macedni, in the chain of Pindus. Hence they once more removed and came to Dryopis; and from Dryopis having entered the Peloponnese in this way, they became known as Dorians.

What the language of the Pelasgi was I cannot say with any certainty. If, however, we may form a conjecture from the tongue spoken by the Pelasgi of the present day- those, for instance, who live at Creston above the Tyrrenians, who formerly dwelt in the district named Thessaliotis, and were neighbours of the people now called the Dorians- or those again who founded Placia and Scylace upon the Hellespont, who had previously dwelt for some time with the Athenians- or those, in short, of any other of the cities which have dropped the name but are in fact Pelasgian; if, I say, we are to form a

conjecture from any of these, we must pronounce that the Pelasgi spoke a barbarous language. If this were really so, and the entire Pelasgic race spoke the same tongue, the Athenians, who were certainly Pelasgi, must have changed their language at the same time that they passed into the Hellenic body; for it is a certain fact that the people of Creston speak a language unlike any of their neighbours, and the same is true of the Placianians, while the language spoken by these two people is the same; which shows that they both retain the idiom which they brought with them into the countries where they are now settled.

The Hellenic race has never, since its first origin, changed its speech. This at least seems evident to me. It was a branch of the Pelasgic, which separated from the main body, and at first was scanty in numbers and of little power; but it gradually spread and increased to a multitude of nations, chiefly by the voluntary entrance into its ranks of numerous tribes of barbarians. The Pelasgi, on the other hand, were, as I think, a barbarian race which never greatly multiplied.

On inquiring into the condition of these two nations, Croesus found that one, the Athenian, was in a state of grievous oppression and distraction under Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates, who was at that time tyrant of Athens. Hippocrates, when he was a private citizen, is said to have gone once upon a time to Olympia to see the Games, when a wonderful prodigy happened to him. As he was employed in sacrificing, the cauldrons which stood near, full of water and of the flesh of the victims, began to boil without the help of fire, so that the water overflowed the pots. Chilon the Lacedaemonian, who happened to be there and to witness the prodigy, advised Hippocrates, if he were unmarried, never to take into his house a wife who could bear him a child; if he already had one, to send her back to her friends; if he had a son, to disown him. Chilon's advice did not at all please Hippocrates, who disregarded it, and some time after became the father of Pisistratus. This Pisistratus, at a time when there was civil contention in Attica between the party of the Sea-coast headed by Megacles the son of Alcmaeon, and that of the Plain headed by Lycurgus, one of the Aristoloids, formed the project of making himself tyrant, and with this view created a third party. Gathering together a band of partisans, and giving himself out for the protector of the Highlanders, he contrived the following stratagem. He wounded himself and his mules, and then drove his chariot into the market-place, professing to have just escaped an attack of his enemies, who had attempted his life as he was on his way into the country. He besought the people to assign him a guard to protect his person, reminding them of the glory which he had gained when he led the attack upon the Megarians, and took the town of Nisaea, at the same time performing many other exploits. The Athenians, deceived by his story, appointed him a band of citizens to serve as a guard, who were to carry clubs instead of spears, and to accompany him wherever he went. Thus strengthened, Pisistratus broke into revolt and seized the citadel. In this way he acquired the sovereignty of Athens, which he continued to hold without disturbing the previously existing offices or altering any of the laws. He administered the state according to the established usages, and his arrangements were wise and salutary.

However, after a little time, the partisans of Megacles and those of Lycurgus agreed to

forget their differences, and united to drive him out. So Pisistratus, having by the means described first made himself master of Athens, lost his power again before it had time to take root. No sooner, however, was he departed than the factions which had driven him out quarrelled anew, and at last Megacles, wearied with the struggle, sent a herald to Pisistratus, with an offer to re-establish him on the throne if he would marry his daughter. Pisistratus consented, and on these terms an agreement was concluded between the two, after which they proceeded to devise the mode of his restoration. And here the device on which they hit was the silliest that I find on record, more especially considering that the Greeks have been from very ancient times distinguished from the barbarians by superior sagacity and freedom from foolish simpleness, and remembering that the persons on whom this trick was played were not only Greeks but Athenians, who have the credit of surpassing all other Greeks in cleverness. There was in the Paeonian district a woman named Phya, whose height only fell short of four cubits by three fingers' breadth, and who was altogether comely to look upon. This woman they clothed in complete armour, and, instructing her as to the carriage which she was to maintain in order to beseem her part, they placed her in a chariot and drove to the city. Heralds had been sent forward to precede her, and to make proclamation to this effect: "Citizens of Athens, receive again Pisistratus with friendly minds. Minerva, who of all men honours him the most, herself conducts him back to her own citadel." This they proclaimed in all directions, and immediately the rumour spread throughout the country districts that Minerva was bringing back her favourite. They of the city also, fully persuaded that the woman was the veritable goddess, prostrated themselves before her, and received Pisistratus back.

Pisistratus, having thus recovered the sovereignty, married, according to agreement, the daughter of Megacles. As, however, he had already a family of grown up sons, and the Alcmaeonidae were supposed to be under a curse, he determined that there should be no issue of the marriage. His wife at first kept this matter to herself, but after a time, either her mother questioned her, or it may be that she told it of her own accord. At any rate, she informed her mother, and so it reached her father's ears. Megacles, indignant at receiving an affront from such a quarter, in his anger instantly made up his differences with the opposite faction, on which Pisistratus, aware of what was planning against him, took himself out of the country. Arrived at Eretria, he held a council with his children to decide what was to be done. The opinion of Hippias prevailed, and it was agreed to aim at regaining the sovereignty. The first step was to obtain advances of money from such states as were under obligations to them. By these means they collected large sums from several countries, especially from the Thebans, who gave them far more than any of the rest. To be brief, time passed, and all was at length got ready for their return. A band of Argive mercenaries arrived from the Peloponnese, and a certain Naxian named Lygdamis, who volunteered his services, was particularly zealous in the cause, supplying both men and money.

In the eleventh year of their exile the family of Pisistratus set sail from Eretria on their return home. They made the coast of Attica, near Marathon, where they encamped, and were joined by their partisans from the capital and by numbers from the country districts, who loved tyranny better than freedom. At Athens, while Pisistratus was obtaining funds, and even after he landed at Marathon, no one paid any attention to his proceedings.

When, however, it became known that he had left Marathon, and was marching upon the city, preparations were made for resistance, the whole force of the state was levied, and led against the returning exiles. Meantime the army of Pisistratus, which had broken up from Marathon, meeting their adversaries near the temple of the Palladian Minerva, pitched their camp opposite them. Here a certain soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, an Acarnanian, moved by a divine impulse, came into the presence of Pisistratus, and approaching him uttered this prophecy in the hexameter measure:-

Now has the cast been made, the net is out-spread in the water,  
Through the moonshiny night the tunnies will enter the meshes.

Such was the prophecy uttered under a divine inspiration. Pisistratus, apprehending its meaning, declared that he accepted the oracle, and instantly led on his army. The Athenians from the city had just finished their midday meal, after which they had betaken themselves, some to dice, others to sleep, when Pisistratus with his troops fell upon them and put them to the rout. As soon as the flight began, Pisistratus bethought himself of a most wise contrivance, whereby they might be induced to disperse and not unite in a body any more. He mounted his sons on horseback and sent them on in front to overtake the fugitives, and exhort them to be of good cheer, and return each man to his home. The Athenians took the advice, and Pisistratus became for the third time master of Athens.

Upon this he set himself to root his power more firmly, by the aid of a numerous body of mercenaries, and by keeping up a full exchequer, partly supplied from native sources, partly from the countries about the river Strymon. He also demanded hostages from many of the Athenians who had remained at home, and not left Athens at his approach; and these he sent to Naxos, which he had conquered by force of arms, and given over into the charge of Lygdamis. Farther, he purified the island of Delos, according to the injunctions of an oracle, after the following fashion. All the dead bodies which had been interred within sight of the temple he dug up, and removed to another part of the isle. Thus was the tyranny of Pisistratus established at Athens, many of the Athenians having fallen in the battle, and many others having fled the country together with the son of Alcmaeon.

Such was the condition of the Athenians when Croesus made inquiry concerning them. Proceeding to seek information concerning the Lacedaemonians, he learnt that, after passing through a period of great depression, they had lately been victorious in a war with the people of Tegea; for, during the joint reign of Leo and Agasicles, kings of Sparta, the Lacedaemonians, successful in all their other wars, suffered continual defeat at the hands of the Tegeans. At a still earlier period they had been the very worst governed people in Greece, as well in matters of internal management as in their relations towards foreigners, from whom they kept entirely aloof. The circumstances which led to their being well governed were the following:- Lycurgus, a man of distinction among the Spartans, had gone to Delphi, to visit the oracle. Scarcely had he entered into the inner fane, when the Pythoness exclaimed aloud,

Oh! thou great Lycurgus, that com'st to my beautiful dwelling,  
Dear to love, and to all who sit in the halls of Olympus,

Whether to hail thee a god I know not, or only a mortal,  
But my hope is strong that a god thou wilt prove, Lycurgus. Some report besides, that the Pythoness delivered to him the entire system of laws which are still observed by the Spartans. The Lacedaemonians, however, themselves assert that Lycurgus, when he was guardian of his nephew, Labotas, king of Sparta, and regent in his room, introduced them from Crete; for as soon as he became regent, he altered the whole of the existing customs, substituting new ones, which he took care should be observed by all. After this he arranged whatever appertained to war, establishing the Enomotiae, Triacades, and Syssitia, besides which he instituted the senate, and the ephoralty. Such was the way in which the Lacedaemonians became a well-governed people.

On the death of Lycurgus they built him a temple, and ever since they have worshipped him with the utmost reverence. Their soil being good and the population numerous, they sprang up rapidly to power, and became a flourishing people. In consequence they soon ceased to be satisfied to stay quiet; and, regarding the Arcadians as very much their inferiors, they sent to consult the oracle about conquering the whole of Arcadia. The Pythoness thus answered them:

Cravest thou Arcady? Bold is thy craving. I shall not content it.  
Many the men that in Arcady dwell, whose food is the acorn-  
They will never allow thee. It is not I that am niggard.  
I will give thee to dance in Tegea, with noisy foot-fall,  
And with the measuring line mete out the glorious champaign. When the Lacedaemonians received this reply, leaving the rest of Arcadia untouched, they marched against the Tegeans, carrying with them fetters, so confident had this oracle (which was, in truth, but of base metal) made them that they would enslave the Tegeans. The battle, however, went against them, and many fell into the enemy's hands. Then these persons, wearing the fetters which they had themselves brought, and fastened together in a string, measured the Tegean plain as they executed their labours. The fetters in which they worked were still, in my day, preserved at Tegea where they hung round the walls of the temple of Minerva Alea.

Throughout the whole of this early contest with the Tegeans, the Lacedaemonians met with nothing but defeats; but in the time of Croesus, under the kings Anaxandrides and Aristo, fortune had turned in their favour, in the manner which I will now relate. Having been worsted in every engagement by their enemy, they sent to Delphi, and inquired of the oracle what god they must propitiate to prevail in the war against the Tegeans. The answer of the Pythoness was that before they could prevail, they must remove to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. Unable to discover his burial-place, they sent a second time, and asked the god where the body of the hero had been laid. The following was the answer they received:-

Level and smooth is the plain where Arcadian Tegea standeth;  
There two winds are ever, by strong necessity, blowing,  
Counter-stroke answers stroke, and evil lies upon evil.  
There all-teeming Earth doth harbour the son of Atrides;

Bring thou him to thy city, and then be Tegea's master. After this reply, the Lacedaemonians were no nearer discovering the burial-place than before, though they continued to search for it diligently; until at last a man named Lichas, one of the Spartans called Agathoergi, found it. The Agathoergi are citizens who have just served their time among the knights. The five eldest of the knights go out every year, and are bound during the year after their discharge to go wherever the State sends them, and actively employ themselves in its service.

Lichas was one of this body when, partly by good luck, partly by his own wisdom, he discovered the burial-place. Intercourse between the two States existing just at this time, he went to Tegea, and, happening to enter into the workshop of a smith, he saw him forging some iron. As he stood marvelling at what he beheld, he was observed by the smith who, leaving off his work, went up to him and said,

"Certainly, then, you Spartan stranger, you would have been wonderfully surprised if you had seen what I have, since you make a marvel even of the working in iron. I wanted to make myself a well in this room, and began to dig it, when what think you? I came upon a coffin seven cubits long. I had never believed that men were taller in the olden times than they are now, so I opened the coffin. The body inside was of the same length: I measured it, and filled up the hole again."

Such was the man's account of what he had seen. The other, on turning the matter over in his mind, conjectured that this was the body of Orestes, of which the oracle had spoken. He guessed so, because he observed that the smithy had two bellows, which he understood to be the two winds, and the hammer and anvil would do for the stroke and the counterstroke, and the iron that was being wrought for the evil lying upon evil. This he imagined might be so because iron had been discovered to the hurt of man. Full of these conjectures, he sped back to Sparta and laid the whole matter before his countrymen. Soon after, by a concerted plan, they brought a charge against him, and began a prosecution. Lichas betook himself to Tegea, and on his arrival acquainted the smith with his misfortune, and proposed to rent his room of him. The smith refused for some time; but at last Lichas persuaded him, and took up his abode in it. Then he opened the grave, and collecting the bones, returned with them to Sparta. From henceforth, whenever the Spartans and the Tegeans made trial of each other's skill in arms, the Spartans always had greatly the advantage; and by the time to which we are now come they were masters of most of the Peloponnese.

Croesus, informed of all these circumstances, sent messengers to Sparta, with gifts in their hands, who were to ask the Spartans to enter into alliance with him. They received strict injunctions as to what they should say, and on their arrival at Sparta spake as follows:-

"Croesus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, has sent us to speak thus to you: 'Oh Lacedaemonians, the god has bidden me to make the Greek my friend; I therefore apply to you, in conformity with the oracle, knowing that you hold the first rank in Greece, and desire to become your friend and ally in all true faith and honesty.'"

Such was the message which Croesus sent by his heralds. The Lacedaemonians, who were aware beforehand of the reply given him by the oracle, were full of joy at the coming of the messengers, and at once took the oaths of friendship and alliance: this they did the more readily as they had previously contracted certain obligations towards him. They had sent to Sardis on one occasion to purchase some gold, intending to use it on a statue of Apollo- the statue, namely, which remains to this day at Thornax in Laconia, when Croesus, hearing of the matter, gave them as a gift the gold which they wanted.

This was one reason why the Lacedaemonians were so willing to make the alliance: another was, because Croesus had chosen them for his friends in preference to all the other Greeks. They therefore held themselves in readiness to come at his summons, and not content with so doing, they further had a huge vase made in bronze, covered with figures of animals all round the outside of the rim, and large enough to contain three hundred amphorae, which they sent to Croesus as a return for his presents to them. The vase, however, never reached Sardis. Its miscarriage is accounted for in two quite different ways. The Lacedaemonian story is that when it reached Samos, on its way towards Sardis, the Samians having knowledge of it, put to sea in their ships of war and made it their prize. But the Samians declare that the Lacedaemonians who had the vase in charge, happening to arrive too late, and learning that Sardis had fallen and that Croesus was a prisoner, sold it in their island, and the purchasers (who were, they say, private persons) made an offering of it at the shrine of Juno: the sellers were very likely on their return to Sparta to have said that they had been robbed of it by the Samians. Such, then, was the fate of the vase.

Meanwhile Croesus, taking the oracle in a wrong sense, led his forces into Cappadocia, fully expecting to defeat Cyrus and destroy the empire of the Persians. While he was still engaged in making preparations for his attack, a Lydian named Sandanis, who had always been looked upon as a wise man, but who after this obtained a very great name indeed among his countrymen, came forward and counselled the king in these words:

"Thou art about, oh! king, to make war against men who wear leathern trousers, and have all their other garments of leather; who feed not on what they like, but on what they can get from a soil that is sterile and unkindly; who do not indulge in wine, but drink water; who possess no figs nor anything else that is good to eat. If, then, thou conquerest them, what canst thou get from them, seeing that they have nothing at all? But if they conquer thee, consider how much that is precious thou wilt lose: if they once get a taste of our pleasant things, they will keep such hold of them that we shall never be able to make them loose their grasp. For my part, I am thankful to the gods that they have not put it into the hearts of the Persians to invade Lydia."

Croesus was not persuaded by this speech, though it was true enough; for before the conquest of Lydia, the Persians possessed none of the luxuries or delights of life.

The Cappadocians are known to the Greeks by the name of Syrians. Before the rise of the Persian power, they had been subject to the Medes; but at the present time they were

within the empire of Cyrus, for the boundary between the Median and the Lydian empires was the river Halys. This stream, which rises in the mountain country of Armenia, runs first through Cilicia; afterwards it flows for a while with the Matieni on the right, and the Phrygians on the left: then, when they are passed, it proceeds with a northern course, separating the Cappadocian Syrians from the Paphlagonians, who occupy the left bank, thus forming the boundary of almost the whole of Lower Asia, from the sea opposite Cyprus to the Euxine. Just there is the neck of the peninsula, a journey of five days across for an active walker.

There were two motives which led Croesus to attack Cappadocia: firstly, he coveted the land, which he wished to add to his own dominions; but the chief reason was that he wanted to revenge on Cyrus the wrongs of Astyages, and was made confident by the oracle of being able so to do: for Astyages, son of Cyaxares and king of the Medes, who had been dethroned by Cyrus, son of Cambyses, was Croesus' brother by marriage. This marriage had taken place under circumstances which I will now relate. A band of Scythian nomads, who had left their own land on occasion of some disturbance, had taken refuge in Media. Cyaxares, son of Phraortes, and grandson of\_ ...”

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Another Greek historian besides Herodotus was Thucydides. Here is an excerpt from Thucydides' *On The Early History of the Hellenes* (written c. 395 BC), found at <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/ancient/thuc-hellenes.html> :

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“The country which is now called Hellas was not regularly settled in ancient times. The people were migratory, and readily left their homes whenever they were overpowered by numbers. There was no commerce, and they could not safely hold intercourse with one another either by land or sea. The several tribes cultivated their own soil just enough to obtain a maintenance from it. But they had no accumulation of wealth, and did not plant the ground; for, being without walls, they were never sure that an invader might not come and despoil them. Living in this manner and knowing that they could anywhere obtain a bare subsistence, they were always ready to migrate; so that they had neither great cities nor any considerable resources. The richest districts were most constantly changing their inhabitants; for example, the countries which are now called Thessaly and Boeotia, the greater part of the Peloponnesus with the exception of Arcadia, and all the best parts of Hellas. For the productiveness of the land increased the power of individuals; this in turn was a source of quarrels by which communities were ruined, while at the same time they were more exposed to attacks from without. Certainly Attica, of which the soil was poor and thin, enjoyed a long freedom from civil strife, and therefore retained its original inhabitants [the Pelasgians].

The feebleness of antiquity is further proved to me by the circumstance that there appears to have been no common action in Hellas before the Trojan War. And I am inclined to think that the very name was not as yet given to the whole country, and in fact did not



exist at all before the time of Hellen, the son of Deucalion; the different tribes, of which the Pelasgian was the most widely spread, gave their own names to different districts. But when Hellen and his sons became powerful in Phthiotis, their aid was invoked by other cities, and those who associated with them gradually began to be called *Hellenes*, though a long time elapsed before the name was prevalent over the whole country. Of this, Homer affords the best evidence; for he, although he lived long after the Trojan War, nowhere uses this name collectively, but confines it to the followers of Achilles from Phthiotis, who were the original Hellenes; when speaking of the entire host, he calls them Danäans, or Argives, or Achaeans.

And the first person known to us by tradition as having established a navy is Minos. He made himself master of what is now called the Aegean sea, and ruled over the Cyclades, into most of which he sent the first colonies, expelling the Carians and appointing his own sons governors; and thus did his best to put down piracy in those waters, a necessary step to secure the revenues for his own use. For in early times the Hellenes and the barbarians of the coast and islands, as communication by sea became more common, were tempted to turn pirates, under the conduct of their most powerful men; the motives being to serve their own cupidity and to support the needy. They would fall upon the unwallled and straggling towns, or rather villages, which they plundered, and maintained themselves by the plunder of them; for, as yet, such an occupation was held to be honoralbe and not disgraceful. . . .The land, too, was infested by robbers; and there are parts of Hellas in which the old practices continue, as for example among the Ozolian Locrians, Aetolians, Acarnanians, and the adjacent regions of the continent. The fashion of wearing arms among these continental tribes is a relic of their old predatory habits.

For in ancient times all Hellenes carried weapons because their homes were undefended and intercourse was unsafe; like the barbarians they went armed in their everyday life. . . .The Athenians were the first who laid aside arms and adopted an easier and more luxurious way of life. Quite recently the old-fashioned refinement of dress still lingered among the elder men of their richer class, who wore undergarments of linen, and bound back their hair in a knot with golden clasps in the form of grasshoppers; and the same customs long survived among the elders of Ionia, having been derived from their Athenian ancestors. On the other hand, the simple dress which is now common was first worn at Sparta; and there, more than anywhere else, the life of the rich was assimilated to that of the people.

With respect to their towns, later on, at an era of increased facilities of navigation and a greater supply of capital, we find the shores becoming the site of walled towns, and the isthmuses being occupied for the purposes of commerce and defense against a neighbor. But the old towns, on account of the great prevalence of piracy, were built away from the sea, whether on the islands or the continent, and still remain in their old sites. But as soon as Minos had formed his navy, communication by sea became easier, as he colonized most of the islands, and thus expelled the malefactors. The coast population now began to apply themselves more closely to the acquisition of wealth, and their life became more settled; some even began to build themselves walls on the strength of their newly

acquired riches. And it was at a somewhat later stage of this development that they went on the expedition against Troy.

What enabled Agamemnon to raise the armament was more, in my opinion, his superiority in strength, than the oaths of Tyndareus, which bound the suitors to follow him. Indeed, the account given by those Peloponnesians who have been the recipients of the most credible tradition is this. First of all Pelops, arriving among a needy population from Asia with vast wealth, acquired such power that, stranger though he was, the country was called after him; and this power fortune saw fit materially to increase in the hands of his descendants. Eurystheus had been killed in Attica by the Heraclids. Atreus was his mother's brother; and to the hands of his relation, who had left his father on account of the death of Chrysippus, Eurystheus, when he set out on his expedition, had committed Mycenae and the government. As time went on and Eurystheus did not return, Atreus complied with the wishes of the Mycenaeans, who were influenced by fear of the Heraclids---besides, his power seemed considerable, and he had not neglected to court the favor of the populace---and assumed the scepter of Mycenae and the rest of the dominions of Eurystheus. And so the power of the descendants of Pelops came to be greater than that of the descendants of Perseus.

To all this Agamemnon succeeded. He had also a navy far stronger than his contemporaries, so that, in my opinion, fear was quite as strong an element as love in the formation of the confederate expedition. The strength of his navy is shown by the fact that his own was the largest contingent, and that of the Arcadians was furnished by him; this at least is what Homer says, if his testimony is deemed sufficient. Now Agamemnon's was a continental power; and he could not have been master of any except the adjacent islands (and these would not be many), but through the possession of a fleet. And from this expedition we may infer the character of earlier enterprises. Homer has represented it as consisting of twelve hundred vessels; the Boeotian complement of each ship being a hundred and twenty men, that of the ships of Philoctetes fifty. That they were all rowers as well as warriors we see from his account of the ships of Philoctetes, in which all the men at the oar are bowmen. . .

Even after the Trojan War, Hellas was still engaged in removing and settling, and thus could not attain to the quiet which must precede growth. The late return of the Hellenes from Ilium caused many revolutions, and factions ensued almost everywhere; and it was the citizens thus driven into exile who founded the cities. Sixty years after the capture of Ilium, the modern Boeotians were driven out of Arne by the Thessalians, and settled in the present Boeotia, the former Cadmeis; though there was a division of them there before, some of whom joined the expedition to Ilium. Twenty years later, the Dorians and the Heraclids became masters of Peloponnesians; so that much had to be done and many years had to elapse before Hellas could attain to a durable tranquillity undisturbed by removals, and could begin to send out colonies, as Athens did to Ionia and most of the islands, and the Peloponnesians to most of Italy and Sicily and some places in the rest of Hellas. All these places were founded subsequently to the war with Troy.

But as the power of Hellas grew, and the acquisition of wealth became more an object, the revenues of the states increasing, tyrannies were by their means established almost everywhere---the old form of government being hereditary monarchy with definite prerogatives---and Hellas began to fit out fleets and apply herself more closely to the sea. It is said that the Corinthians were the first to approach the modern style of naval architecture, and that Corinth was the first place in Hellas where galleys were built....They were the means by which the islands were reached and reduced, those of the smallest area falling the easiest prey. Wars by land there were none, none at least by which power was acquired; we have the usual border contests, but of distant expeditions with conquest for object we hear nothing among the Hellenes. There was no union of subject cities round a great state, no spontaneous combination of equals for confederate expeditions; what fighting there was consisted merely of local warfare between rival neighbors....Various, too, were the obstacles which the national growth encountered in various localities. The power of the Ionians was advancing with rapid strides, when it came into collision with Persia, under King Cyrus, who, after having dethroned Croesus of Lydia and overrun everything between the Halys and the sea, stopped not till he had reduced the cities of the coast; the islands being only left to be subdued by Darius and the Phoenician navy.”

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A closely related genre to non-fictional history is that of non-fictional biography. Arguably the most famous Grecian-born writer in this category was Plutarch, who lived c.46-120 AD. He is famous for his book *Parallel Lives*, which includes the biographies of many ancient Greeks and Romans.

All biographical works, like really all writing in general, are written from a certain religious and philosophical perspective. Biographies evaluate men and women by some standard, and that standard will inevitably either be the standard of scripture or else some false alternative. In the case of Plutarch, he evaluated his subjects according to his pagan philosophy. That does not mean we cannot learn useful information from his writings, but we must keep in mind how his erroneous worldview may have tainted what he wrote and affected his evaluations of them.

Let's now consider excerpts from one of his biographies from *Parallel Lives*, entitled “Demosthenes”, found at <http://classics.mit.edu/Plutarch/demosthe.html> :

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“Whoever it was, Sosius, that wrote the poem in honour of Alcibiades, upon his winning the chariot-race at the Olympian Games, whether it were Euripides, as is most commonly thought, or some other person, he tells us that to a man's being happy it is in the first place requisite he should be born in "some famous city." But for him that would attain to true happiness, which for the most part is placed in the qualities and disposition of the mind, it is, in my opinion, of no other disadvantage to be of a mean, obscure country, than to be born of a small or plain-looking woman. For it were ridiculous to think that Iulis, a little part of Ceos, which itself is no great island, and Aegina, which an Athenian once said ought to be removed, like a small eyesore, from the port of Piraeus should

breed good actors and poets, and yet should never be able to produce a just, temperate, wise, and high-minded man. Other arts, whose end it is to acquire riches or honour, are likely enough to wither and decay in poor and undistinguished towns; but virtue, like a strong and durable plant, may take root and thrive in any place where it can lay hold of an ingenuous nature, and a mind that is industrious. I, for my part, shall desire that for any deficiency of mine in right judgment or action, I myself may be, as in fairness, held accountable, and shall not attribute it to the obscurity of my birthplace.

But if any man undertake to write a history that has to be collected from materials gathered by observation and the reading of works not easy to be got in all places, nor written always in his own language, but many of them foreign and dispersed in other hands, for him, undoubtedly, it is in the first place and above all things most necessary to reside in some city of good note, addicted to liberal arts, and populous; where he may have plenty of all sorts of books, and upon inquiry may hear and inform himself of such particulars as, having escaped the pens of writers, are more faithfully preserved in the memories of men, lest his work be deficient in many things, even those which it can least dispense with...

And so in this fifth book of my *Parallel Lives*, in giving an account of Demosthenes and Cicero, my comparison of their natural dispositions and their characters will be formed upon their actions and their lives as statesmen, and I shall not pretend to criticize their orations one against the other, to show which of the two was the more charming or the more powerful speaker. For there, as Ion says-

"We are but like a fish upon dry land;" a proverb which Caecilius perhaps forgot, when he employed his always adventurous talents in so ambitious an attempt as a comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero; and, possibly, if it were a thing obvious and easy for every man to know himself, the precept had not passed for an oracle.

The divine power seems originally to have designed Demosthenes and Cicero upon the same plan, giving them many similarities in their natural characters, as their passion for distinction and their love of liberty in civil life, and their want of courage in dangers and war, and at the same time also to have added many accidental resemblances. I think there can hardly be found two other orators, who, from small and obscure beginnings, became so great and mighty; who both contested with kings and tyrants; both lost their daughters, were driven out of their country, and returned with honour; who, flying from thence again, were both seized upon by their enemies, and at last ended their lives with the liberty of their countrymen. So that if we were to suppose there had been a trial of skill between nature and fortune, as there is sometimes between artists, it would be hard to judge whether that succeeded best in making them alike in their dispositions and manners, or this in the coincidences of their lives. We will speak of the eldest first.

Demosthenes, the father of Demosthenes, was a citizen of good rank and quality, as Theopompus informs us, surnamed the Sword-maker, because he had a large workhouse, and kept servants skilful in that art at work. But of that which Aeschines the orator said of his mother, that she was descended of one Gylon, who fled his country upon an

accusation of treason, and of a barbarian woman, I can affirm nothing, whether he spoke true, or slandered and maligned her. This is certain, that Demosthenes, being as yet but seven years old was left by his father in affluent circumstances, the whole value of his estate being little short of fifteen talents, and that he was wronged by his guardians, part of his fortune being embezzled by them, and the rest neglected; insomuch that even his teachers were defrauded of their salaries. This was the reason that he did not obtain the liberal education that he should have had; besides that, on account of weakness and delicate health, his mother would not let him exert himself, and his teachers forbore to urge him. He was meagre and sickly from the first, and hence had his nickname of Batalus given him, it is said, by the boys, in derision of his appearance; Batalus being, as some tell us, a certain enervated flute-player, in ridicule of whom Antiphanes wrote a play. Others speak of Batalus as a writer of wanton verses and drinking songs. And it would seem that some part of the body, not decent to be named, was at that time called batalus by the Athenians. But the name of Argas, which also they say was a nickname of Demosthenes, was given him for his behaviour, as being savage and spiteful, argas being one of the poetical words for a snake; or for his disagreeable way of speaking, Argas being the name of a poet who composed very harshly and disagreeably. So much, as Plato says, for such matters.

The first occasion of his eager inclination to oratory, they say, was this. Callistratus, the orator, being to plead in open court for Oropus, the expectation of the issue of that cause was very great, as well for the ability of the orator, who was then at the height of his reputation, as also for the fame of the action itself. Therefore, Demosthenes, having heard the tutors and school-masters agreeing among themselves to be present at this trial, with much importunity persuades his tutor to take him along with him to the hearing; who, having some acquaintance with the doorkeepers, procured a place where the boy might sit unseen, and hear what was said. Callistratus having got the day, and being much admired, the boy began to look upon his glory with a kind of emulation, observing how he was courted on all hands, and attended on his way by the multitude; but his wonder was more than all excited by the power of his eloquence, which seemed able to subdue and win over anything. From this time, therefore, bidding farewell to other sorts of learning and study, he now began to exercise himself, and to take pains in declaiming, as one that meant to be himself also an orator. He made use of Isaeus as his guide to the art of speaking, though Isocrates at that time was giving lessons; whether, as some say, because he was an orphan, and was not able to pay Isocrates his appointed fee of ten minae or because he preferred Isaeus's speaking, as being more businesslike and effective in actual use. Hermippus says that he met with certain memoirs without any author's name, in which it was written that Demosthenes was a scholar to Plato, and learnt much of his eloquence from him; and he also mentions Ctesibius, as reporting from Callias of Syracuse and some others, that Demosthenes secretly obtained a knowledge of the systems of Isocrates and Alcidamas, and mastered them thoroughly.

As soon, therefore, as he was grown up to man's estate, he began to go to law with his guardians, and to write orations against them; who, in the meantime, had recourse to various subterfuges and pleas for new trials, and Demosthenes, though he was thus, as Thucydides says, taught his business in dangers, and by his own exertions was successful

in his suit, was yet unable for all this to recover so much as a small fraction of his patrimony. He only attained some degree of confidence in speaking, and some competent experience in it. And having got a taste of the honour and power which are acquired by pleadings, he now ventured to come forth, and to undertake public business. And, as it is said of Laomedon, the Orchomenian, that, by advice of his physician, he used to run long distances to keep off some disease of his spleen, and by that means having, through labour and exercise, framed the habit of his body, he betook himself to the great garland games, and became one of the best runners at the long race; so it happened to Demosthenes, who, first venturing upon oratory for the recovery of his own private property, by this acquired ability in speaking, and at length, in public business, as it were in the great games, came to have the pre-eminence of all competitors in the assembly. But when he first addressed himself to the people, he met with great discouragements, and was derided for his strange and uncouth style, which was cumbered with long sentences and tortured with formal arguments to a most harsh and disagreeable excess. Besides, he had, it seems, a weakness in his voice, a perplexed and indistinct utterance and a shortness of breath, which, by breaking and disjointing his sentences, much obscured the sense and meaning of what he spoke. So that in the end being quite disheartened, he forsook the assembly; and as he was walking carelessly and sauntering about the Piraeus, Eunomus, the Thriasian, then a very old man, seeing him, upbraided him, saying that his diction was very much like that of Pericles, and that he was wanting to himself through cowardice and meanness of spirit, neither bearing up with courage against popular outcry, nor fitting his body for action, but suffering it to languish through mere sloth and negligence.

Another time, when the assembly had refused to hear him, and he was going home with his head muffled up, taking it very heavily, they relate that Satyrus, the actor, followed him, and being his familiar acquaintance, entered into conversation with him. To whom, when Demosthenes bemoaned himself, that having been the most industrious of all the pleaders, and having almost spent the whole strength and vigour of his body in that employment, he could not yet find any acceptance with the people, that drunken sots, mariners, and illiterate fellows were heard, and had the hustings for their own, while he himself was despised, "You say true, Demosthenes," replied Satyrus, "but I will quickly remedy the cause of all this, if you will repeat to me some passage out of Euripides or Sophocles." Which when Demosthenes had pronounced, Satyrus presently taking it up after him, gave the same passage, in his rendering of it, such a new form, by accompanying it with the proper mien and gesture, that to Demosthenes it seemed quite another thing. By this, being convinced how much grace and ornament language acquires from action, he began to esteem it a small matter, and as good as nothing for a man to exercise himself in declaiming, if he neglected enunciation and delivery. Hereupon he built himself a place to study in under ground (which was still remaining in our time), and hither he would come constantly every day to form his action and to exercise his voice; and here he would continue, oftentimes without intermission, two or three months together, shaving one half of his head, that so for shame he might not go abroad, though he desired it ever so much.

Nor was this all, but he also made his conversation with people abroad, his common

speech, and his business, subservient to his studies, taking from hence occasions and arguments as matter to work upon. For as soon as he was parted from his company, down he would go at once into his study, and run over everything in order that had passed, and the reasons that might be alleged for and against it. Any speeches, also, that he was present at, he would go over again with himself, and reduce into periods; and whatever others spoke to him, or he to them, he would correct, transform, and vary several ways. Hence it was that he was looked upon as a person of no great natural genius, but one who owed all the power and ability he had in speaking to labour and industry...

Demetrius, the Phalerian, tells us that he was informed by Demosthenes himself, now grown old, that the ways he made use of to remedy his natural bodily infirmities and defects were such as these; his inarticulate and stammering pronunciation he overcame and rendered more distinct by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; his voice he disciplined by declaiming and reciting speeches or verses when he was out of breath, while running or going up steep places; and that in his house he had a large looking-glass, before which he would stand and go through his exercises. It is told that some one once came to request his assistance as a pleader, and related how he had been assaulted and beaten. "Certainly," said Demosthenes, "nothing of the kind can have happened to you." Upon which the other, raising his voice, exclaimed loudly, "What, Demosthenes, nothing has been done to me?" "Ah," replied Demosthenes, "now I hear the voice of one that has been injured and beaten." Of so great consequence towards the gaining of belief did he esteem the tone and action of the speaker. The action which he used himself was wonderfully pleasing to the common people, but by well-educated people, as, for example, by Demetrius, the Phalerian, it was looked upon as mean, humiliating, and unmanly. And Hermippus says of Aesion, that, being asked his opinion concerning the ancient orators, and those of his own time, he answered that it was admirable to see with what composure and in what high style they addressed themselves to the people; but that the orations of Demosthenes, when they are read, certainly appear to be superior in point of construction, and more effective. His written speeches, beyond all question, are characterized by austere tone and by their severity. In his extempore retorts and rejoinders, he allowed himself the use of jest and mockery. When Demades said, "Demosthenes teach me! So might the sow teach Minerva!" he replied, "Was it this Minerva, that was lately found playing the harlot in Collytus?" When a thief, who had the nickname of the Brazen, was attempting to upbraid him for sitting up late, and writing by candle-light, "I know very well," said he, "that you had rather have all lights out; and wonder not, O ye men of Athens, at the many robberies which are committed, since we have thieves of brass and walls of clay." But on these points, though we have much more to mention, we will add nothing at present. We will proceed to take an estimate of his character from his actions and his life as a statesmen.

His first entering into public business was much about the time of the Phocian war, as himself affirms, and may be collected from his Philippic orations. For of these, some were made after that action was over, and the earliest of them refer to its concluding events...

The oration which Apollodorus made use of, and by it carried the cause against Timotheus, the general, in an action of debt, it is said was written for him by

Demosthenes; as also those against Phormion and Stephanus, in which latter case he was thought to have acted dishonourably, for the speech which Phormion used against Apollodorus was also of his making; he, as it were, having simply furnished two adversaries out of the same shop with weapons to wound one another. Of his orations addressed to the public assemblies, that against Androtion and those against Timocrates and Aristocrates, were written for others, before he had come forward himself as a politician. They were composed, it seems, when he was but seven or eight and twenty years old. That against Aristogiton, and that for the Immunities, he spoke himself, at the request, as he says, of Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias, but, as some say, out of courtship to the young man's mother. Though, in fact, he did not marry her, for his wife was a woman of Samos, as Demetrius, the Magnesians, writes, in his book on Persons of the same Name. It is not certain whether his oration against Aeschines, for Misconduct as Ambassador, was ever spoken; although Idomeneus says that Aeschines wanted only thirty voices to condemn him. But this seems not to be correct, at least so far as may be conjectured from both their orations concerning the Crown; for in these, neither of them speaks clearly or directly of it, as a cause that ever came to trial. But let others decide this controversy.

It was evident, even in time of peace, what course Demosthenes would steer in the commonwealth; for whatever was done by the Macedonian, he criticized and found fault with, and upon all occasions was stirring up the people of Athens, and inflaming them against him. Therefore, in the court of Philip, no man was so much talked of, or of so great account as he; and when he came thither, one of the ten ambassadors who were sent into Macedonia, though all had audience given them, yet his speech was answered with most care and exactness. But in other respects, Philip entertained him not so honourably as the rest, neither did he show him the same kindness and civility with which he applied himself to the party of Aeschines and Philocrates. So that, when the others commended Philip for his able speaking, his beautiful person, nay, and also for his good companionship in drinking, Demosthenes could not refrain from cavilling at these praises; the first, he said, was a quality which might well enough become a rhetorician, the second a woman, and the last was only the property of a sponge; no one of them was the proper commendation of a prince.

But when things came at last to war, Philip on the one side being not able to live in peace, and the Athenians, on the other side, being stirred up by Demosthenes, the first action he put them upon was the reducing of Euboea, which, by the treachery of the tyrants, was brought under subjection to Philip. And on his proposition, the decree was voted, and they crossed over thither and chased the Macedonians out of the island. The next was the relief of the Byzantines and Perinthians, whom the Macedonians at that time were attacking. He persuaded the people to lay aside their enmity against these cities, to forget the offences committed by them in the Confederate War, and to send them such succours as eventually saved and secured them. Not long after, he undertook an embassy through the states of Greece, which he solicited and so far incensed against Philip that, a few only excepted, he brought them all into a general league. So that, besides the forces composed of the citizens themselves, there was an army consisting of fifteen thousand foot and two thousand horse, and the money to pay these strangers was levied and brought in with



great cheerfulness. On which occasion it was, says Theophrastus, on the allies requesting that their contributions for the war might be ascertained and stated, Crobylus, the orator, made use of the saying, "War can't be fed at so much a day." Now was all Greece up in arms, and in great expectation what would be the event. The Euboeans, the Achaeans, the Corinthians, the Megarians, the Leucadians, and Corcyraeans, their people and their cities, were all joined together in a league. But the hardest task was yet behind, left for Demosthenes, to draw the Thebans into this confederacy with the rest. Their country bordered next upon Attica, they had great forces for the war, and at that time they were accounted the best soldiers of all Greece, but it was no easy matter to make them break with Philip, who, by many good offices, had so lately obliged them in the Phocian war; especially considering how the subjects of dispute and variance between the two cities were continually renewed and exasperated by petty quarrels, arising out of the proximity of their frontiers.

But after Philip, being now grown high and puffed up with his good success at Amphissa, on a sudden surprised Elatea and possessed himself of Phocis, and the Athenians were in a great consternation, none durst venture to rise up to speak, no one knew what to say, all were at a loss, and the whole assembly in silence and perplexity, in this extremity of affairs Demosthenes was the only man who appeared, his counsel to them being alliance with the Thebans. And having in other ways encouraged the people, and, as his manner was, raised their spirits up with hopes, he, with some others, was sent ambassador to Thebes. To oppose him, as Marsyas says, Philip also sent thither his envoys, Amyntas and Clearchus, two Macedonians, besides Daochus, a Thessalian, and Thrasydaeus. Now the Thebans, in their consultations, were well enough aware what suited best with their own interest, but every one had before his eyes the terrors of war, and their losses in the Phocian troubles were still recent: but such was the force and power of the orator, fanning up, as Theopompus says, their courage, and firing their emulation, that, casting away every thought of prudence, fear, or obligation, in a sort of divine possession, they chose the path of honour, to which his words invited them. And this success, thus accomplished by an orator, was thought to be so glorious and of such consequence, that Philip immediately sent heralds to treat and petition for a peace: all Greece was aroused, and up in arms to help. And the commanders-in-chief, not only of Attica, but of Boeotia, applied themselves to Demosthenes, and observed his directions. He managed all the assemblies of the Thebans, no less than those of the Athenians; he was beloved both by the one and by the other, and exercised the same supreme authority with both; and that not by unfair means, or without just cause, as Theopompus professes, but indeed it was no more than was due to his merit.

But there was, it would seem, some divinely ordered fortune, commissioned, in the revolution of things, to put a period at this time to the liberty of Greece, which opposed and thwarted all their actions, and by many signs foretold what should happen. Such were the sad predictions uttered by the Pythian priestess, and this old oracle cited out of the Sibyl's verses:-

"The battle on Thermodon that shall be  
Safe at a distance I desire to see,

Far, like an eagle, watching in the air,  
Conquered shall weep, and conqueror perish there."

This Thermodon, they say, is a little rivulet here in our country in Chaeronea, running into the Cephissus. But we know of none that is so called at the present time, and can only conjecture that the streamlet which is now called Haemon, and runs by the Temple of Hercules, where the Grecians were encamped, might perhaps in those days be called Thermodon, and after the fight, being filled with blood and dead bodies, upon this occasion, as we guess, might change its old name for that which it now bears. Yet Duris says that this Thermodon was no river, but that some of the soldiers, as they were pitching their tents and digging trenches about them, found a small stone statue, which, by the inscription, appeared to be the figure of Thermodon, carrying a wounded Amazon in his arms; and that there was another oracle current about it, as follows:-

"The battle on Thermodon that shall be,  
Fail not, black raven, to attend and see;  
The flesh of men shall there abound for thee."

In fine, it is not easy to determine what is the truth. But of Demosthenes it is said that he had such great confidence in the Grecian forces, and was so excited by the sight of the courage and resolution of so many brave men ready to engage the enemy, that he would by no means endure they should give any heed to oracles, or hearken to prophecies, but gave out that he suspected even the prophetess herself, as if she had been tampered with to speak in favour of Philip. The Thebans he put in mind of Epaminondas, the Athenians of Pericles, who always took their own measures and governed their actions by reason, looking upon things of this kind as mere pretexts for cowardice. Thus far, therefore, Demosthenes acquitted himself like a brave man. But in the fight he did nothing honourable, nor was his performance answerable to his speeches. For he fled, deserting his place disgracefully, and throwing away his arms, not ashamed, as Pytheas observed, to belie the inscription written on his shield, in letters of gold, "With good fortune."

In the meantime Philip, in the first moment of victory, was so transported with joy, that he grew extravagant, and going out after he had drunk largely to visit the dead bodies, he chanted the first words of the decree that had been passed on the motion of Demosthenes-

"The motion of Demosthenes, Demosthenes's son," dividing it metrically into feet, and marking the beats.

But when he came to himself, and had well considered the danger he was lately under, he could not forbear from shuddering at the wonderful ability and power of an orator who had made him hazard his life and empire on the issue of a few brief hours. The fame of it also reached even to the court of Persia, and the king sent letters to his lieutenants commanding them to supply Demosthenes with money, and to pay every attention to him, as the only man of all the Grecians who was able to give Philip occupation and find employment for his forces near home, in the troubles of Greece. This, afterwards came to the knowledge of Alexander, by certain letters of Demosthenes which he found at Sardis,

and by other papers of the Persian officers, stating the large sums which had been given him.

At this time, however, upon the ill-success which now happened to the Grecians, those of the contrary faction in the commonwealth fell foul upon Demosthenes and took the opportunity to frame several informations and indictments against him. But the people not only acquitted him of these accusations, but continued towards him their former respect, and still invited him, as a man that meant well, to take a part in public affairs. Insomuch that when the bones of those who had been slain at Chaeronea were brought home to be solemnly interred, Demosthenes was the man they chose to make the funeral oration. They did not show, under the misfortunes which befell them, a base or ignoble mind, as Theopompus writes in his exaggerated style, but on the contrary, by the honour and respect paid to their counsellor, they made it appear that they were noway dissatisfied with the counsels he had given them. The speech, therefore, was spoken by Demosthenes. But the subsequent decrees he would not allow to be passed in his own name, but made use of those of his friends, one after another, looking upon his own as unfortunate and inauspicious; till at length he took courage again after the death of Philip, who did not long outlive his victory at Chaeronea...

But now to turn to my narrative. The cities of Greece were inspirited once more by the efforts of Demosthenes to form a league together. The Thebans, whom he had provided with arms, set upon their garrison, and slew many of them; the Athenians made preparations to join their forces with them; Demosthenes ruled supreme in the popular assembly, and wrote letters to the Persian officers who commanded under the king in Asia, inciting them to make war upon the Macedonian, calling him child and simpleton. But as soon as Alexander had settled matters in his own country, and came in person with his army into Boeotia, down fell the courage of the Athenians, and Demosthenes was hushed; the Thebans, deserted by them, fought by themselves, and lost their city. After which, the people of Athens, all in distress and great perplexity, resolved to send ambassadors to Alexander, and amongst others, made choice of Demosthenes for one; but his heart failing him for fear of the king's anger, he returned back from Cithaeron, and left the embassy. In the meantime, Alexander sent to Athens, requiring ten of their orators to be delivered up to him, as Idomeneus and Duris have reported, but as the most and best historians say, he demanded these eight only, - Demosthenes, Polyeuctus, Ephialtes, Lycurgus, Moerocles, Demon, Callisthenes, and Charidemus. It was upon this occasion that Demosthenes related to them the fable in which the sheep are said to deliver up their dogs to the wolves; himself and those who with him contended for the people's safety being, in his comparison, the dogs that defended the flock, and Alexander "the Macedonian arch-wolf." He further told them, "As we see corn-masters sell their whole stock by a few grains of wheat which they carry about with them in a dish, as a sample of the rest, so you by delivering up us, who are but a few, do at the same time unawares surrender up yourselves all together with us so we find it related in the history of Aristobulus, the Cassandrian. The Athenians were deliberating, and at a loss what to do, when Demades, having agreed with the persons whom Alexander had demanded, for five talents, undertook to go ambassador, and to intercede with the king for them; and, whether it was that he relied on his friendship and kindness, or that he hoped to find him satiated, as a lion glutted with slaughter, he certainly went, and prevailed with him both

to pardon the men, and to be reconciled to the city...

But now happened the death of Alexander, while Demosthenes was in this banishment which we have been speaking of. And the Grecians were once again up in arms, encouraged by the brave attempts of Leosthenes, who was then drawing a circumvallation about Antipater, whom he held close besieged in Lamia. Pytheas, therefore, the orator, and Callimedon, called the Crab, fled from Athens, and taking sides with Antipater, went about with his friends and ambassadors to keep the Grecians from revolting and taking part with the Athenians. But, on the other side, Demosthenes, associating himself with the ambassadors that came from Athens, used his utmost endeavours and gave them his best assistance in persuading the cities to fall unanimously upon the Macedonians, and to drive them out of Greece. Phylarchus says that in Arcadia there happened a rencounter between Pytheas and Demosthenes, which came at last to downright railing, while the one pleaded for the Macedonians, and the other for the Grecians. Pytheas said, that as we always suppose there is some disease in the family to which they bring asses' milk, so wherever there comes an embassy from Athens that city must needs be indisposed. And Demosthenes answered him, retorting the comparison: "Asses' milk is brought to restore health and the Athenians come for the safety and recovery of the sick." With this conduct the people of Athens were so well pleased that they decreed the recall of Demosthenes from banishment. The decree was brought in by Demon the Paeonian, cousin to Demosthenes. So they sent him a ship to Aegina, and he landed at the port of Piraeus, where he was met and joyfully received by all the citizens, not so much as an archon or a priest staying behind. And Demetrius, the Magnesian, says that he lifted up his hands towards heaven, and blessed this day of his happy return, as far more honourable than that of Alcibiades; since he was recalled by his countrymen, not through any force or constraint put upon them, but by their own good-will and free inclinations. There remained only his pecuniary fine, which, according to law, could not be remitted by the people. But they found out a way to elude the law. It was a custom with them to allow a certain quantity of silver to those who were to furnish and adorn the altar for the sacrifice of Jupiter Soter. This office, for that turn, they bestowed on Demosthenes, and for the performance of it ordered him fifty talents, the very sum in which he was condemned.

Yet it was no long time that he enjoyed his country after his return, the attempts of the Greeks being soon all utterly defeated. For the battle of Cranon happened in Metagitnion, in Boedromion the garrison entered into Munychia, and in the Pyanepsion following died Demosthenes after this manner.

Upon the report that Antipater and Craterus were coming to Athens, Demosthenes with his party took their opportunity to escape privily out of the city; but sentence of death was, upon the motion of Demades, passed upon them by the people. They dispersed themselves, flying some to one place, some to another; and Antipater sent about his soldiers into all quarters to apprehend them. Archias was their captain, and was thence called the exile-hunter. He was a Thurian born, and is reported to have been an actor of tragedies, and they say that Polus, of Aegina, the best actor of his time, was his scholar; but Hermippus reckons Archias among the disciples of Lacritus, the orator, and

Demetrius says he spent some time with Anaximenes. This Archias finding Hyperides the orator, Aritionicus of Marathon, and Himeraeus, the brother of Demetrius the Phalerian, in Aegina, took them by force out of the temple of Aecus, whither they were fled for safety, and sent them to Antipater, then at Cleonae where they were all put to death; and Hyperides, they say, had his tongue cut out.

Demosthenes, he heard, had taken sanctuary at the temple of Neptune in Calauria and, crossing over thither in some light vessels, as soon as he had landed himself, and the Thracian spearmen that came with him, he endeavoured to persuade Demosthenes to accompany him to Antipater, as if he should meet with no hard usage from him. But Demosthenes, in his sleep the night before, had a strange dream. It seemed to him that he was acting a tragedy, and contended with Archias for the victory; and though he acquitted himself well, and gave good satisfaction to the spectators, yet for want of better furniture and provision for the stage, he lost the day. And so, while Archias was discoursing to him with many expressions of kindness, he sate still in the same posture, and looking up steadfastly upon him, "O Archias," said he, "I am as little affected by your promises now as I used formerly to be by your acting." Archias at this beginning to grow angry and to threaten him, "Now," said Demosthenes, "you speak like the genuine Macedonian oracle; before you were but acting a part. Therefore forbear only a little, while I write a word or two home to my family." Having thus spoken, he withdrew into the temple and taking a scroll as if he meant to write, he put the reed into his mouth, and biting it as he was wont to do when he was thoughtful or writing, he held it there some time. Then he bowed down his head and covered it. The soldiers that stood at the door, supposing all this to proceed from want of courage and fear of death, in derision called him effeminate, and faint-hearted, and coward. And Archias drawing near, desired him to rise up, and repeating the same kind of thing he had spoken before, he once more promised to make his peace with Antipater. But Demosthenes, perceiving that now the poison had pierced, and seized his vitals, uncovered his head, and fixing his eyes upon Archias, "Now," said he, "as soon as you please, you may commence the part of Creon in the tragedy, and cast out this body of mine unburied. But, O gracious Neptune, I, for my part while I am yet alive will rise up and depart out of this sacred place; though Antipater and the Macedonians have not left so much as thy temple unpolluted." After he had thus spoken and desired to be held up, because already he began to tremble and stagger, as he was going forward, and passing by the altar, he fell down, and with a groan gave up the ghost...

Soon after his death, the people of Athens bestowed on him such honours as he had deserved. They erected his statue of brass; they decreed that the eldest of his family should be maintained in the Prytaneum; and on the base of his statue was engraven the famous inscription-

"Had you for Greece been strong, as wise you were,  
The Macedonian had not conquered her."

... Thus, Sosius, you have the life of Demosthenes from such accounts as we have either read or heard concerning him."

Let's now move from the genre of biography to that of drama.

The theater developed in ancient Greece as part of the pagan religion of the Greek people. In Athens, plays were performed at the Festival of Dionysus (Bacchus), and were performed competitively; three playwrights would present four different plays each (a trilogy of tragedies and one satyr play, or comedy), and then a panel of judges would determine the winner. As part of a religious festival, plays were not merely entertainment, but served to heighten the religious mood. Tragedies centered on protagonists: great men whose fall could be a lesson to audiences, within the pagan Grecian worldview. These tragedies were based on stories the audiences already knew. They were analogous to such Roman Catholic pageants as the Passion Play at Easter.

In fact, the religious Jews and early Christians rejected the theater because of its pagan and immoral aspects, refusing to be entertained by evil. Attendance was prohibited.

The most prominent ancient Greek tragic playwrights were Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The website <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Aegean/4979/> contains some of their plays. Aeschylus (525-456 BC) was the earliest of the three prominent Greek tragic dramatists. He introduced the second actor into the play. He is thought to have written 80-90 plays, of which 7 survive. Sophocles (496-405/6 BC) was the second of these tragic poets. He wrote over 100 plays, but only seven complete ones survive. Euripides (c.485-406 BC) was a younger contemporary of Sophocles, and third of the tragic playwrights. He introduced *deus ex machina* as a plot device. Of the 92 plays ascribed to him, 19 survive. *Deus ex machina* (literally meaning 'god from the machine') is a term describing the sudden appearance in an unexpected way out of a difficult situation. In a Greek drama such as those written by Euripides, a god would appear on the stage from a *mechane* to resolve the plot and wrap up any loose ends.

For our purposes here, let's first consider Sophocles' famous play *Oedipus the King*. The play was based on a story that goes back as far as Homer and beyond, and sources vary about plot details. The play that Sophocles presents is merely the very end of a long story. The story begins a few generations before Oedipus was born. The city of Thebes was allegedly founded by a man named Cadmus. The trouble begins when Laius, the great grandson of Cadmus, receives a prediction from the oracle of Apollo that his son will kill him. Thus he and his wife Jocasta give their infant son to a servant to kill by abandoning it on a mountainside. But the servant doesn't have the heart to kill the baby, instead giving it to another man, who gives it to the childless king and queen of Corinth. These adoptive parents name the boy Oedipus, a reference to his feet, which were mangled and swollen when Laius and Jocasta pierced them with an iron pin.

Laius is killed years later at a crossroads outside Thebes, and the city is beset by the Sphinx, a winged monster with the head of a woman and the body of a lion who kills all who fail to answer her riddle. The riddle: what goes on four legs in the morning, two in the afternoon, and three in the evening? The only man who is able to solve the riddle is Oedipus, who has traveled to Thebes in an attempt to escape the fate an oracle has predicted for him: that he will kill his father and marry his mother (remember that he

thinks the king and queen of Corinth are his parents). Oedipus delivers the answer: a man, who crawls when he is a baby, walks when he is a young man, and limps with a cane when he is old. The Sphinx kills herself, and Oedipus is proclaimed the savior of Thebes, getting to marry Jocasta as a reward.

Oedipus and Jocasta have a happy marriage and a number of children. However, years later, tragedy strikes Thebes again when a blight strikes the city, killing both crops in the field and babies in their mothers' wombs. Oedipus sends his brother-in-law to the oracle of Apollo to ask how to lift this blight, and as the play opens, the answer comes back: find Laius's murderer and banish him from Thebes. Little does Oedipus know that he himself is Laius's murderer, for he had killed an old man at a crossroads just before coming to Thebes, and this old man was Laius himself.

Here are excerpts from the beginning of Sophocles' play *Oedipus the King*, from the webpage <http://classics.mit.edu/Sophocles/oedipus.html> :

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## Scene

Thebes. Before the Palace of Oedipus. Suppliants of all ages are seated round the altar at the palace doors, at their head a PRIEST OF ZEUS. To them enter OEDIPUS.

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### OEDIPUS

My children, latest born to Cadmus old,  
Why sit ye here as suppliants, in your hands  
Branches of olive filleted with wool?  
What means this reek of incense everywhere,  
And everywhere laments and litanies?  
Children, it were not meet that I should learn  
From others, and am hither come, myself,  
I Oedipus, your world-renowned king.  
Ho! aged sire, whose venerable locks  
Proclaim thee spokesman of this company,  
Explain your mood and purport. Is it dread  
Of ill that moves you or a boon ye crave?  
My zeal in your behalf ye cannot doubt;  
Ruthless indeed were I and obdurate  
If such petitioners as you I spurned.

### PRIEST

Yea, Oedipus, my sovereign lord and king,  
Thou seest how both extremes of age besiege  
Thy palace altars--fledglings hardly winged,  
And greybeards bowed with years, priests, as am I  
Of Zeus, and these the flower of our youth.  
Meanwhile, the common folk, with wreathed boughs

Crowd our two market-places, or before  
Both shrines of Pallas congregate, or where  
Ismenus gives his oracles by fire.  
For, as thou seest thyself, our ship of State,  
Sore buffeted, can no more lift her head,  
Foundered beneath a weltering surge of blood.  
A blight is on our harvest in the ear,  
A blight upon the grazing flocks and herds,  
A blight on wives in travail; and withal  
Armed with his blazing torch the God of Plague  
Hath swooped upon our city emptying  
The house of Cadmus, and the murky realm  
Of Pluto is full fed with groans and tears.

Therefore, O King, here at thy hearth we sit,  
I and these children; not as deeming thee  
A new divinity, but the first of men;  
First in the common accidents of life,  
And first in visitations of the Gods.  
Art thou not he who coming to the town  
Of Cadmus freed us from the tax we paid  
To the fell songstress? Nor hadst thou received  
Prompting from us or been by others schooled;  
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,  
And testify) didst thou renew our life.  
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,  
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find  
Some succor, whether by a voice from heaven  
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.  
Tried counselors, methinks, are aptest found  
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.  
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!  
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore  
Our country's savior thou art justly hailed:  
O never may we thus record thy reign:--  
"He raised us up only to cast us down."  
Uplift us, build our city on a rock.  
Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,  
O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule  
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure  
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.  
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,  
If men to man and guards to guard them tail.

## OEDIPUS



Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,  
The quest that brings you hither and your need.  
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,  
How great soever yours, outtops it all.  
Your sorrow touches each man severally,  
Him and none other, but I grieve at once  
Both for the general and myself and you.  
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.  
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,  
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.  
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,  
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,  
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire  
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,  
How I might save the State by act or word.  
And now I reckon up the tale of days  
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.  
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.  
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,  
If I perform not all the god declares.

**PRIEST**

Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest  
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.

**OEDIPUS**

O King Apollo! may his joyous looks  
Be presage of the joyous news he brings!

**PRIEST**

As I surmise, 'tis welcome; else his head  
Had scarce been crowned with berry-laden bays.

**OEDIPUS**

We soon shall know; he's now in earshot range.  
*Enter CREON.*  
My royal cousin, say, Menoeceus' child,  
What message hast thou brought us from the god?

**CREON**

Good news, for e'en intolerable ills,  
Finding right issue, tend to naught but good.

**OEDIPUS**

How runs the oracle? thus far thy words  
Give me no ground for confidence or fear.

**CREON**

If thou wouldst hear my message publicly,  
I'll tell thee straight, or with thee pass within.

**OEDIPUS**

Speak before all; the burden that I bear  
Is more for these my subjects than myself.

**CREON**

Let me report then all the god declared.  
King Phoebus bids us straitly extirpate  
A fell pollution that infests the land,  
And no more harbor an inveterate sore.

**OEDIPUS**

What expiation means he? What's amiss?

**CREON**

Banishment, or the shedding blood for blood.  
This stain of blood makes shipwreck of our state.

**OEDIPUS**

Whom can he mean, the miscreant thus denounced?

**CREON**

Before thou didst assume the helm of State,  
The sovereign of this land was Laius.

**OEDIPUS**

I heard as much, but never saw the man.

**CREON**

He fell; and now the god's command is plain:  
Punish his takers-off, whoe'er they be.

**OEDIPUS**

Where are they? Where in the wide world to find  
The far, faint traces of a bygone crime?

**CREON**

In this land, said the god; "who seeks shall find;  
Who sits with folded hands or sleeps is blind."

...

In all, Sophocles won 20 competitions. Although far behind Sophocles in the medal count with a mere five, Euripides has since eclipsed both Sophocles and Aeschylus in the esteem of modernist critics.

Sophocles represented men more as the Greeks thought they should be than did Euripides (485-406 BC). In Euripides' plays, the language is typically more like the spoken and colloquial language of the people than in Sophocles' plays. The choral portions are not as closely interwoven as Sophocles', but are more like interludes. Often the traditional endings are not what might be expected from the play, but imposed by a "god of a machine" (i.e., a *deus ex machina*). The modern attraction to Euripides stems largely from his point of view, which finds a strong echo in modernist attitudes. His plays were not about gods or royalty but ordinary people. He placed peasants alongside princes and gave their feelings equal weight. He showed the reality of war, criticized religion, and portrayed the forgotten of society: women, slaves, and the old. Euripides is credited with adding to the dramatic form the prologue, which "set the stage" at the beginning of the play, and the *deus ex machina*, which wrapped up loose ends at the close. Aside from those devices, there is less contrivance, fate or philosophy in Euripides than in either Aeschylus or Sophocles. But during his own life, Euripides was viewed as a heretic and was often lampooned in Aristophanes' comedies. Extremely cynical of human nature, Euripides became a bookish recluse and died in 406 BC, two years before Sophocles.

We have read about the story of Jason, Medea, and the Golden Fleece already. It is a story no doubt containing true history, as well as various fictional embellishments. Euripides tried his playwright skills with this story in the play *Medea*. In the opening scene, Medea and Jason have lived together as husband and wife in Corinth since fleeing, first Colchis, where Medea betrayed her father King Aetes, and then Iolcos, where Medea was indirectly responsible for the death of King Pelias. Medea and Jason have had two children during their life together, but at the opening of Euripides' *Medea*, Jason and his father-in-law-to-be, Creon, say Medea and her children must leave the country so that Jason may marry Creon's daughter, Glauce, in peace. Medea is blamed for her own sentence, being told that if she had not behaved as a jealous, possessive woman, she could have remained. Medea asks for and is granted one day's reprieve, and during that one day's time Medea confronts Jason, and expresses her concerns to him. Soon after this Aegeus of Athens arrives and agrees that Medea may find refuge with him. With her future assured, Medea turns her attention to taking revenge. Medea is a witch. Jason knows this, as do Creon and Glauce, but Medea seemed appeased, so when she presents a wedding gift to Glauce of a dress and crown, Glauce accepts them. When Glauce puts on the robe, it burns her flesh. Creon dies, too, trying to help his daughter. Then Medea murders her own two children. Her revenge comes when she witnesses Jason's horror as she flies off to Athens in the chariot of the sun god Helios, her supposed ancestor.

Here is an excerpt from the conclusion of the play, when Jason realizes Medea has killed their sons, found at the website <http://www.mala.bc.ca/~johnstoi/euripides/medea.htm> :

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*[Jason shakes the doors of the house, which remain closed. Medea appears in a winged chariot, rising above the house. The bodies of the two children are visible in the chariot]*

MEDEA

Why are you rattling the doors like that,  
trying to unbar them so you can find  
their bodies and me, the one who killed them?  
Stop trying. If you want something from me,  
then say so, if you want to. But you'll never [1320]  
have me in your grasp, not in this chariot,  
a gift to me from my grandfather Helios,  
to protect me from all hostile hands.

JASON

You accursed woman, most hateful  
to the gods and me and all mankind.  
You dared to take the sword to your own boys, 1580  
you—the one who bore them—and to leave me  
destroyed and childless. Having done this,  
after committing this atrocious crime,  
can you still look upon the earth and sun?  
May you be destroyed! Now I understand—  
I must have lost my mind to bring you here,  
from that savage country, to a Greek home. [1330]  
You were truly evil then—you betrayed  
your father and the land that raised you.  
But the avenging fury meant for you 1590  
the gods have sent to me. You slaughtered  
your brother in your home, then came aboard  
our fine ship, the Argo. That's how you began.  
When you married me and bore my children,  
in your lust for sex and our marriage bed,  
you killed them. No woman from Greece would dare  
to do this, but I chose you as my wife [1340]  
above them all, and that has proved to be  
a hateful marriage—it's destroyed me.  
You're not a woman. You're a she-lion. 1600  
Your nature is more bestial than Scylla,  
the Tuscan monster. But my insults,  
multiplied a thousand fold, don't hurt you.  
Your heart's too hard for that. So be off,  
you shameful murderer of your children.  
Let me lament my fate. I'll get no delight  
from my new bride, nor will I ever speak  
to my own living children, the two boys  
I bred and raised. They're lost to me. [1350]

MEDEA

I would reply to your words at length, 1610  
if father Zeus did not already know  
what I did for you and what you did to me.  
You weren't going to shame my marriage bed

and have a pleasant life ridiculing me.  
Nor was that royal bride or Creon,  
who gave her to you, going to banish me,  
throw me from here with impunity.  
So if you want, call me a lioness  
or Scylla, who lives on Tuscan shores.  
For I've made contact with your heart at last.

1620 [1360]

JASON

You have your own share of pain and sorrow.

MEDEA

That's true. But there's relief in knowing  
you cannot laugh at me.

JASON

O my children,  
you had such an evil mother!

MEDEA

O my children,  
victims of your father's evil actions!

JASON

At least it was not my hand that killed them.

MEDEA

No. It was the insult of your new marriage.

JASON

Was it right to murder them for that?

MEDEA

Do you think that insult to a woman  
is something insignificant?

JASON

Yes, I do,  
to a woman with good sense. But to you  
it's completely evil.

1630

MEDEA

Well, your sons are gone.  
That should cause you pain.

[1370]

JASON

I think they'll live  
to take out their revenge on you.

MEDEA

The gods are aware who began this fight.

JASON

Yes, they know well your detested heart.

MEDEA

Keep up your hate. How I loathe your voice.

JASON

And I hate yours. It won't be difficult  
for the two of us to part.

MEDEA

Tell me how.

What shall I do? For that's what I want, too.

1640

JASON

Let me bury these dead boys and mourn them.

MEDEA

Never. My own hands will bury them.

I'll take them to Hera's sacred lands

in Acraia, so no enemy of mine

will commit sacrilege against them

by tearing up their graves. And in this place,

[1380]

this land of Sisyphus, I'll initiate

a solemn celebration, with mystic rites,

future atonement for this wicked murder.

I'll now go to the land of Erechtheus,

1650

to live with Aegeus, son of Pandion.

As for you, you'll have a miserable death,

as is fitting for a coward. Now you've seen

the bitter ending of your marriage to me,

your head will be smashed in, when you're hit

by a moldy relic of your ship the Argo.

JASON

May the avenging Fury of our children

destroy you—may you find blood justice.

[1390]

MEDEA

What god or spirit listens to you,

a man who doesn't keep his promises,

1660

a man who deceives and lies to strangers?

JASON

You polluted wretch! Child killer!

MEDEA

Go home.

Bury that wife of yours.

JASON

I'll go.

I've lost both my sons.

MEDEA

Your grief's not yet begun.

Wait until you're old.

JASON

Oh such loving children!

MEDEA

Their mother loved them. You did not.

JASON

And yet you killed them?

MEDEA

Yes, to injure you.

JASON

Alas, how I long to see my dear boys' faces,  
to hold them in my arms.

[1400]

MEDEA

So now, at this point,  
you'll talk to them, you'll give them an embrace.  
Before this, you shoved them from you.

1670

JASON

By the gods,  
I beg you, let me feel their tender skin.

MEDEA

No. Your words are wasted.

JASON

O Zeus,  
do you hear how I'm being driven off,  
what I must endure from this child killer,  
this she lion, this abomination?  
But I'll use the strength I have for grieving,  
and to pray to the gods to bear witness  
how you have killed my children and refuse  
to let me hold their bodies or bury them.  
How I wish I'd never been a father  
and had to see you kill my children.

[1410]

1680

*[Medea's chariot takes her and the children up and away from the scene. Exit Jason]*

CHORUS

Zeus on Olympus,  
dispenses many things.  
Gods often contradict  
our fondest expectations.  
What we anticipate  
does not come to pass.  
What we don't expect  
some god finds a way  
to make it happen.  
So with this story.

1690

Another prominent genre of Greek drama besides tragedy was comedy. Aristophanes (c.445-c.385 BC) was the most famous comic Greek playwright. He wrote in the rough style later known as "old comedy". Aristophanes's depiction of Socrates, who was a Greek philosopher and mentor of Plato, in the play excerpted below in good part a satiric distortion. (The full version of the play can be found at the website <http://drama.eserver.org/plays/classical/aristophanes/the-clouds.txt>.)

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### The Clouds

(SCENE:-In the background are two houses, that of Strepsiades and that of Socrates, the Thoughtery. The latter is small and dingy; the interior of the former is shown and two beds are seen, each occupied.)

STREPSIADES (sitting up)

GREAT gods! will these nights never end? will daylight never come?  
I heard the cock crow long ago and my slaves are snoring still! Ah! Ah!  
It wasn't like this formerly. Curses on the war! has it not done me ill enough? Now I may not even chastise my own slaves. Again there's this brave lad, who never wakes the whole long night, but, wrapped in his five coverlets, farts away to his heart's content. (He lies down) Come! let me nestle in well and snore too, if it be possible....oh! misery, it's vain to think of sleep with all these expenses, this stable, these debts, which are devouring me, thanks to this fine cavalier, who only knows how to look after his long locks, to show himself off in his chariot and to dream of horses! And I, I am nearly dead, when I see the moon bringing the third decade in her train and my liability falling due....Slave! light the lamp and bring me my tablets. (The slave obeys.) Who are all my creditors? Let me see and reckon up the interest. What is it I owe?....Twelve minae to Pasion....What! twelve minae to Pasion?....Why did I borrow these? Ah! I know! It was to buy that thoroughbred, which cost me so much. How I should have prized the stone that had blinded him!

PHIDIPPIDES (in his sleep)

That's not fair, Philo! Drive your chariot straight, I say.

STREPSIADES

This is what is destroying me. He raves about horses, even in his sleep.

PHIDIPPIDES (still sleeping)

How many times round the track is the race for the chariots of war?



STREPSIADES

It's your own father you are driving to death....to ruin. Come!  
what debt comes next, after that of Pasias?....Three minae to  
Amynias for a chariot and its two wheels.

PHIDIPPIDES (still asleep)

Give the horse a good roll in the dust and lead him home.

STREPSIADES

Ah! wretched boy! it's my money that you are making roll. My  
creditors have distrained on my goods, and here are others again,  
who demand security for their interest.

PHIDIPPIDES (awaking)

What is the matter with you, father, that you groan and turn about  
the whole night through?

STREPSIADES

I have a bum-bailiff in the bedclothes biting me.

PHIDIPPIDES

For pity's sake, let me have a little sleep. (He turns over.)

STREPSIADES

Very well, sleep on! but remember that all these debts will fall  
back on your shoulders. Oh! curses on the go-between who made me marry  
your mother! I lived so happily in the country, a commonplace,  
everyday life, but a good and easy one-had not a trouble, not a  
care, was rich in bees, in sheep and in olives. Then indeed I had to  
marry the niece of Megacles, the son of Megacles; I belonged to the  
country, she was from the town; she was a haughty, extravagant  
woman, a true Coesyra. On the nuptial day, when I lay beside her, I  
was reeking of the dregs of the wine-cup, of cheese and of wool; she  
was redolent with essences, saffron, voluptuous kisses, the love of  
spending, of good cheer and of wanton delights. I will not say she did  
nothing; no, she worked hard...to ruin me, and pretending all the  
while merely to be showing her the cloak she had woven for me, I said,  
"Wife you go too fast about your work, your threads are too closely  
woven and you use far too much wool."

(A slave enters with a lamp.)

SLAVE

There is no more oil in the lamp.

STREPSIADES

Why then did you light such a thirsty lamp? Come here, I am  
going to beat you.

SLAVE

What for?

STREPSIADES

Because you have put in too thick a wick....Later, when we had  
this boy, what was to be his name? It was the cause of much  
quarrelling with my loving wife. She insisted on having some reference  
to a horse in his name, that he should be called Xanthippus, Charippus

or Callippides. I wanted to name him Phidonides after his grandfather. We disputed long, and finally agreed to style him Phidippides....She used to fondle and coax him, saying, "Oh! what a joy it will be to me when you have grown up, to see you, like my father, Megacles, clothed in purple and standing up straight in your chariot driving your steeds toward the town." And I would say to him, "When, like your father, you will go, dressed in a skin, to fetch back your goats from Phelleus." Alas! he never listened to me and his madness for horses has shattered my fortune. (He gets out of bed.) But by dint of thinking the livelong night, I have discovered a road to salvation, both miraculous and divine. If he will but follow it, I shall be out of my trouble! First, however, he must be awakened, but it must be done as gently as possible. How shall I manage it? Phidippides! my little Phidippides!

PHIDIPPIDES (awaking again)

What is it, father?

STREPSIADES

Kiss me and give me your hand.

PHIDIPPIDES (getting up and doing as his father requests)

There! What's it all about?

STREPSIADES

Tell me! do you love me?

PHIDIPPIDES

By Posidon, the equestrian Posidon! yes, I swear I do.

STREPSIADES

Oh, do not, I pray you, invoke this god of horses; he is the one who is the cause of all my cares. But if you really love me, and with your whole heart, my boy, believe me.

PHIDIPPIDES

Believe you? about what?

STREPSIADES

Alter your habits forthwith and go and learn what I tell you.

PHIDIPPIDES

Say on, what are your orders?

STREPSIADES

Will you obey me ever so little?

PHIDIPPIDES

By Bacchus, I will obey you.

STREPSIADES

Very well then! Look this way. Do you see that little door and that little house?

PHIDIPPIDES

Yes, father. But what are you driving at?

STREPSIADES

That is the Thoughtery of wise souls. There they prove that we are coals enclosed on all sides under a vast snuffer, which is the sky. If

well paid, these men also teach one how to gain law-suits, whether they be just or not.

PHIDIPPIDES

What do they call themselves?

STREPSIADES

I do not know exactly, but they are deep thinkers and most admirable people.

PHIDIPPIDES

Bah! the wretches! I know them; you mean those quacks with pale faces, those barefoot fellows, such as that miserable Socrates and Chaerephon?

STREPSIADES

Silence! say nothing foolish! If you desire your father not to die of hunger, join their company and let your horses go.

PHIDIPPIDES

No, by Bacchus! even though you gave me the pheasants that Leogoras raises.

STREPSIADES

Oh! my beloved son, I beseech you, go and follow their teachings.

PHIDIPPIDES

And what is it I should learn?

STREPSIADES

It seems they have two courses of reasoning, the true and the false, and that, thanks to the false, the worst law-suits can be gained. If then you learn this science, which is false, I shall not have to pay an obolus of all the debts I have contracted on your account.

PHIDIPPIDES

No, I will not do it. I should no longer dare to look at our gallant horsemen, when I had so ruined my tan.

STREPSIADES

Well then, by Demeter! I will no longer support you, neither you, nor your team, nor your saddle-horse. Go and hang yourself, I turn you out of house and home.

PHIDIPPIDES

My uncle Megacles will not leave me without horses; I shall go to him and laugh at your anger.

(He departs. STREPSIADES goes over to SOCRATES' house.)

STREPSIADES

One rebuff shall not dishearten me. With the help of the gods I will enter the Thoughtery and learn myself. (He hesitates.) But at my age, memory has gone and the mind is slow to grasp things. How can all these fine distinctions, these subtleties be learned?

(Making up his mind) Bah! why should I dally thus instead of rapping at the door? Slave, slave!

(He knocks and calls.)

A DISCIPLE (from within)

A plague on you! Who are you?

STREPSIADES

Strepsiades, the son of Phido, of the deme of Cicynna.

DISCIPLE (coming out of the door)

You are nothing but an ignorant and illiterate fellow to let fly at the door with such kicks. You have brought on a miscarriage-of an idea!

STREPSIADES

Pardon me, please; for I live far away from here in the country.

But tell me, what was the idea that miscarried?

DISCIPLE

I may not tell it to any but a disciple.

STREPSIADES

Then tell me without fear, for I have come to study among you.

DISCIPLE

Very well then, but reflect, that these are mysteries. Lately, a flea bit Chaerephon on the brow and then from there sprang on to the head of Socrates. Socrates asked Chaerephon, "How many times the length of its legs does a flea jump?"

STREPSIADES

And how ever did he go about measuring it?

DISCIPLE

Oh! it was most ingenious! He melted some wax, seized the flea and dipped its two feet in the wax, which, when cooled, left them shod with true Persian slippers. These he took off and with them measured the distance.

STREPSIADES

Ah! great Zeus! what a brain! what subtlety!

DISCIPLE

I wonder what then would you say, if you knew another of Socrates' contrivances?

STREPSIADES

What is it? Pray tell me.

DISCIPLE

Chaerephon of the deme of Sphettia asked him whether he thought a gnat buzzed through its proboscis or through its anus.

STREPSIADES

And what did he say about the gnat?

DISCIPLE

He said that the gut of the gnat was narrow, and that, in passing through this tiny passage, the air is driven with force towards the breech; then after this slender channel, it encountered the rump, which was distended like a trumpet, and there it resounded sonorously.

STREPSIADES

So the arse of a gnat is a trumpet. Oh! what a splendid  
arsevation! Thrice happy Socrates! It would not be difficult to  
succeed in a law-suit, knowing so much about a gnat's guts!

DISCIPLE

Not long ago a lizard caused him the loss of a sublime thought.

STREPSIADES

In what way, please?

DISCIPLE

One night, when he was studying the course of the moon and its  
revolutions and was gazing open-mouthed at the heavens, a lizard  
crapped upon him from the top of the roof.

STREPSIADES

A lizard crapping on Socrates! That's rich!

DISCIPLE

Last night we had nothing to eat.

STREPSIADES

Well, what did he contrive, to secure you some supper?

DISCIPLE

He spread over the table a light layer of cinders, bending an iron  
rod the while; then he took up a pair of compasses and at the same  
moment unhooked a piece of the victim which was hanging in the  
palaestra.

STREPSIADES

And we still dare to admire Thales! Open, open this home of  
knowledge to me quickly! Haste, haste to show me Socrates; I long to  
become his disciple. But do please open the door. (The door opens,  
revealing the interior of the Thoughtery, in which the DISCIPLES OF  
SOCRATES are seen in various postures of meditation and study; they  
are pale and emaciated creatures.) Ah! by Heracles! what country are  
those animals from? ..."

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While the philosophy of the ancient Greeks may not have been quite so absurd as  
lampooned by Aristophanes, it nevertheless displays the futility of efforts by man to  
attain a sound system of knowledge apart from and not based upon the word of God. In  
reading it we should be saddened that mankind turned away from the God of our godly  
ancestor Noah (known as 'Deucalion' by the ancient Greeks), and engaged in many futile  
speculations. While there is no doubt some useful truth to be gleaned from Greek  
philosophy, overall it fails to furnish a sound system of knowledge. We must look to the  
word of God as the foundation of our knowledge, and reject the conclusions of other  
worldviews (including the various forms of ancient Greek philosophy) when they are  
inconsistent with it.

The leading ancient Greek philosophers included Socrates (lampooned in Aristophanes'  
play), Plato and Aristotle. Socrates was the mentor of Plato. Plato was Athenian and  
lived from 427-347 BC. Here is an excerpt from Plato's *Republic*, found at  
<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/ancient/plato-republic-philosopherking.html> :

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“...Inasmuch as philosophers only are able to grasp the eternal and unchangeable, and those who wander in the region of the many and variable are not philosophers, I must ask you which of the two classes should be the rulers of our State?

And how can we rightly answer that question?

Whichever of the two are best able to guard the laws and institutions of our State--let them be our guardians.

Very good.

Neither, I said, can there be any question that the guardian who is to keep anything should have eyes rather than no eyes?

There can be no question of that.

And are not those who are verily and indeed wanting in the knowledge of the true being of each thing, and who have in their souls no clear pattern, and are unable as with a painter's eye to look at the absolute truth and to that original to repair, and having perfect vision of the other world to order the laws about beauty, goodness, justice in this, if not already ordered, and to guard and preserve the order of them--are not such persons, I ask, simply blind?

Truly, he replied, they are much in that condition.

And shall they be our guardians when there are others who, besides being their equals in experience and falling short of them in no particular of virtue, also know the very truth of each thing?

There can be no reason, he said, for rejecting those who have this greatest of all great qualities; they must always have the first place unless they fail in some other respect. Suppose, then, I said, that we determine how far they can unite this and the other excellences.

By all means.

In the first place, as we began by observing, the nature of the philosopher has to be ascertained. We must come to an understanding about him, and, when we have done so, then, if I am not mistaken, we shall also acknowledge that such a union of qualities is possible, and that those in whom they are united, and those only, should be rulers in the State.

What do you mean?

Let us suppose that philosophical minds always love knowledge of a sort which shows them the eternal nature not varying from generation and corruption.

Agreed.

And further, I said, let us agree that they are lovers of all true being; there is no part whether greater or less, or more or less honorable, which they are willing to renounce; as we said before of the lover and the man of ambition.

True.

And if they are to be what we were describing, is there not another quality which they should also possess?

What quality?

Truthfulness: they will never intentionally receive into their minds falsehood, which is their detestation, and they will love the truth.

Yes, that may be safely affirmed of them.

"May be." my friend, I replied, is not the word; say rather, "must be affirmed:" for he whose nature is amorous of anything cannot help loving all that belongs or is akin to the object of his affections.

Right, he said.

And is there anything more akin to wisdom than truth?

How can there be?

Can the same nature be a lover of wisdom and a lover of falsehood?

Never.

The true lover of learning then must from his earliest youth, as far as in him lies, desire all truth?

Assuredly.

But then again, as we know by experience, he whose desires are strong in one direction will have them weaker in others; they will be like a stream which has been drawn off into another channel.

True.

He whose desires are drawn toward knowledge in every form will be absorbed in the pleasures of the soul, and will hardly feel bodily pleasure--I mean, if he be a true philosopher and not a sham one.

That is most certain.

Such a one is sure to be temperate and the reverse of covetous; for the motives which make another man desirous of having and spending, have no place in his character.

Very true.

Another criterion of the philosophical nature has also to be considered.

What is that?

There should be no secret corner of illiberality; nothing can be more antagonistic than meanness to a soul which is ever longing after the whole of things both divine and human.

Most true, he replied.

Then how can he who has magnificence of mind and is the spectator of all time and all existence, think much of human life?

He cannot.

Or can such a one account death fearful?

No, indeed.

Then the cowardly and mean nature has no part in true philosophy?

Certainly not.

Or again: can he who is harmoniously constituted, who is not covetous or mean, or a boaster, or a coward--can he, I say, ever be unjust or hard in his dealings?

Impossible.

Then you will soon observe whether a man is just and gentle, or rude and unsociable; these are the signs which distinguish even in youth the philosophical nature from the unphilosophical.

True.

There is another point which should be remarked.

What point?



Whether he has or has not a pleasure in learning; for no one will love that which gives him pain, and in which after much toil he makes little progress.

Certainly not.

And again, if he is forgetful and retains nothing of what he learns, will he not be an empty vessel?

That is certain.

Laboring in vain, he must end in hating himself and his fruitless occupation?

Yes.

Then a soul which forgets cannot be ranked among genuine philosophic natures; we must insist that the philosopher should have a good memory?

Certainly.

And once more, the inharmonious and unseemly nature can only tend to disproportion?

Undoubtedly.

And do you consider truth to be akin to proportion or to disproportion?

To proportion.

Then, besides other qualities, we must try to find a naturally well-proportioned and gracious mind, which will move spontaneously toward the true being of everything.

Certainly.

Well, and do not all these qualities, which we have been enumerating, go together, and are they not, in a manner, necessary to a soul, which is to have a full and perfect participation of being?

They are absolutely necessary, he replied.

And must not that be a blameless study which he only can pursue who has the gift of a good memory, and is quick to learn--noble, gracious, the friend of truth, justice, courage, temperance, who are his kindred?

The god of jealousy himself, he said, could find no fault with such a study.

And to men like him, I said, when perfected by years and education, and to these only you will intrust the State..."

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Aristotle, born in 384 BC, was a student of Plato at Plato's Academy, yet nevertheless Aristotle came to disagree with aspects of Plato's philosophy. Plato had located ultimate reality in Ideas or eternal forms, knowable only through reflection and reason, outside the realm of the human senses. Plato thought the physical world we see and hear and smell is a mere shadow of ultimate reality, unlike Aristotle. Aristotle's philosophy left room for empirical science (which studies the physical world of the senses) as a branch of knowledge. Alongside this branch of knowledge, Aristotle recognized other branches of knowledge, like knowledge of reason and logic. Aristotle sought to systematize the various branches of human knowledge individually, as well as into a cohesive whole. Aristotle's ruminations on metaphysics and knowledge led him to conceive of God as the great unmoved mover and final cause of everything else. While there certainly was truth in Aristotle's philosophy (just as there is some truth in all worldviews, whether Islam, Buddhism, etc.), it was mixed with various and sundry errors. We should not confuse the god of Aristotle with the God of the Bible, or Aristotelian philosophy with Biblical Christianity, for they are fundamentally different.

Nevertheless, in the later Middle Ages, Aristotle's work was rediscovered and enthusiastically adopted by medieval scholars. His followers called him *Ille Philosophus* (The Philosopher), or "the master of them that know," and many accepted every word of his writings -- or at least every word that did not obviously contradict the Bible -- as eternal truth. Fused and reconciled with Christian doctrine into a philosophical system known as Scholasticism, Aristotelian philosophy became the official philosophy of the Roman Catholic Church.

Let's now read an excerpt from one of many of Aristotle's books, this one found at website <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/ancient/aristotle-metaphysics.txt> :

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### METAPHYSICS by Aristotle Book I

ALL men by nature desire to know. An indication of this is the delight we take in our senses; for even apart from their usefulness they are loved for themselves; and above all others the sense of sight. For not only with a view to action, but even when we are not going to do anything, we prefer seeing (one might say) to everything else. The reason is that this, most of all the senses, makes us know and brings to light many differences between things. By nature animals are born with the faculty of sensation, and from sensation memory is produced in some of them, though not in others. And therefore the former are more intelligent and apt at learning than those which cannot remember; those which are incapable of hearing sounds are intelligent though they cannot be taught, e.g. the bee, and any other race of animals that may be like it; and those which besides memory have this sense of hearing can be taught.

The animals other than man live by appearances and memories, and have but little of connected experience; but the human race lives also by art and reasonings. Now from memory experience is produced in men; for the several memories of the same thing produce finally the capacity for a single experience. And experience seems pretty much

like science and art, but really science and art come to men through experience; for 'experience made art', as Polus says, 'but inexperience luck.' Now art arises when from many notions gained by experience one universal judgement about a class of objects is produced. For to have a judgement that when Callias was ill of this disease this did him good, and similarly in the case of Socrates and in many individual cases, is a matter of experience; but to judge that it has done good to all persons of a certain constitution, marked off in one class, when they were ill of this disease, e.g. to phlegmatic or bilious people when burning with fevers-this is a matter of art.

With a view to action experience seems in no respect inferior to art, and men of experience succeed even better than those who have theory without experience. (The reason is that experience is knowledge of individuals, art of universals, and actions and productions are all concerned with the individual; for the physician does not cure man, except in an incidental way, but Callias or Socrates or some other called by some such individual name, who happens to be a man. If, then, a man has the theory without the experience, and recognizes the universal but does not know the individual included in this, he will often fail to cure; for it is the individual that is to be cured.) But yet we think that knowledge and understanding belong to art rather than to experience, and we suppose artists to be wiser than men of experience (which implies that Wisdom depends in all cases rather on knowledge); and this because the former know the cause, but the latter do not. For men of experience know that the thing is so, but do not know why, while the others know the 'why' and the cause. Hence we think also that the masterworkers in each craft are more honourable and know in a truer sense and are wiser than the manual workers, because they know the causes of the things that are done (we think the manual workers are like certain lifeless things which act indeed, but act without knowing what they do, as fire burns,-but while the lifeless things perform each of their functions by a natural tendency, the labourers perform them through habit); thus we view them as being wiser not in virtue of being able to act, but of having the theory for themselves and knowing the causes. And in general it is a sign of the man who knows and of the man who does not know, that the former can teach, and therefore we think art more truly knowledge than experience is; for artists can teach, and men of mere experience cannot. Again, we do not regard any of the senses as Wisdom; yet surely these give the most authoritative knowledge of particulars. But they do not tell us the 'why' of anything-e.g. why fire is hot; they only say that it is hot.

At first he who invented any art whatever that went beyond the common perceptions of man was naturally admired by men, not only because there was something useful in the inventions, but because he was thought wise and superior to the rest. But as more arts were invented, and some were directed to the necessities of life, others to recreation, the inventors of the latter were naturally always regarded as wiser than the inventors of the former, because their branches of

knowledge did not aim at utility. Hence when all such inventions were already established, the sciences which do not aim at giving pleasure or at the necessities of life were discovered, and first in the places where men first began to have leisure. This is why the mathematical arts were founded in Egypt; for there the priestly caste was allowed to be at leisure.

We have said in the Ethics what the difference is between art and science and the other kindred faculties; but the point of our present discussion is this, that all men suppose what is called Wisdom to deal with the first causes and the principles of things; so that, as has been said before, the man of experience is thought to be wiser than the possessors of any sense-perception whatever, the artist wiser than the men of experience, the masterworker than the mechanic, and the theoretical kinds of knowledge to be more of the nature of Wisdom than the productive. Clearly then Wisdom is knowledge about certain principles and causes.

Since we are seeking this knowledge, we must inquire of what kind are the causes and the principles, the knowledge of which is Wisdom. If one were to take the notions we have about the wise man, this might perhaps make the answer more evident. We suppose first, then, that the wise man knows all things, as far as possible, although he has not knowledge of each of them in detail; secondly, that he who can learn things that are difficult, and not easy for man to know, is wise (sense-perception is common to all, and therefore easy and no mark of Wisdom); again, that he who is more exact and more capable of teaching the causes is wiser, in every branch of knowledge; and that of the sciences, also, that which is desirable on its own account and for the sake of knowing it is more of the nature of Wisdom than that which is desirable on account of its results, and the superior science is more of the nature of Wisdom than the ancillary; for the wise man must not be ordered but must order, and he must not obey another, but the less wise must obey him.

Such and so many are the notions, then, which we have about Wisdom and the wise. Now of these characteristics that of knowing all things must belong to him who has in the highest degree universal knowledge; for he knows in a sense all the instances that fall under the universal. And these things, the most universal, are on the whole the hardest for men to know; for they are farthest from the senses. And the most exact of the sciences are those which deal most with first principles; for those which involve fewer principles are more exact than those which involve additional principles, e.g. arithmetic than geometry. But the science which investigates causes is also instructive, in a higher degree, for the people who instruct us are those who tell the causes of each thing. And understanding and

knowledge pursued for their own sake are found most in the knowledge of that which is most knowable (for he who chooses to know for the sake of knowing will choose most readily that which is most truly knowledge, and such is the knowledge of that which is most knowable); and the first principles and the causes are most knowable; for by reason of these, and from these, all other things come to be known, and not these by means of the things subordinate to them. And the science which knows to what end each thing must be done is the most authoritative of the sciences, and more authoritative than any ancillary science; and this end is the good of that thing, and in general the supreme good in the whole of nature. Judged by all the tests we have mentioned, then, the name in question falls to the same science; this must be a science that investigates the first principles and causes; for the good, i.e. the end, is one of the causes.

That it is not a science of production is clear even from the history of the earliest philosophers. For it is owing to their wonder that men both now begin and at first began to philosophize; they wondered originally at the obvious difficulties, then advanced little by little and stated difficulties about the greater matters, e.g. about the phenomena of the moon and those of the sun and of the stars, and about the genesis of the universe. And a man who is puzzled and wonders thinks himself ignorant (whence even the lover of myth is in a sense a lover of Wisdom, for the myth is composed of wonders); therefore since they philosophized in order to escape from ignorance, evidently they were pursuing science in order to know, and not for any utilitarian end. And this is confirmed by the facts; for it was when almost all the necessities of life and the things that make for comfort and recreation had been secured, that such knowledge began to be sought. Evidently then we do not seek it for the sake of any other advantage; but as the man is free, we say, who exists for his own sake and not for another's, so we pursue this as the only free science, for it alone exists for its own sake.

Hence also the possession of it might be justly regarded as beyond human power; for in many ways human nature is in bondage, so that according to Simonides 'God alone can have this privilege', and it is unfitting that man should not be content to seek the knowledge that is suited to him. If, then, there is something in what the poets say, and jealousy is natural to the divine power, it would probably occur in this case above all, and all who excelled in this knowledge would be unfortunate. But the divine power cannot be jealous (nay, according to the proverb, 'bards tell a lie'), nor should any other science be thought more honourable than one of this sort. For the most divine science is also most honourable; and this science alone must be, in two ways, most divine. For the science which it would be most

meet for God to have is a divine science, and so is any science that deals with divine objects; and this science alone has both these qualities; for (1) God is thought to be among the causes of all things and to be a first principle, and (2) such a science either God alone can have, or God above all others. All the sciences, indeed, are more necessary than this, but none is better. Yet the acquisition of it must in a sense end in something which is the opposite of our original inquiries. For all men begin, as we said, by wondering that things are as they are, as they do about self-moving marionettes, or about the solstices or the incommensurability of the diagonal of a square with the side; for it seems wonderful to all who have not yet seen the reason, that there is a thing which cannot be measured even by the smallest unit. But we must end in the contrary and, according to the proverb, the better state, as is the case in these instances too when men learn the cause; for there is nothing which would surprise a geometer so much as if the diagonal turned out to be commensurable.

We have stated, then, what is the nature of the science we are searching for, and what is the mark which our search and our whole investigation must reach.

Evidently we have to acquire knowledge of the original causes (for we say we know each thing only when we think we recognize its first cause), and causes are spoken of in four senses. In one of these we mean the substance, i.e. the essence (for the 'why' is reducible finally to the definition, and the ultimate 'why' is a cause and principle); in another the matter or substratum, in a third the source of the change, and in a fourth the cause opposed to this, the purpose and the good (for this is the end of all generation and change). We have studied these causes sufficiently in our work on nature, but yet let us call to our aid those who have attacked the investigation of being and philosophized about reality before us. For obviously they too speak of certain principles and causes; to go over their views, then, will be of profit to the present inquiry, for we shall either find another kind of cause, or be more convinced of the correctness of those which we now maintain.

Of the first philosophers, then, most thought the principles which were of the nature of matter were the only principles of all things. That of which all things that are consist, the first from which they come to be, the last into which they are resolved (the substance remaining, but changing in its modifications), this they say is the element and this the principle of things, and therefore they think nothing is either generated or destroyed, since this sort of entity is always conserved, as we say Socrates neither comes to be absolutely when he comes to be beautiful or musical, nor ceases to be when loses these characteristics, because the substratum, Socrates himself remains. just so they say nothing else comes to be or ceases to be; for there must be some entity-either one or more than

one-from which all other things come to be, it being conserved. Yet they do not all agree as to the number and the nature of these principles. Thales, the founder of this type of philosophy, says the principle is water (for which reason he declared that the earth rests on water), getting the notion perhaps from seeing that the nutriment of all things is moist, and that heat itself is generated from the moist and kept alive by it (and that from which they come to be is a principle of all things). He got his notion from this fact, and from the fact that the seeds of all things have a moist nature, and that water is the origin of the nature of moist things. Some think that even the ancients who lived long before the present generation, and first framed accounts of the gods, had a similar view of nature; for they made Ocean and Tethys the parents of creation, and described the oath of the gods as being by water, to which they give the name of Styx; for what is oldest is most honourable, and the most honourable thing is that by which one swears. It may perhaps be uncertain whether this opinion about nature is primitive and ancient, but Thales at any rate is said to have declared himself thus about the first cause. Hippo no one would think fit to include among these thinkers, because of the paltriness of his thought.

Anaximenes and Diogenes make air prior to water, and the most primary of the simple bodies, while Hippasus of Metapontium and Heraclitus of Ephesus say this of fire, and Empedocles says it of the four elements (adding a fourth-earth-to those which have been named); for these, he says, always remain and do not come to be, except that they come to be more or fewer, being aggregated into one and segregated out of one.

Anaxagoras of Clazomenae, who, though older than Empedocles, was later in his philosophical activity, says the principles are infinite in number; for he says almost all the things that are made of parts like themselves, in the manner of water or fire, are generated and destroyed in this way, only by aggregation and segregation, and are not in any other sense generated or destroyed, but remain eternally.

From these facts one might think that the only cause is the so-called material cause; but as men thus advanced, the very facts opened the way for them and joined in forcing them to investigate the subject. However true it may be that all generation and destruction proceed from some one or (for that matter) from more elements, why does this happen and what is the cause? For at least the substratum itself does not make itself change; e.g. neither the wood nor the bronze causes the change of either of them, nor does the

wood manufacture a bed and the bronze a statue, but something else is the cause of the change. And to seek this is to seek the second cause, as we should say, -that from which comes the beginning of the movement. Now those who at the very beginning set themselves to this kind of inquiry, and said the substratum was one, were not at all dissatisfied with themselves; but some at least of those who maintain it to be one-as though defeated by this search for the second cause-say the one and nature as a whole is unchangeable not only in respect of generation and destruction (for this is a primitive belief, and all agreed in it), but also of all other change; and this view is peculiar to them. Of those who said the universe was one, then none succeeded in discovering a cause of this sort, except perhaps Parmenides, and he only inasmuch as he supposes that there is not only one but also in some sense two causes. But for those who make more elements it is more possible to state the second cause, e.g. for those who make hot and cold, or fire and earth, the elements; for they treat fire as having a nature which fits it to move things, and water and earth and such things they treat in the contrary way. When these men and the principles of this kind had had their day, as the latter were found inadequate to generate the nature of things men were again forced by the truth itself, as we said, to inquire into the next kind of cause. For it is not likely either that fire or earth or any such element should be the reason why things manifest goodness and, beauty both in their being and in their coming to be, or that those thinkers should have supposed it was; nor again could it be right to entrust so great a matter to spontaneity and chance. When one man said, then, that reason was present-as in animals, so throughout nature-as the cause of order and of all arrangement, he seemed like a sober man in contrast with the random talk of his predecessors. We know that Anaxagoras certainly adopted these views, but Hermotimus of Clazomenae is credited with expressing them earlier. Those who thought thus stated that there is a principle of things which is at the same time the cause of beauty, and that sort of cause from which things acquire movement.

One might suspect that Hesiod was the first to look for such a thing-or some one else who put love or desire among existing things as a principle, as Parmenides, too, does; for he, in constructing the genesis of the universe, says:-

Love first of all the Gods she planned.

And Hesiod says:-

First of all things was chaos made, and then  
Broad-breasted earth...



And love, 'mid all the gods pre-eminent,

which implies that among existing things there must be from the first a cause which will move things and bring them together. How these thinkers should be arranged with regard to priority of discovery let us be allowed to decide later; but since the contraries of the various forms of good were also perceived to be present in nature-not only order and the beautiful, but also disorder and the ugly, and bad things in greater number than good, and ignoble things than beautiful-therefore another thinker introduced friendship and strife, each of the two the cause of one of these two sets of qualities. For if we were to follow out the view of Empedocles, and interpret it according to its meaning and not to its lisping expression, we should find that friendship is the cause of good things, and strife of bad. Therefore, if we said that Empedocles in a sense both mentions, and is the first to mention, the bad and the good as principles, we should perhaps be right, since the cause of all goods is the good itself.

These thinkers, as we say, evidently grasped, and to this extent, two of the causes which we distinguished in our work on nature-the matter and the source of the movement-vaguely, however, and with no clearness, but as untrained men behave in fights; for they go round their opponents and often strike fine blows, but they do not fight on scientific principles, and so too these thinkers do not seem to know what they say; for it is evident that, as a rule, they make no use of their causes except to a small extent. For Anaxagoras uses reason as a *deus ex machina* for the making of the world, and when he is at a loss to tell from what cause something necessarily is, then he drags reason in, but in all other cases ascribes events to anything rather than to reason. And Empedocles, though he uses the causes to a greater extent than this, neither does so sufficiently nor attains consistency in their use. At least, in many cases he makes love segregate things, and strife aggregate them. For whenever the universe is dissolved into its elements by strife, fire is aggregated into one, and so is each of the other elements; but whenever again under the influence of love they come together into one, the parts must again be segregated out of each element..."

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In the excerpt above from Aristotle, Aristotle mentions Hesiod, who lived centuries before Aristotle. Hesiod was a Greek poet and philosopher, believed to have lived around 700 BC. One of Hesiod's most prominent works was his *Theogony and Cosmogony*. The main themes of Hesiod's *Theogony and Cosmogony* are (1) the coming into being of Chaos (the Void), Earth, Eros, Sky and the first generation of gods (lines 116-53); (2) the castration of Sky by his son Cronus, instigated by his mother Earth (lines 154-210); (3) Zeus' escape from being swallowed by his father Cronus (lines 453-500);

and (4) the victorious battle of Zeus and the Olympian gods against the Titans (lines 617-735). Here is an excerpt from the work, found at <http://alexm.here.ru/mirrors/www.enteract.com/jwalz/Eliade/059.html>:

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...First of all, the Void (Chaos) came into being, next broad-bosomed Earth, the solid and eternal home of all, and Eros [Desire], the most beautiful of the immortal gods, who in every man and every god softens the sinews and overpowers the prudent purpose of the mind. Out of Void came Darkness and black Night, and out of Night came Light and Day, her children conceived after union in love with Darkness. Earth first produced starry Sky, equal in size with herself, to cover her on all sides. Next she produced the tall mountains, the pleasant haunts of the gods, and also gave birth to the barren waters, sea with its raging surges-all this without the passion of love. Thereafter she lay with Sky and gave birth to Ocean with its deep current. Coeus and Crius and Hyperion and Iapetus; Thea and Rhea and Themis [Law] and Mnemosyne [Memory]; also golden-crowned Phoebe and lovely Tethys. After these came cunning Cronus, the youngest and boldest of her children; and he grew to hate the father who had begotten him.

Earth also gave birth to the violent Cyclopes-Thunderer, Lightning, and bold Prometheus-who made and gave to Zeus the thunder and the lightning bolt. They were like the gods in all respects except that a single eye stood in the middle of their foreheads, and their strength and power and skill were in their hands.

There were also born to Earth and Sky three more children, big, strong, and horrible, Cottus and Briareus and Gyges. This unruly brood had a hundred monstrous hands sprouting from their shoulders, and fifty heads on top of their shoulders growing from their sturdy bodies. They had monstrous strength to match their huge size.

Of all the children born of Earth and Sky these were the boldest, and their father hated them from the beginning. As each of them was about to be born, Sky would not let them reach the light of day; instead he hid them all away in the bowels of Mother Earth. Sky took pleasure in doing this evil thing. In spite of her enormous size, Earth felt the strain within her and groaned. Finally she thought of an evil and cunning stratagem. She instantly produced a new metal, grey steel, and made a huge sickle. Then she laid the matter before her children; the anguish in her heart made her speak boldly, 'My children, you have a savage father; if you will listen to me, we may be able to take vengeance for this evil outrage: he was the one who started using violence.'

This was what she said: but all the children were gripped by fear, and not one of them spoke a word. Then great Cronus, the cunning trickster, took courage and answered his good mother with these words: 'Mother, I am willing to undertake and carry through your plan. I have no respect for our infamous father, since he was the one who started using violence.'

This was what he said, and enormous Earth was very pleased. She hid him in ambush and put in his hands the sickle with jagged teeth, and 'instructed him fully in her plot. Huge Sky came drawing night behind him and desiring to make love; he lay on top of Earth stretched all over her. Then from his ambush his son reached out with his left hand and with his right took the huge sickle with its long jagged teeth and quickly sheared the organs from his own father and threw them away. The drops of blood that spurted from

them were all taken in by Mother Earth, and in the course of the revolving years she gave birth to the powerful Erinyes [Spirits of Vengeance] and the huge Giants with shining armour and long spears. As for the organs themselves, for a long time they drifted round the sea just as they were when Cronus cut them off with the steel edge and threw them from the land into the waves of the ocean; then white foam issued from the divine flesh, and in the foam a girl began to grow. First she came near to holy Cythera, then reached Cyprus, the land surrounded by sea. There she stepped out, a goddess, tender and beautiful, and round her slender feet the green grass shot up. She is called Aphrodite by gods and men because she grew in the froth, and also Cytherea, because she came near to Cythera, and the Cyprian, because she was born in watery Cyprus. Eros [Desire] and beautiful Passion were her attendants both at her birth and at her first going to join the family of the gods. The rights and privileges assigned to her from the beginning and recognized by men and gods are these; to preside over the whispers and smiles and tricks which girls employ, and the sweet delight and tenderness of love. Great Father Sky called his children the Titans, because of his feud with them: he said that they blindly had tightened the noose and had done a savage thing for which they would have to pay in time to come...

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We especially see in Hesiod how vain man became in his imaginations, in many cases corrupting stories of ancestors, and turning ancestors into gods. It was the common plight of our pagan ancestors before the entrance of the Christian gospel.

## CHAPTER 6 : OF THE GERMANIC PEOPLES IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE

The Germanic peoples occupied that territory to the north of the area conquered by the ancient Roman Empire. It included not only the area we know today as Germany, but also the Netherlands and Scandinavia, as well as other areas to the east and west where the Germanic peoples settled. To the east, the Germanic people traveled far into what is current day Ukraine, Russia and beyond. The Viking kingdom in Kiev would in time form the basis of the Russian empire. To the west, the Germanic peoples conquered what we know today as England, and they made vicious raids and conquests in Scotland and Ireland. Nor was their conquest confined to the Old World. In time the Vikings of Scandinavia would travel to the New World of North America, by way of Iceland and Greenland, long before the time of Christopher Columbus.

We do not have a significant body of ancient literature written by the pagan Germans themselves, so to some extent we must rely upon the writings of foreigners to understand pagan German life and culture. One of the more famous is that of Tacitus, excerpted below, from the website <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/source/tacitus1.html> :

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### ***Medieval Sourcebook:***

#### ***Tacitus:***

#### ***Germania***

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*Tacitus, an important Roman historian, wrote the most detailed early description of the Germans at the end of the first century CE. In doing so, be warned, he was commenting on the Rome of his own time, as much as on the German themselves.*

*The Inhabitants. Origins of the Name "Germany. " The Germans themselves I should regard as aboriginal, and not mixed at all with other races through immigration or intercourse. For, in former times it was not by land but on shipboard that those who sought to emigrate would arrive; and the boundless and, so to speak, hostile ocean beyond us, is seldom entered by a sail from our world. And, beside the perils of rough and unknown seas, who would leave Asia, or Africa for Italy for Germany, with its wild country, its inclement skies, its sullen manners and aspect, unless indeed it were his home? In their ancient songs, their only way of remembering or recording the past they celebrate an earth-born god Tuisco, and his son Mannus, as the origin of their race, as their founders. To Mannus they assign three sons, from whose names, they say, the coast tribes are called Ingaevones; those of the interior, Herminones; all the rest, Istaevones. Some, with the freedom of conjecture permitted by antiquity, assert that the god had several descendants, and the nation several appellations, as Marsi, Gambrivii, Suevi, Vandilij, and that these are nine old names. The name Germany, on the other hand, they say is modern and newly introduced, from the fact that the tribes which first crossed the Rhine and drove out the Gauls, and are now called Tungrians, were then called Germans. Thus what was the name of a tribe, and not of a race, gradually prevailed, till all called*

themselves by this self-invented name of Germans, which the conquerors had first employed to inspire terror.

*The National War-Songs....* They say that Hercules, too, once visited them; and when going into battle, they sing of him first of all heroes. They have also those songs of theirs, by the recital of which ("baritus," they call it), they rouse their courage, while from the note they augur the result of the approaching conflict. For, as their line shouts, they inspire or feel alarm. It is not so much an articulate sound, as a general cry of valor. They aim chiefly at a harsh note and a confused roar, putting their shields to their mouth, so that, by reverberation, it may swell into a fuller and deeper sound.

*Physical Characteristics.* For my own part, I agree with those who think that the tribes of Germany are free from all taint of intermarriages with foreign nations, and that they appear as a distinct, unmixed race, like none but themselves. Hence, too, the same physical peculiarities throughout so vast a population. All have fierce blue eyes, red hair, huge frames, fit only for a sudden exertion. They are less able to bear laborious work. Heat and thirst they cannot in the least endure; to cold and hunger their climate and their soil inure them.

*Climate and Soil. Precious Metals.* Their country, though somewhat various in appearance, yet generally either bristles with forests or reeks with swamps; it is more rainy on the side of Gaul, bleaker on that of Noricum and Pannonia. It is productive of grain, but unfavourable to fruit-bearing trees; it is rich in flocks and herds, but these are for the most part undersized, and even the cattle have not their usual beauty or noble head. It is number that is chiefly valued; they are in fact the most highly prized, indeed the only riches of the people. Silver and gold the gods have refused to them, whether in kindness or in anger I cannot say. I would not, however, affirm that no vein of German soil produces gold or silver, for who has ever made a search? They care but little to possess or use them. You may see among them vessels of silver, which have been presented to their envoys and chieftains, held as cheap as those of the clay. The border population, however, value gold and silver for their commercial utility, and are familiar with, and show preference for, some of our coins. The tribes of the interior use the simpler and more ancient practice of the barter of commodities. They like the old and well known money, coins milled, or showing a two-horse chariot. They likewise prefer silver to gold, not from any special liking, but because a large number of silver pieces is more convenient for use among dealers in cheap and common articles.

*Arms Military Manoeuvres and Discipline* Even iron is not plentiful with them, as we infer from the character of their weapons. But few use swords or long lances. They carry a spear (*framea* is their name for it), with a narrow and short head, but so sharp and easy to wield that the same weapon serves, according to circumstances, for close or distant conflict. As for the horse-soldier, he is satisfied with a shield and spear; the foot-soldiers also scatter showers of missiles each man having several and hurling them to an immense distance, and being naked or lightly clad with a little cloak. There is no display about their equipment; their shields alone are marked with very choice colours. A few only have corslets, and just one or two here and there a metal or leather helmet. Their horses are remarkable neither for beauty nor for fleetness. Nor are they taught various evolutions after our fashion, but are driven straight forward, or so as to make one wheel to the right in such a compact body that none is left behind another. On the whole, one would say

that their chief strength is in their infantry, which fights along with the cavalry; admirably adapted to the action of the latter is the swiftness of certain foot-soldiers, who are picked from the entire youth of their country, and stationed in front of the line. Their number is fixed -- a hundred from each canton; and from this they take their name among their countrymen, so that what was originally a mere number has now become a title of distinction. Their line of battle is drawn up in a wedge-like formation. To give ground, provided you return to the attack, is considered prudence rather than cowardice. The bodies of their slain they carry off even in indecisive engagements. To abandon your shield is the basest of crimes; nor may a man thus disgraced be present at the sacred rites, or enter their council; many, indeed, after escaping from battle, have ended their infamy with the halter.

*Government. Influence of Women.* They choose their kings by birth, their generals for merit. These kings have not unlimited or arbitrary power, and the generals do more by example than by authority. If they are energetic, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they lead because they are admired. But to reprimand, to imprison, even to flog, is permitted to the priests alone, and that not as a punishment, or at the general's bidding, but, as it were, by the mandate of the god whom they believe to inspire the warrior. They also carry with them into battle certain figures and images taken from their sacred groves. And what most stimulates their courage is, that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them, too, are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. They are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery--they are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them and who administer food and encouragement to the combatants.

Tradition says that armies already wavering and giving way have been rallied by women who, with earnest entreaties and bosoms laid bare, have vividly represented the horrors of captivity, which the Germans fear with such extreme dread on behalf of their women, that the strongest tie by which a state can be bound is the being required to give, among the number of hostages, maidens of noble birth. They even believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience, and they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers. In Vespasian's days we saw Veleda, long regarded by many as a divinity. In former times, too, they venerated Aurinia, and many other women, but not with servile flatteries, or with sham deification.

*Deities.* Mercury is the deity whom they chiefly worship, and on certain days they deem it right to sacrifice to him even with human victims. Hercules and Mars they appease with more lawful offerings. Some of the Suevi also sacrifice to Isis. Of the occasion and origin of this foreign rite I have discovered nothing, but that the image, which is fashioned like a light galley, indicates an imported worship. The Germans, however, do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine the gods within walls, or to liken them to the form of any human countenance. They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of deities to the abstraction which they see only in spiritual worship.

*Auguries and Method of Divination.* Augury and divination by lot no people practise more diligently. The use of the lots is simple. A little bough is lopped off a fruit-bearing

tree, and cut into small pieces; these are distinguished by certain marks, and thrown carelessly and at random over a white garment. In public questions the priest of the particular state, in private the father of the family, invokes the gods, and, with his eyes toward heaven, takes up each piece three times, and finds in them a meaning according to the mark previously impressed on them. If they prove unfavourable, there is no further consultation that day about the matter; if they sanction it, the confirmation of augury is still required. For they are also familiar with the practice of consulting the notes and flight of birds. It is peculiar to this people to seek omens and monitions from horses. Kept at the public expense, in these same woods and groves, are white horses, pure from the taint of earthly labour; these are yoked to a sacred car, and accompanied by the priest and the king, or chief of the tribe, who note their neighings and snortings. No species of augury is more trusted, not only by the people and by the nobility, but also by the priests, who regard themselves as the ministers of the gods, and the horses as acquainted with their will. They have also another method of observing auspices, by which they seek to learn the result of an important war. Having taken, by whatever means, a prisoner from the tribe with whom they are at war, they pit him against a picked man of their own tribe, each combatant using the weapons of their country. The victory of the one or the other is accepted as an indication of the issue.

*Councils-* About minor matters the chiefs deliberate, about the more important the whole tribe. Yet even when the final decision rests with the people, the affair is always thoroughly discussed by the chiefs. They assemble, except in the case of a sudden emergency, on certain fixed days, either at new or at full moon; for this they consider the most auspicious season for the transaction of business. Instead of reckoning by days as we do, they reckon by nights, and in this manner fix both their ordinary and their legal appointments. Night they regard as bringing on day. Their freedom has this disadvantage, that they do not meet simultaneously or as they are bidden, but two or three days are wasted in the delays of assembling. When the multitude think proper, they sit down armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who have on these occasions the right of keeping order. Then the king or the chief, according to age, birth, distinction in war, or eloquence, is heard, more because he has influence to persuade than because he has power to command. If his sentiments displease them, they reject them with murmurs; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. The most complimentary form of assent is to express approbation with their spears.

*Punishments. Administration of Justice.* In their councils an accusation may be preferred or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offence. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees; the coward, the unwarlike, the man stained with abominable vices, is plunged into the mire of the morass with a hurdle put over him. This distinction in punishment means that crime, they think, ought, in being punished, to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight- Lighter offences, too, have penalties proportioned to them; he who is convicted, is fined in a certain number of horses or of cattle. Half of the fine is paid to the king or to the state, half to the person whose wrongs are avenged and to his relatives. In these same councils they also elect the chief magistrates, who administer law in the cantons and the towns. Each of these has a hundred associates chosen from the people, who support him with their advice and influence.

*Training of Youth* They transact no public or private business without being armed. it is not, however, usual for anyone to wear arms till the state has recognized his power to use them. Then in the presence of the council one of the chiefs, or the young man's father, or some kinsman, equips him with a shield and a spear. These arms are what the "toga" is with us, the first honour with which youth is invested. Up to this time he is regarded as a member of a household, after-wards as a member of the commonwealth. Very noble birth or great services rendered by the father secure for lads the rank of a chief; such lads attach themselves to men of mature strength and of long approved valour. It is no shame to be seen among a chief's followers. Even in his escort there are gradations of rank, dependent on the choice of the man to whom they are attached. These followers vie keenly with each others as to who shall rank first with his chiefs, the chiefs as to who shall have the most numerous and the bravest followers. It is an honour as well as a source of strength to be thus always surrounded by a large body of picked youths; it is an ornament in peace and a defence in war. And not only in his own tribe but also in the neighboring states it is the renown and glory of a chief to be distinguished for the number and valour of his followers, for such a man is courted by embassies, is honoured with presents, and the very prestige of his name often settles a war.

*Warlike Ardour of the People.* When they go into battle, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surpassed in valour, a disgrace for his followers not to equal the valour of the chief. And it is an infamy and a reproach for life to have survived the chief, and returned from the field. To defend, to protect him, to ascribe one's own brave deeds to his renown, is the height of loyalty. The chief fights for victory; his vassals fight for their chief. If their native state sinks into the sloth of prolonged peace and repose, many of its noble youths voluntarily seek those tribes which are waging some war, both because inaction is odious to their race, and because they win renown more readily in the midst of peril, and cannot maintain a numerous following except by violence and war. Indeed, men look to the liberality of their chief for their war-horse and their bloodstained and victorious lance. Feasts and entertainments, which, though inelegant, are plentifully furnished, are their only pay. The means of this bounty come from war and rapine. Nor are they as easily persuaded to plough the earth and to wait for the year's produce as to challenge an enemy and earn the honour of wounds. Nay, they actually think it tame and stupid to acquire by the sweat of toil what they might win by their blood.

*Habits in Time of Peace.* Whenever they are not fighting, they pass much of their time in the chase, and still more in idleness, giving themselves up to sleep and to feasting, the bravest and the most warlike doing nothing, and surrendering the management of the household, of the home, and of the land, to the women, the old men, and all the weakest members of the family. They themselves lie buried in sloth, a strange combination in their nature that the same men should be so fond of idleness, so averse to peace. It is the custom of the states to bestow by voluntary and individual contribution on the chiefs a present of cattle or of grain, which, while accepted as a compliment, supplies their wants. They are particularly delighted by gifts from neighbouring tribes, which are sent not only by individuals but also by the state, such as choice steeds, heavy armour, trappings, and neck-chains. We have now taught them to accept money also.

*Arrangement of Their Towns, Subterranean Dwellings* It is well known that the nations of Germany have not cities, and that they do not even tolerate closely contiguous dwellings.



They live scattered and apart, just as a spring, a meadow, or a wood has attracted them. Their village they do not arrange in our fashion, with the buildings connected and joined together, but every person surrounds his dwelling with an open space, either as a precaution against the disasters of fire, or because they do not know how to build. No use is made by them of stone or tile; they employ timber for all purposes, rude masses without ornament or attractiveness. Some parts of their buildings they stain more carefully with a clay so clear and bright that it resembles painting, or a coloured design. They are wont also to dig out subterranean caves, and pile on them great heaps of dung shelter from winter and as a receptacle for the year's produce, for by such places they mitigate the rigour of the cold. And should an enemy approach, he lays waste the open country, while what is hidden and buried is either not known to exist, or escapes him from the very fact that it has to be searched for.

*Dress* They all wrap themselves in a cloak which is fastened with a clasp, or, if this is not forthcoming, with a thorn, leaving the rest of their persons bare. They pass whole days on the hearth by the fire. The wealthiest are distinguished by a dress which is not flowing like that of the Sarmatae and Parthi, but is tight, and exhibits each limb. They also wear the skins of wild beasts; the tribes on the Rhine and Danube in a careless fashion, those of the interior with more elegance, as not obtaining other clothing by commerce. These select certain animals, the hides of which they strip off and vary them with the spotted skins of beasts, the produce of the outer ocean, and of seas unknown to us. The women have the same dress as the men except that they generally wrap themselves in linen garments, which they embroider with purple, and do not lengthen out the upper part of their clothing into sleeves. The upper and lower arm is thus bare, and the nearest part of the bosom is also exposed.

*Marriage Laws.* Their marriage code, however, is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife, except a very few among them, and these not from sensuality, but because their noble birth procures for them many offers of alliance. The wife does not bring a dowry to the husband, but the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and pass judgment on the marriage-gifts, gifts not meant to suit a woman's taste, nor such as a bride would deck herself with, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword. With these presents the wife is espoused, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This they count their strongest bond of union, these their sacred mysteries, these their gods of marriage. Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in war. The yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the gift of arms proclaim this fact. She must live and die with the feeling that she is receiving what she must hand down to her children neither tarnished nor depreciated, what future daughters-in-law may receive, and may be so passed on to her grandchildren.

Thus with their virtue protected they live uncorrupted by the allurements of public shows or the stimulant of feasting. Clandestine correspondence is equally unknown to men and women. Very rare for so numerous a population is adultery, the punishment for which is prompt, and in the husband's power. Having cut off the hair of the adulteress and stripped

her naked, he expels her from the house in the presence of her kinsfolk, and then flogs her through the whole village. The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence; neither beauty, youth, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it the fashion to corrupt and to be corrupted. Still better is the condition of those states in which only maidens are given in marriage, and where the hopes and expectations of a bride are then finally terminated. They receive one husband, as having one body and one life, that they may have no thoughts beyond, no further-reaching desires, that they may love not so much the husband as the married state. To limit the number of children or to destroy any of their subsequent offspring is accounted infamous, and good habits are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

*Their Children. Laws Of Succession.* In every household the children, naked and filthy, grow up with those stout frames and limbs which we so much admire. Every mother suckles her own offspring and never entrusts it to servants and nurses. The master is not distinguished from the slave by being brought up with greater delicacy. Both live amid the same flocks and lie on the same ground till the freeborn are distinguished by age and recognised by merit. The young men marry late, and their vigour is thus unimpaired. Nor are the maidens hurried into marriage; the same age and a similar stature is required; well-matched and vigorous they wed, and the offspring reproduce the strength of the parents. Sister's sons are held in as much esteem by their uncles as by their fathers; indeed, some regard the relation as even more sacred and binding, and prefer it in receiving hostages, thinking thus to secure a stronger hold on the affections and a wider bond for the family. But every man's children are his heirs and successors, and there are no wills. Should there be no issue, the next in succession to the property are brothers and his uncles on either side. The more relatives he has the more numerous his connections, the more honoured is his old age; nor are there any advantages in childlessness.

*Hereditary Feuds-Fines for Homicide. Hospitality* It is a duty among them to adopt the feuds as well as the friendships of a father or a kinsman. These feuds are not implacable; even homicide is expiated by the payment of a certain number of cattle and of sheep, and the satisfaction is accepted by the entire family, greatly to the advantage of the state, since feuds are dangerous in proportion to the people's freedom.

No nation indulges more profusely in entertainments and hospitality. To exclude any human being from their roof is thought impious; every German, according to his means, receives his guest with a well-furnished table. When his supplies are exhausted, he who was but now the host becomes the guide and companion to further hospitality, and without invitation they go to the next house. It matters not; they are entertained with like cordiality. No one distinguishes between an acquaintance and a stranger, as regards the rights of hospitality. It is usual to give the departing guest whatever he may ask for, and a present in return is asked with as little hesitation. They are greatly charmed with gifts, but they expect no return for what they give, nor feel any obligation for what they receive.

*Habits of Life.* On waking from sleep, which they generally prolong for a late hour of the day, they take a bath, most often of warm water, which suits a country where winter is the longest of the seasons. After their bath they take their meal, each having a separate seat and table of his own. Then they go armed to business, or no less often to their festal meetings. To pass an entire day and night in drinking disgraces no one. Their quarrels, as might be expected with intoxicated people, are seldom fought out with mere abuse, but

commonly with wounds and bloodshed. Yet it is at their feasts that they generally consult on the reconciliation of enemies, on the forming of matrimonial alliances, on the choice of chiefs, finally even on peace and war, for they think that at no time is the mind more open to simplicity of purpose or more warmed to noble aspirations. A race without either natural or acquired cunning, they disclose their hidden thoughts in the freedom of the festivity. Thus the sentiments of all having been discovered and laid bare, the discussion is renewed on the following day, and from each occasion its own peculiar advantage is derived. They deliberate when they have no power to dissemble; they resolve when error is impossible.

*Food* A liquor for drinking is made of barley or other grain, and fermented into a certain resemblance to wine. The dwellers on the river-bank also buy wine. Their food is of a simple kind, consisting of wild fruit, fresh game, and curdled milk. They satisfy their hunger without elaborate preparation and without delicacies. In quenching their thirst they are equally moderate. If you indulge their love of drinking by supplying them with as much as they desire, they will be overcome by their own vices as easily as by the arms of an enemy.

*Sports. Passion for Gambling.* One and the same kind of spectacle is always exhibited at every gathering. Naked youths who practise the sport bound in the dance amid swords and lances that threaten their lives. Experience gives them skill and skill again gives grace; profit or pay are out of the question; however reckless their pastime, its reward is the pleasure of the spectators. Strangely enough they make games of hazard a serious occupation even when sober, and so venturesome are they about gaining or losing, that, when every other resource has failed, on the last and final throw they stake the freedom of their own persons. The loser goes into voluntary slavery; though the younger and stronger, he suffers himself to be bound and sold. Such is their stubborn persistency in a bad practice; they themselves call it honour. Slaves of this kind the owners part with in the way of commerce, and also to relieve themselves from the scandal of such a victory.

*Slavery.* The other slaves are not employed after our manner with distinct domestic duties assigned to them, but each one has the management of a house and home of his own. The master requires from the slave a certain quantity of grain, of cattle, and of clothing, as he would from a tenant, and this is the limit of subjection. All other household functions are discharged by the wife and children. To strike a slave or to punish him with bonds or with hard labour is a rare occurrence. They often kill them, not in enforcing strict discipline, but on the impulse of passion, as they would an enemy, only it is done with impunity. The freedmen do not rank much above slaves, and are seldom of any weight in the family, never in the state with the exception of those tribes which are ruled by kings. There indeed they rise above the freeborn and the noble; elsewhere the inferiority of the freedman marks the freedom of the state.

*Occupation of Land. Tillage.* Of lending money on interest and increasing it by compounding interest they know nothing—a more effectual safeguard than if it was prohibited.

Land proportioned to the number of inhabitants is occupied by the whole community in turn, and afterwards divided among them according to rank. A wide expanse of plains makes the partition easy. They till fresh fields every year, and they have still more land than enough; with the richness and extent of their soil, they do not laboriously exert

themselves in planting orchards, enclosing meadows and watering gardens. Corn is the only produce required from the earth; hence even the year itself is not divided by them into as many seasons as with us. Winter, spring, and summer have both a meaning and a name; the name and blessings of autumn are alike unknown.

*Funeral Rites.* In their funerals there is no pomp; they simply observe the custom of burning the bodies of illustrious men with certain kinds of wood. They do not heap garments or spices on the funeral pile. The arms of the dead man and in some cases his horse are consigned to the fire. A turf mound forms the tomb. Monuments with their lofty elaborate splendour they reject as oppressive to the dead. Tears and lamentations they soon dismiss; grief and sorrow but slowly. It is thought becoming for women to bewail, for men to remember, the dead.

Such on the whole is the account which I have received of the origin and manners of the entire German people.

Text to this point from Tacitus, *The Agricola and Germania*, A. J. Church and W. J. Brodribb, trans., (London: Macmillan, 1877), pp. 87- 10.”

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As for as the the writings of the Germanic people, though we do not have much in the way of writings of the ancient pagan Germanic people, we do have the writings of Christian scholars who lived in the centuries immediately following their Christianization. These scholars had access to the ancient Germanic oral and written traditions.

One such Christian scholar was Snorri Sturlson. Let’s first consider excerpts from his *The Ynglinga Saga, or The Story of the Yngling Family from Odin to Halfdan the Black*, available at the website [http://www.northvegr.org/lore/heim/000\\_01.php](http://www.northvegr.org/lore/heim/000_01.php) :

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The Sagas covered in this work are the following:

1. Ynglinga Saga
2. Halfdan the Black Saga
3. Harald Harfager's Saga
4. Hakon the Good's Saga
5. Saga of King Harald Grafeld and of Earl Hakon Son of Sigurd
6. King Olaf Trygvason's Saga
7. Saga of Olaf Haraldson (St. Olaf)
8. Saga of Magnus the Good
9. Saga of Harald Hardrade
10. Saga of Olaf Kyrre
11. Magnus Barefoot's Saga
12. Saga of Sigurd the Crusader and His Brothers Eystein and Olaf
13. Saga of Magnus the Blind and of Harald Gille
14. Saga of Sigurd, Inge, and Eystein, the Sons of Harald

15. Saga of Hakon Herdebreid ("Hakon the Broad-Shouldered")
16. Magnus Erlingsson's Saga...

#### PREFACE OF SNORRE STURLASON.

In this book I have had old stories written down, as I have heard them told by intelligent people, concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and who spoke the Danish tongue; and also concerning some of their family branches, according to what has been told me. Some of this is found in ancient family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other personages of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our forefathers had for their amusement. Now, although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise men held them to be true.

Thjodolf of Hvin was the skald of Harald Harfager, and he composed a poem for King Rognvald the Mountain-high, which is called "Ynglingatal." This Rognvald was a son of Olaf Geirstadalf, the brother of King Halfdan the Black. In this poem thirty of his forefathers are reckoned up, and the death and burial-place of each are given. He begins with Fjolner, a son of Yngvefrey, whom the Swedes, long after his time, worshipped and sacrificed to, and from whom the race or family of the Ynglings take their name.

Eyvind Skaldaspiller also reckoned up the ancestors of Earl Hakon the Great in a poem called "Haleygjatal", composed about Hakon; and therein he mentions Saeming, a son of Yngvefrey, and he likewise tells of the death and funeral rites of each. The lives and times of the Yngling race were written from Thjodolf's relation enlarged afterwards by the accounts of intelligent people.

As to funeral rites, the earliest age is called the Age of Burning; because all the dead were consumed by fire, and over their ashes were raised standing stones. But after Frey was buried under a cairn at Upsala, many chiefs raised cairns, as commonly as stones, to the memory of their relatives.

The Age of Cairns began properly in Denmark after Dan Milkilatte had raised for himself a burial cairn, and ordered that he should be buried in it on his death, with his royal ornaments and armour, his horse and saddle-furniture, and other valuable goods; and many of his descendants followed his example. But the burning of the dead continued, long after that time, to be the custom of the Swedes and Northmen. Iceland was occupied in the time that Harald Harfager was the King of Norway. There were skalds in Harald's court whose poems the people know by heart even at the present day, together with all the songs about the kings who have ruled in Norway since his time; and we rest the foundations of our story principally upon the songs which were sung in the presence of the chiefs themselves or of their sons, and take all to be true that is found in such poems about their feats and battles: for although it be the fashion with skalds to praise most those in whose presence they are standing, yet no one would dare to relate to a chief what he, and all those who heard it, knew to be a false and imaginary, not a true account of his deeds; because that would be mockery, not praise.

#### OF THE PRIEST ARE FRODE

The priest Are Frode (the learned), a son of Thorgils the son of Geller, was the first man in this country who wrote down in the Norse language narratives of events both

old and new. In the beginning of his book he wrote principally about the first settlements in Iceland, the laws and government, and next of the lagmen, and how long each had administered the law; and he reckoned the years at first, until the time when Christianity was introduced into Iceland, and afterwards reckoned from that to his own times. To this he added many other subjects, such as the lives and times of kings of Norway and Denmark, and also of England; beside accounts of great events which have taken place in this country itself. His narratives are considered by many men of knowledge to be the most remarkable of all; because he was a man of good understanding, and so old that his birth was as far back as the year after Harald Sigurdson's fall. He wrote, as he himself says, the lives and times of the kings of Norway from the report of Od Kolson, a grandson of Hal of Sida...

### **The Ynglinga Saga,**

**or**

### **The Story of the Yngling Family from Odin to Halfdan the Black**

1. OF THE SITUATION OF COUNTRIES. It is said that the earth's circle which the human race inhabits is torn across into many bights, so that great seas run into the land from the out-ocean. Thus it is known that a great sea goes in at Narvesund (1), and up to the land of Jerusalem. From the same sea a long sea-bight stretches towards the north-east, and is called the Black Sea, and divides the three parts of the earth; of which the eastern part is called Asia, and the western is called by some Europa, by some Enea. Northward of the Black Sea lies Swithiod the Great, or the Cold. The Great Swithiod is reckoned by some as not less than the Great Serkland (2); others compare it to the Great Blueland (3). The northern part of Swithiod lies uninhabited on account of frost and cold, as likewise the southern parts of Blueland are waste from the burning of the sun. In Swithiod are many great domains, and many races of men, and many kinds of languages. There are giants, and there are dwarfs, and there are also blue men, and there are any kinds of stranger creatures. There are huge wild beasts, and dreadful dragons. On the south side of the mountains which lie outside of all inhabited lands runs a river through Swithiod, which is properly called by the name of Tanais, but was formerly called Tanaquisl, or Vanaquisl, and which falls into the Black Sea. The country of the people on the Vanaquisl was called Vanaland, or Vanaheim; and the river separates the three parts of the world, of which the easternmost part is called Asia, and the westernmost Europe.

2. OF THE PEOPLE OF ASIA. The country east of the Tanaquisl in Asia was called Asaland, or Asaheim, and the chief city in that land was called Asgaard. In that city was a chief called Odin, and it was a great place for sacrifice. It was the custom there that twelve temple priests should both direct the sacrifices, and also judge the people. They were called Diar, or Drotner, and all the people served and obeyed them. Odin was a great and very far-travelled warrior, who conquered many kingdoms, and so successful was he that in every battle the victory was on his side. It was the belief of his people that victory belonged to him in every battle. It was his custom when he sent his men into battle, or on any expedition, that he first laid his hand upon their heads, and called down a blessing upon them; and then they believed their undertaking would be successful. His people also were accustomed, whenever they fell into danger by land or sea, to call upon

his name; and they thought that always they got comfort and aid by it, for where he was they thought help was near. Often he went away so far that he passed many seasons on his journeys.

3. OF ODIN'S BROTHERS. Odin had two brothers, the one called Ve, the other Vilje, and they governed the kingdom when he was absent. It happened once when Odin had gone to a great distance, and had been so long away that the people Of Asia doubted if he would ever return home, that his two brothers took it upon themselves to divide his estate; but both of them took his wife Frigg to themselves. Odin soon after returned home, and took his wife back.

4. OF ODIN'S WAR WITH THE PEOPLE OF VANALAND. Odin went out with a great army against the Vanaland people; but they were well prepared, and defended their land; so that victory was changeable, and they ravaged the lands of each other, and did great damage. They tired of this at last, and on both sides appointed a meeting for establishing peace, made a truce, and exchanged hostages. The Vanaland people sent their best men, Njord the Rich, and his son Frey. The people of Asaland sent a man called Hone, whom they thought well suited to be a chief, as he was a stout and very handsome man; and with him they sent a man of great understanding called Mime. On the other side, the Vanaland people sent the wisest man in their community, who was called Kvase. Now, when Hone came to Vanaheim he was immediately made a chief, and Mime came to him with good counsel on all occasions. But when Hone stood in the Things or other meetings, if Mime was not near him, and any difficult matter was laid before him, he always answered in one way -- "Now let others give their advice"; so that the Vanaland people got a suspicion that the Asaland people had deceived them in the exchange of men. They took Mime, therefore, and beheaded him, and sent his head to the Asaland people. Odin took the head, smeared it with herbs so that it should not rot, and sang incantations over it. Thereby he gave it the power that it spoke to him, and discovered to him many secrets. Odin placed Njord and Frey as priests of the sacrifices, and they became Diar of the Asaland people. Njord's daughter Freya was priestess of the sacrifices, and first taught the Asaland people the magic art, as it was in use and fashion among the Vanaland people. While Njord was with the Vanaland people he had taken his own sister in marriage, for that was allowed by their law; and their children were Frey and Freya. But among the Asaland people it was forbidden to intermarry with such near relations.

5. ODIN DIVIDES HIS KINGDOM: ALSO CONCERNING GEFION. There goes a great mountain barrier from north-east to south- west, which divides the Greater Swithiod from other kingdoms. South of this mountain ridge it is not far to Turkland, where Odin had great possessions. In those times the Roman chiefs went wide around in the world, subduing to themselves all people; and on this account many chiefs fled from their domains. But Odin having foreknowledge, and magic-sight, knew that his posterity would come to settle and dwell in the northern half of the world. He therefore set his brothers Ve and Vilje over Asgaard; and he himself, with all the gods and a great many other people, wandered out, first westward to Gardariki, and then south to Saxland. He had

many sons; and after having subdued an extensive kingdom in Saxland, he set his sons to rule the country. He himself went northwards to the sea, and took up his abode in an island which is called Odins in Fyen. Then he sent Gefion across the sound to the north to discover new countries; and she came to King Gylve, who gave her a ploughgate of land. Then she went to Jotunheim, and bore four sons to a giant, and transformed them into a yoke of oxen. She yoked them to a plough, and broke out the land into the ocean right opposite to Odins. This land was called Sealand, and there she afterwards settled and dwelt. Skjold, a son of Odin, married her, and they dwelt at Leidre. Where the ploughed land was is a lake or sea called Laage. In the Swedish land the fjords of Laage correspond to the nesses in Sealand. Brage the Old sings thus of it: -- "Gefion from Gylve drove away, To add new land to Denmark's sway -- Blythe Gefion ploughing in the smoke That steamed up from her oxen-yoke: Four heads, eight forehead stars had they, Bright gleaming, as she ploughed away; Dragging new lands from the deep main To join them to the sweet isle's plain. Now when Odin heard that things were in a prosperous condition in the land to the east beside Gylve; he went thither, and Gylve made a peace with him, for Gylve thought he had no strength to oppose the people of Asaland. Odin and Gylve had many tricks and enchantments against each other; but the Asaland people had always the superiority. Odin took up his residence at the Maelare lake, at the place now called Old Sigtun. There he erected a large temple, where there were sacrifices according to the customs of the Asaland people. He appropriated to himself the whole of that district, and called it Sigtun. To the temple priests he gave also domains. Njord dwelt in Noatun, Frey in Upsal, Heimdal in the Himinbergs, Thor in Thrudvang, Balder in Breidablik; to all of them he gave good estates.

6. OF ODIN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS. When Odin of Asaland came to the north, and the Diar with him, they introduced and taught to others the arts which the people long afterwards have practised. Odin was the cleverest of all, and from him all the others learned their arts and accomplishments; and he knew them first, and knew many more than other people. But now, to tell why he is held in such high respect, we must mention various causes that contributed to it. When sitting among his friends his countenance was so beautiful and dignified, that the spirits of all were exhilarated by it, but when he was in war he appeared dreadful to his foes. This arose from his being able to change his skin and form in any way he liked. Another cause was, that he conversed so cleverly and smoothly, that all who heard believed him. He spoke everything in rhyme, such as now composed, which we call scald-craft. He and his temple priests were called song-smiths, for from them came that art of song into the northern countries. Odin could make his enemies in battle blind, or deaf, or terror-struck, and their weapons so blunt that they could no more but than a willow wand; on the other hand, his men rushed forwards without armour, were as mad as dogs or wolves, bit their shields, and were strong as bears or wild bulls, and killed people at a blow, but neither fire nor iron told upon themselves. These were called Berserker.

7. OF ODIN'S FEATS. Odin could transform his shape: his body would lie as if dead, or asleep; but then he would be in shape of a fish, or worm, or bird, or beast, and be off in a twinkling to distant lands upon his own or other people's business. With words alone he could quench fire, still the ocean in tempest, and turn the wind to any quarter



he pleased. Odin had a ship which was called Skidbladnir, in which he sailed over wide seas, and which he could roll up like a cloth. Odin carried with him Mime's head, which told him all the news of other countries. Sometimes even he called the dead out of the earth, or set himself beside the burial-mounds; whence he was called the ghost-sovereign, and lord of the mounds. He had two ravens, to whom he had taught the speech of man; and they flew far and wide through the land, and brought him the news. In all such things he was pre-eminently wise. He taught all these arts in Runes, and songs which are called incantations, and therefore the Asaland people are called incantation-smiths. Odin understood also the art in which the greatest power is lodged, and which he himself practised; namely, what is called magic. By means of this he could know beforehand the predestined fate of men, or their not yet completed lot; and also bring on the death, ill-luck, or bad health of people, and take the strength or wit from one person and give it to another. But after such witchcraft followed such weakness and anxiety, that it was not thought respectable for men to practise it; and therefore the priestesses were brought up in this art. Odin knew finely where all missing cattle were concealed under the earth, and understood the songs by which the earth, the hills, the stones, and mounds were opened to him; and he bound those who dwell in them by the power of his word, and went in and took what he pleased. From these arts he became very celebrated. His enemies dreaded him; his friends put their trust in him, and relied on his power and on himself. He taught the most of his arts to his priests of the sacrifices, and they came nearest to himself in all wisdom and witch-knowledge. Many others, however, occupied themselves much with it; and from that time witchcraft spread far and wide, and continued long. People sacrificed to Odin and the twelve chiefs from Asaland, and called them their gods, and believed in them long after. From Odin's name came the name Audun, which people gave to his sons; and from Thor's name comes Thore, also Thorarinn; and also it is sometimes compounded with other names, as Steenthor, or Havthor, or even altered in other ways.

8. ODIN'S LAWGIVING. Odin established the same law in his land that had been in force in Asaland. Thus he established by law that all dead men should be burned, and their belongings laid with them upon the pile, and the ashes be cast into the sea or buried in the earth. Thus, said he, every one will come to Valhalla with the riches he had with him upon the pile; and he would also enjoy whatever he himself had buried in the earth. For men of consequence a mound should be raised to their memory, and for all other warriors who had been distinguished for manhood a standing stone; which custom remained long after Odin's time. On winter day there should be blood-sacrifice for a good year, and in the middle of winter for a good crop; and the third sacrifice should be on summer day, for victory in battle. Over all Swithiod the people paid Odin a scatt or tax -- so much on each head; but he had to defend the country from enemy or disturbance, and pay the expense of the sacrifice feasts for a good year.

9. OF NJORD'S MARRIAGE. Njord took a wife called Skade; but she would not live with him and married afterwards Odin, and had many sons by him, of whom one was called Saeming; and about him Eyvind Skaldaspiller sings thus: -- "To Asa's son Queen Skade bore Saeming, who dyed his shield in gore, -- The giant-queen of rock and snow, Who loves to dwell on earth below, The iron pine-tree's daughter, she

Sprung from the rocks that rib the sea, To Odin bore full many a son, Heroes of many a battle won." To Saeming Earl Hakon the Great reckoned back his pedigree. This Swithiod they called Mannheim, but the Great Swithiod they called Godheim; and of Godheim great wonders and novelties were related.

10. OF ODIN'S DEATH. Odin died in his bed in Swithiod; and when he was near his death he made himself be marked with the point of a spear, and said he was going to Godheim, and would give a welcome there to all his friends, and all brave warriors should be dedicated to him; and the Swedes believed that he was gone to the ancient Asgaard, and would live there eternally. Then began the belief in Odin, and the calling upon him. The Swedes believed that he often showed to them before any great battle. To some he gave victory; others he invited to himself; and they reckoned both of these to be fortunate. Odin was burnt, and at his pile there was great splendour. It was their faith that the higher the smoke arose in the air, the higher he would be raised whose pile it was; and the richer he would be, the more property that was consumed with him.

11. OF NJORD. Njord of Noatun was then the sole sovereign of the Swedes; and he continued the sacrifices, and was called the drot or sovereign by the Swedes, and he received scatt and gifts from them. In his days were peace and plenty, and such good years, in all respects, that the Swedes believed Njord ruled over the growth of seasons and the prosperity of the people. In his time all the diar or gods died, and blood-sacrifices were made for them. Njord died on a bed of sickness, and before he died made himself be marked for Odin with the spear-point. The Swedes burned him, and all wept over his grave-mound.

12. FREY'S DEATH. Frey took the kingdom after Njord, and was called drot by the Swedes, and they paid taxes to him. He was, like his father, fortunate in friends and in good seasons. Frey built a great temple at Upsal, made it his chief seat, and gave it all his taxes, his land, and goods. Then began the Upsal domains, which have remained ever since. Then began in his days the Frode- peace; and then there were good seasons, in all the land, which the Swedes ascribed to Frey, so that he was more worshipped than the other gods, as the people became much richer in his days by reason of the peace and good seasons. His wife was called Gerd, daughter of Gymis, and their son was called Fjolne. Frey was called by another name, Yngve; and this name Yngve was considered long after in his race as a name of honour, so that his descendants have since been called Ynglinger. Frey fell into a sickness; and as his illness took the upper hand, his men took the plan of letting few approach him. In the meantime they raised a great mound, in which they placed a door with three holes in it. Now when Frey died they bore him secretly into the mound, but told the Swedes he was alive; and they kept watch over him for three years. They brought all the taxes into the mound, and through the one hole they put in the gold, through the other the silver, and through the third the copper money that was paid. Peace and good seasons continued.

13. OF FREYA AND HER DAUGHTERS. Freya alone remained of the gods, and she became on this account so celebrated that all women of distinction were called by her name, whence they now have the title Frue; so that every woman is called frue, or

mistress over her property, and the wife is called the house-frue. Freya continued the blood-sacrifices. Freya had also many other names. Her husband was called Oder, and her daughters Hnoss and Gerseme. They were so very beautiful, that afterwards the most precious jewels were called by their names. When it became known to the Swedes that Frey was dead, and yet peace and good seasons continued, they believed that it must be so as long as Frey remained in Sweden; and therefore they would not burn his remains, but called him the god of this world, and afterwards offered continually blood-sacrifices to him, principally for peace and good seasons.

#### 14. OF KING FJOLNE'S DEATH.

Fjolne, Yngve Frey's son, ruled thereafter over the Swedes and the Upsal domains. He was powerful, and lucky in seasons and in holding the peace. Fredfrode ruled then in Leidre, and between them there was great friendship and visiting. Once when Fjolne went to Frode in Sealand, a great feast was prepared for him, and invitations to it were sent all over the country. Frode had a large house, in which there was a great vessel many ells high, and put together of great pieces of timber; and this vessel stood in a lower room. Above it was a loft, in the floor of which was an opening through which liquor was poured into this vessel. The vessel was full of mead, which was excessively strong. In the evening Fjolne, with his attendants, was taken into the adjoining loft to sleep. In the night he went out to the gallery to seek a certain place, and he was very sleepy and exceedingly drunk. As he came back to his room he went along the gallery to the door of another left, went into it, and his foot slipping, he fell into the vessel of mead and was drowned. So says Thjodolf of Kvine:

--

"In Frode's hall the fearful word,  
The death-foreboding sound was heard:  
The cry of fey denouncing doom,  
Was heard at night in Frode's home.  
And when brave Frode came, he found  
Swithiod's dark chief, Fjolne, drowned.  
In Frode's mansion drowned was he,  
Drowned in a waveless, windless sea."

#### 15. OF SWEGDE.

Swegde took the kingdom after his father, and he made a solemn vow to seek Godheim and Odin. He went with twelve men through the world, and came to Turkland, and the Great Svithiod, where he found many of his connections. He was five years on this journey; and when he returned home to Sweden he remained there for some time. He had got a wife in Vanheim, who was called Vana, and their son was Vanlande. Swegde went out afterwards to seek again for Godheim, and came to a mansion on the east side of

Swithiod called Stein, where there was a stone as big as a large house. In the evening after sunset, as Swegde was going from the drinking-table to his sleeping-room, he cast his eye upon the stone, and saw that a dwarf was sitting under it. Swegde and his man were very drunk, and they ran towards the stone. The dwarf stood in the door, and called to Swegde, and told him to come in, and he should see Odin. Swegde ran into the stone, which instantly closed behind him, and Swegde never came back. Thiodolf of Kvine tells of this: --

"By Diurnir's elfin race,  
Who haunt the cliffs and shun day's face,  
The valiant Swegde was deceived,  
The elf's false words the king believed.  
The dauntless hero rushing on,  
Passed through the yawning mouth of stone:  
It yawned -- it shut -- the hero fell,  
In Saekmime's hall, where giants dwell."

#### 16. OF VANLANDE, SWEGDE'S SON.

Vanlande, Swegde's son, succeeded his father, and ruled over the Upsal domain. He was a great warrior, and went far around in different lands. Once he took up his winter abode in Finland with Snae the Old, and got his daughter Driva in marriage; but in spring he set out leaving Driva behind, and although he had promised to return within three years he did not come back for ten...

#### 19. OF DOMAR, DOMALD'S SON.

Domald's son, called Domar, next ruled over the land. He reigned long, and in his days were good seasons and peace. Nothing is told of him but that he died in his bed in Upsal, and was transported to the Fyrisvold, where his body was burned on the river bank, and where his standing stone still remains. So says Thjodolf: --

"I have asked wise men to tell  
Where Domar rests, and they knew well.  
Domar, on Fyrie's wide-spread ground,  
Was burned, and laid on Yngve's mound."

#### 20. OF DYGVE, DOMAR'S SON.

Dygve was the name of his son, who succeeded him in ruling the land; and about him nothing is said but that he died in his bed. Thjodolf tells of it thus: --

"Dygve the Brave, the mighty king,  
It is no hidden secret thing,

Has gone to meet a royal mate,  
Riding upon the horse of Fate.  
For Loke's daughter in her house  
Of Yngve's race would have a spouse;  
Therefore the fell-one snatched away  
Brave Dygve from the light of day."

Dygve's mother was Drott, a daughter of King Danp, the son of Ríg, who was first called "king" in the Danish tongue...

### 30. OF EGIL AND TUNNE.

Egil was the name of On the Old's son, who succeeded as king in Sweden after his father's death. He was no warrior, but sat quietly at home... King Egil was a great hunter, and often rode into the forest to chase wild animals. Once he rode out with his men to hunt in the forest. The king had traced an animal a long while, and followed it in the forest, separated from all his men. He observed at last that it was the bull, and rode up to it to kill it. The bull turned round suddenly, and the king struck him with his spear; but it tore itself out of the wound. The bull now struck his horn in the side of the horse, so that he instantly fell flat on the earth with the king. The king sprang up, and was drawing his sword, when the bull struck his horns right into the king's breast. The king's men then came up and killed the bull. The king lived but a short time, and was buried in a mound at Upsal. Thjodolf sings of it thus: --

"The fair-haired son of Odin's race,  
Who fled before fierce Tunne's face,  
Has perished by the demon-beast  
Who roams the forests of the East.  
The hero's breast met the full brunt  
Of the wild bull's shaggy front;  
The hero's heart's asunder torn  
By the fell Jotun's spear-like horn."

### 48. HALFDAN HVITBEIN MADE KING.

Those of the Swedes who had more understanding found that the dear times proceeded from there being a greater number of people on the land than it could support, and that the king could not be blamed for this. They took the resolution, therefore, to cross the Eida forest with all their men, and came quite unexpectedly into Soleyar, where they put to death King Solve, and took Halfdan Hvitbein prisoner, and made him their chief, and gave him the title of king. Thereupon he subdued Soleyar, and proceeding

with his army into Raumarike, plundered there, and laid that district also in subjection by force of arms.

#### 49. OF HALFDAN HVITBEIN.

Halfdan Hvitbein became a great king. He was married to Aasa, a daughter of Eystein the Severe, who was king of the Upland people, and ruled over Hedemark. Halfdan and Aasa had two sons, Eystein and Gudrod. Halfdan subdued a great part of Hedemark, Toten, Hadeland, and much of Westfold. He lived to be an old man, and died in his bed at Toten, from whence his body was transported to Westfold, and was buried under a mound at a place called Skaereid, at Skiringsale. So says Thjodolf: --

"Halfdan, esteemed by friends and foes,  
Receives at last life's deep repose:  
The aged man at last, though late,  
Yielded in Toten to stern fate.  
At Skiringsale hangs o'er his grave  
A rock, that seems to mourn the brave  
Halfdan,  
to chiefs and people dear,  
Received from all a silent tear."

#### 50. OF INGJALD, BROTHER OF HALFDAN.

Ingjald, Halfdan's brother, was king of Vermeland; but after his death King Halfdan took possession of Vermeland, raised scatt from it, and placed earls over it as long as he lived.

#### 51. OF KING EYSTEIN'S DEATH.

Eystein, Halfdan Hvitbein's son, became king after in Raumarike and Westfold. He was married to Hild, a daughter of Eric Agnarsson, who was king in Westfold. Agnar, Eric's father, was a son of Sigtryg, king in the Vend district. King Eric had no son, and died while King Halfdan Hvitbein was still in life. The father and son, Halfdan and Eystein, then took possession of the whole of Westfold, which Eystein ruled over as long as he lived...

#### 54. OF KING OLAF'S DEATH.

Olaf came to the kingdom after his father. He was a great warrior, and an able man; and was besides remarkably handsome, very strong and large of growth. He had Westfold; for King Alfgeir took all Vingulmark to himself, and placed his son Gandalf over it. Both father and son made war on Raumarike, and subdued the greater part of that land and district. Hogne was the name of a son of the Upland king, Eystein the Great, who subdued for himself the whole of Hedemark, Toten, and Hadeland. Then Vermeland fell off from Gudrod's sons, and turned itself, with its payment of scatt, to the Swedish king. Olaf was about twenty years old when Gudrod died; and as his brother Halfdan now had the kingdom with him, they divided it between them; so that

Olaf got the eastern and Halfdan the southern part. King Olaf had his main residence at Geirstad. There he died of a disease in his foot, and was laid under a mound at Geirstad. So sings Thjodolf: --

"Long while this branch of Odin's stem  
Was the stout prop of Norway's realm;  
Long while King Olaf with just pride  
Ruled over Westfold far and wide.  
At length by cruel gout oppressed,  
The good King Olaf sank to rest:  
His body now lies under ground,  
Buried at Geirstad, in the mound."

#### 55. OF ROGNVALD THE MOUNTAIN-HIGH.

Rognvald was the name of Olaf's son who was king of Westfold after his father. He was called "Mountain-high," and Thjodolf of Hvina composed for him the "Ynglinga-tal", in which he says: --

"Under the heaven's blue dome, a name  
I never knew more true to fame  
Than Rognvald bore; whose skilful hand  
Could tame the scornors of the land, --  
Rognvald, who knew so well to guide  
The wild sea-horses through the tide:  
The "Mountain-high" was the proud name  
By which the king was known to fame."

...

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Another part of Snorri Sturlson's collection of Old Norse accounts is *The Prose Edda*. It contains a wide variety of lore which a Skald (poet) of the time would need to know. Although written in 1200 AD by Snorri Sturlson, it contains the stories of the pagan Scandinavian people. It is historically important because it contains fragments of a number of manuscripts which Snorri had access to, but which are now lost. Although Snorri was a Christian, he treated the ancient pagan 'mythology' with great respect, realizing it contained much true history, albeit mixed with errors of various sorts. Let's now read excerpts from *The Prose Edda*, which can be found at <http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/pre/index.htm> :

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## PROLOGUE

IN the beginning God created heaven and earth and all those things which are in them; and last of all, two of human kind, Adam and Eve, from whom the races are descended. And their offspring multiplied among themselves and were scattered throughout the earth. But as time passed, the races of men became unlike in nature: some were good and believed on the right; but many more turned after the lusts of the world and slighted

God's command. Wherefore, God drowned the world in a swelling of the sea, and all living things, save them alone that were in the ark with Noah. After Noah's flood eight of mankind remained alive, who peopled the earth; and the races descended from them. And it was even as before: when the earth was full of folk and inhabited of many, then all the multitude of mankind began to love greed, wealth, and worldly honor, but neglected the worship of God. Now accordingly it came to so evil a pass that they would not name God; and who then could tell their sons of God's mighty wonders? Thus it happened that they lost the name of God; and throughout the wideness of the world the man was not found who could distinguish in aught the trace of his Creator. But not the less did God bestow upon them the gifts of the earth: wealth and happiness, for their enjoyment in the world; He increased also their wisdom, so that they knew all earthly matters, and every phase of whatsoever they might see in the air and on the earth...

## II

The world was divided into three parts: from the south, extending into the west and bordering on the Mediterranean Sea,--all this part was called Africa, the southern quarter of which is hot, so that it is parched with the sun. The second part, from west to north and bordering on the ocean, is called Európa or Eneá; its northern part is so cold that no grass grows upon it, and no man dwells there. From the north and all down over the eastern part, even to the south, is called Asia. In that region of the world is all fairness and pride, and the fruits of the earth's increase, gold and jewels. There also is the centre of the earth; and even as the land there is lovelier and better in every way than in other places, so also were the sons of men there most favored with all goodly gifts: wisdom, and strength of the body, beauty, and all manner of knowledge.

## III

Near the earth's centre was made that goodliest of homes and haunts that ever have been, which is called Troy, even that which we call Turkland. This abode was much more gloriously made than others, and fashioned with more skill of craftsmanship in manifold wise, both in luxury and in the wealth which was there in abundance. There were twelve kingdoms and one High King, and many sovereignties belonged to each kingdom; in the stronghold were twelve chieftains. These chieftains were in every manly part greatly above other men that have ever been in the world. One king among them was called Múnón or Mennón; and he was wedded to the daughter of the High King Priam, her who was called Tróán; they had a child named Trór, whom we call Thor. He was fostered in Thrace by a certain war-duke called Lóríkus; but when he was ten winters old he took unto him the weapons of his father. He was as goodly to look upon, when he came among other men, as the ivory that is inlaid in oak; his hair was fairer than gold. When he was twelve winters old he had his full measure of strength; then he lifted clear of the earth ten bear-skins all at one time; and then he slew Duke Lóríkus, his foster-father, and with him his wife Lórá, or Glórá, and took into his own hands the realm of Thrace, which we call Thrúdheim. Then he went forth far and wide over the lands, and sought out every quarter of the earth, overcoming alone all berserks and giants, and one dragon, greatest of all dragons, and many beasts. In the northern half of his kingdom he found the prophetess



that is called Síbil, whom we call Sif, and wedded her. The lineage of Sif I cannot tell; she was fairest of all women, and her hair was like gold. Their son was Lóridi, who resembled his father; his son was Einridi, his son Vingethor, his son Vingener, his son Móda, his son Magi, his son Seskef, his son Bedvig, his son Athra (whom we call Annarr), his son Ítermann, his son Heremód, his son Skjaldun (whom we call Skjöld), his son Bjáf (whom we call Bjárr), his son Ját, his son Gudólfr, his son Finn, his son Fríallaf (whom we call Fridleifr); his son was he who is named Vóden, whom we call Odin: he was a man far-famed for wisdom and every accomplishment. His wife was Frígídá, whom we call Frigg.

#### IV

Odin had second sight, and his wife also; and from their foreknowledge he found that his name should be exalted in the northern part of the world and glorified above the fame of all other kings. Therefore, he made ready to journey out of Turkland, and was accompanied by a great multitude of people, young folk and old, men and women; and they had with them much goods of great price. And wherever they went over the lands of the earth, many glorious things were spoken of them, so that they were held more like gods than men. They made no end to their journeying till they were come north into the land that is now called Saxland; there Odin tarried for a long space, and took the land into his own hand, far and wide.

In that land Odin set up three of his sons for land-wardens. One was named Vegdeg: he was a mighty king and ruled over East Saxland; his son was Vitgils; his sons were Vitta, Heingistr's father, and Sigarr, father of Svebdeg, whom we call Svipdagr. The second son of Odin was Beldeg, whom we call Baldr: he had the land which is now called Westphalia. His son was Brandr, his son Frjódigar, (whom we call Fródi), his son Freóvin, his son Uvigg, his son Gevis (whom we call Gave). Odin's third son is named Sigi, his son Rerir. These the forefathers ruled over what is now called Frankland; and thence is descended the house known as Völsungs. From all these are sprung many and great houses.

Then Odin began his way northward, and came into the land which they called Reidgothland; and in that land he took possession of all that pleased him. He set up over the land that son of his called Skjöldr, whose son was Fridleifr;--and thence descends the house of the Skjöldungs: these are the kings of the Danes. And what was then called Reidgothland is now called Jutland.

#### V

After that he went northward, where the land is called Sweden; the king there was named Gylfi. When the king learned of the coming of those men of Asia, who were called Æsir, he went to meet them, and made offer to them that Odin should have such power in his realm as he himself wielded. And such well-being followed ever upon their footsteps, that in whatsoever lands they dwelt were good seasons and peace; and all believed that

they caused these things, for the lords of the land perceived that they were unlike other men whom they had seen, both in fairness and also in wisdom.

The fields and the choice lands in that place seemed fair to Odin, and he chose for himself the site of a city which is now called Sigtún. There he established chieftains in the fashion which had prevailed in Troy; he set up also twelve head-men to be doomsmen over the people and to judge the laws of the land; and he ordained also all laws as, there had been before, in Troy, and according to the customs of the Turks. After that he went into the north, until he was stopped by the sea, which men thought lay around all the lands of the earth; and there he set his son over this kingdom, which is now called Norway. This king was Sæmingr; the kings of Norway trace their lineage from him, and so do also the jarls and the other mighty men, as is said in the *Háleygjatal*. Odin had with him one of his sons called Yngvi, who was king in Sweden after him; and those houses come from him that are named Ynglings. The Æsir took wives of the land for themselves, and some also for their sons; and these kindreds became many in number, so that throughout Saxland, and thence all over the region of the north, they spread out until their tongue, even the speech of the men of Asia, was the native tongue over all these lands. Therefore men think that they can perceive, from their forefathers' names which are written down, that those names belonged to this tongue, and that the Æsir brought the tongue hither into the northern region, into Norway and into Sweden, into Denmark and into Saxland. But in England there are ancient lists of land-names and place-names which may show that these names came from another tongue than this.

## GYLFAGINNING

### HERE BEGINS THE BEGUILING OF GYLFI

I. King Gylfi ruled the land that men now call Sweden. It is told of him that he gave to a wandering woman, in return for her merry-making, a plow-land in his realm, as much as four oxen might turn up in a day and a night. But this woman was of the kin of the Æsir; she was named Gefjun. She took from the north, out of Jötunheim, four oxen which were the soils of a certain giant and, herself, and set them before the plow. And the plow cut so wide and so deep that it loosened up the land; and the oxen drew the land out into the sea and to the westward, and stopped in a certain sound. There Gefjun set the land, and gave it a name, calling it Selund. And from that time on, the spot whence the land had been torn up is water: it is now called the Lögr in Sweden; and bays lie in that lake even as the headlands in Selund. Thus says Bragi, the ancient skald:

Gefjun drew from Gylfi | gladly the wave-trove's free-hold,  
Till from the running beasts | sweat reeked, to Denmark's increase;  
The oxen bore, moreover, | eight eyes, gleaming brow-lights,  
O'er the field's wide: booty, | and four heads in their plowing.

II. King Gylfi was a wise man and skilled in magic; he was much troubled that the Æsir-people were so cunning that all things went according to their will. He pondered whether

this might proceed from their own nature, or whether the divine powers which they worshipped might ordain such things. He set out on his way to Ásgard, going secretly, and- clad himself in the likeness of an old man, with which he dissembled. But the Æsir were wiser in this matter, having second sight; and they saw his journeying before ever he came, and prepared against him deceptions of the eye. When he came into the town, he saw there a hall so high that he could not easily make out the top of it: its thatching was laid with golden shields after the fashion of a shingled roof. So also says Thjóðólfr of Hvin, that Valhall was thatched with shields:

On their backs they let beam, | sore battered with stones,  
Odin's hall-shingles, | the shrewd sea-farers.

In the hall-doorway Gylfi saw a man juggling with anlaces, having seven in the air at one time. This man asked of him his name. He called himself Gangleri, and said he had come by the paths of the serpent, and prayed for lodging for the night, asking: "Who owns the hall?" The other replied that it was their king; "and I will attend thee to see him; then shalt thou thyself ask him concerning his; name;" and the man wheeled about before him into the hall, and he went after, and straightway the door closed itself on his heels. There he saw a great room and much people, some with games, some drinking; and some had weapons and were fighting. Then he looked about him, and thought unbelievable many things which he saw; and he said:

All the gateways | ere one goes out  
Should one scan:  
For 't is uncertain | where sit the unfriendly  
On the bench before thee.

He saw three high-seats, each above the other, and three men sat thereon, -one on each. And he asked what might be the name of those lords. He who had conducted him in answered that the one who, sat on the nethermost high-seat was a king, "and his name is Hárr;[1] but the next is named Janhárr;[2] and he who is uppermost is called Thrídi." [3] Then Hárr asked the newcomer whether his errand were more than for the meat and drink which were always at his command, as for every one there in the Hall of the High One. He answered that he first desired to learn whether there were any wise man there within. Hárr said, that he should not escape whole from thence unless he were wiser.

And stand thou forth | who speirest;  
Who answers, | he shall sit.

III. Gangleri began his questioning thus: "Who is foremost, or oldest, of all the gods?" Hárr answered: cc He is called in our speech Allfather, but in the Elder Ásgard he had twelve names: one is Allfather; the second is Lord, or Lord of Hosts; the third is Nikarr, or Spear-Lord; the fourth is Nikudr, or Striker; the fifth is Knower of Many Things; the sixth, Fulfiller of Wishes; the seventh, Far-Speaking One; the eighth, The Shaker, or He that Putteth the Armies to Flight; the ninth, The Burner; the tenth, The Destroyer; the eleventh, The Protector; the twelfth, Gelding."

Then asked Gangleri: "Where is this god, or what power hath he, or what hath he wrought that is a glorious deed?" Hárr made answer: "He lives throughout all ages and governs all his realm, and directs all things, great and small." Then said Jafnhárr: "He fashioned heaven and earth and air, and all things which are in them." Then spake Thridi: "The greatest of all is this: that he made man, and gave him the spirit, which shall live and never perish, though the flesh-frame rot to mould, or burn to ashes; and all men shall live, such as are just in action, and be with himself in the place called Gimlé. But evil men go to Hel and thence down to the Misty Hel; and that is down in the ninth world." Then said Gangleri: "What did he before heaven and earth were made?" And Hárr answered: "He was then with the Rime-Giants."

IV. Gangleri said: "What was the beginning, or how began it, or what was before it?" Hárr answered: "As is told in *Völuspá*:

Erst was the age | when nothing was;  
Nor sand nor sea, | nor chilling stream-waves;  
Earth was not found, | nor Ether-Heaven,--  
A Yawning Gap, | but grass was none."

Then said Jafnhárr: "It was many ages before the earth was shaped that the Mist-World was made; and midmost within it lies the well that is called Hvergelmir, from which spring the rivers called Svöl, Gunnthrá, Fjörm, Fimbulthul, Slídr and Hríð, Sylgr and Ylgr, Víð, Leiptr; Gjöll is hard by Hel-gates." And Thridi said: "Yet first was the world in the southern region, which was named Múspell; it is light and hot; that region is glowing and burning, and impassable to such as are outlanders and have not their holdings there. He who sits there at the land's-end, to defend the land, is called Surtr; he brandishes a flaming sword, and at the end of the world he shall go forth and harry, and overcome all the gods, and burn all the world with fire; thus is said in *Völuspá*:

Surtr fares from the south | with switch-eating flame,--  
On his sword shimmers | the sun of the War-Gods;  
The rock-crags crash; | the fiends are reeling;  
Heroes tread Hel-way; | Heaven is cloven."

...

XIV. Then said Gangleri: "What did Allfather then do when Ásgard was made?" Hárr answered: "In the beginning he established rulers, and bade them ordain fates with him, and give counsel concerning the planning of the town; that was in the place which is called Ida-field, in the midst of the town. It was their first work to make that court in which their twelve seats stand, and another, the high-seat which Allfather himself has. That house is the best-made of any on earth, and the greatest; without and within, it is all like one piece of gold; men call it Gladsheim. They made also a second hall: that was a shrine which the goddesses had, and it was a very fair house; men call it Vingólf. Next they fashioned a house, wherein they placed a forge, and made besides a hammer, tongs, and anvil, and by means of these, all other tools. After this they smithied metal and stone

and wood, and wrought so abundantly that metal which is called gold, that they had all their household ware and all dishes of gold; and that time is called the Age of Gold, before it was spoiled by the coming of the Women, even those who came out of Jötunheim. Next after this, the gods enthroned themselves in their seats and held judgment, and called to mind whence the dwarves had quickened in the mould and underneath in the earth, even as do maggots in flesh. The dwarves had first received shape and life in the flesh of Ymir, and were then maggots; but by decree of the gods had become conscious with the intelligence of men, and had human shape. And nevertheless they dwell in the earth and in stones. Módsognir was the first, and Durinn the second; so it says in *Völuspá*.

Then strode all the mighty | to the seats of judgment,  
The gods most holy, | and together held counsel,  
Who should of dwarves | shape the peoples  
From the bloody surge | and the Blue One's bones. They made many in  
man's likeness, Dwarves in the earth, | as Durinn said.

And these, says the Sibyl, are their names:

Nýi and Nidi, | Nordri and Sudri,  
Austri, Vestri, | Althjófr, Dvalinn;  
Nár, Náinn, | Nípingr, Dáinn,  
Bifurr, Báfurr, | Bömburr, Nóri,  
Óri, Ónarr, | Óinn, Mjödvitnir,  
Viggr and Gandálfr, | Vindálfr, Thorinn,  
Fíli, Kíli, | Fundinn, Váli;  
Thrór, Thróinn, | Thekk, Littr and Vitr,  
Nýr, Nýrádr, | Rekk, Rádsvidr.

...

XVII. Then said Gangleri: "Thou knowest many tidings to tell of the heaven. What chief abodes are there more than at Urdr's Well?" Hárr said: "Many places are there, and glorious. That which is called Álfheimr[1] is one, where dwell the peoples called Light-Elves; but the Dark-Elves dwell down in the earth, and they are unlike in appearance, but by far more unlike in nature. The Light-Elves are fairer to look upon than the sun, but the Dark-Elves are blacker than pitch. Then there is also in that place the abode called Breidablik,[2] and there is not in heaven a fairer dwelling. There, too, is the one called Glitnir,[3] whose walls, and all its posts and pillars, are of red gold, but its roof of silver. There is also the abode called Himinbjörg;[4] it stands at heaven's end by the bridge-head, in the place where Bifröst joins heaven. Another great abode is there, which is named Valaskjálf;[5] Odin possesses that dwelling; the gods made it and thatched it with sheer silver, and in this hall is the Hlidskjálf,[6] the high-seat so called. Whenever Allfather sits in that seat, he surveys all lands. At the southern end of heaven is that hall which is fairest of all, and brighter than the sun; it is called Gimlé.[7] It shall stand when

both heaven and earth have departed; and good men and of righteous conversation shall dwell therein: so it is said in *Völuspá*.--

A hall I know standing | than the sun fairer,  
Thatched with gold | in Gimlé bright;  
There shall dwell | the doers of righteousness  
And ever and ever | enjoy delight."

Then said Gangleri: "What shall guard this place, when the flame of Surtr shall consume heaven and earth?" Hárr answered: "It is sad that another heaven is to the southward and upward of this one, and it is called Andlangr;[1] but the third heaven is yet above that, and it is called Víðbláinn,[2] and in that heaven we think this abode is. But we believe that none but Light-Elves inhabit these mansions now." ...

XX. Then said Gangleri: "Who are the Æsir, they in whom it behoves men to believe?" Hárr answered: "The divine Æsir are twelve." Then said Jafnhárr: "Not less holy are the Ásynjur, the goddesses, and they are of no less authority." Then said Thríði: "Odin is highest and eldest of the Æsir: he rules all things, and mighty as are the other gods, they all serve him as children obey a father. Frigg is his wife, and she knows all the fates of men, though she speaks no prophecy,--as is said here, when Odin himself spake with him of the Æsir whom men call Loki:

Thou art mad now, | Loki, and reft of mind,--  
Why, Loki, leav'st thou not off?  
Frigg, methinks, | is wise in all fates,  
Though herself say them not!

Odin is called Allfather because he is father of all the gods. He is also called Father of the Slain, because all those that fall in battle are the sons of his adopt on; for them he appoints Valhall[4] and Vingólf,[5] and they are then called Champions...

XXI. Then said Gangleri: "What are the names of the other Æsir, or what is their office, or what deeds of renown have they done?" Hárr answered: "Thor is the foremost of them, he that is called Thor of the Æsir, or Öku-Thor; he is strongest of all the gods and men. He has his realm in the place called Thrúðvangar, and his hall is called Bilskimir;[2] in that hall are five hundred rooms and forty. That is the greatest house that men know of; It is thus said in *Grímnismál*:

Five hundred floors | and more than forty,  
So reckon I Bilskimir with bending ways;  
Of those houses | that I know of hall-roofed,  
My son's I know the most.

...

XXII. Then said Gangleri: "I would ask tidings of more Æsir." Hárr replied: "The second son of Odin is Baldr, and good things are to be said of him. He is best, and all praise him; he is so fair of feature, and so bright, that light shines from him. A certain herb is so white that it is likened to Baldr's brow; of all grasses it is whitest, and by it thou mayest judge his fairness, both in hair and in body. He is the wisest of the Æsir, and the fairest-spoken and most gracious; and that quality attends him, that none may gainsay his judgments. He dwells in the place called Breidablik,[1] which is in heaven; in that place may nothing unclean be, even as is said here:

Breidablik 't is called, | where Baldr has  
A hall made for himself:  
In that land | where I know lie  
Fewest baneful runes.

XXIII. "The third among the Æsir is he that is called Njördr: he dwells in heaven, in the abode called Nóatún. He rules the course of the wind, and stills sea and fire; on him shall men call for voyages and for hunting. He is so prosperous and abounding in wealth, that he may give them great plenty of lands or of gear; and him shall men invoke for such things. Njördr is not of the race of the Æsir: he was reared in the land of the Vanir, but the Vanir delivered him as hostage to the gods, and took for hostage in exchange him that men call Hœnir; he became an atonement between the gods and the Vanir. Njördr has to wife the woman called Skadi, daughter of Thjazi the giant. Skadi would fain dwell in the abode which her father had had, which is on certain mountains, in the place called Thrymheimr; but Njördr would be near the sea. They made a compact on these terms: they should be nine nights in Thrymheimr, but the second nine at Nóatún. But when Njördr came down from the mountain back to Nóatún, he sang this lay:

Loath were the hills to me, | I was not long in them,  
Nights only nine;  
To me the wailing of | wolves seemed ill,  
After the song of swans.

Then Skadi sang this:

Sleep could I never | on the sea-beds,  
For the wailing of waterfowl;  
He wakens me, | who comes from the deep--  
The sea-mew every morn.

Then Skadi went up onto the mountain, and dwelt in Thrymheimr. And she goes for the more part on snowshoes and with a bow and arrow, and shoots beasts; she is called Snowshoe-Goddess or Lady of the Snowshoes. So it is said:

Thrymheimr 't is called, | where Thjazi dwelt,  
He the hideous giant;

But now Skadi abides, | pure bride of the gods,  
In her father's ancient freehold.

XXIV. "Njördr in Nóatún begot afterward two children: the son was called Freyr, and the daughter Freyja; they were fair of face and mighty. Freyr is the most renowned of the Æsir; he rules over the rain and the shining of the sun, and therewithal the fruit of the earth; and it is good to call on him for fruitful seasons and peace. He governs also the prosperity of men. But Freyja is the most renowned of the goddesses; she has in heaven the dwelling called Fólkvangr,[1] and wheresoever she rides to the strife, she has one-half of the kill, and Odin half, as is here said:

Fólkvangr 't is called, | where Freyja rules  
Degrees of seats in the hall;  
Half the kill | she keepeth each day,  
And half Odin hath.

Her hall Sessrúmnir[2] is great and fair. When she goes forth, she drives her cats and sits in a chariot; she is most conformable to man's prayers, and from her name comes the name of honor, Frú, by which noblewomen are called. Songs of love are well-pleasing to her; it is good to call on her for furtherance in love." ...

XXXIII. "Also numbered among the Æsir is he whom some call the mischief-monger of the Æsir, and the first father of falsehoods, and blemish of all gods and men: he is named Loki or Loptr, son of Fárbauti the giant; his mother was Laufey or Nál; his brothers are Byleistr and Helblindi. Loki is beautiful and comely to look upon, evil in spirit., very fickle in habit. He surpassed other men in that wisdom which is called 'sleight,' and had artifices for all occasions; he would ever bring the Æsir into great hardships, and then get them out with crafty counsel. His wife was called Sigyn, their son Nari or Narfi...

XLI. Then said Gangleri: "A very mighty multitude of men is in Valhall, so that, by my faith, Odin is a very great chieftain, since he commands so large an army. Now what is the sport of the champions, when they are not fighting?" Hárr replied: "Every day, as soon as they are clothed, they straightway put on their armor and go out into the court and fight, and fell each other. That is their sport; and when the time draws near to undern-meal, they ride home to Valhall and sit down to drink, even as is said here:

All the Einherjar | in Odin's court  
Deal out blows every day;  
The slain they choose | and ride from the strife,  
Sit later in love together.

But what thou hast said is true: Odin is of great might. Many examples are found in proof of this, as is here said in the words of the Æsir themselves:

Ash Yggdrasill's trunk | of trees is foremost,  
And Skíðbladnir of ships;



Odin of Æsir, | of all steeds Sleipnir,  
Bifröst of bridges, | and Bragi of skalds;  
Hábrók of hawks, | and of hounds Garmr."

...

LII. Then said Gangleri: "What shall come to pass afterward, when all the world is burned, and dead are all the gods and all the champions and all mankind? Have ye not said before, that every man shall live in some world throughout all ages?" Then Thríði answered: "In that time the good abodes shall be many, and many the ill; then it shall be best to be in Gimlé in Heaven. Moreover, there is plenteous abundance of good drink, for them that esteem that a pleasure, in the hall which is called Brimír: it stands in Ókólnir. That too is a good hall which stands in Níða Fells, made of red gold; its name is Sindri. In these halls shall dwell good men and pure in heart.

"On Nástrand[1] is a great hall and evil, and its doors face to the north: it is all woven of serpent-backs like a wattle-house; and all the snake-heads turn into the house and blow venom, so that along the hall run rivers of venom; and they who have broken oaths, and murderers, wade those rivers, even as it says here:

I know a hall standing | far from the sun,  
In Nástrand: the doors; | to northward are turned;  
Venom-drops fill | down from the roof-holes;  
That hall is bordered | with backs of serpents.

There are doomed to wade | the weltering streams  
Men that are mansworn, | and they that murderers are.

But it is worst in Hvergelmir:

There the cursed snake | tears dead men's corpses."

LIII. Then spake Gangleri: "Shall any of the gods live then, or shall there be then any earth or heaven?" Hárr answered: "In that time the earth shall emerge out of the sea, and shall then be green and fair; then shall the fruits of it be brought forth unsown. Víðarr and Váli shall be living, inasmuch as neither sea nor the fire of Surtr shall have harmed them; and they shall dwell at Íða-Plain, where Ásgarð was before. And then the sons of Thor, Móði and Magni, shall come there, and they shall have Mjöllnir there. After that Baldr shall come thither, and Höðr, from Hel; then all shall sit down together and hold speech. with one another, and call to mind their secret wisdom, and speak of those happenings which have been before: of the Midgard Serpent and of Fenris-Wolf. Then they shall find in the grass those golden chess-pieces which the Æsir had had; thus is it said:

In the deities' shrines | shall dwell Víðarr and Váli,  
When the Fire of Surtr is slackened;

Módi and Magni | shall have Mjöllnir  
At the ceasing of Thor's strife.

In the place called Hoddmímir's Holt there shall lie hidden during the Fire of Surtr two of mankind, who are called thus: Líf and Lífthrasir, and for food they shall have the morning-dews. From these folk shall come so numerous an offspring that all the world shall be peopled, even as is said here:

Líf and Lífthrasir, | these shall lurk hidden  
In the Holt of Hoddmímir;  
The morning dewes | their meat shall be;  
Thence are gendered the generations.

And it may seem wonderful to thee, that the sun shall have borne a daughter not less fair than herself; and the daughter shall then tread in the steps of her mother, as is said here:

The Elfin-beam | shall bear a daughter,  
Ere Fenris drags her forth;  
That maid shall go, | when the great gods die,  
To ride her mother's road.

But now, if thou art able to ask yet further, then indeed I know not whence answer shall come to thee, for I never heard any man tell forth at greater length the course of the world; and now avail thyself of that which thou hast heard."

LIV. Thereupon Gangleri heard great noises on every side of him; and then, when he had looked about him more, lo, he stood out of doors on a level plain, and saw no hall there and no castle. Then he went his way forth and came home into his kingdom, and told those tidings which he had seen and heard; and after him each man told these tales to the other.

But the Æsir sat them down to speak together, and took counsel and recalled all these tales which had been told to him. And they gave these same names that were named before to those men and places that were there, to the end that when long ages should have passed away, men should not doubt thereof, that those Æsir that were but now spoken of, and these to whom the same names were then given, were all one. There Thor was so named, and he is the old Ása-Thor.

He is Öku-Thor, and to him are ascribed those mighty works which Hector wrought in Troy. But this is the belief of men: that the Turks told of Ulysses, and called him Loki, for the Turks were his greatest foes..."

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Another scholar who wrote a history of some of the Germanic people in the centuries following their Christianization, using materials from the pagan past, is Saxo Grammaticus ("Saxo the Learned"). His book *The Danish History* was originally written in Latin in the early years of the 13th century A.D. It has been said that of the songs and

stories which Denmark possessed from the common Scandinavian stock, often her only native record is in Saxo's history. Let's consider these excerpts from the book which is found in its entirety at <http://sunsite3.berkeley.edu/OMACL/DanishHistory/> :

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## **Preface**

Forasmuch as all other nations are wont to vaunt the glory of their achievements, and reap joy from the remembrance of their forefathers: Absalon, Chief Pontiff of the Danes, whose zeal ever burned high for the glorification of our land, and who would not suffer it to be defrauded of like renown and record, cast upon me, the least of his followers -- since all the rest refused the task -- the work of compiling into a chronicle the history of Denmark, and by the authority of his constant admonition spurred my weak faculty to enter on a labour too heavy for its strength. For who could write a record of the deeds of Denmark? It had but lately been admitted to the common faith: it still languished as strange to Latin as to religion. But now that the holy ritual brought also the command of the Latin tongue, men were as slothful now as they were unskilled before, and their sluggishness proved as faultful as that former neediness. Thus it came about that my lowliness, though perceiving itself too feeble for the aforesaid burden, yet chose rather to strain beyond its strength than to resist his bidding; fearing that while our neighbours rejoiced and transmitted records of their deeds, the repute of our own people might appear not to possess any written chronicle, but rather to be sunk in oblivion and antiquity. Thus I, forced to put my shoulder, which was unused to the task, to a burden unfamiliar to all authors of preceding time, and dreading to slight his command, have obeyed more boldly than effectually, borrowing from the greatness of my admonisher that good heart which the weakness of my own wit denied me...

And I would not have it forgotten that the more ancient of the Danes, when any notable deeds of mettle had been done, were filled with emulation of glory, and imitated the Roman style; not only by relating in a choice kind of composition, which might be called a poetical work, the roll of their lordly deeds; but also by having graven upon rocks and cliffs, in the characters of their own language, the works of their forefathers, which were commonly known in poems in the mother tongue. In the footsteps of these poems, being as it were classic books of antiquity, I have trod; and keeping true step with them as I translated, in the endeavour to preserve their drift, I have taken care to render verses by verses; so that the chronicle of what I shall have to write, being founded upon these, may thus be known, not for a modern fabrication, but for the utterance of antiquity; since this present work promises not a trumpery dazzle of language, but faithful information concerning times past...

## **Book One**

Now Dan and Angul, with whom the stock of the Danes begins, were begotten of Humble, their father, and were the governors and not only the founders of our race. (Yet Dudo, the historian of Normandy, considers that the Danes are sprung and named from the Danai.) And these two men, though by the wish and favour of their country they gained the lordship of the realm, and, owing to the wondrous deserts of their bravery, got

the supreme power by the consenting voice of their countrymen, yet lived without the name of king: the usage whereof was not then commonly resorted to by any authority among our people.

Of these two, Angul, the fountain, so runs the tradition, of the beginnings of the Anglian race, caused his name to be applied to the district which he ruled. This was an easy kind of memorial wherewith to immortalise his fame: for his successors a little later, when they gained possession of Britain, changed the original name of the island for a fresh title, that of their own land. This action was much thought of by the ancients: witness Bede, no mean figure among the writers of the Church, who was a native of England, and made it his care to embody the doings of his country in the most hallowed treasury of his pages; deeming it equally a religious duty to glorify in writing the deeds of his land, and to chronicle the history of the Church.

From Dan, however, so saith antiquity; the pedigrees of our kings have flowed in glorious series, like channels from some parent spring. Grytha, a matron most highly revered among the Teutons, bore him two sons, HUMBLE and LOTHER.

The ancients, when they were to choose a king, were wont to stand on stones planted in the ground, and to proclaim their votes, in order to foreshadow from the steadfastness of the stones that the deed would be lasting. By this ceremony Humble was elected king at his father's death, thus winning a novel favour from his country; but by the malice of ensuing fate he fell from a king into a common man. For he was taken by Lother in war, and bought his life by yielding up his crown; such, in truth, were the only terms of escape offered him in his defeat...

SKIOLD, his son, inherited his natural bent, but not his behaviour; avoiding his inborn perversity by great discretion in his tender years, and thus escaping all traces of his father's taint. So he appropriated what was alike the more excellent and the earlier share of the family character; for he wisely departed from his father's sins, and became a happy counterpart of his grandsire's virtues. This man was famous in his youth among the huntsmen of his father for his conquest of a monstrous beast: a marvellous incident, which augured his future prowess. For he chanced to obtain leave from his guardians, who were rearing him very carefully, to go and see the hunting. A bear of extraordinary size met him; he had no spear, but with the girdle that he commonly wore he contrived to bind it, and gave it to his escort to kill. More than this, many champions of tried prowess were at the same time of his life vanquished by him singly; of these Attal and Skat were renowned and famous. While but fifteen years of age he was of unusual bodily size and displayed mortal strength in its perfection, and so mighty were the proofs of his powers that the rest of the kings of the Danes were called after him by a common title, the SKIOLDUNG'S. Those who were wont to live an abandoned and flaccid life, and to sap their selfcontrol by wantonness, this man vigilantly spurred to the practice of virtue in an active career. Thus the ripeness of Skiold's spirit outstripped the fulness of his strength, and he fought battles at which one of his tender years could scarce look on. And as he thus waxed in years and valour he beheld the perfect beauty of Alfhild, daughter of the King of the Saxons, sued for her hand, and, for her sake, in the sight of the armies of the Teutons and the Danes, challenged and fought with Skat, governor of Allemannia, and a suitor for the same maiden; whom he slew, afterwards crushing the whole nation of the Allemannians, and forcing them to pay tribute, they being subjugated by the death of

their captain. Skiold was eminent for patriotism as well as arms. For he annulled unrighteous laws, and most heedfully executed whatsoever made for the amendment of his country's condition. Further, he regained by his virtue the realm that his father's wickedness had lost. He was the first to proclaim the law abolishing manumissions. A slave, to whom he had chanced to grant his freedom, had attempted his life by stealthy treachery, and he exacted a bitter penalty; as though it were just that the guilt of one freedman should be visited upon all. He paid off all men's debts from his own treasury, and contended, so to say, with all other monarchs in courage, bounty, and generous dealing. The sick he used to foster, and charitably gave medicines to those sore stricken; bearing witness that he had taken on him the care of his country and not of himself. He used to enrich his nobles not only with home taxes, but also with plunder taken in war; being wont to aver that the prize-money should flow to the soldiers, and the glory to the general.

Thus delivered of his bitterest rival in wooing, he took as the prize of combat the maiden, for the love of whom he had fought, and wedded her in marriage. Soon after, he had by her a son, GRAM, whose wondrous parts savoured so strongly of his father's virtues that he was deemed to tread in their very footsteps...

Gram, chancing to hear that Groa, daughter of Sigtryg, King of the Swedes, was plighted to a certain giant, and holding accursed an union so unworthy of the blood royal, entered on a Swedish war; being destined to emulate the prowess of Hercules in resisting the attempts of monsters. He went into Gothland, and, in order to frighten people out of his path, strode on clad in goats' skins, swathed in the motley hides of beasts, and grasping in his right hand a dreadful weapon, thus feigning the attire of a giant; when he met Groa herself riding with a very small escort of women on foot, and making her way, as it chanced, to the forest-pools to bathe, she thought it was her betrothed who had hastened to meet her, and was scared with feminine alarm at so strange a garb: so, flinging up the reins, and shaking terribly all over, she began in the song of her country, thus:

"I see that a giant, hated of the king, has come, and darkens the highways with his stride. Or my eyes play me false; for it has oft befallen bold warriors to skulk behind the skin of a beast."

Then began Bess: "Maiden, seated on the shoulders of the steed, tell me, pouring forth in thy turn words of answer, what is thy name, and of what line art thou born?"

Groa replied: "Groa is my name; my sire is a king, glorious in blood, gleaming in armour. Disclose to us, thou also, who thou art, or whence sprung!"

To whom Bess: "I am Bess, brave in battle, ruthless to foes, a terror to nations, and oft drenching my right hand in the blood of foes."

Then said Groa: "Who, prithee, commands your lines? Under what captain raise ye the war-standards? What prince controls the battle? Under whose guidance is the war made ready?"

Bess in answer: "Gram, the blest in battle, rules the array: force nor fear can swerve him; flaming pyre and cruel sword and ocean billow have never made him afraid. Led by him, maiden, we raise the golden standards of war."

Groa once more: "Turn your feet and go back hence, lest Sigtryg vanquish you all with his own array, and fasten you to a cruel stake, your throats haltered with the cord, and doom your carcasses to the stiff noose, and, glaring evilly, thrust out your corpses to the hungry raven."

Bess again: "Gram, ere he shall shut his own eyes in death, shall first make him a ghost, and, smiting him on the crest, shall send him to Tartarus. We fear no camp of the Swedes. Why threaten us with ghastly dooms, maiden?"

Groa answered him: "Behold, I will ride thence to see again the roof of my father which I know, that I may not rashly set eyes on the array of my brother who is coming. And I pray that your death-doom may tarry for you who abide."

Bess replied: "Daughter, to thy father go back with good cheer; nor imprecate swift death upon us, nor let choler shake thy bosom. For often has a woman, harsh at first and hard to a wooer, yielded the second time."

Whereupon Gram could brook no longer to be silent, and pitching his tones gruffly, so as to mimic a gruesome and superhuman voice, accosted the maiden thus:

"Let not the maiden fear the brother of the fleet giant, nor turn pale because I am nigh her. For I am sent by Grip, and never seek the couch and embrace of damsels save when their wish matches mine."

Groa answered: "Who so mad as to wish to be the leman of giants? Or what woman could love the bed that genders monsters? Who could be the wife of demons, and know the seed whose fruit is monstrous? Or who would fain share her couch with a barbarous giant? Who caresses thorns with her fingers? Who would mingle honest kisses with mire? Who would unite shaggy limbs to smooth ones which correspond not? Full ease of love cannot be taken when nature cries out against it: nor doth the love customary in the use of women sort with monsters."

Gram rejoined: "Oft with conquering hand I have tamed the necks of mighty kings, defeating with stronger arm their insolent pride. Thence take red-glowing gold, that the troth may be made firm by the gift, and that the faith to be brought to our wedlock may stand fast."

Thus speaking, he cast off his disguises, and revealed his natural comeliness; and by a single sight of him he filled the damsel with well-nigh as much joy as he had struck her with fear before at his counterfeit. She was even incited to his embraces by the splendour of his beauty; nor did he fail to offer her the gifts of love.

Having won Groa, Bess proceeded and learnt that the road was beset by two robbers. These he slew simply by charging them as they rushed covetously forth to despoil him. ... This exploit was besung by Bess in a most zealous strain of eulogy:

"Gram, the fierce wielder of the prosperous mace, knowing not the steel, rained blows on the outstretched sword, and with a stock beat off the lances of the mighty.

"Following the decrees and will of the gods, he brought low the glory of the powerless Swedes, doing their king to death and crushing him with the stiff gold.

"For he pondered on the arts of war: he wielded in his clasp the ruddy-flashing wood, and victoriously with noble stroke made their fallen captain writhe.

"Shrewdly he conquered with the hardness of gold him whom fate forbade should be slain by steel; unsworded, waging war with the worthier metal.

"This treasure, for which its deviser claims glory and the height of honour, shall abide yet more illustrious hereafter, known far and wide in ampler fame."

Having now slain Sigtryg, the King of Sweden, Gram desired to confirm his possession of the empire which he had won in war; and therefore, suspecting Swarin the governor of Gothland of aspiring to the crown, he challenged him to combat, and slew him. This man's brethren, of whom he had seven lawfully born, and nine the sons of a concubine, sought to avenge their brother's death, but Gram, in an unequal contest, cut them off.

Gram, for his marvellous prowess, was granted a share in the sovereignty by his father, who was now in extreme age, and thought it better and likewise more convenient to give his own blood a portion of the supremacy of the realm, than now in the setting of his life to administer it without a partner. Therefore Ring, a nobly-born Zealander, stirred the greater part of the Danes with desire for insurrection; fancying that one of these men was unripe for his rank, and that the other had run the course of his powers, alleging the weakness in years of both, and declaring that the wandering wit of an old man made the one, and that of a boy the other, unfit for royal power. But they fought and crushed him, making him an example to all men, that no season of life is to be deemed incompatible with valour.

Many other deeds also King Gram did....

After this SWIPDAG, King of Norway, destroyed Gram, who was attempting to avenge the outrage on his sister and the attempt on his daughter's chastity. This battle was notable for the presence of the Saxon forces, who were incited to help Swipdag, not so much by love of him, as by desire to avenge Henry.

GUTHORM and HADDING, the son of Gram (Groa being the mother of the first and Signe of the second), were sent over to Sweden in a ship by their foster-father, Brage (Swipdag being now master of Denmark), and put in charge of the giants Wagnhofde and Hafle, for guard as well as rearing.

...

Swipdag, now that he had slain Gram, was enriched with the realms of Denmark and Sweden; and because of the frequent importunities of his wife he brought back from banishment her brother Guthorm, upon his promising tribute, and made him ruler of the Danes. But Hadding preferred to avenge his father rather than take a boon from his foe...

After this he prevailed over a great force of men of the East, and came back to Sweden. Swipdag met him with a great fleet off Gottland; but Hadding attacked and destroyed him. And thus he advanced to a lofty pitch of renown, not only by the fruits of foreign spoil, but by the trophies of his vengeance for his brother and his father. And he exchanged exile for royalty, for he became king of his own land as soon as he regained it.

At this time there was one Odin, who was credited over all Europe with the honour, which was false, of godhead, but used more continually to sojourn at Upsala; and in this spot, either from the sloth of the inhabitants or from its own pleasantness, he vouchsafed to dwell with somewhat especial constancy. The kings of the North, desiring more zealously to worship his deity, embounded his likeness in a golden image; and this statue,

which betokened their homage, they transmitted with much show of worship to Byzantium, fettering even the effigied arms with a serried mass of bracelets. Odin was overjoyed at such notoriety, and greeted warmly the devotion of the senders. But his queen Frigga, desiring to go forth more beautified, called smiths, and had the gold stripped from the statue. Odin hanged them, and mounted the statue upon a pedestal, which by the marvellous skill of his art he made to speak when a mortal touched it. But still Frigga preferred the splendour of her own apparel to the divine honours of her husband, and submitted herself to the embraces of one of her servants; and it was by this man's device she broke down the image, and turned to the service of her private wantonness that gold which had been devoted to public idolatry. Little thought she of practicing unchastity, that she might the easier satisfy her greed, this woman so unworthy to be the consort of a god; but what should I here add, save that such a godhead was worthy of such a wife? So great was the error that of old befooled the minds of men. Thus Odin, wounded by the double trespass of his wife, resented the outrage to his image as keenly as that to his bed; and, ruffled by these two stinging dishonours, took to an exile overflowing with noble shame, imagining so to wipe off the slur of his ignominy.

When he had retired, one Mit-othin, who was famous for his juggling tricks, was likewise quickened, as though by inspiration from on high, to seize the opportunity of feigning to be a god; and, wrapping the minds of the barbarians in fresh darkness, he led them by the renown of his jugglings to pay holy observance to his name. He said that the wrath of the gods could never be appeased nor the outrage to their deity expiated by mixed and indiscriminate sacrifices, and therefore forbade that prayers for this end should be put up without distinction, appointing to each of those above his especial drink-offering. But when Odin was returning, he cast away all help of jugglings, went to Finland to hide himself, and was there attacked and slain by the inhabitants. Even in his death his abominations were made manifest, for those who came nigh his barrow were cut off by a kind of sudden death; and after his end, he spread such pestilence that he seemed almost to leave a filthier record in his death than in his life: it was as though he would extort from the guilty a punishment for his slaughter. The inhabitants, being in this trouble, took the body out of the mound, beheaded it, and impaled it through the breast with a sharp stake; and herein that people found relief.

The death of Odin's wife revived the ancient splendour of his name, and seemed to wipe out the disgrace upon his deity; so, returning from exile, he forced all those, who had used his absence to assume the honours of divine rank, to resign them as usurped; and the gangs of sorcerers that had arisen he scattered like a darkness before the advancing glory of his godhead. And he forced them by his power not only to lay down their divinity, but further to quit the country, deeming that they, who tried to foist themselves so iniquitously into the skies, ought to be outcasts from the earth.

Meanwhile Asmund, the son of Swipdag, fought with Hadding to avenge his father. And when he heard that Henry his son, his love for whom he set even before his own life, had fallen fighting valiantly, his soul longed for death, and loathed the light of day, and made a song in a strain like this:

"What brave hath dared put on my armour? The sheen of the helmet serves not him who tottereth, nor doth the breastplate fitly shelter him that is sore spent. Our son is slain, let us riot in battle; my eager love for him driveth me to my death, that I may not be left



outliving my dear child. In each hand I am fain to grasp the sword; now without shield let us ply our warfare bare-breasted, with flashing blades. Let the rumour of our rage beacon forth: boldly let us grind to powder the column of the foe; nor let the battle be long and chafe us; nor let our onset be shattered in rout and be still."

When he had said this, he gripped his hilt with both hands, and, fearless of peril, swung his shield upon his back and slew many...

Hadding's daughter, Ulfhild, who was wife to a certain private person called Guthorm, was moved either by anger at her match, or with aspirations to glory, and throwing aside all heed of daughterly love, tempted her husband to slay her father; declaring that she preferred the name of queen to that of princess. I have resolved to set forth the manner of her exhortation almost in the words in which she uttered it; they were nearly these:

"Miserable am I, whose nobleness is shadowed by an unequal yoke! Hapless am I, to whose pedigree is bound the lowliness of a peasant! Luckless issue of a king, to whom a common man is equal by law of marriage! Pitiable daughter of a prince, whose comeliness her spiritless father hath made over to base and contemptible embraces! Unhappy child of thy mother, with thy happiness marred by consorting with this bed! thy purity is handled by the impurity of a peasant, thy nobility is bowed down by ignoble commonness, thy high birth is impaired by the estate of thy husband! But thou, if any pith be in thee, if valour reign in thy soul at all, if thou deem thyself fit husband for a king's daughter, wrest the sceptre from her father, retrieve thy lineage by thy valour, balance with courage thy lack of ancestry, requite by bravery thy detriment of blood. Power won by daring is more prosperous than that won by inheritance. Boldness climbs to the top better than inheritance, and worth wins power better than birth. Moreover, it is no shame to overthrow old age, which of its own weight sinks and totters to its fall. It shall be enough for my father to have borne the sceptre for so long; let the dotard's power fall to thee; if it elude thee, it will pass to another. Whatsoever rests on old age is near its fall. Think that his reign has been long enough, and be it thine, though late in the day, to be first. Further, I would rather have my husband than my father king -- would rather be ranked a king's wife than daughter. It is better to embrace a monarch in one's home, than to give him homage from afar; it is nobler to be a king's bride than his courtier. Thou, too, must surely prefer thyself to thy wife's father for bearing the sceptre; for nature has made each one nearest to himself. If there be a will for the deed, a way will open; there is nothing but yields to the wit of man. The feast must be kept, the banquet decked, the preparations looked to, and my father bidden. The path to treachery shall be smoothed by a pretence of friendship, for nothing cloaks a snare better than the name of kindred. Also his soddenness shall open a short way to his slaughter; for when the king shall be intent upon the dressing of his hair, and his hand is upon his beard and his mind upon stories; when he has parted his knotted locks, either with hairpin or disentangling comb, then let him feel the touch of the steel in his flesh. Busy men commonly devise little precaution. Let thy hand draw near to punish all his sins. It is a righteous deed to put forth thy hand to avenge the wretched!"

Thus Ulfhild importuned, and her husband was overcome by her promptings, and promised his help to the treachery. But meantime Hadding was warned in a dream to beware of his son-in-law's guile. He went to the feast, which his daughter had made ready for him with a show of love, and posted an armed guard hard by to use against the

treachery when need was. As he ate, the henchman who was employed to do the deed of guile silently awaited a fitting moment for his crime, his dagger hid under his robe. The king, remarking him, blew on the trumpet a signal to the soldiers who were stationed near; they straightway brought aid, and he made the guile recoil on its deviser.

Meanwhile Hunding, King of the Swedes, heard false tidings that Hadding was dead, and resolved to greet them with obsequies. So he gathered his nobles together, and filled a jar of extraordinary size with ale, and had this set in the midst of the feasters for their delight, and, to omit no mark of solemnity, himself assumed a servant's part, not hesitating to play the cupbearer. And while he was passing through the palace in fulfilment of his office, he stumbled and fell into the jar, and, being choked by the liquor, gave up the ghost; thus atoning either to Orcus, whom he was appeasing by a baseless performance of the rites, or to Hadding, about whose death he had spoken falsely. Hadding, when he heard this, wished to pay like thanks to his worshipper, and, not enduring to survive his death, hanged himself in sight of the whole people.

## Book Two

HADDING was succeeded by FRODE, his son, whose fortunes were many and changeful...

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Odin was clearly one of the most influential men in pagan Germanic history. The webpage <http://www.gedevasen.dk/mapodin.html> shows what may have been his travel route :



Thus many of the later excursions of the Vikings of Scandinavia were in areas where their ancestors had traveled and even lived. Indeed, this past history, preserved in the skaldric poetry sung to the Viking people, most likely served as one motive for Viking journeys.

## CHAPTER 7 : OF THE PICTS

We have in some of the previous chapters read of the Picts, who settled in much of the region that is now Scotland. The Anglo-Saxon Bede's treatment of the Picts is noted at the website <http://www.ancientsites.com/aw/Article/391308> :

“According to Bede, the mostly reliable Northumbrian cleric writing in the late 7th and early 8th century, the Picts arrived in a few boats, driven around Britain by a storm. They eventually landed in northern Ireland and asked permission to settle, but were told there was no land to spare, and they should try northern Britain.

‘So the Picts crossed into Britain and began to settle in the north of the island, since the Britons were in possession of the south. Having no women with them, these Picts asked wives of the Irish, who consented on condition that, when any dispute arose, they should choose a king from the female royal line rather than the male. This custom continues among the Picts to this day.’”

Besides Bede, “an ancient Irish poem Duan Gircanash records how 300 Irish women were kidnapped by the womenless Picts.

Cruithne, son of Cuig, took their women from them  
It is directly stated  
Except Tea, wife of Hermion  
Son of Miledh....

There were no charming, noble wives  
For their young men;  
Their women having been stolen...'

Other Welsh and Irish versions of the story add more detail, but the basic thrust was that the Picts originated as warriors who came from across the seas and first settled in the far north of the country. They had to obtain Irish women, for which Cruithne 'swore by the heaven and the earth, the sun and the moon, the sea and the land, the dew and the elements, that of women should be the Royal succession among them for ever', and they were implacable enemies of the native Britons, whom they eventually conquered.”

A Pictish Chronicle has been preserved. The text seems to date from the reign of Kenneth II (971-995 AD) (since he is the last king mentioned in the Chronicle and the chronicler does not know the length of his reign), but the manuscript itself is a 14th century copy. Here are selections from it, found at <http://www.mimas.ac.uk/~zzalsaw2/pictish.html> :

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The Picts take their name in their own tongue from their painted bodies; this is because, using sharp iron tools and ink, they are marked by tattoos of various shapes. The Scots, who now are incorrectly called Irish, are {as it were} Sciti, because they came from the Scythian region, and had their origin there; or else they take their name from Scotta the daughter of Pharaoh the king of Egypt, who as the story goes was the queen of the Scots. It is known for a fact that the Britons arrived in Britain in the third age of the world<sup>1</sup>. However the Sciti, that is, the Scots took possession of Scotia, or Ireland, in the fourth age<sup>2</sup>.

The Scythian people are born with white hair due to the continuous snow; and the colour of that same hair gives a name to the people, and hence they are called Albani: from them the Scots and Picts trace their origin. In their eyes, there is a bright, that is coloured, pupil, to such an extent that they can see better at night than by day. Moreover the Albani<sup>3</sup> were neighbours to the Amazons. The Goths are thought to be named after Magog the son of Japheth<sup>4</sup>, from the similarity of the final syllable; they whom the ancient Greeks called Getae<sup>5</sup>, rather than Goths...

The Scythians and Goths derive their origin from Magog. Scythia, and also Gothia, is said to be named from that same Magog son of Japheth: its land was once vast; for it stretched from India in the East, to the North, through the marshlands of Meotidas<sup>1</sup>, between the Danube and the Ocean, as far as the borders of Germany. Afterwards it became smaller from the part of the East where the Siricus Ocean starts, as far as the Caspian Sea, which is to the West...

Cruide<sup>1</sup> the son of Cinge, father of the Picts living in this island, ruled for 100 years. He had 7 sons. These are their names<sup>2</sup>: Fib, Fidach, Floclaid, Fortrenn, Got, Ce, Circinn.

Circin reigned 40  
Fidach 40  
Fortrenn 70  
Floclaid 30  
Got 12  
Ce 15  
Fibaid 24...

Angus son of Fergus reigned 30 years...

It would appear that Kenneth Mac Alpín conquered most of Pictavia around 843, but these 3 ruled some areas for a few more years until finally defeated.

And so Kenneth<sup>1</sup>, the son of Alpín, the foremost of the Scots, ruled that kingdom of Pictavia successfully for 16 years. However Pictavia was named after the Picts; whom, as we said<sup>2</sup>, Kenneth destroyed. For God, to punish them for the fault of their malice, deigned to make them estranged and indifferent to their heritage: because they not only scorned the Lord's mass and injunctions; but also were unwilling to be reckoned equal to others in the law of impartiality. Indeed, two years before he came to Pictavia, he took

over the kingdom of Dál Riata. In the seventh year of his rule, he transferred the remains of Saint Columba to the church which he built, and he attacked Saxonia six times; and he burnt down Dunbar and captured Melrose. However the Britons<sup>3</sup> burnt down Dunblane, and the Danes laid waste to Pictavia, as far as Clunie and Dunkeld. He finally died of a tumour, before the Ides of February on the third day of the week<sup>4</sup> in the palace of Forteviot...

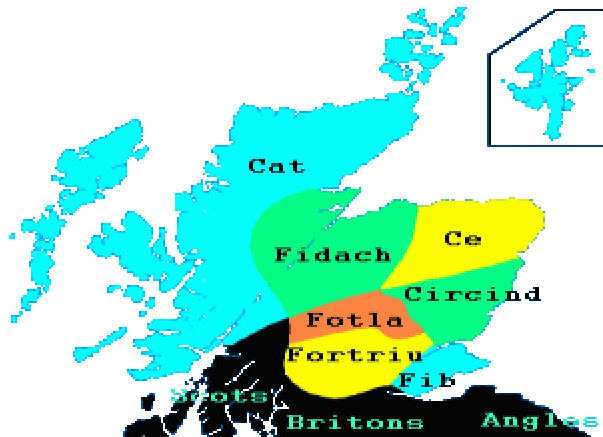
Donald<sup>1</sup>, his brother, held the same kingdom for 4 years. In his time, the Gaels established the rights and laws of the kingdom of Áed the son of Eochaid<sup>2</sup>, with their own king at Forteviot. He died in the palace of Cinn Belachior<sup>3</sup> on the Ides of April<sup>4</sup>...

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The first few lines of the Pictish Chronicle's King List then, covering from the first Father of the Picts, Cruidne, are as follows:

“Cruidne son of Cinge, the father of the Picts inhabiting this island, reigned 100 years. He had seven sons named thusly: Fib, Fidach, Floclaid, Fortrenn, Got, Ke, Kircinn. Kircinn reigned 60 years. Fidach 40. Fortrenn 70. Floclaid 30. Got 12. Ke 15. Fibaid 24. Gedeolgudach 80. Denbecan 100. Olfinecta 60. Guidid gaed brechach 50. Gestgurchich 40. Wurgest... “

So ancient Scotland was divided according to the above list of Pictish rulers, descended from Cruidne, as illustrated at <http://www.holyrood.org.uk/picts/found.htm> :



“Cat ruled for twelve years over the area now known as Caithness, Sutherland, West Highlands and Northern and Western Isles. The name means 'Cat People'. Fidach ruled for forty years over the area now known as Moray, Nairn and Ross. The name means 'Woodman'. Ce ruled for fifteen years over the areas now known as Banff, Buchan and parts of Aberdeenshire. The name Ce may survive in the town of Keith. Fotla (or Foltlaig) ruled for thirty years over the area now known as Athol and Gowrie. Fotla was a Goddess of Ireland. Circinn (or Cirech) ruled for sixty years over the area now known as Angus and the Mearns. The name means 'crest headed'. Skene highlights a Crus (son of Cirech) who was a warrior of the Picts. A battle was fought on the plain of Circinn against the Scots. Fortriu (or Fortran) ruled for seventy years over the area now known

as Strathearn and Menteith. The name may mean 'people of the slow winding river'. Fib ruled for twenty four years over the area now known as Fife and Kinross. In the book of Deer the people of fife are called the 'cu-sidhe'; fairy hounds.”

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The Picts, like the Irish (aka Scots) with whom we commenced our study in this textbook, were evidently of Scythian stock, descended from Magog. This is the same Magog of whom we read in Ezekiel 38:2-3, “Son of Man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog...Thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I am against thee, O Gog.”

We have thus reached the conclusion of our anthology of ancient European literature and chronicles. It is a record of an ancient pagan generation that should not be lost or forgotten by our modern generation, for it tells from whence we came and why we desperately needed the gospel of Jesus Christ.

## APPENDIX : FOR FURTHER STUDY

For additional information on Latin chronicles see

[http://www.digitalbookindex.com/\\_search/search010litancientlatina.asp](http://www.digitalbookindex.com/_search/search010litancientlatina.asp) .

Other Greek chronicles can also be found at this website:

<http://www.attalus.org/translate/chronicles.html> . They too confirm what we have seen in the other chronicles.

<http://www.crystalinks.com/greekliterature.html>

<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/ancient/asbook07.html#Greece:%20Major%20Historians:%20Complete%20Texts>

<http://www.yorku.ca/inpar/>