

**EDITH WHARTON, LONGUS
AND GUY DE MAUPASSANT**



7 BEST SHORT STORIES CLASSIC EROTICA

EDITED BY AUGUST NEMO

TACET BOOKS

7 BEST SHORT STORIES

Classic Erotica

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August Nemo

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Introduction

Erotic literature comprises fictional and factual stories and accounts of eros - passionate, romantic or sexual relationships - intended to arouse similar feelings in readers, in contrast to erotica, which focuses more specifically on sexual feelings. Erotic literature can take the form of novels, short stories, poetry, true-life memoirs, and sex manuals. A common feature of the genre is sexual fantasies on such themes as prostitution, orgies, sadomasochism, and many other taboo subjects and fetishes, which may or may not be expressed in explicit language. Other common elements are satire and social criticism. Much erotic literature features erotic art, illustrating the text.

Despite cultural disapproval of such material, circulation of erotic literature was not seen as a major problem before the invention of printing, as the costs of producing individual manuscripts limited distribution to a very small group of literate readers. The invention of printing, in the 15th century, brought with it both a greater market and increasing restrictions, including censorship and legal restraints on publication on the grounds of obscenity. Because of this, much of the production of this type of material became clandestine.

Daphnis and Chloe

by Longus

While hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotion to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling clothes, poor babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune, beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with the desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for someone to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

Book One

1.1 There is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach.

1.2 On this estate a goatherd named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the goat often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went: and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling clothes than suited a child thus exposed: it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

1.3 At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child: but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale, the tokens, the child, and the goat. When she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed, and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

1.4 When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighbourhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle around the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the centre of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of the cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the moisture of the

stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

1.5 A sheep, which had recently lambed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But when he drew near he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also lay swaddling clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

1.6 Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their suppliant happily. Then when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape - that was his wife's name - immediately took up the child and caressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindness by the sheep: and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

1.7 The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream on the same night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrow: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

1.8 When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook and when the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been entrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds

usually are: for Chloe felt she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

1.9 It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds were already heard, and the new-born young were skipping through the fields: the lambs were gambolling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes. Under the influence of this beautiful season, Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

1.10 They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart than Daphnis separated from Chloe.

1.11 While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighbouring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

1.12 Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to

make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits - the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold onto the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again. Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighbouring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsmen to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit. Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken - so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged - and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no trace of any injury or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale found out what had happened.

1.13 He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet. And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome; and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand, she more than once secretly touched herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead: and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire - to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him: then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to langour, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep

at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

1.14 "I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep: the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

1.15 Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day - since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant - a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

1.16 "I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cowherd, while he is only a goatherd, as much superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle: my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a clog: and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid."

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied:

"Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat: I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine: if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus: I am dark, so is the hyacinth: and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth: but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!"

1.17 Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her he would rave to himself like this.

1.18 "What on earth has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?"

1.19 Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospect of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards, thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were

found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

1.20 Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

1.21 After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word: but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis, who had just come up, to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout; then taking Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke: wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

1.22 Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his attention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with

difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath.

1.23 In addition to this, the season of the year still further inflamed their passion. It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away. After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

1.24 When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milk-pail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtle berries: while Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he snatched it away and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

1.25 While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: "How lovely are her eyes in sleep! How sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! You will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so

loudly! And on the other side, the he goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?"

1.26 While he was thus talking to himself, a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what the matter was, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

1.27 Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and blooming as you. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away.

1.28 Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other fields, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither, and hearing Daphnis calling to her

ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

1.29 She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: "Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and lament for me when I am dead: and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me."

1.30 When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching halfway down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half clothed, owing to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty, or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off his hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

1.31 Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had been trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died: only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours: they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds'

pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while: and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master.

1.32 After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty: then, plucking the flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering. After this, they went to look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, for he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

Book Two

2.1 It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach the grapes.

2.2 As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and extolled him as vying with Bacchus in beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine presses made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands: then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gambolled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

2.3 While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows: "My children, I am old Philetas: I have sung many songs to these Nymphs, I have often played the pipe to Pan yonder, and guided

a whole herd of oxen by my voice alone. I am come to tell you what I have seen, and to declare to you what I have heard.

"I have a garden, which I have planted and cultivated myself, ever since I became too old to tend my flocks. You will always find there everything that grows, in its proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hyacinths, single and double violets: in summer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of apples: and, in the present autumn season, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds assemble in the garden, some to seek food, others to sing: for it is thickly shaded by trees, and watered by three fountains. If you were to remove the wall that surrounds it you would think it was a native forest.

2.4 "When I went into my garden yesterday about mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles and pomegranate-trees, with some of their produce in his hands: he was white as milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees: but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves: but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired: and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger's garden. He made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

2.5 "Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: 'It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side when you played upon your pipe under the beech trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsmen and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and, when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower

is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.'

2.6 With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you."

2.7 Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: "My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by a gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amaryllis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I plunged into the rivers as if I were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side."

2.8 Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man. "Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? Why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? He is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? He has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas."

2.9 This was their nightly lesson. At daybreak they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights, thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. "We have kissed each other," they complained, "but it has profited us nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss."

2.10 With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

2.11 They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

2.12 Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural, others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea: or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport, provided them with an addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water: they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

2.13 It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own [rope]

being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

2.14 It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

2.15 As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

"We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier withy, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man's goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog trappings, besides money enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock at the sea-shore as if he were a sailor."

2.16 Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suffering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst

those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows:

"I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken that they keep running about and barking so loudly that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the seashore. But they have eaten the osiers: could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand? Again, their boat had been destroyed by the winds and waves: the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board: who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight, would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withies?"

2.17 Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great compassion: so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings, or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven them out of their territory.

2.18 While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymnaeans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils; then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and - what comforted him most of all - she imprinted upon his mouth a kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

2.19 Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury, called an assembly of their fellow citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Mitylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close at hand, it was not safe to entrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

2.20 On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coastland of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches.

2.21 Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but they made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her:

2.22 "Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it - she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offering to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

"Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? Do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and me? Or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow prisoners?"

2.23 While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

"Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy's spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. Tomorrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love."

2.24 At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties; then, taking up the green branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy. Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

2.25 The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything, they drank and made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy.

2.26 After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe

herself appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leaping from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

2.27 "O most impious and sacrilegious of men! What has driven your frenzied minds to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

2.28 Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis - that was the captain's name - started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on board his own vessel, and conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

2.29 Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided the goats and

sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

2.30 It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of "O Nymphs! O Pan!" hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine-leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice: and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

2.31 When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the firstlings to the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

2.32 After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine shoots on the branches of the

pine: then, making Philetas sit down with them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior in his skill on the pipe to Pan alone.

2.33 Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamon offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe.

2.34 "This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music-the pipe."

2.35 Lamon had scarcely finished his story,- which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song - when Tityrus returned with his father's pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked, blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep - sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

2.36 While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new

wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

2.37 The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat's cloven feet: while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas's large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself.

2.38 Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other's society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At daybreak, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk.

2.39 Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day: while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath.

"Daphnis," said she, "Pan is an amorous and inconstant God: he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you: but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf."

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him: and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was

delighted, and no longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.