LIBER VIII

IAM nitidum retegentem diem noctisque fugante
tempora Lucifer eadit Eurus, et umida surgunt
nubila; tant placidi cursum redeuntibus Austri
Aeacidis Cephaloque; quibus feliciter acti
ante expectatum portus tennere petitos.
intera Minos Lelegiae litora vastat
practemptataque sui vires Mavortis in urbe
Alcaithoi, quam Nius habet, cui splendidus ostro
inter honoratos mediocque in vertice canos
crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni.

Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lucae,
et pendebat ad hue belli fortuna, diuque
inter utrumque volat dubiis Victoria pennis.
regia turris erat vocalibus aidita muria,
in quibus auratum proles Letoia fertur
15 deposisse lyram; saxo sonus eius inhaesit.
saepe illic solita est ascendentre filia Nais
et petere exiguo resonantia sas lapillo,
tum cum pax esset; bello quoque saepe solebat
spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis,
30 tamen mora bellii procerum quoque nomina norat
armaque equoque habitusque Cyclonaeisque
phauretas;

BOOK VIII

Now when Lucifer had banished night and ushered in the shining day, the east wind fell and moist clouds arose. The peaceful south wind offered a safe return to Cephalus and the mustered troops of Aeacus, and, speeding their voyage, brought them, sooner than they had hoped, to their desired haven. Meanwhile King Minos was laying waste the coast of Megara, and was trying his martial strength against the city of Alcaithoi,1 where Nius reigned. This Nuis had growing on his head, amidit his locks of honoured grey, a brilliant purple lock on whose preservation rested the safety of his throne.

Six times had the new moon shown her horns, and still the fate of war hung in the balance; so long did Victory hover on doubtful wings between the two. There was a royal tower reared on the tuneful walls where Latona’s son was said to have laid down his golden lyre, whose music still lingered in the stones. Often to this tower the daughter of King Nius used to climb and set the rocks resounding with a pebble, in the day when peace was. Also after the war began she would often look out from this place upon the rough martial combats. And now, as the war dragged on, she had come to know even the names of the warring chiefs, their arms, their horses, their dress, their Cretan quivers. And

1 i.e. Megara.
OVID

noverat ante alios facem ducis Europaei, plus etiam, quam nosse sat est: hac induc Minos, seu caput abiderat cristata cassis in galea formosar erat: seu sumperat aere fulgentem elipeum, elipeum sumpsiisse decesset; torserat addictis hastis lenta lacertos: laudabat virgo inunctam cum viribus artem; imposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus; sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis; cum vero facem dempto nautaverat aere purpureaque aliis stratris insignia pictis terga premebat equi spumantisque ora regebat, vix sua, vix saeae virgo Niseis compos mentis erat: felix inaeulum, quod cladium ille, quaeque manu pratern, felicia freno vocabat. impetus est illi, licet modo, ferre per agnus virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi turribus et summis in Gnosia mittere corpus castra vel aetas hosti recludere portas, vel siquid Minos alius velit. utque sedebat candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis, "laeter," sit "doeleam geri lacerimabile bellum, in dubio est; doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est. scd nisi bella forest, numquam mihi cognitus esset: me tamen accepta poterat depenere bellum obside: me conditum, me pacis pigrum haberet. si quae te peperit, talis, palchermne rerum, quoti es, ipsa fat, merito deus arsit in illa. o ego ter Felix, si pennis lapsa per auras Gnosiaci possem castris insistere regii fassaque me flammasque meas, qua dote, rogarem, METAMORPHOSIS BOOK VIII above all others did she know the face of their leader, Europa's son, yes, better than she should. If he had hidden his head in a crested casque, Minos in a helmet was lovely to her eyes: or if he carried his shining golden shield, the shield became him well. Did he hurl his tough spear with tense muscles, the girl admired the strength and the skill he showed. Did he bend the wide-curving bow with arrow fitted to the string, thus she would swear that Phoebus stood with arrows in his hand. But when unhelped he showed his face, when clad in purple he bestrode his milk-white steed gorgeous with brodered trappings, and managed the foaming bit, then was Nisos' daughter hardly her own, hardly mistress of a sane mind. Happy the javelin which he touched and happy the reins which he held in his hand, she thought. She longed, were it but allowed, to speed her maiden steps through the foemen's line; she longed to leap down from her lofty tower into the Cretan camp, to open the city's bronze-bound gates to the enemy, to do any other thing which Minos might desire. And, as she sat gazing at the white tents of the Cretan king, she said: "Whether I should rejoice or grieve at this woeful war, I cannot tell. I grieve because Minos is the foe of her who loves him; but if there were no war, he would never have been known to me. Suppose he had me as a hostage, then he could give up the war; I should be in his company, should be a pledge of peace. If she who bore you, O loveliest of all the world, was such as you are, good reason was it that the god burned for her. Oh, thrice happy should I be, if only I might fly through the air and stand within the camp of the Cretan king, and confess my love, and ask what dower he would wish to be paid for me. Only let him not ask my
vellet emi, tantum patrias ne posceret aereas!
55 nam percent potius sperata cubilia, quam sim
proditione potens!—quamvis saepe utile vinci
victoris placidi fecit clementia multis.

iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto:
et causaque valet causamque tenentibus armis,
et, puto, vincemur; qui si manet exitus urbe,
cur suus haec illi reseret mea moenia Mavors
et non noster amor? melius sine caede moraque
inpenisaque sui poterit superare cruris.
non metuam certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos,
vulneret intrudens: quis enim tam durus, ut in te 65
dirigere inimitem non incestus audeat hastam?
coepit placent, et stat sententia tradere sequam
dotalem patriam finemque imponere bello;
verum velle parum est: "aditus custodia servat,
claustroque portarum genitor tenet: hunc ego solum
inflex timo, solus mea vota moratur.
71 di facerent, sine patre forem! sibi quisque profecto
est deus: ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnatur.
altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto
perdere gauderet, quodcumque obstaret amori.
et cur ulla foret me fortior? ire per ignes
et gladios assim; nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis
aut gladiis opus est, opus est mihi crine paterno.
ila mihi est auro pretiosior, illa bestam
purpurae me votique mea factura potentem."

Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix
nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit.
prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII
country's caled. For may all my hopes of wedlock
perish ere I gain it by treachery. And yet oft-times
many have found it good to be overcome, when an
appeased victor has been merciful. Surely he wages
a just war for his murdered son; and he is strong
both in his cause and in the arms that defend his
cause. We shall be conquered, I am sure. And if
that doom awaits our city, why shall his warrior
hand unbar these walls of ours, and not my love?
Far better will it be without massacre and suspense
and the cost of his own blood for him to conquer.
In that case truly I should not fear lest someone
should pierce your breast unwittingly, dear Minos;
for, if not unwitting, who so cruel that he could bring
himself to throw his pitiless spear at you?" She
likes the plan, and decides to give up herself with
her country as her dowry, and so to end the war.
But merely to will is not enough. "A watch guards
the entry; my father holds the keys of the city
gates. Him only do I fear, unhappy! Only he delays
the wish of my heart. Would to God I had no father!
But surely everyone is his own god; Fortune resists
half-hearted prayers. Another girl in my place,
with so great a love, would long since have
destroyed, and that with joy, whatever stood in the
way of her love. And why should another be braver
than I? Through fire and sword would I dare go.
And yet here there is no need of fire or sword.
I need but my father's lock of hair. That is
to me more precious than gold; that purple lock
will make me blest, will give me my heart's
desire." While she thus spoke night came on, most potent
healer of our cares; and with the darkness her
boldness grew. The first rest had come, when sleep
pectora somnus habet: thalamos taciturna paternos intrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem 85
crine sum spoliat praedaque poilita nefanda per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est) 88
pervenit ad regem: quem sic adfata paventem est: "susit amor facinus: proles ego regia Nisi 90
Scylla tibi tradid patrisque meosque penates;
promiss nulla pele nisti te: cepe pignus amoris
parvum eram nee me nune tradere erimem,
seu patrum tibi crede caput!" scelerataque dextra
munera porrectit; Minos porrecta refugit 95
turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti:
"di te simmuneant, o nostri infamia saeculi,
orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur!
certe ego non patiar foris incanabula, Crete,
qu miest est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum." 100
Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor
hostibus imposuit, dassis retinacula solvi
iusit et aeratas impleri remigte poppes.
Scylla freto postquam deducta nare carinas
nee praestare ducem sceleris sibi praenisia vidit,
105 consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram
intendensque manus passis furtunda capillis
"quo fugis" exclamat "meriturum auctore relictis,
o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti?
quo fugis, immittis, calus victoria nostrum 110
et seclus et meritum est? nee te data munera, nee te
noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum

holds the heart weary with the cares of day: the
dughter steals silently into her father's chamber,
and—oh, the horrid crime!—she departs him of the
trees where his life lay. With this cursed prize,
through the midst of her foes, so sure is she of a
welcome for her deed, she goes straight to the
king; and thus she addresses him, startled at her
presence: "Love has led me to this deed. If,
Scylla, daughter of King Nius, do here deliver
to your hands my country and my house. I ask
no reward save only you. Take as the pledge of
my love this purple lock, and know that I am giving
to you not a lock, but my father's life." And in her
sin-stained hand she held out the prize to him.
Minos recoiled from the proffered gift, and, in horror
at the sight of so unnatural an act, he replied:
"May the gods banish you from their world, O foul
degrace of our age! May both land and sea be
denied to you! Be sure that I shall not permit so
de a monster to set foot on Crete, my world,
the cradle of Jove's infancy."

He spoke; and when this most upright lawgiver
had imposed laws upon his conquered foes, he bade
loose the hawers of the fleet, and the rowers to man
the bronze-bound ships. When Scylla saw that the
ships were launched and afloat, and that the king
refused her the reward of her sin, having prayed
until she could pray no more, she became violently
eraged, and stretching out her hands, with streaming
hair and mad with passion, she exclaimed: "Whither
do you go, abandoning the giver of your success, O you
whom I put before my fatherland, before my father?
Whither do you flee, you cruel man, whose victory
is my sin, 'tis true, but is my merit also? Does
not the gift I gave move you, do not my love and
all my hopes built on you alone? Deserted, whither shall I go? Back to my fatherland? It lies overthrown. But suppose it still remained: it is closed to me by my treachery. To my father’s presence? him whom I betrayed to you? My countrymen hate me, and with just cause; the neighbouring peoples fear my example. I am banished from all the world, that Crete alone might be open to me. And if you forbid me Crete as well, and, O ungrateful, leave me here, Europa is not your mother, but the inhospitable Syrtis, the Armenian tigress and storm-tossed Charybdis. You are no son of Jove, nor was your mother tricked by the false semblance of a bull. That story of your birth is a lie: it was a real bull that begot you, a fierce, wild thing that loved no heifer. Inflict my punishment, O Nisus, my father! Rejoice in my woes, O ye walls that I have but now betrayed! For I confess I have merited your hate and I deserve to die. But let some one of those whom I have foully injured slay me. Why should you, who have triumphed through my sin, punish my sin? Let this act which was a crime against my country and my father be but a service in your eyes. She is a true mate\(^1\) for you who with unnatural passion deceived the savage bull by that shape of wood and bore a hybrid offspring in her womb. Does my voice reach your ears? Or do the same winds blow away my words to emptiness that fill your sails, you ingrate? Now, now I do not wonder that Pasiphaë preferred the bull to you, for you were a more savage beast than he. Alas for me! He orders his men to haste away! and the waves resound as the oars dash into them, and I and my land are both fading from his sight. But it

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\(^1\) Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos and mother of the Minotaur.
nil agis, o frustra meritorum oblite meorum: 140
insequar invitum puppinque amplexa recuorum
per frcta longa trahar.” Vix dixerat, insilut undis
consequiturque rates faciente cupidine vires
Gnosiacaeque haeret comes invidiosa carinae.
quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura 145
et modo factus erat fulvis hallucetas alis),
ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco;
illa metu puppin dimisit, et aura cadentem
sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est.
pluma fuit: plumis in avem mutata vocatur 150
Ciris et a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.

Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum
solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curetida terram
contigit, et spolis decorata est regia fixis.
creverat obprobrium generis, foedumque patebat 155
matris adulterium monstr novitate biformis;
destinat hunc Minos thalamo removere pudorem
multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis.
Daedalus ingeni fabrae celeberrimus artis
ponit opus turbaque notas et lumina flexu
ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum.
non secus ac liquidus Phrygias Maeandros in arvis
ludit etambiguo lapsu refulitque fluitent
occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas
et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertura 165
incertas exercet aquas, ita Daedalus implet

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

is in vain; you have forgotten my deserts in vain; I
shall follow you against your will, and clinging to the
curving stern, I shall be drawn over the long reaches
of the sea.” Scarcely had she spoken when she
leaped into the water, swam after the ship, her
passion giving strength, and clung, hateful and un-
welcoming, to the Cretan boat. When her father saw
her—for he was hovering in the air, having but now
been changed into an osprey with wary wings—he
came on that he might tear her, as she clung there,
with his hooked beak. In terror she let go her
hold upon the boat, and as she fell the light air
seemed to hold her up and keep her from touching
the water. She was like a feather! Changed to a
feathered bird, she is called Ciris, and takes this
name from the shorn lock of hair.

Minos duly paid his vows to Jove, a hundred
bulls, when he disembarked upon the Cretan strand;
and he hung up his spoils of war to adorn his palace.
But now his family’s disgrace had grown big, and
the queen’s foul adultery was revealed to all by her
strange hybrid monster-child. Minos planned to
remove this shame from his house and to hide it
away in a labyrinthine enclosure with blind passages.
Daedalus, a man famous for his skill in the builder’s
art, planned and performed the work. He confused
the usual passages and deceived the eye by a con-
flicting maze of diverse winding paths. Just as the
watery Maeander plays in the Phrygian fields, flows
back and forth in doubtful course and, turning back
on itself, beholds its own waves coming on their way,
and sends its uncertain waters now towards their
source and now towards the open sea: so Daedalus
made those innumerable winding passages, and was

1 Ciris, as it from xeyps, “I cut.”
OVID

innumerus errore vias vixque ipse reverti
ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.

Quo postquam geminam tauri juventisque figuram
clausit, et Aclaee bis pastum sanguine monstrum 170
tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,
utque ope virginis nullis iterata priorum
ianus difficilis filo est inventa relecto,
protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Dian
vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo
litore destituit; descertae et multa querenti
amplexus et opem Liber tuit utque perenni
sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam
inmisit caelo: tenues volat illa per auras
dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in ignes
consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae,
qui mediis Nixeque genu est Anguemque tenentis.

Daedalus interea Creten longumque perennis
exilium tactuque loci natalis amore
clausus erat pelago. "terras liceat," inquit "et undas
obstruant: et caelum corte patet; ibimus illae: 180
omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos." dixit
et ignotas animum dimittit in artes
naturalumque novat, nam posuit in ordinem pennas
a minima coeptas, longam breviore sequenti,
190
ut elivo crevisae putes: sic rusticus quondam
fistula dispersus paulatim surgit avenis;
tum lino medias et ceris alligat imas
atque ita compositas parvo curvamine fictit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

himself scarce able to find his way back to the place of
entry, so deceptive was the enclosure he had built.
In this labyrinth Minos shut up the monster of
the bull-man form and twice he fed him on Athenian
blood; but the third tribute, demanded after each
nine years, brought the creature's overthrow. And
when, by the virgin Ariadne's help, the difficult
entrance, which no former adventurer had ever
reached again, was found by winding up the thread,
straightway the son of Aegaeus, taking Minos' daughter, spread his sails for Dla; and on that shore
he cruelly abandoned his companion. To her,
deserted and bewailing bitterly, Bacchus brought
love and help. And, that she might shine among
the deathless stars, he sent the crown she wore up
to the skies. Through the thin air it flew; and as it
flew its gems were changed to gleaming fires and, still
keeping the appearance of a crown, it took its place
between the Kneeler 1 and the Serpent-holder.2

Meanwhile Daedalus, hating Crete and his long
exile, and longing to see his native land, was shut in
by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land
and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by
that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he
does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind
at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of
nature. For he lays feathers in order, beginning at
the smallest, short next to long, so that you would
think they had grown upon a slope. Just so the
old-fashioned rustic pan-pipes with their unequal
reeds rise one above another. Then he fastened
the feathers together with twine and wax at the
middle and bottom; and, thus arranged, he bent
them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like

1 The constellation of Hercules. 2 Ophionchus.
OVID

ut veras imitetur aves. puer Icarus una
statab et ignarus, sua se tractare pericla,
ore renidenti modo, qua vaga moverat aura,
captabat plumas, flavam modo pollice ceram
mollibat lusique suo mirabile patris
impediebat opus. postquam manus ultima coepto 200
imposita est, geminas opifex libravit in alas
ipse suum corpus motaque pependit in aura;
instruit et natum "medio" que "ut limite curras,
Icaro," ait "monoc, nc, si demissior ibis,
unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat : 205
inter utrumque vola. nec te spectare Booten
aut Helicon iubeo strictumque Orionis ensem ;
me duce carpe viam !" pariter preceptae volandi
 tradit et ignotas uumeris accommodat alas.
inter opus monituseque genae maduere seniles,
et patriae tremuere manus; dedit oscula nato
non iterum repetenda suo penissique levatus
ante volat comitique timet, velut ales, ab alto
quae teneram prolem produxit in aera nido,
hortaturque sequi damnassaque erudit artes
et movet ipse suas et nati respecti alas.
hos aliquid tremula dum caput harundine pisces,
aux pastor baculo stivave ininxus arator
vidit et obstipuit, quique aethera carpere possent,
creditur esse deos. et iam Iunonia laeva 215
parte Samos (fuerant Delosque Parosque relictae)
dextra Lebinthus erat fecundaque melie Calymne,
cum puer audaci coepti gaudere volutu 220

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII

real birds' wings. His son, Icarus, was standing by
and, little knowing that he was handling his own
peril, with gleeful face would now catch at the
leathers which some passing breeze had blown about,
now mould the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his
sport would hinder his father's wondrous task. When
now the finishing touches had been put upon the
work, the master workman himself balanced his body
on two wings and hung poised on the beaten air. He
taught his son also and said; "I warn you, Icarus,
to fly in a middle course, lest, if you go too low, the
water may weight your wings; if you go too high,
the fire may burn them. Fly between the two.
And I bid you not to shape your course by Bootes or
Helice or the drawn sword of Orion, but fly where
I shall lead." At the same time he tells him the
rules of flight and fits the strange wings on his boy's
shoulders. While he works and talks the old man's
cheeks are wet with tears, and his fatherly hands
 TREMBLE. He kissed his son, which he was destined
never again to do, and rising on his wings, he flew on
ahead, fearing for his companion, just like a bird which
has led forth her fledglings from the high nest into the
unsubstantial air. He encourages the boy to follow,
instructs him in the fatal art of flight, himself flapp-
ing his wings and looking back on his son. Now
some fisherman spies them, angling for fish with his
flexible rod, or a shepherd, leaning upon his crook,
or a plowman, on his plow-handles—spies them
and stands stupefied, and believes them to be
gods that they could fly through the air. And now
Juno's sacred Samos had been passed on the left, and
Delos and Paros; Lebinthus was on the right and
Calymne, rich in honey, when the boy began to
rejoice in his bold flight and, desiring his leader,
led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold on the air. His lips, calling to the last upon his father’s name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: “Icarus, Icarus, where are you? In what place shall I seek you? Icarus,” he called again; and then he spied the wings floating on the deep, and cursed his skill. He buried the body in a tomb, and the land was called from the name of the buried boy.

As he was consigning the body of his ill-fated son to the tomb, a chattering partridge looked out from a muddy ditch and clapped her wings uttering a joyful note. She was at that time a strange bird, of a kind never seen before, and but lately made a bird; a lasting reproach to you, Daedalus. For the man’s sister, ignorant of the fates, had sent him her son to be trained, a lad of teachable mind, who had now passed his twelfth birthday. This boy, moreover, observed the backbone of a fish and, taking it as a model, cut a row of teeth in a thin strip of iron and thus invented the saw. He also was the first to bind two arms of iron together at a joint, so that, while the arms kept the same distance apart, one might stand still while the other should trace a circle. Daedalus envied the lad and thrust him down headlong from the sacred citadel of Minerva, with a lying tale that the boy had fallen. But Pallas, who favours the quick of wit, caught him up and made him a bird, and clothed him with feathers in mid-air. His old quickness of wit passed
OVID

sed vigor ingenii quondam veloci in alas
inque pedes abit; nomen, quod et ante, remansit.
on tamen haec alte volucris sua corpora tollit,
nee facit in ramos altoque cacumine nidos:
propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova
antiquique memror metuit sublimia casus.

Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat
Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis
mitis habebatur; iam lamentabile Athenae
pandere desierant Thesea laude tributum:
templa coronantur, bellatriecemque Minervam
cum Iove disque vocant alis, quos sanguine voto
muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant;
sparserat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes
Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit,
huius opem magnis inploraveri periclis,
huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet,
sollicita supplex petuit prece: causa petendi
sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae.
Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni
primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo,
Palladios flave latices libasse Minervae;
coeptus ab agricolis superos perveniit ad omnes
ambitious honor: solas sine ture relictas
praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras.
tangit et ira deos. "at non inpune feremus,
quaeque inhonorate, non et dicemur inultae"
inquit, et Oeneos ultorem spreta per agros

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into his wings and legs, but he kept the name which
he had before. Still the bird does not lift her body
high in flight nor build her nest on trees or on high
points of rock; but she flutters along near the ground
and lays her eggs in hedgerows; and, remembering
that old fall, she is ever fearful of lofty places.

Now the land of Aetna received the weary Daedalus,
where King Cocalus took up arms in the sup-
pliant’s defence and was esteemed most kind.¹ Now
also Athens, thanks to Theseus, had ceased to pay
her doleful tribute. The temple is wreathed with
flowers, the people call on Minerva, goddess of
battles, with Jove and the other gods, whom they
worship with sacrificial blood, with gifts and burning
incense. Quick-flying fame had spread the name of
Theseus through all the towns of Greece, and all
the peoples of rich Achaia prayed his help in their
own great perils. Suppliant Calydon sought his help
with anxious prayers, although she had her Meleager.
The cause of seeking was a monster boar, the
servant and avenger of outraged Diana. For they
say that Oeneus, king of Calydon, in thanksgiving
for a bounteous harvest-time, paid the first-fruits
of the grain to Ceres, paid his wine to Bacchus,
and her own flowing oil to golden-haired Minerva.
Beginning with the rural deities, the honour they
craved was paid to all the gods of heaven; only
Diana’s altar was passed by (they say) and left
without its incense. Anger also can move the gods. “But
we shall not bear this without vengeance,” she said;
“and though unhonoured, it shall not be said that
we are unavenged.” And the scorned goddess sent
over Oeneus’ fields an avenging boar, as great as

¹ This phrase has no point, and there seems to be something
wrong with the text.
misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros
non habet Epiro, sed habent Sicula arva minores:
sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget ardus cervix,
et setae similis rigidis hastilibus horrent:
285
fervida cum rauro lato stridore per armos
spuma fluit, dentes aquantur dentibus Indis,
fulmen ab ore venit, frountes aspistant ardent.
is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba,
nunc matura metit fixturi veta coloni
et Cerecem in spiciis intercipit: area frustra
et frustra expectant promissas horrea messae.
290
steruntur gravidi longo cum palmitre fetus
bacaque cum ramis semper rudentis olivae.
saevit et in pecudes: non has pastorve canisve,
non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri.
diffingt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis
esse putant tutos, donec Mcleagros et una
lecta manus iuvenum eedere cupidine laudis:
300
Tyndaridae gemini, spectatus caestibus alter,
alter equo, primaque ratis molitor Iason,
et cum Piritho, felix concordia, Theseus,
et duo Thestiae prolaque Aphareia, Lyceus
et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus,
305
Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acastus
Hipposhostque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix
Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyileus.
nec Telamon aberrat magnique creator Achillis
cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao
310
1 Ehwald omits, as well as line 288:
stantque velut vallum, velut alta hastilia setae.
2 See xii. 189 ff.
3 Koryntes and Cleatus.
4 Admetus.

the bulls which feed on grassy Epirus, and greater
than those of Sicily. His eyes glowed with blood
and fire; his neck was stiff and high; his bristles
stood up like lines of stiff spear-shafts; amidst deep,
hoarse grunts the hot foam flecked his broad
shoulders; his tusks were long as the Indian ele-
phant’s, lightning flashed from his mouth, the her-
bage shrivelled beneath his breath. Now he trampled
down the young corn in the blade, and now he laid
waste the full-grown crops of some farmer who was
doomed to mourn, and cut off the ripe grain in the
corn. In vain the threshing-floor, in vain the granary
awaited the promised harvests. The heavy bunches
of grapes with their trailing vines were cast down, and
berry and branch of the olive whose leaf never withers.
He vents his rage on the cattle, too. Neither
herdsmen nor dogs can protect them, nor can the
fierce bulls defend their herds. The people flee in
all directions, nor do they count themselves safe
until protected by a city’s walls. Then at last
Melaeager and a picked band of youths assembled,
with the love of glory: the twin sons of Leda,
wife of Tyndarus, one famous for boxing; the other
for horsemanship; Jason, the first ship’s builder;
Theseus and Pirithoüs, inseparable friends; the two
sons of Thestius; Lyceus and swift-footed Idas,
sons of Apharesus; Caeneus, no longer a woman;
warlike Leucippus and Acastus, famed for his javelin;
Hippothoüs and Dryas; Phoenix, the son of Amyntor;
Actor’s two sons and Elean Phyileus. Telamon
was also there, and the father of great Achilles; and,
along with the son of Phereus and Bocotian Iolais,
1 Plezius and Teneus, brothers of Althaea, the mother of
Melaeager.
2 See xii. 189 ff.
3 Koryntes and Cleatus.
4 Admetus.
inviger Eurytion et cursu invictus Echion
Naryctesque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque
Hipposus et pristis etiamnum Nestor in annis,
et quo Hippocoon antiquis mistit Amyclis,
Penelopeaque soecer cum Parrhasio Anacreo,
315
Amypeidesque sagax et adhue a coniuge tutus
Oeedes nemorisque deus Tegeae Lycae:
ratialis huius summan mordebat fibula vestem,
crinis erat simplex, nodum concetus in unum,
ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea lacavo
telorum costos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat;
talis erat culta, facies, quam dicere vere
virginem in puero, pueralem in virgine possis.
hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros
opavit renemente deo flammasque latentes
haud et "o Felix, si quem dignabitur" inquit
"lata virum" nec pluram sinit tempusque pudorque
dicere: matios opus magni certaminis urget.
Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ecciderat actas,
inceptit a plano devesaque propsectis arma:
330
quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt,
vincola pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur
signa pedum, capiantque suum reperire perielum.
concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi
adhucuerat pluribus aequae; tenet ma lacunae
lenta salix alveaque leves lunaeque palustres
vinuoaque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae:
335
428
hinc aper excitus medios violentus in hostes  
fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes.  
sternit incurru nemus, et propulsa fragorem  
silva dat: exclamant iuvenes praetentaque forti  
tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro.  
ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti  
obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu.  
cuspis Echionio primum contorta lacerto  
345  
vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno;  
proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa  
on non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito:  
longius it; auctor teli Pagasaeus Jason.  
“Phoebe,” ait Ampycides, “si te coluieque coloque,  
da mihi, quod petitur, certo contingere telo!”  
351  
qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est,  
sed sine vulnere aper: ferrum Diana volanti  
abstulerat iaculo; lignum sine acumine venit.  
ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit:  
emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma,  
utque volat moles adducto concisa nervo,  
cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite turres,  
in iuvenes certo sic impete vulnificus sus  
fertur et Eupalamon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes 360  
cornua, prosterinit: socii rapuere iacentes;  
at non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus  
Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem  
vertere succiso liquerunt poplite nervi.
OVID

Nestor came near perishing before he ever went to the Trojan War; but, putting forth all his strength, he leaped by his spear-pole into the branches of a tree which stood near by, and from this place of safety he looked down upon the foe he had escaped. The raging beast whetted his tasks on an oak-tree’s trunk; and, threatening destruction and emboldened by his freshly sharpened tasks, ripped up the thigh of the mighty Hippasus with one sweeping blow. But now the twin brothers, not yet set in the starry heavens, came riding up, both conspicuous among the rest, both on horses whiter than snow, both poising their spears, which they threw quivering through the air. And they would have struck the boar had not the bristly monster taken refuge in the dense woods, whither neither spear nor horse could follow him. Telamon did attempt to follow, and in his eagerness, careless where he went, he fell prone on the ground, caught by a projecting root. While Peleus was helping him to rise, Atalanta notched a swift arrow on the cord and sent it speeding from her bent bow. The arrow just grazed the top of the boar’s back and remained stuck beneath his ear, staining the bristles with a trickle of blood. Nor did she show more joy over the success of her own stroke than Meneaeger. He was the first to see the blood, the first to point it out to his companions, and to say: “Due honour shall your brave deed receive.” The men, flushed with shame, spurred each other on, gaining courage as they cried out, hurling their spears in disorder. The mass of missiles made them of no effect, and kept them from striking as they were meant to do. Then Aeneas, the Arcadian, armed with a two-headed axe raging to meet his fate, cried out:

1 Castor and Pollux.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK VIII