SET OF

2

TRIM TO

$5\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$
PHILOSTRATUS
IN HONOUR OF
APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

TRANSLATED

BY J. S. PHILLIMORE
PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
1912
BOOK IV

In Ionia, when he reached Ephesus, even the common artisans forsook their trades and followed him as devoted admirers, one of his Science, another of his looks, another of his rule of life, another of his dress; and some, of all these together. Sayings were current about him, some from the oracle at Colophon hailing him for a partaker in its own Science, and for an absolute sage and the like; some from Didyma; some from the temple at Pergamum, where the god encouraged many suitors for health to visit Apollonius, 'such being his will and the good pleasure of the Fates.' There came many deputations too, offering him the freedom of their cities, and asking his advice about life, or about dedications of altars and images. He disposed of all this business either by letter or by a promise to come in person. Smyrna solicited him by deputation, without saying what was the matter, but with most pressing entreaties to come; so he asked the envoy what they wanted. The answer was, 'to see and to be seen.' Whereupon Apollonius said, 'I will come; please the Muses that the interview may lead us to fall in love with each other!'

His first discourse was preached to the Ephesians from the pedestal of the temple. It was no Socratic teaching: he set himself to reform them by withdrawing their interest from all besides, and exhorting them to apply themselves to philosophy, and to fill Ephesus with
seriousness instead of all the idleness and swagger that he found there. For the people were infatuated by music-hall artists, and themselves addicted to dancing—nothing but piping, and effeminates, and clatter everywhere. And though the Ephesians became converted to him he did not think right to overlook such practices, but insisted on extirpating them and denouncing them in public.

Most of his other discourses he delivered at the groves in the Xystus promenades. Once when he was talking of Brotherhood, and teaching that we ought to feed each other mutually, there were a lot of sparrows sitting on the trees in silence; as the sermon went on, one of them flew up and began to twitter aloud, as if to invite the rest; and they, when they heard it, also piped up, and arose and took flight under the guidance of that one. Apollonius continued, without explaining to the crowd, what he well understood, that is, why the birds took flight. But when everybody looked at them and some people foolishly took the thing for ominous, he turned from his argument and said, ‘A boy that was carrying wheat in a shovel, down such and such an alley, slipped and fell. He picked up the grain carelessly and went his way, leaving much of it scattered about. This sparrow happened to be there, and now he is come to invite the others to be his messmates and treat them to a share in his unexpected good luck.’ Most of the audience went off at full speed to see about the fact; but Apollonius continued his sermon on Brotherhood to those who remained to hear; and when the rest returned shouting and full of amazement, he said, ‘You see these sparrows’, how they care for one
another, and delight in brotherly sharing; but we will not do so, and if we do see any man sharing his goods freely among others we say "squanderer", or "pampered aristocrat!" and we call those whom he feeds "parasites" and "flatterers". Why not lock ourselves up at once, like fattening fowls, and gormandize in the dark till we burst our bloated carcasses?"

Apollonius became aware of the approaches of plague, which was creeping against Ephesus, although the disease was not yet come to a head, and many times in his preaching gave warning of what he foresaw: he would exclaim, 'O earth, abide as thou art!' in menacing tones, and sometimes, 'Save this people!' or, 'Thou shalt not pass here!' But they paid no heed and continued to think that this was just the way in which expounders of prodigies go on; and all the more so because by his frequent visits to the temple he seemed to be averting and deprecating the calamity. So, as they were senseless about it, he no longer thought fit to help them, but proceeded to make the tour of Ionia, effecting a local reformation everywhere, and discoursing always of something to the salvation of his hearers.

As he was getting to Smyrna, the Ionians came out to meet him (it was the time of the Panionian festival); but when he read the Ionian resolution in which they requested him to take part in their assembly, and came upon the most un-Ionian name of Lucullus in it, as a signatory to the document, he sent a letter to their general council rebuking them for such a barbarism. Indeed, that was not all; he found in their record a Fabricius and several others of the kind. The rigour of his rebuke may be seen by the letter that he wrote on
this occasion. Another day he came to the assembled Ionians and asked, 'What bowl is this?' They answered, 'The Panionian.' Whereupon he dipped a cup in it and poured out a libation, and then prayed thus: 'O Gods who guide the Ionians, grant that this fair colony may take no harm from the sea, and no lewd outrage thereof assail the land; neither let the earth-shaking Aegaeon ever shake these cities.' Doubtless these solemn words were uttered prophetically, and he foresaw what befell Smyrna, Miletus, Chios, Samos, and many Ionian cities somewhat later.

When he saw that the Smyrnaeans earnestly interested themselves in all ideas, he confirmed their inclination and made them still more earnest, bidding them be prouder of themselves than the beauty of their city; Smyrna might be the handsomest of all the cities under the sun, with the sea for her loyal appanage and the springs of the west wind for her possession, and yet it was more acceptable for her to be festooned with men than with colonnades and pictures and even more gold than her present treasures. For buildings remain in the same place, and can nowhere be seen but in that portion of the earth where they are situate; but great men can be seen everywhere, and their voices everywhere be heard, and they can render their native city as grand as the measure of her illustrious representatives abroad in the world. Cities as beautiful as this, he said, were like the image of Zeus which stands at Olympia, Phidias' masterpiece: there it sits in that posture which the artist's fancy gave it; whereas it is men who by their universal activities are a very likeness of the Homeric Zeus, the Zeus whom Homer has represented in many
forms, a more admirable composition than the ivory image; the one is visible there on earth, the other is incomprehensibly divined in heaven.

He also had a discussion with the Smyrnaeans on the question, 'What makes political stability?', because he saw them divided against each other and wanting in solidarity of feeling. This is what he said: 'A city to be properly administered, needs factious concord.' Then as the phrase sounded paradoxical and unconvincing, perceiving that the multitude did not take his meaning, he added: 'Black and white will never be the same, nor sweet and bitter ever blend properly, but concord will be factious in the interests of civic well-being. Let us put what I mean in this way: the factiousness which leads to drawn swords and mutual stonings must not be found in a city, for cities need training of youth, they need laws, they need men on whom thought and action depend. But a competitive ambition for the common cause, how one man's counsel shall be wiser than another's, one man outdo another in administrative or diplomatic efficiency, or build more magnificently than a rival magistracy—this, I take it, is a good strive and factious emulation in the common cause. The Lacedaemonians of old thought it foolish for each man in his several profession to contribute towards the national welfare; military organization was their great accomplishment, and to this sole end every man directed all his energy and attention. But my ideal is for each to do what he knows and what he can. For if one man can gain applause for popular eloquence, another for science, another for public munificence, another for kindness, another for severity and rigour
Book IV

towards evildoers, another for unimpeachably clean hands, matters will fall in good case for that city—nay, not fall in good case, but stand in good state is the better phrase."

9 While he was thus discoursing, he caught sight of a ship leaving the port: she was a three-master, and all hands were busily engaged in getting her under way. He turned the attention of his hearers to the spectacle, saying, 'Do you see the commonwealth of that vessel, how some—the trained rowers—are at their places in the dinghies, some are raising and stowing the anchors, some turning the sails to catch the wind, some on the look-out at the stern and the bows? Now if any one of them shall fail of his duty or prove a lubber-like hand, they will have a bad voyage and make their own foul weather. But if they vie with each other, and strive every man not to be outdone, there will be no cause in that ship to complain of the anchorages; all will be fair weather and plain sailing, and their own self-providence will be their Poseidon of Security.'

10 Such were the discourses with which he was making unity in Smyrna, when the plague fell upon the Ephesians; and as nothing availed against it, they sent a mission to Apollonius appointing him physician of their troubles. He felt that he must not delay going there: 'let us go,' he said—and he was at Ephesus. Thus I guess he performed Pythagoras' feat of being at Thurii and Metapontum at the same time. He assembled the Ephesians and said to them, 'Be of good courage: to-day I shall stop the plague'; and, so saying, led all the youth of the town to the theatre where stood the image of Apotropaion (the Averter). There they found
an old man who looked like a beggar; his eyes were closed—on purpose; he carried a wallet, with a morsel of bread in it; he was clad in rags, and his face squalid and filthy. Apollonius made them stand round him, and said, "Pick up all the stones you can, and smite the abominated of Heaven." The Ephesians were amazed what he could mean, and horrified at the notion of killing a wretched stranger; for the beggar besought them with many piteous entreaties. But still Apollonius urged and exhorted them to lay on and not spare. Somebody began with a few skirmishing shots. And when the pretended blind man suddenly stared full at them, displaying a glance full of fire, they perceived that it was a demon, and stoned him so heartily that a mound of stones was heaped over him. After waiting a little while, Apollonius ordered them to remove the stones and inspect the brute they had killed. When they laid bare their apparent victim, he was not to be seen, and a dog, like a Molossian hound, but as big as the biggest lion, was discovered crushed beneath the stones, spluttering foam like a mad dog. The image of the Averter (that is, Hercules) stands near the spot where the apparition was stoned.

After he had purged Ephesus of the plague, and finished his work in Ionia, he set out for Greece. He walked to Pergamum, where he was delighted with the temple of Asclepius, imparted directions to the votaries what they must do to receive dreams easy of interpretation, and performed many cures. Passing thence into the country of Ilium, he glutted his curiosity on the antiquarian memories of the place. After he had visited the tombs of the Achaecans, where he found much to say,
and performed many pure and bloodless rites, he told his companions to go to the ship, saying that he intended to pass the night upon the mound of Achilles. They were alarmed at this—I ought to mention that by this time the Dioscoridae and the Phaedimi and all that sort were with Apollonius: they told him that Achilles still appeared in all his terrors, and assured him that this was firmly believed by the inhabitants of Ilion. But he replied, ‘Well, I know that Achilles takes especial delight in talk: he was very fond of Nestor of Pylos because he always heard something useful from him; he used to dignify Phoenix with such names as “guardian” and “henchman” and what not, because Phoenix told him stories: he regarded even Priam, his mortal enemy, with clemency after he had heard him speak; nay, even Odysseus, when he met him in debate, found him so reasonable that his impression was rather of the band-some than the terrible Achilles. I am sure that his shield and his helmet, “the nodding of which”, they say, “is so frightful”, are for the Trojans, because he still remembers how treacherously they dealt with him in the matter of his marriage; but I have nothing to do with Ilion—I mean to have a more delightful talk with him than ever his old brothers-in-arms had; and if he kill me—as you say he will—why, I shall share the fate of Memnon and Cycnus, and maybe Troy will bury me as she did Hector in “a cavernous fosse” for my sepulchre.’

And when he had said this, half-jesting, half-serious, he set off for the Mound alone, and the others walked to the ship: it was already evening.

Very early next morning he reappeared and asked, ‘Where is Antisthenes the Parian?’ Antisthenes,
who was a man that for the past week had been attending on Apollonius at Ilium, obeyed the summons.

_Apoll._ Young man, have you any connexion with Troy?

_Ant._ Very much so: in fact I am Trojan by descent.

_Apoll._ Actually of the lineage of Priam?

_Ant._ By Zeus I am, and in virtue of that ancestry I hold myself to be a man of honour and honourably born.

_Apoll._ Then it is not without reason that Achilles forbids me your company. He has made me his ambassador to the Thessalians to remonstrate with them about certain matters; but when I asked him what else I could do to oblige him, he replied, 'You will oblige me by not making the boy from Paros a partner of your Science: he is a regular son of Priam, and never leaves off singing the praises of Hector.'

So Antisthenes reluctantly departed. But when it was day, and the wind began to blow stronger off shore, and the ship was about to set sail, a great number more persons flocked round desiring to go to sea with Apollonius. The ship was small, the season late autumn, and the sea not much to be trusted; but all believed Apollonius was more than a match for fire or storm or any peril, and therefore wished to embark with him, and besought him for the favour of being his shipmates. The passengers were many times the number that the ship could carry; but he espied a bigger one (there were many lying off the Tomb of Ajax), and exclaimed, 'Let us embark here: it is glorious to have more people to share in our safety.' After they had rounded the
Trojan promontory, he ordered the captain to make
Aeolis, opposite Lesbos, and find his anchorage some-
where in face of Methymna, saying, 'There it is, I
believe, that Achilles says Palamedes lies; and there
should be also a statue of him, one cubit high, repre-
senting him as older than Palamedes was.' As he
dismounted he said, 'Men of Greece, let us pay regard
to an excellent man to whom we owe all Science.
Why, we can do better than the very heroes of Achaia,
if we honour for his high deserts that man whom they
most unjustly put to death.' The passengers had not
yet done jumping ashore when he found the grave and
the statue buried beside it. On the base was engraved
TO THE DIVINE PALAMEDES. He set it up in its place (I
have seen it myself) and surrounded it with a rude
tabernacle, such as her devotees will erect for Hecate in
the Roadside—it will accommodate about ten pot-com-
panions—and then pronounced this prayer: 'O Pal-
amedes, forget that anger wherewithal thou wast angered
of old against the Achaenians, and grant them to increase
in number and in science. Even so, Palamedes, author
of knowledge, author of the muses, author of νείκος.'

He also anchored off Lesbos, and entered the shrine
of Orpheus. The legend is that Orpheus once rejoiced
in divination here, until Apollo interfered in person.
Men ceased to visit Gryneum for oracles, or Clarus, or
the place of Apollo's tripod; Orpheus was the sole
source of prophecy—that is, Orpheus' head, lately
arrived from Thrace: so Apollo stood near the oracle
and said, 'Have done with what belongs to me. I had
patience long enough with your singing.'

Later on, while they were sailing those Euboan
waters which even Homer calls dangerous and ill to cross over, the sea was smooth and unusually favourable for the season. And as they were passing many famous islands, the talk turned on islands, and shipbuilding and navigation, appropriate topics for those who are at sea. But as Damis either kept finding fault with the subject, or cutting a discussion short, or ruling out certain questions, Apollonius understood that he wished to talk about something different.

Apol. What is the matter, Damis? Why do you interrupt our inquiries? It cannot be sea-sickness, or any malaise of the voyage, that indisposes you for the conversation: for look how the sea is lending itself to the vessel and helping her on her way! What is it, then, that makes you so disagreeable?

Dam. It is because we are asking such stale and antiquated questions, instead of the great and far more important question which is open to us.

Apol. And which might it be that makes the others seem to you otiose?

Dam. You have been with Achilles, Apollonius, and I dare say heard many things that we never knew, and yet you do not tell us about it, or give us even a sketch of what Achilles was like. Instead, your conversation does nothing but tour round the isles and build ships.

Apol. If you will not think it a rodomontade, all shall be told.

The others joined their instances in a general curiosity to hear this narrative, and Apollonius began: 'Well, it was not by digging the trench of Odysseus nor by any necromancy of the blood of lambs that I attained to conversing with Achilles, but by offering
such prayers as the Indians say that they offer to their illustrious dead ancestors. I used these words: "O Achilles, the world says that you are dead, but I do not allow this notion, nor did Pythagoras the progenitor of my Science. If, then, we speak true, show to us your visible form: for you shall surely get no small advantage of my eyes if you have them for witnesses of your existence." Upon this there was a slight earthquake in the region of the mound, and a young man five cubits high issued from it: a Thessalian you would have called him by his cloak; but in his mien there was nothing of the swashbuckler that some make Achilles out to have been; terrible he was, but as you looked at him you were aware of nothing inconsistent with cheerfulness: and his beauty!—after all that Homer said of him, his beauty still seems to me to have found no adequate belauder; it was unspeakable, rather spoiled by his poet than expressed at all near the true self. He was of the size that I said, but as you looked he presently grew bigger, and twice as big and still more: really he seemed to me to be twelve cubits high at his perfect phase, and his beauty continually increased with his stature. He said he had never thorn his locks, but kept them inviolate, vowed to Spercheus; for Spercheus was the first river that he had ever used. His cheeks had their first downy growth. Addressing me, he said, "I am glad to meet you: I have long been in need of a man like you. It is now a long while since the Thessalians have abandoned their religious tributes, and I do not choose to be angry yet—for if once I get angry they shall be destroyed more utterly than the Greeks of old on this field—but I do gently admonish them not to outrage use and wont,
nor to fall under the reproach of being worse men than these Trojans, who, despite all the men they lost by my hand, yet sacrifice to me publicly, and give me first-fruits, and lay the suppliant’s branch here in token of entreaty for reconciliation. But reconciliation they shall get none: their perjuries against me shall never permit Ilium to resume its ancient appearance, or experience such heyday of prosperity as has come to other cities after their ruin: they shall dwell here in no better case than if they had been captured yesterday. So now, that I may not reduce the Thessalians also to the like abjection, be my ambassador to their government concerning that matter whereof I spoke.” “I will,” was my answer, for the purpose of the embassy was to save them from destruction. “But, O Achilles, I have a favour to beg of you.” “I perceive”, he said, “it is plain that you wish to ask a question about the Trojan War. Ask any five points that you please and that the Fates allow.” So I asked first whether he had got burial according to the account of the poets. “I rest”, he said, “as I liked best and Patroclus: we were heart in hand from our earliest youth, and in death we are not divided, but one golden urn contains us both. But as for dirges of Muses and Nereids, which they say took place over me, the Muses never came here at all, though the Nereids do still haunt the scene.” Next I asked whether Polyxena was slain over him; and he said the fact was true; only she was not slaughtered by the Achaeans, but came of her own accord to the tomb and there did honour to his love and hers by falling upon her erected sword. My third question was, “Did Helen come to Troy, Achilles, or was it a fiction of Homer’s?” “We were
misled for a long time while we were sending embassies
to the Trojans and fighting battles for her sake, as if she
were in Troy; but she was in Egypt; she had been in
Proteus' house there, ever since she was ravished away
by Paris. After we were assured of this, we continued
fighting for Troy's sake instead, to save ourselves from
a dishonourable retreat.” I ventured a fourth inquiry,
and said I was surprised that Greece bore so many
and such men as Homer enlists against Troy. And,
137 Achilles answered, “The foreign fellows were not much
behind us, either. There was such a florison of valour
then in all the earth.” Fifthly, I asked, “What ailed
Homer that he knows not Palamedes, or knowingly
excludes him from the tale of your army?” “If Pal-
amedes never came to Troy,” he replied, “then Troy
never existed. But since this most ingenious and gal-
lant of heroes was done to death because Odysseus
would have it so, Homer does not introduce him into
the poems lest he immortalize the reproach of Odysseus.”
And Achilles groaned aloud for him, as the greatest,
fairest, youngest, and most warlike; who surpassed them
all in wisdom, and did the Muses much service. “But
do you, Apollonius,” he said, “since great wits are akin,
pay regard to his tomb, and raise up again the statue of
Palamedes which lies meanly prostrate. It is in Aeolis
over against Methymna in Lesbos.”

‘And after so saying, and finally adding his commands
concerning the youth from Paros, he departed with
a little flash of lightning. The cocks were just begin-
ing to crow.’

17 Such were the incidents of the voyage.
Arriving at Piraeus about the season of the Mysteries,
when Athens is more crowded than any place in Greece, he lost no time in going up to the city from his ship. As he went he met many of the learned making their way down to Piraeus. Some were basking naked—the autumn is fine and sunny at Athens—others were deep in discussions upon a text, some practising recitations, some disputing. None of them passed him by, but all guessing that this was Apollonius, turned back with him and hailed him with enthusiasm. A party of ten youths fell in with him, who stretched out their hands towards the Acropolis and swore ‘by yonder Athena, they were just setting out for Piraeus to take ship for Ionia and find him there.’ He welcomed them, and said he congratulated them on their desire for learning.

It was the day of the Epidauria\(^1\); and at the Epidauria the Athenian usage, after the Preface and the sacrifice, is to initiate aspirants for a second sacrifice. This tradition represents Asclepius’ experience, because he came from Epidaurus, late in the Mysteries, and they initiated him. Heedless of the initiation service, the multitude hung round Apollonius, more concerned with this than to secure admission to the Elect. He said he would be with them anon, and encouraged them to attend the service for the meanwhile, as he himself intended to be initiated. But the hierophant refused him access to the holy things, saying that he would never admit a charlatan, nor open Eleusis to a man of impure theology. Apollonius was equal to himself on this occasion, and said, ‘You have not yet mentioned the greatest charge that might be brought against me, which is that I know more than you about this rite, although I came to you as to a man better skilled than my-
self.' The bystanders applauded this vigorous and characteristic rebuke; and the hierophant, seeing that the excommunication was unpopular, changed his tune and said, 'You shall be admitted, for you seem to be a person of doctrine.' Apollonius answered, 'I will be admitted at another time; the ceremony will be performed by So-and-so'—prophetically naming the next occupant of the hierophancy, who succeeded to his sacred office four years later.

19 Apollonius taught much in Athens, Damis tells us; but he did not record it all, only a select minimum of the most important lectures. The occasion of his first discourse was that he saw the Athenians were fond of ritual. His subject was Ceremonies: what was the proper mode of devotion to each god, at what hour of day or night, whether by burnt-offering, libation, or prayer. You may still meet with a book by Apollonius in which you can hear him speak for himself\(^1\) about these questions. He had two motives to expound this subject at Athens: the improvement of Science, in himself and in his hearers; and secondly, the wish to expose the irreverence and ignorance of the hierophant. For how could the man who conducted an inquiry how the gods were to be worshipped, still be supposed impure in theology?

20 When he was speaking of libations, there happened to be present at the lecture a young dandy of such dissolute manners that his name was a byword on every stage-on-wheels in the country fairs. He came from Corcyra, and traced his descent from Alcinous\(^5\) the Phaeacian, Odysseus’ host. Well, Apollonius was talking of libations, and saying that we ought not to
drink of this cup, but keep it for the gods unsullied and undrunk-of. When he went on to prescribe that the cup should have ears, and 'libation be made by the ear' (the part where men never, by any chance, drink), the young gentleman shocked the lecture with a douche of loud indecent laughter. Apollonius looked up at him and said, 'It is not you that are so ill-mannered, but the devil by which you are ridden unawares.' Yes! the youth was not aware that he had a devil. But this accounted for much: why he would often laugh when nobody else laughed, and change suddenly without cause to tears, and talk and sing to himself. Most people imagined that it was just the buckish humours of youth that moved him to these eccentricities. No: all the time he was the mere mouthpiece of the demon, and was bound willy-nilly to this gross outrageous behaviour.

When Apollonius looked at him, the idol uttered cries of alarm and rage, such as burst from those who suffer the fire and the rack; it swore to quit the youth and never again take possession of any man. Apollonius then spoke angrily to it as one would speak to a shifty, impudent, &c., &c. rascal of a slave, and commanded it to come out with a sign; whereupon it said, 'I will overthrow such and such a statue,' indicating one of those which stand round the Stoa Basileios, near which this affair took place. The statue first stirred slightly, and then fell. The tumult, the amazement, the applause were indescribable. But the young man, as though just awaked from sleep, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the sun, and was suffused with bashfulness to see himself the centre of interest. There was nothing dissolute in his appearance now, nothing wild in his glance; he had
Book IV

returned to his own nature just as if he had taken a course of medicine. He was a changed character; from his dandyism, his dainty millinery, and generally Sybaritic style, he passed to a fondness for ascetic squalor and a philosopher's habit, and entered the lists as a champion in the rule of Apollonius.

21 He is said to have rebuked the Athenians concerning the Dionysia which they celebrate at the season of Anthesterion. He supposed that they were trooping to the theatre to hear solos and lyrical melodies of a Parabasis and of all the rhythmic choruses that are proper to tragedy and comedy; but when he heard that it was a case of posturing and twirling to a flautist's accompaniment, and that the great religious epic of Orpheus is interspersed with ballets of Hours or Nymphs or Bacchanals, he denounced such an abuse and exclaimed, 'Stop! or you will dance the men of Salamis and many other buried heroes out of their graves! If this were a Laconian sort of dancing—well done, soldiers! That is a martial exercise, and I will dance it with you. But if it is soft and effeminate in tendency, what am I to say of your trophies? They will stand there not as monuments to the shame of Medes or Persians, but to your shame, if you be so degenerate from the men who set them up. Clinging saffron frocks, and purples and scarlet dyes—where does all this come from? Acharnae\(^1\) never wore such fineries; such was not the knightly accoutrement of Colonus.\(^2\) But there is no need to cite them. There sailed from Caria in Xerxes' fleet to attack you, a woman admiral\(^3\), in whom nothing was womanish: she wore the dress and the arms of a man. But you, more delicately luxurious than Xerxes' women,
array all your ranks against yourselves,—old men, young men—the very student class, which in old days used to repair to the shrine of Aenaros and take an oath to die and to fight for their country. Now I presume they will take an oath to play the Bacchant and carry a thyrse; they wear no helmets now, but are, as Euripides said, 'in woman-aping semblance shamefully conspicuous.' I hear that you actually impersonate the Winds and wear great puffing balloons of muslin drapery. Well, you might at least have respected the Winds who were your allies and blew great gales in your quarrel; and spared to represent Boreas, your kinsman, most male of all Winds, as feminine! Boreas would never even have fallen in love with Órithyia if he had seen her dancing on the stage, too!'

He made another reformation at Athens. The Athenians were in the habit of gathering at the Theatre beneath the Acropolis to be eager spectators of human butchery. There was a greater interest in such shows in Athens than there is now at Corinth. Great prices were paid for adulterers, catamites, burglars, cut-purses, kidnappers, and all that sort of criminal; they armed them, and made them fall to and fight. Apollo-nius took this matter in hand also; and when the Athenians invited him to their Town's meeting (ecklesia), refused to enter a spot 'so impure and so defiled with gore'. He used these expressions in a letter. And he told them further that he 'wondered the goddess had not already forsaken the Acropolis, when you treat her to such a profusion of carnage in her honour. If you go on in this way, I believe that when you come to order the Panathenaean procession, you will not sacrifice
oxen to the goddess any more, but hecatombs of men. And thou, Dionysus, dost thou still visit the theatre after such bloodshed? And is that the place where the enlightened Athenians make libations to thee? Depart thou also, Dionysus! Cithaeron is cleaner.

This is the most important thing that I find in his philosophic activities in Athens at that time.

He took occasion of the assemblies at Thermopylae, at which the Thessalians transact Amphictyonic business, to acquit himself of his mission to them on behalf of Achilles; and they were so much alarmed that they voted the restoration of proper services at his tomb. At Thermopylae he could hardly refrain from embracing Leonidas’ gravestone, the Spartiate, for very admiration of the man. As he was walking to the mound at the place where the Lacedaemonians are said to have been buried under a mass of arrows, he heard his companions disputing among themselves, what was the highest point in Greece. What suggested the topic was the view of Mount Oeta before their eyes. Mounting the hillock, Apollonius said, ‘I account this the highest. The men who died here in the cause of liberty have raised it to match Oeta and out-top many an Olympus. But greatly as I admire those men, I still prefer Megistias¹ the Acarnanian; he knew what their doom must be, and desired to share it; he was not afraid of death, but of missing a death in such company.’

He visited also all the Greek shrines, Dodona, Pytho, Aphae; he went on foot to the oracles of Amphiaraus and Trophonius, and he climbed to the sanctuary of the Muses on Helicon. In these visits of
reformation he was accompanied by the priests and escorted by his familiar friends. That was a feast of reason, when the bowls were set and the thirsty dipped and drank of them! When the time of the Olympia came, and the Eleans invited him to assist at the games, he said, 'I think you insult the honour of the Olympia, if you must needs send formal invitations to those who mean to come of their own accord.' When he was at the Isthmus and heard the sea roaring at Lechaem, he said, 'This neck of land shall be cut through... or, stay, no, it shall not!' This also was prophetic of the cutting soon afterwards to be made at the Isthmus, an idea which Nero conceived seven years later. For quitting his imperial seat, Nero came to Greece resolved to offer himself for proclamation as a winner at the Olympia and the Pythia. He gained a victory at Isthmus also. His triumphs were a matter of harping and proclamation. He also conquered the Tragedians at Olympia. This was the time when he is said to have conceived his notion of an original way through the Isthmus, making it a passage by water and joining Aegean and Adriatic, to save every ship from rounding Malea and to enable most of them to take a short cut through the breach instead of the long sea circuit. What was the upshot of Apollonius' dictum? It was this: starting at Lechaem the work advanced some four stades by constant digging. But Nero was deterred from proceeding with the cutting, some say by the Egyptians, who argued scientifically about seas, and said that the sea on the Lechaem side being higher in level would overwhelm Aegina altogether; and others, because he was alarmed for his throne. So this was the
meaning of Apollonius' saying that the Isthmus would, and would not, be cut.

25 At that time Demetrius was teaching at Corinth: a man who comprised in himself the whole force of the Cynic school, and of whom Favorinus has subsequently given a respectable account in many of his works. Apollonius had the same influence on him as they say Socrates' doctrine had on Antisthenes: Demetrius followed him, eager to be his disciple and devoutly studying his discourses. And he directed the more considerable of his familiar circle towards Apollonius. Among these was Menippus, a Lycian, then twenty-five years old, of good abilities, and so well built that he looked like a handsome amateur athlete. It was a matter of common report that Menippus had inspired a strange woman with a passion for him. She was beautiful to look at, in a particularly voluptuous style, and gave herself out for wealthy. But this was all show, and in reality she was no such thing: as presently appeared. He was walking alone upon the road to Cenchreae, when a ghost met him, which took the shape of a woman, clasped his hand, and professed that she had long been in love with him. She was a Phoenician —so she said—and lived in a certain suburb of Corinth which she named. 'Come there this evening,' she continued, 'and there you shall find music—I will sing—and wine, such as you never yet drank, and no rival to annoy you either; and we will play at pretty lover and his pretty lass together.' The young man yielded to such temptations: he was strong in other parts of philosophy, but could not resist his passions. So he went to her in the evening, continued to be a frequent
visitor, and treated her as his mistress: he did not yet guess she was a ghost. But Apollonius used to look at him with a sculptor’s eye, and study him, and take his portrait mentally. When he had got to know him thoroughly, he said, ‘You, sir, with your good looks and the pretty women all running after you, you cherish a serpent and a serpent cherishes you.’ Menippus was aghast. ‘You have a woman who is not your wife. You think she loves you, eh? ’ ‘By Zeus,’ said the young man, ‘she behaves as if she did!’

_Apoll._ And you mean to marry her?

_Men._ Yes. How delightful to marry a loving wife!

_Apoll._ When is the wedding?

_Men._ Hot and hot—perhaps to-morrow.

So Apollonius awaited the appointed time for the wedding banquet, and taking his place among the newly arrived guests, said, ‘Where is the lovely bride, the occasion of your coming?’

‘Here,’ said Menippus, and at once began to edge away, blushing.

_Apoll._ And the gold and silver and the rest, which this hall is adorned with—which of the pair do they belong to?

_Men._ To my bride: this is all I have (_pointing to his philosopher’s hat_).

_Apoll._ Did you ever hear of Tantalus’ orchards’, which are and are not?

_The Guests._ Yes, in Homer—we have never been down to Hades to look!

_Apoll._ That is what you must think of all this splendour: it is not real, but a pretence of reality. And to prove what I say, Madam the bride is an
Empusa, such as are commonly called Lamias and Mormolukias. They have amorous appetites, but their chief appetite is for human flesh, and they snare their intended victims with the bait of love.

At this the bride said, 'Stop! this is horrible! Get away!' and appeared to be sick with disgust at what he said—and, I dare say, added a sneer at philosophers, for always talking nonsense. But when the golden goblets and the seeming silver all proved to be airy nothing, and took flight, and all the feast, cup-bearers and cooks, and all the sumptuous array, vanished under the convicting reproof of Apollonius, the ghost seemed to weep and beseech him not to torment it, nor force it to confess its true nature. But he was peremptory and would not desist, and at last she said she was an Empusa and glutton Menippus with pleasures in order to devour his flesh; for her wont was to feed upon young and beautiful bodies, because their blood was fresh and pure.

I have been compelled to set down this business at length because it is the most celebrated of the stories about Apollonius. Many people know it, for it happened in the middle of Greece, but only in the form of a general tradition that he once defeated a Lamia at Corinth; they do not know what the Lamia was about, or that it concerns Menippus. But Damis tells it, and I have told it according to Damis' account.

This was also the time of his quarrel with Bassus of Corinth, a man who was thought, and on very good evidence believed, to be a parricide; but he made a false profession of Science, and there was no bridle on his tongue. But Apollonius by what he wrote and
said about him stopped his railing. Everything in the invective against Bassus as a parricide found credit; for it was thought that such a man as Apollonius would never have been led away into mere invective or said what was not true.

We now come to Apollonius' doings at Olympia. As he was going up to Olympia, he fell in with a mission sent by the Lacedaemonians to invite him to pay them a visit. There was nothing Laconian about these men, to look at; they were incredibly dandified and full of Sybaris. When he saw these gentlemen with smooth legs and sleek hair, beardless faces, and soft dainty clothing, he wrote a letter to the Ephors ordering them to abolish by proclamation the use of pitch in the Baths, to cashier the females whose profession is to remove hair, and to restore the primitive rule in everything. Thanks to this letter, the wrestling schools and exercises renewed their youth, the common messes were reintroduced, and Lacedaemon became herself again. When he was advised of their domestic reformation, he wrote them a letter from Olympia, more concise than a Laconian scytale, in these terms:

‘Apollonius to the Ephors, greeting.

‘It is a true man's part not to err, but it is also noble of a man to perceive his error.’

When he saw the image at Olympia, he thus addressed it: ‘Hail, O good Zeus, for so good art thou that thou dost even communicate thyself to man.’ He also expounded the bronze statue of Milo and the story of its attitude. Milo is represented standing on a disk with his feet together; in his left hand he holds fast a
pomegranate; his right has the fingers erect, as when a man passes his hand through an aperture. The local Olympian and Arcadian accounts say that he was an invincible athlete, who was never forced to abandon his ground; that the grip of his fingers is shown in the fast hold of the pomegranate; the exact close-fitting of the upright fingers in the other hand shows that no force could wrench them apart by tackling them singly; and the ribbon round his hand they explain as a symbol of restraint. Apollonius said there was some ingenuity in this, but that a truer account was even more ingenious.

'This will inform you of the Milo's meaning. The Crotoniates appointed this athlete to be priest of Hera. What are we to make of his bonnet? That needs no further comment when I have mentioned that he was a priest. The pomegranate alone of fruits is grown in honour of Hera. The disk under his feet is the little shield on which a priest of Hera stands to pray; prayer is also indicated by the uplifted right hand. The style of the fingers and the feet joined in one must be attributed to the archaic manner of sculpture.'

He was present at the proceedings, and highly approved of the Eleans for their painstaking and orderly arrangements; they seemed to feel themselves to be on their trial quite as much as the athletic competitors, and to be determined to make no mistakes, voluntary or involuntary. When his companions asked him for an opinion upon the Eleans, in respect of their management of the games, he said, 'Whether they have real Science I know not, but they certainly have the professional style of Science.'

What an enemy of literary pretence he was, and how stupid he thought an author who attempted too great a
subject, may be learned from the next episode. A self-conceited youth met him near the temple and said, ‘Favour me with your co-operation, sir. To-morrow I am giving a reading.’ Apollonius asked what he was going to read. ‘I have composed a work on Zeus,’ said the young man, and, so saying, showed that he had it under his cloak, and complacently pointed to the thickness of the volume.

Apoll. And pray what will you find to praise in Zeus? Is it the Zeus of this place, the unique and incomparable?

Youth. Partly that; but a great deal before and after that. The seasons, the things in the earth and above the earth, the existence of winds, the stars—all is of Zeus.

Apoll. You seem to have an uncommon talent for encomium.

Youth. Precisely: that is why I have composed an essay In Praise of the Gout, and In Praise of being Blind or Deaf.

Apoll. Oh, but you must not disinherit the dropsies of their share in your skill, nor the catarrhs, if you like the praises of such subjects. You will do even better to attach yourself to the dying and detail the praise of their mortal complaints: their fathers and sons and kindred will be greatly comforted by this in their bereavement.

But when he saw that his words had brought the young man up short, he asked, ‘Tell me, Mr. Author, will a man praise better what he knows or what he knows not?’

Youth. The former: how shall anybody praise what he knows not?
Book IV

Apoll. And, may I ask, did you ever write in praise of your father?

Youth. I had a mind to it; but he was such a great and noble character—the handsomest man I ever saw, such an excellent manager of his estate, so accomplished, so resourceful—I gave up the notion of writing his praises lest I should dishonour my father by an inadequate book.

Apoll. (Angry: vulgar men did give rise to this emotion in Apollonius.) What, you dirty rascal, you do not feel competent to praise your own father whom you know as well as yourself, and yet you presume to praise the Father of men and gods, the Artificer of the whole universe that we see about us and above us? You lightly undertake this, and you do not stand in awe of him whom you praise, and you do not perceive that you are attempting a matter which is too great for man?

31 Apollonius' discourses at Olympia were concerned with most useful matters such as science, courage, temperance—in a word, all the virtues. He discoursed upon these from the platform of the temple, astonishing all men not only by the ideas but by the style of his preaching. The Lacedaemonians surrounded him, and in the presence of Zeus hailed him for their guest, the father of their young men at home, the legislator of their life, the glory of their old men. When a Corinthian spitefully asked if they did not mean to honour him with a Divine Epiphany as well, they answered, 'By the Holy Pair, we're ready though!' But Apollonius discouraged them from such demonstrations, that he might not excite envy. When, after crossing Taygetus, he saw Lacedaemon in full vigour and the institutions of
Lycurgus thriving, he judged it would not be disagreeable to meet the Lacedaemonian authorities about the questions they desired to ask. So he went, and they put the question to him, 'How ought the gods to be worshipped?' He replied, 'As masters.' Again they asked, 'How ought illustrious ancestors?' and he answered, 'As fathers.' But thirdly, when they asked, 'And how ought men?' he said, 'That is not a question for a Laconian to ask.' They begged him for his opinion of their laws. 'Excellent teachers; and the teachers will have a good name if their scholars be not idle.' 'What advice could he give them in the matter of courage?' they inquired; and his answer was, 'To what use will you put courage?'

It so happened that about this time a young man of Lacedaemon was under a charge of transgressing national custom. He was descended from that Callistratus who was admiral at Arginusae, had a passion for the sea, and no interest in public life; he used to make long voyages to Carthage and Sicily in a ship which he had had built. Apollonius, hearing that he was before the courts on this charge, was horrified at the idea of leaving him to his fate; and this dialogue passed between the two.

Apoll. My good sir, why have you such an anxious and careworn look when you walk abroad?

Youth. I am threatened with a public prosecution because I am fond of sailing and take no part in public life.

Apoll. Was your father or your grandfather a sailor?

Youth. The idea! They were gymnasiarchs and ephors and patronomoi every one of them; but my
Book IV

ancestor Callicratidas was not only a sailor, but an admiral.

Apol. Not the Callicratidas who fought at Arginusae?

Youth. Yes, the very same—who died in his command.

Apol. And your ancestor's end has not made a quarrel between you and the sea?

Youth. Why should it? When I go to sea I do not intend to fight an engagement.

Apol. But can you name any more miserable sort of men than merchants and skippers? They go to and fro in search of a distressed market; they mix with brokers and middlemen, selling, and themselves for sale; they risk their lives for outrageous rates of interest, and have no peace till they recover their principal; if their affairs prosper, the ship has a good voyage, and there is great talk of 'never losing a ship willingly or unwillingly'; but if the cargo be not sufficient to meet their debts, they climb into the boats and run the ship on the rocks, and when by their own most godless deliberate act they have destroyed other men's whole fortune, they plead necessity and act of God. But even if sailors and seafaring folk were not such a tribe of scoundrels, at least for a Spartan, for one born of forefathers who lived of old in Middle Sparta—is it not a perfect shame for him to lie in the hull of a ship, forgetting all about Lycurgus and Iphitus, and thinking of nothing but his cargo and stingy haggling about freight? If nothing else moves you, at least remember Sparta herself, how while she stuck to the land she seemed to stand high as heaven, but when she took a fancy for the sea she
sank and was overwhelmed\textsuperscript{1}, not in the sea alone, but even on land.

These arguments so subdued the young man’s resolution that he drooped his head towards the ground and wept to hear of his degeneracy; and he sold the ship in which he had been living. Apollonius seeing him settled and heartily reconciled to dry land, brought him before the ephors and obtained his pardon.

There was another incident in the Lacedaemonian episode. There came a letter from the Emperor\textsuperscript{2} to the Lacedaemonians conveying a public rebuke for the wanton abuse they made of their liberty. The calumnious reports of the Proconsul of Greece gave occasion for the letter. The Lacedaemonians were in a quandary what to do, and Sparta was divided against herself in debate whether they should deprecate the imperial anger or send a haughty reply. At this juncture they took Apollonius for their counsellor, what the tone of their letter should be. And he, seeing them to be divided in opinion, came forward at their general meeting and delivered himself of an example of terseness in speech. ‘Palamedes invented the letters not only for the purpose of writing, but of knowing what to leave unwritten.’ Thus he got the Lacedaemonians out of their dilemma between contumacy and cowardice.

His stay in Sparta, after the visit to Olympia, occupied the end of the winter, and spring was beginning when he came to Malea, intending to set sail for Rome. While his mind was full of this project, he had a dream: a very tall and very aged woman embraced him and besought him to visit her before sailing to Italy. She professed to be the nurse of Zeus, and she wore a gar-
land composed of all things in earth and sea. Pondering this dream to himself, he understood it to mean that he must first sail to Crete, which we hold to be Zeus’ nurse, because his infancy was passed there: the garland might as well, I dare say, signify another island. There were several ships at Malea intending for Crete, and he embarked in one that would accommodate the Community: the Community was the name by which he denoted his companions and their slaves—even these were not overlooked. They made the Cretan shore at Cydonia and coasted to Cnossus. His companions wished to see the Labyrinth which is shown there (and which, no doubt, once harboured the Minotaur); but he would not allow them to go, and himself refused to be a spectator of Minos’ wickedness. He proceeded to Gortyna, for love of Mount Ida. After this ascent and a study of the religious monuments, he went to visit the Lebenaean temple as well. This is a shrine of Asclepius, and as Asia flocks to Pergamum, so used Crete to flock to the Lebenaeanum; many Libyans also come across the sea to it. Indeed, it looks towards the Libyan Main, anyhow on the Phaestus side, the place where a little stone bars the great sea. The origin of the name Lebenaeanum is said to be the lion-shaped headland which one of its spurs runs out into (like many of these accidental resemblances in rocks); and there is a romantic legend about this headland, that this lion once belonged to the team who draw Rhea’s chariot. Here it was that while Apollonius was discoursing (it was about noon, and he was discoursing to a large audience of the temple ministers) a violent earthquake assailed Crete. Thunder re-echoed, not from the clouds,
but subterranean; the sea retreated a matter of seven stades. Most people were afraid lest the retreating sea should draw down the temple and they all be carried away; but Apollonius reassured them by saying 'that the sea had brought forth land'. They supposed that he referred to the concord of the elements, and meant to say that the sea intended no disturbance in the status quo of the land; but a few days later, certain persons arriving from the district of Cydonia reported that on the very day and at noon, when the earthquake happened, an island arose in the sea near the channel which divides Thera from Crete.

However, let us now take leave of long stories and come to Apollonius' doings at Rome, which came next to this Cretan chapter.

Nero did not tolerate philosophy; he held the philosophic researchers to be an idle inquisitive sort of persons, no better than sorcerers in disguise; and a time came when the philosopher's habit was indicted as the livery of sorcery. To say nothing of the others, Musonius the Babylonian, a man second only to Apollonius, was imprisoned for Doctrine. He faced his ordeal dauntlessly; but had he not been very robust he would have died, for all the man cared who put him in prison. Such was the situation of philosophy when Apollonius was approaching Rome. When he was a dozen miles distant he met with Philolaus of Citium, near the grove at Aricia. Philolaus was a finished orator, but of rather a soft temper for meeting persecution. Leaving Rome looked like running away, and he tried to induce every philosopher he met to keep him in countenance. Accordingly, when he spoke to Apol-
Ionius, he urged him to evade the crisis, and not visit Rome, since philosophy was in bad name. As he described what was going on in the city, he often looked back to make sure that he was not overheard from behind. 'And here you are,' he said, 'with, actually, a troupe of philosophers in your train, advancing in the most invidious style, and unaware that there are men posted by Nero at the gates to arrest you and them before you enter the town.' 'Well, Philolaus,' said Apollonius, 'and what's the news of the Emperor? What is he about?' 'Racing his chariot in public, and appearing in the theatres of Rome as a singer. He lives with gladiators, fights as a gladiator himself, and kills his man.' To which Apollonius answered, 'And do you not realize, my dear sir, that educated men are never likely to see half such a fine sight again as an Emperor violating all the decencies? Man is God's plaything, as Plato \(^8\) lays it down; but an Emperor turned into the plaything of man, and prostituting his honour to amuse the mob—what an endless subject of meditation for philosophers!'

'No doubt,' said Philolaus, 'supposing there were no risk involved. Only, if you should be arrested and put to death, and if Nero should eat you alive before you have set eyes on his practices, you will pay dearly for the pleasure of meeting him—more dearly than Odysseus paid when he bearded the Cyclops.\(^1\) He lost many of his companions by his craving to see the giant, and by the too strong temptation of a monstrous and bloody spectacle.'

Anaxil. But if this is how he behaves, do not you suppose he is fully as blind as the Cyclops was?
Phil. Let him do as he likes, but you ought at least to save these men.

He raised his voice as he said these words, and spoke as if in tears. And at this point Damis, alarmed for the young men in their company, lest they should disgrace themselves under the influence of Philolaus' terror, took Apollonius apart and said to him, 'He'll be the undoing of our young men, this frightened hare, with the contagion of his fainthearted quakings.' But Apollonius answered, 'I assure you that of many favours for which I have to thank the gods, even beyond my prayers, I call this present hour the greatest; for now chance has furnished us with a trial to prove which of our young men have the philosophic temper and which of them are something else instead.'

And proved they were, there and then, such as were not strong. Deterred by Philolaus' words, some pleaded indisposition, some said they had no provision for the journey, some were homesick, some had been terrified by dreams; and of four and thirty followers Apollonius found himself left with eight, who went with him to Rome. The rest turned runaways from Nero and from philosophy, and bolted.

So, gathering the remainder—among whom were Menippus, who had had the affair with the Empusa, Dioscorides the Egyptian, and Damis—he said, 'I shall not reproach those who have abandoned us, but praise you instead, for being men like me. If any man has left us for fear of Nero, I shall not account him a coward; but I shall hail as a philosopher any man who has been superior to this fear, and I shall teach him all I know. Now what we must first do is to
pray the gods who have put it into your hearts and their hearts to do as each has done; and next, to take the gods for our guides. For failing them, we have no other trust to rely on. We are to enter the city which is mistress of so large a portion of the earth; how, then, shall we enter it, unless they be our guides? More especially when so cruel a tyranny is established in that city that Science is under a ban. And let none think it foolish to venture boldly on this march, from which many philosophers are in retreat: for my part, I hold nothing to be so terrible that a philosopher need ever be frightened at it; and also I would not prize manly courses did they not involve danger. Moreover, in my travels, which have been wider than ever man yet accomplished, I have seen many, many wild beasts of Arabia and India; but this beast, that is commonly called a Tyrant, I know not how many heads it has, nor if it be crooked of claw, and armed with horrible fangs. However, they say it is a civil beast, and inhabits the midst of cities; but to this extent it is more savage than the beasts of mountain and forest, that whereas lions and panthers can sometimes by flattery be tamed and change their disposition, stroking and petting this beast does but instigate it to surpass itself in ferocity and devour at large. And of wild beasts you cannot say that they were ever known to eat their own mothers, but Nero has gorged himself on this diet. True, the same thing happened in the instances of Orestes and Alcmaeon: but a father was the excuse for the act, in the one case a father murdered by his own wife; in the other a father sold for a necklace. Whereas Nero, foisted upon an imperial dotard by his mother's influence,
and owing his inheritance to her, killed her by drowning. He contrived a vessel on purpose for her, which was wrecked quite near land, and she perished. But if anybody thinks Nero terrible on account of this crime, and shies away from philosophy because he considers it is risky to cross his inclinations, let me assure him that to be terrible is a privilege reserved for such as deal in wisdom and science: for these all is well with the gods. But let him believe that the threats of proud and lawless man are like those of drunkards—all nonsense: we account the drunken man foolish, but not terrible.

1 Let us then go to Rome if we are strong. We can apply to Nero’s proclamations for the banning of philosophy, that verse of Sophocles:

*It was not Zeus, I think, proclaimed it so,*

nor yet the Muses, nor Apollo of Word. I dare say Nero himself knows the lines, since he delights in tragedy, so they say.

Any one who recalls Homer’s phrase that when once speech unites martial souls they become all together one helmet and one shield, will, I think, find the fulfilment of it in this devoted band: by the influence of Apollonius’ words they were welded into the temper of steel, and strengthened to lay down their lives in the cause of philosophy, and be superior to the runaways.

So they drew near to the gates. The sentries asked them no questions, but scanned their dress curiously and wondered at it. The fashion of it seemed sacred, quite unlike the begging itinerants. They took up their quarters at an inn near the gates. As they were at dinner (it was already evening), they were interrupted
by a visitor: a tipsy fellow with a not unpleasant voice.

158 It seems he was in the habit of strolling about Rome, and singing Nero’s songs, which he was paid to do. He had authority actually to arrest for sacrilege anybody who listened inattentively or did not put down a coin to pay for the entertainment. Besides his cithern and all the regular equipment of his trade, he had, stored away in a casket, as the rarest of treasures, a frayed string, which he said he had bought from Nero’s own instrument for eighty guineas, and would not sell to anybody but a first-class musician, qualified to compete at the Pythion festival. He struck up, in his usual style, and after he had finished a short Prelude of Nero’s, proceeded to give them airs from his Orestes, airs from his Antigone, and airs from anywhere you please in his tragedies, treating them to all the trills and shakes of Nero’s horrible meretricious bravuras. His audience were but coldly interested. He accused them of sacrilege against Nero, and denounced them for ‘enemies of the divine voice’; but they paid no heed. Menippus asked Apollonius what he thought of the man’s threats, but the sage only replied, ‘The same as I thought of his music. We must not let ourselves be irritated by it, Menippus, but give him the money for his performance and leave him to pay his devotions to the Muses of Nero.’ And this was the end of that disorderly exhibition. Early in the morning Apollonius was summoned by Telesinus, one of the consuls, and examined.

Tel. What is the meaning of this dress that you wear?

Apoll. It is pure, and derived from no mortal creature.

Tel. What is your Science?
Chapter 40

Apoll. Divination, and how to pray and worship the gods.
Tel. And is there anybody, learned sir, who does not know that?
Apoll. Many people do not. And even a man who has a sound notion of it may be greatly improved by hearing the assurance, from a greater master than himself, that his knowledge is right knowledge.

When Telesinus heard this (it so happened, he was inclined to be a religious man), it struck him who this must be, from what he had before been told about Apollonius. And he did not think it well to ask his name openly, in case Apollonius might have reasons for remaining incognito; but resumed the subject of religion. He was a great hand at dissertations, too, and having a master of the Science to deal with, he opened with a leading question.

Tel. When you approach an altar, how do you pray?
Apoll. That right may be done, the law not overthrown, the masters of Science be poor and the world be rich—but honestly.

Tel. And do you expect that all these petitions will be granted?
Apoll. In truth, I comprise them all into one prayer, and when I approach the altars I say, 'O gods, give me my deserts.' If, then, I am a good man, I shall get more than the favours I named just now; but if in the sight of the gods my place is amongst the wicked, I shall get the contrary from them, and not find fault with heaven for sending me the evils that befit my unworthiness.

Tel. (Astonished by his words, but willing to oblige him.)
You are free to visit all the temples; written instructions shall be issued to all the priests to receive you and accept your reforms.

_Apoll._ And without written instructions will they not receive me?

_Tel._ Certainly not. This is my department.

_Apoll._ I rejoice that this important charge is in such honourable hands, but there is one thing that I should like you to know about myself. I delight to lodge in such temples as are not regularly kept closed; none of the gods reject me; they make me partner of their roof. I beg this liberty may be allowed me: even the barbarians permitted it.

_Tel._ The barbarians have forestalled the Romans in a very praiseworthy action: I could have wished this to have been said of us as well.

So Apollonius continued to live in the temples, migrating from one to another by turns; and when reproached for this practice, saying in excuse, 'Even the gods do not spend all their time in heaven; they travel to Ethiopia and travel to Olympus and Athos. Surely, when the gods go on tour among the races of mankind it is absurd for mankind not to pay visits to all the gods. Besides, if masters overlook their slaves, nobody will think of blaming them for it—very likely they have no opinion of their virtue or their industry; but slaves who fail to take every means of serving and honouring their masters may be put to death by them for a set of damnable scoundrels and God-abhorred human cattle.'

As he taught in the temples there was an increase of devotion, and large congregations assembled in them.
expecting greater benefits from heaven there. As yet there was no prejudice against his meetings, since his exercises were public and his discourses addressed to all comers. He was no frequenter of doorsteps nor hanger-on of the mighty; but when they visited him he made them welcome, and talked to them just as he talked to the multitude.

Demetrius now arrived at Rome. His feelings towards Apollonius I have already described in my Corinthian chapters. And as he paid great respect to Apollonius and let himself go in invectives against Nero, the invectives were suspected to be of Apollonius' contriving, and Demetrius to be employed by him as his agent. The following circumstance greatly enhanced the suspicion. Nero had just finished constructing the most magnificent gymnasium in Rome, and, accompanied by the Senate and the Equestrian Order, was holding a White Day of inauguration, when Demetrius entered the building and delivered a tirade against the bathers, calling them enervated creatures who defiled themselves, and contending that it was an idle waste of money to spend it on such places. The only thing which saved him from instant death was the happy accident of Nero being that day in particularly good voice for singing: the Emperor was singing in a pothouse attached to the gymnasium, stripped, all but a cloth round his waist, like the most disreputable sort of pothouse keeper. However, Demetrius did not escape standing the racket of his words: for Tigellinus, who controlled the sword of Nero, expelled him from Rome for destroying the Baths by his language, and secretly began to keep his eye on Apollonius, against the time when he should say any-
43 thing unguardedly that could be taken hold of. But Apollonius neither mocked openly nor betrayed any such uneasiness as men usually do who are on the qui vive for peril, but continued to speak, as occasion might require, of the current subjects. Telesinus took part in these learned discussions, and so did others who, notwithstanding the hazardous position of philosophy, fancied themselves safe so long as he attended the exercises. But, as I have said, he was suspect; and a meteorological portent made him more suspect than ever. It was an eclipse of the sun, accompanied by the very unusual circumstance of a thunderclap. Apollonius, looking up into the sky, said, 'A great event will happen... and will not happen.' The bystanders could not interpret this saying, but three days after the eclipse everybody understood the phrase. For while Nero was sitting at table, the cup which he was holding in his hands, and not far from his mouth, was struck and transfixed by lightning. The Emperor's death, so narrowly escaped, was what he meant should 'come to pass... and not come to pass.' When Tigellinus heard this story he became afraid of Apollonius as possessed of supernatural science, and did not care to proceed against him by open indictment, for fear of taking some mysterious

162 harm by his influence. But all the eyes that Government sees with were turned to scrutinize him: his discourses or his silences, his sitting or walking, what he ate and with whom, whether he sacrificed or did not—all was reported.

44 It was during this time Rome was attacked by an epidemic of what the physicians call a catarrh: the symptoms are cough and loss of voice. The temples
were full of supplicating crowds, for Nero had developed a swelling in the throat and his voice was husky. Apollonius, bursting with indignation at the public folly, still refrained from any rebuke, and tried to teach prudence to Menippus also; whose irritation he would chasen by saying, 'Pardon the gods for taking pleasure in buffoons.' Upon this speech being reported to Tigellinus, he sent officers to arrest him: Apollonius was to defend himself on a charge of sacrilege against Nero. A prosecutor was in readiness for him, one who had been the ruin of many before and was full of this kind of Olympic victories. He held in his hand a document, the written charge, which he brandished like a sword at the prisoner, and boasted that it had a sharp edge and would destroy him. But when Tigellinus unrolled the paper, he found no trace of writing on it, but just a blank sheet, which instantly gave him a notion that he had to do with a supernatural person. (Afterwards Domitian is said to have had the same impression in meeting him.) Upon this he took him aside into the private court, where this Prefect tries the gravest cases in secrecy; and, after he had made everybody else withdraw, questioned him urgently, who he was. Apollonius mentioned his father, and his native country and the aims of his Science; it helped him, he said, to know the gods and understand men, 'for it is harder for one to know another than to know himself.'

Tig. How do you detect spirits and apparitions of 163 idols, Apollonius?

Apoll. Just as I detect criminal and impious men.

(This was a bit at Tigellinus, who was Nero's master in every kind of cruelty and debauchery.)
Book IV

 Tig. And will you prophesy to me, if I ask you?
 Apoll. How can I do so, if I am no prophet?
 Tig. But you are reported to be the man who said
 that 'some great event should happen . . . and should
 not happen'.
 Apoll. That was truly reported; but you must ascribe
 that not to prophecy, but to the Science which a god
 reveals to sages.
 Tig. And why do you not fear Nero?
 Apoll. Because the god who permits him to appear
 terrible, permits me to be fearless.
 Tig. And what opinion have you of Nero?
 Apoll. A better one than you his courtier; you
 think he is fitted to sing, and I think he is fitted to
 hold his tongue.
 Tigellinus was alarmed and astonished: 'Go,' he
 said, 'you have only to find securities for your appear-
 ance.' But Apollonius answered, 'Who shall go bail
 for the body which none shall imprison?' Tigellinus
 thought this uncanny and superhuman; and as though
 wary of fighting against heaven, he said, 'Depart where
 you please: you are too strong for my Government to
 control.'

Here is another of Apollonius' miracles. A girl,
on the point of being married, was apparently dead, and
the bridegroom was following the bier. His loud cries
expressed all the bitterness of the unaccomplished mar-
rriage, and Rome was a fellow mourner with him; for
the girl belonged to a family of consular eminence.
Apollonius, happening to come across the affecting inci-
dent, said, 'Let down the bier: I will stop your weep-
ing for this damsel.' Therewith he asked what was
her name. The multitude supposed that he was about to deliver a speech, in the style of those funeral orations which excite the audience to lamentation. But all he did was to touch her and add some secret form of words, and awaked the girl from her apparent death. She spoke, and returned to her father's house like Alcestis recalled to life by Hercules. Her family made him a present of some £5,000; but he said that he bestowed this sum on the girl as a dowry. Whether he found a spark of life in her, which her attendants had failed to detect—(they do say that the air being moist with rain, her breath was perceptible)—or rekindled and recovered her life when actually extinct, is more than either I, or even the bystanders at the time, could pretend to determine.

Just about this same time there was also under arrest in Nero's dungeons Musonius, who is said to have been the greatest master of philosophy in the world. The two men held no open intercourse, for Musonius had declined this, for fear of danger to both; but they conversed by letter, using Menippus and Damis as couriers. We will leave out their letters on unimportant subjects, and merely give the briefest possible sample whereby the reader may get an illuminating peep at greatness.

"Apollonius to the learned Musonius, greeting."

"I desire to come to you and share a talk and a roof with you, so as to do you a service. If you do not refuse to believe that Hercules of old delivered Theseus from Hades, write your pleasure. Farewell."

"Musonius to the learned Apollonius, greeting."

"Due praise for your kind thought shall be set to
your account. But it is like a man to stand up in his
defence and prove himself innocent. Farewell.'

'Apollonius to the learned Musonius, greeting.
'Socrates, the Athenian, who refused to be delivered
by his friends, came to his trial, but failed to save his
life. Farewell.'

'Musonius to the learned Apollonius, greeting.
'Socrates was put to death because he had not pre-
pared for his defence, but I mean to defend myself.
Farewell.'

47 When Nero left Rome for Greece, after first issuing
a public proclamation to forbid any philosopher to prac-
tise in Rome, Apollonius turned westwards to the land
which they say is bounded by the Pillars. He in-
tended to see Gades and the tides of the ocean: for he
heard some report of the philosophy of the men in those
parts, and their alleged proficiency in religion. All his
acquaintance followed in his train, highly approving both
of the journey and of their master.
BOOK V

Passing over the fabulous accounts of the pillars which Hercules is said to have set up as boundaries of the earth, I shall relate instead what is worth the hearing and the telling. The headlands of Europe and of Libya, parted by a strait of 60 stades in breadth, admit the Ocean into the Inner Sea. The Libyan promontory, which is called Abinna, is stocked with lions which haunt the ridges of the mountains that can be seen standing up inland; it connects with Gaetulia and Tingitana, both Libyan regions and full of game, and extends (as you sail towards the Ocean) 900 stades, as far as the mouth of the Salex; how much beyond that, one cannot guess, for after this river Libya is uninhabitable and there are no more men. The European promontory, which is called Calpis, runs for 600 stades distance on your right (sailing towards the Ocean), and ends at the ancient town of Gades.

The tides of the Ocean, as I have myself seen them in the Celtic country, are such as the accounts of them tell; and I have often tried to guess the causes which make this enormous body of water advance and withdraw; but I believe that Apollonius discovered the truth. He says in one of his letters to the Indian Sages that the Ocean expands by the pressure of submarine winds blowing from the many chasms which the earth affords beneath and around the Ocean, and contracts again upon the withdrawing of the blast, as in
human respiration. This opinion is attested by the sick in Gades; life never quits a dying man so long as the tide is high; which would not be so, if there were not an influx of air with the rising of the water. The lunar phenomena of birth—fullness and wane—are, I know, also to be observed in the Ocean: it corresponds with the moon’s phases, and decreases or completes itself in sympathy with her.

In the Celtic country day succeeds night and night succeeds day by a gradual subtraction of the darkness or the light, as here; but in the region of Gades and the Pillars, they say the change strikes the eye as suddenly as a flash of lightning. They say also that the Islands of the Blest are reckoned by the Libyan boundary, lying out to sea off the uninhabited headland.

Gades is situated near the boundary of Europe. The people are excessive in religion: at least, they institute an altar of Old Age, and (unlike all other nations) sing hymns in honour of Death; there are also altars of Poverty, Handicraft, and Hercules, some for Hercules of Egypt and others for him of Thebes. One Hercules they say marched to attack Erythea (which is not far off) on the famous occasion when he took Geryones captive and his oxen; the other dealt in science and measured all the earth to the boundary. We are also told that Gades is a Greek population, and their culture is of our fashion: at any rate they like Athenians best of the Greeks, worship Menestheus of Athens, and have such an admiration for the sailor Themistocles’ science and bravery that they have a statue of him in bronze: the statue is intelligent, and they visit it as though it were an oracle.
Here our travellers saw likewise a kind of tree that is nowhere else to be found in the world; they are two in number and called after Geryones, springing from the monument over his grave. They are a variation of a pine or fir tree into something different, and ooze with blood, as the Daughter of Helius, the black poplar, ooze with gold. The island on which the temple stands is just the size of the temple; there is nothing about it to suggest rock, but it looks like a polished turning-post. In the temple both Hercules are honoured, but there are no images of them; the Egyptian Hercules has two altars, made of bronze and uninscribed; the Theban has one, of stone; and here too are the Hydra, the mares of Diomede, and the Twelve Labours, figured in reliefs. Pygmalion’s golden olive-tree (which is also dedicated in the Heracleum) is admirable for skilful imitation of the branches, but still more admirable for the fruit; for it bears a crop of emeralds. The Telamonian Teucer’s belt is also shown there, but Damis could neither perceive nor hear how he sailed into the Ocean or what errand brought him there. The pillars of the temple are made of gold and silver melted together into a self-coloured alloy; they are more than a cubit high, of four-squared fashion, like anvils; their heads engraved with characters neither Egyptian nor Indian, nor at all decipherable. The priests could give no explanation of them, but Apollonius said, ‘The Egyptian Hercules suffers me not to leave unsaid what I know. These pillars are the bands of Earth and Ocean; and he inscribed them in the House of the Fates that no strife might arise amongst the elements, to the disowning of their mutual amity.’
6 They also sailed up the Baetic. This river best displays the nature of the Ocean; for while the tide is flowing, it races backward towards its source, evidently thrust away from the sea by a draught of wind. The mainland country of Baetica (it shares the name of the river) they say is an excellent country, favoured in its cities and in its pastures; the river, by diverse cuts, is made to traverse all the towns; the land rejoices in all manner of agriculture, and in a climate like that of Attica in Autumn at the season of the Mysteries.

7 Damis says that Apollonius made several discourses on the incidents of their travels there, of which he selects the following for record. One day they were in session at the Heracleum (in Gades) when Menippus burst out laughing. The thought of Nero had crossed his mind. "What must we imagine our good friend is about now? For what victories has he been crowned? And are not the estimable Greeks having some perfect fun at the meetings?"

169 Apoll. The good Nero—so Telesinus was telling me—fears the whips of the Eleans. When his flatterers exhorted him to win the Olympia and proclaim the name of Rome, he said, "If only the Eleans have no grudge against me: but I hear they use their whips and care nothing for me"—with many more nonsensical pronouncements. My own opinion is that Nero will win at Olympia—for who will venture to vote against him?—but not win the Olympia. It is not the time of the true Olympia at all. According to rule, last year was the year for the Games; but Nero ordered the Eleans to defer it until his visit, as though the games were held in his and not in Zeus' honour. To invite the Eleans
to hold competitions in tragedy and cithern playing—the Eleans, who have neither theatre nor stage for any such purposes, but merely a natural race-course and absolute bareness! To win a victory for behaviour over which decency would draw a veil! To cast off the dress of an Augustus and a Julius and travesty himself as an Amebeus* or a Terpinus*! What can you say to it all? To study the part of Creon or Oedipus* so minutely as to be afraid of the least inaccuracy in the detail of a door, a dress, a sceptre—and to make such a wretched farce of himself and Rome, as to be thinking of high notes instead of high politics, and running abroad begging instead of sitting indoors imperially busy with the cares of land and sea! There are plenty of them, Menippus, these tragic actors in whose ranks Nero enroles himself. Well, suppose one of them, after his Oenomaus* or his Cersiphontes*, to go home from the theatre so full of the character which he has been playing as to want to reign over others and believe himself a real king—what will you make of such a man? You would say he wants hellebore, eh, and a drench of physic fit to purge the wits? But if the actual prince lower his dignity to rank with players and stage-artists, studying refinements of voice, and go in fear of your Elean or your Delphian—or not in fear of them, but still such a sorry exponent of his own trade, as to reckon himself lucky to escape a whipping from those whom he is set to rule over, what will you say of the unhappy subjects who live under such a foul degradation of a man? And if you take the Greek point of view, Menippus, how must you think of him? Is Xerxes laying waste by fire more to be dreaded, or Nero singing?21
Consider the sums levied on them for a song of his; how they are pushed out of their houses; how they are not able to call any single serviceable thing, be it slave or furniture, their own; how abominably their women and children will be treated while Nero selects from every household the victims for his execrable pleasures; and all the poison of prosecutions—not to speak of others, the prosecutions that concern the theatre and the singing—‘You did not come to listen to Nero’, or, ‘You came, but listened inattentively’—‘You laughed’—‘You did not clap’—‘You offered no sacrifice for his voice, that it might be of clearer quality when he sang at Delphi’; consider all this, and you will see in what Iliads of misfortune the Greeks are involved. For as to the cutting through or not cutting through of the Isthmus (they say it is now in progress), I foreknew that long ago by divine revelation.

_Damis._ Nay, Apollonius, for my part, the enterprise of the cutting seems to me to be the top-note of Nero’s performances. You can see it is a great idea.

_Apoll._ I agree, Damis. But it is the failure to complete it that damn’s him for as great a failure at digging as he is at singing. When I review Xerxes’ achievements, I praise him, not for having yoked the Hellespont, but for having crossed it. But I can see that Nero will neither sail through the Isthmus nor complete his digging. Unless truth is lost, I believe he has retreated from Greece in terror.

8 When, after this, an express courier came to Gades, ordering services of thanksgiving and celebrations of Nero as thrice Olympian victor, Gades understood the victory, and understood that there was a famous match
in Arcadia; because, as I have said, they take an interest in Greek things. But the neighbouring cities did not know what the Olympian games might be, nor what contest and competition meant, nor what they were sacrificing for; but went off into the most ludicrous notions, taking it that this was a victory in war and that Nero had defeated a people called the Olympians. They had never been in the audience at a tragedy or a concert on the cithern! Though Damis does tell us what an effect a tragic actor produced on the people of Hipola (another city of Baetica); and the story is worth while recording here. Whilst all the cities were busy offering sacrifices in honour of the Emperor’s triumphs (news of his Pythian honours was by now beginning to come in), one of the tragic actors who had not been admitted to compete against Nero made a tour of the cities in the West, collecting money. The exercise of his profession began to gain him repute in the more civilized places, chiefly thanks to the mere fact of his coming to people who had never before heard tragedy, but also because he professed to be able to perform Nero’s lyrical airs. But when he got to Hipola they were terrified at him, even before he uttered a sound on the stage; when they saw his great strides, his mouth wide open, his legs stilted up in such high buskins, and his queer uncanny garb, the look of the fellow made them pretty uneasy; but when he lifted up his voice and came out with a big note, most of them fled headlong as if a demon were howling at them. Such are the manners of the natives in those parts, so primitive!

The Governor of Baetica was bent on meeting Apollonius, and though the sage said that his company
was not agreeable except to men of learned tastes, persisted in his request. So, as he was said to be a good man and in disfavour with Nero's troupe, Apollonius wrote him a letter bidding him come to Gades. And he, putting away the official pomp, came there with a few select friends. The two greeted each other, and, after dismissing the company, had a conversation. What passed, nobody knows; but Damis infers that they came to an agreement against Nero. Because, after three days' private conference, the Governor embraced Apollonius when he took his leave, and Apollonius said, 'Farewell, and remember Vindex.' What did this mean? While Nero was singing in Greece, Vindex, we are told, raised the western nations against him. And Vindex was just the man to make an ugly rift in that lute on which Nero was such an indifferent performer! He made a harangue to the troops under his command in a spirit of the noblest denunciation of tyranny: Nero, he said, was anything but a musician, but more like a musician than an emperor. He taxed him with madness, avarice, cruelty, and every sort of debauchery; but he forbore to reproach him for the worst of all his cruelties: Nero was right to kill his mother for bearing such a son. Apollonius then, foreknowing that this should be, endeavoured to enlist the neighbouring Governor in Vindex' enterprise; in fact he all but literally took up arms in the cause of Rome.

II And now, in this inflamed state of western politics, our travellers turned next towards Libya and the Tyrrhenians; and partly on foot, partly on shipboard, reached Sicily at Lilybaeum. Thence coasting towards Messina and the Straits, where the Tyrrhenian meeting
the Adriatic produces the terrible Charybdis, they got the news that Nero was a fugitive, Vindex dead, and claimants of the Empire appearing, some in Rome itself and some anywhere and everywhere among the nations. When his companions asked him what was to be the issue of it all, and whose the throne was to be, he answered, 'Many Thebans.' He compared the short lease of power which Vitellius, Galba, and Otho enjoyed to the Thebans, who for a very short while were a power in Greek politics.

Now we have given sufficient proof that Apollonius' foreknowledge of these events was due to supernatural prompting, and that it is not a sane view to regard him as a sorcerer; but let us add a few further considerations. Sorcerers—and I regard them as the most miserable of mankind—profess to alter the course of destiny either by tormenting demons or by means of outlandish rites, or charms, or plasters. Many of them, on being brought to justice, have confessed that such was the nature of their science. Whereas Apollonius assented to the decrees of destiny, and openly professed that they must needs take their course; and his Second Sight was no sorcery, but divine revelation. And when he saw in India the tripods and cupbearers, and all that service of automatons that I have described, he never inquired by what science they were constructed, nor wanted to know the secret: he praised their ingenuity but did not care to emulate it.

At the time when they came to Syracuse a person of quality was delivered of a monstrous birth, unique in the annals of midwifery; the baby had three heads, each growing from a separate neck; but beyond that, all was
single. This was clumsily expounded to signify that Sicily, the *three-cornered* isle, must be ruined if she did not agree within herself and unite: for, it must be said, there was much feud and faction, both internal and between city and city, and law and order did not exist in the island. Other commentators held that Typho, the *many-headed*, threatened a disturbance in Sicily. Apollonius said, ‘Go, Damis, and look at it. See if it is formed as they say.’ The prodigy was publicly exposed to all the expounders of portents. So Damis went and brought back word that it was three-headed and of the male sex. Hereupon Apollonius assembled his companions and said, ‘It is the three emperors of Rome whom I called Thebans the other day; and none of them will fully achieve dominion. Some will be powerful in Rome for a time, others in the neighbourhood of Rome; but they will all perish, and doff the impersonation of sovereignty faster than tragedy kings doff their masks.’

The saying immediately ‘came to light’. Galba was killed at Rome itself after grasping at the Empire; Vitellius was killed after dreaming of empire; Otho, killed in the west of Gaul, was not even buried with honour, but lies like a common man. And destiny flew through all this history in one year.

Upon travelling to Catania, near Mount Etna, they heard the inhabitants express the belief that Typhon was imprisoned there, and that from him arises the fiery interior Typhon which embraces Etna; but they themselves attained to a more probable and philosophical view. It was a question asked by Apollonius which started the discussion.
Chapter 14

**Apol.** Is there such a thing as Fable?

**Men.** Surely: the poets praise it.

**Apol.** And what is your opinion of Aesop?

**Men.** He is a fabulist, and his work is all fiction.

**Apol.** Which are the scientific sort of Fables?

**Men.** Those of the poets, because they are sung as having really happened.

**Apol.** And those of Aesop?

**Men.** Frogs and asses and nonsense—proper fare for old women and children.

**Apol.** Well, to my mind, Aesop's kind serve the more scientific purpose. The kind that deals in those demigods, on which all poetry is dependent, not only corrupts the hearer (because poets portray monstrous perversions and marriages of brother with sister, and malign the gods with stories of eating children, and of low rascallities and squabbles); but the illusion of reality in them tempts the amorous, or the jealous, or the person covetous of riches or power, to act like the characters in the fable. Aesop, on the contrary, shows his skill; firstly, by not ranging himself with the common sort of such authors, but taking his own road, and secondly, by teaching great lessons from small things, like people who give you a capital dinner made of quite cheap and plain ingredients. Then, after he has offered you his table, he concludes with a moral, a Do or a Do not. Again, he cares more for veracity than the poets do: whereas they strain to make their stories sound credible, he frankly gives you to expect a fictitious story; and so every one knows that Aesop tells the truth when he announces that he is not going to tell you a true story. The poet tells his story and leaves
it to the judicious hearer to test the reality or fiction of it; but the author who gives you a fiction and then adds a moral, as Aesop does, shows how he has made use of fiction for the purpose of instruction. Another quality which is charming in Aesop is that he endears brute beasts to man and makes them of more consequence; conversant with these poems from our childhood and educated by them, we get our ideas of each particular beast, how some were royal, some simple-minded, some smart, some innocent. The poet goes off with his

Many and various are the modes of the Spirit,

or some other lyrical finish of the sort; but Aesop with the voice of authority adds his own moral, and closes the interview at the result he intended.

1 I was taught a fable about Aesop’s cleverness by my mother, Menippus, when I was quite a child. She said that once upon a time there was a shepherd called Aesop, who fed his flock near a temple of Hermes, and had a passionate wish to be clever, and prayed Hermes to grant it. Now many other votaries used to visit Hermes with the same request, and fasten upon the temple walls, one his offering of gold, another of silver, another his cithara of ivory, and all sorts of magnificent things like that; but it did not belong to Aesop’s condition to have any of these things, and of what he had he was thrifty; but he would make an offering of milk to Hermes, as much as one ewe gave, and carry a honeycomb to his altar, as big as he could hold in his hand; and he thought it would be a nice treat for the god if he gave him some myrtle and laid
some roses or violets for him—but quite a few. For he used to say, “What is the good, O Hermes, of plaiting garlands and neglecting my sheep?”

When they came on the appointed day to the distribution of cleverness, Hermes, being the god of Reckoning and Profit, said to the first, “You shall have Philosophy”—of course this was he who had made the largest offering. And to the second-best benefactor he said, “You may go to the haunts of the rhetoricians.” And to the rest, “Your province is Astronomy, yours Music, yours Heroic Verse, and yours Satiric.” But although he was such a good hand at Reckoning, Hermes now found that he had spent all the portions of knowledge, without meaning it, and left out Aesop, without remarking it. Then he bethought him of the Seasons who had been his nurses in the crags of Olympus; and how, when he was still a baby in his cradle, they had told him the story about the Cow—the story which the Cow herself had told the Man about herself and the Land; and how it was that story which first gave him a fancy for Apollo’s cows. And thereupon he gave Aesop the Art of making Fables, which was the only one left in the store-house of Cleverness. There you have the first thing I ever learned.

This was where Aesop got the “many and various modes” of his art from; and “such was the issue of this matter” of Fables. But I am afraid an absurd thing has happened to me. I set out to introduce you to a true and scientific correction of the common legends about Etna, and I myself have been led away into a praise of Fables instead. It has not been an ungrateful digression though. The Fable that we protest against
is not that of Aesop's writings, but the more dramatic sort which makes the stock-in-trade of poetical legend. It is the poets who tell us of a Typhos or an Enceladus imprisoned beneath the mountain, and in his prolonged death-agonies panting fire. But while I assert that giants have been, and that proportionable remains are to be seen in many places where the graves have been burst open, I deny that they ever did battle against the gods. They may have defaced sacrilegiously their holy places and images; but as for their assaulting the sky and not allowing the gods any room there, it is madness to talk of it and madness to believe it. There is another legend we must not approve either, though it does look less irreverent, the legend that Hephaestus' business is a smithy in Etna where an anvil rings under his strokes. There are plenty of other fiery mountains in many parts of the world, and we have no time to lose if we are going to assign to each one a legend of giants and Hephaestuses. What, then, is the cause of such mountains? Earth which provides the combination of bitumen and sulphur, smokes of itself naturally, though it does not give rise to flame; but should that earth be porous and penetrated with subterranean draughts of air, it needs no more to raise a bonfire. And when once the flame has got an advantage, it streams down the mountains like water, it pours over the plains, and a solid bulk of fire advances seaward, forming debouchures like a river. There may be found here as elsewhere a place called the Field of the Dutesful around whom the stream of fire flowed; but let us believe that the whole world is sanctuary for such as do right, and the sea yields them fair passage, not only in
ships, but also when they commit themselves to swimming.' He always liked to end off a discourse quietly in some virtuous precept.

When the scientific visit to Sicily had lasted as long as his purposes required, he took passage for Greece about the rising of Arcturus. After a prosperous journey, he put in to Leucas; and here he said, 'Let us disembark from the ship. It is not well for her to sail to Achaia.' Nobody remarked the expression but those who knew the great man; and himself, with such as wished to be his fellow passengers, reached Lechaenum, on board a ship of Leucas. The Syracusean ship foun-dered at the mouth of the Crissaean Gulf.

At Athens, where he was initiated—and by that hierophant whose name he had foretold to the former holder of the office—he met with the learned Demetrius. After Nero's Bath and his remarks on it, Demetrius had been living at Athens; and, gallantly enough, he never left Greece even during the time of Nero's outrageous desecration of the Games. He told Apollonius that he had found Munion at the Isthmus, a convict prisoner, condemned to dig; and that, upon his expressing a proper horror at the circumstance, Musonius grasped his pick and struck it vigorously into the ground, then, straightening himself, said, 'Are you grieved, Demetrius, that I am digging the Isthmus for Greece? What would your feelings have been if you had seen me playing on the cithern, like Nero?' Much more might be told of Musonius, and even more wonderful things, but I must leave that alone, to avoid the appearance of giving myself airs at the expense of the author who scamped his biography.
Apollonius spent the winter in all the Grecian temples, and about spring-time began to address himself to his Egyptian voyage. Many were the rebukes he pronounced, many the counsels he gave to cities, many the commendations (for he was not chary of praise when he saw things soundly managed), before he went down to Piraeus to embark.

There was a ship in harbour on the point of setting sail for Ionia, but the trader would not allow him to take a passage in her, because she was his own private venture. Whereupon this dialogue took place.

\textit{Apoll.} What is your cargo?

\textit{The Owner.} Images of gods for Ionia, some in gold and marble, and some in ivory and gold.

\textit{Apoll.} Do you mean to set them up, or what?

\textit{The Owner.} I mean to sell them to such as like to set them up.

\textit{Apoll.} Then, my good sir, are you afraid that we shall rob your images on board ship?

\textit{The Owner.} I am not afraid of that, but I object to their going with a crowd of passengers, and rubbing shoulders with all the low company and low seafaring manners.

\textit{Apoll.} Why, my dear sir, just tell me—I take you for an Athenian—the ships that your Athenians used against the barbarians were full of seafaring riot and licence, and yet the gods embarked in them to help your cause; they did not think themselves polluted by your sailors—and are you going stupidly to refuse a passage to learned men, in whom the gods principally take pleasure? You, who trade in gods? Ancient statuary did not behave like this; they did not go about
from town to town selling their gods. They took with them no stock-in-trade but their own hands, and their tools for cutting stone and ivory, but had their raw material set down beside them and turned a temple into their workshop; and do you think it no impiety to carry a freight of gods, as though it were so much Hycranian or Scythian merchandise—I forbear to specify what wares—into the ports and the markets? There are indeed certain needy vagabonds who go about with an image of Demeter or Dionysus hung about their persons, and profess to be supported by the deities they carry; but to feed on the gods, and with insatiable appetite—a strange business, or rather, a strange madness this, if you fear no punishment!

After this rebuke he sailed in another ship.

After they arrived at Chios, he never so much as set foot on land, but jumped aboard the vessel lying alongside of theirs (she advertised sailing for Rhodes); and his companions jumped aboard her likewise, without a word; for their chief study and discipline was to follow him in word and deed. They made the passage in favourable weather; and next we have the story of his acts at Rhodes.

As he walked up to the statue of the Colossus, Damis asked him, 'What he considered greater than it?' He replied, 'A man who rightly and sincerely studies to learn.' Canus the flute-player, reputed the greatest master of his art, was then a visitor at Rhodes. Apollo summoned him, and the following dialogue passed between them.

Apoll. What does a flute-player do?
Can. Anything that the auditor wishes.
Apoll. Oh, but many people in our audience wish more to be rich than to hear the flute. Can you make any person rich whom you see desirous of it?

Can. Certainly not. I wish I could!

Apoll. Well! do you make the young men in the audience handsome? Since all that have youth desire beauty.

Can. No, that is beyond my power also, in spite of all the fascinations of my flute.

Apoll. Then what is it that you believe the auditor wishes?

Can. Surely the sorrowful wishes to have his sorrow assuaged by the flute; he that rejoices wishes his mirth enhanced; the lover would have his ardours increased; the devout would fain be more divinely inspired and touched to spiritual song.

Apoll. Well, Canus, and is all this power the flute's own doing by virtue of its construction out of gold and orichalque and deer's shin-bone, or ass's shin-bone, or whatever it is?

Can. It is something else, Apollonius: it is the music, the modes, the harmony, the rapid diversity of the execution, the characters of the airs—all these combine to dispose the hearers suitably, and their souls are wrought to what fashion they please.

Apoll. Now I understand the function of your art, Canus. It is the motley quality of it, the versatility, that you cultivate to perfection and impart to your pupils. But it seems to me that the flute wants certain things besides those which you have said: skilful management of the breath and the mouth, and good hands in the performer: the breath must be skilfully managed, if it is
to be bright and clear in tone, and no discordant noise in the throat, which would give an inartistic effect; the mouth must be skilfully managed, if the lips are to fit on to the tongue of the instrument and give the sound without inflaming the performer's face; good hands I consider very important for the flautist—an untiring suppleness of the palm, and quickness in the fingers to fly over the stops: the executant with good hands is more likely to have the gift of passing rapidly from one mode to another. So if you have all these talents, Canus, you may play the flute with confidence, and Euterpe will be with you.

Just at this time a certain young nouveau riche of no education was building himself a house in Rhodes, and stocking it with all sorts of pictures and marbles from all over the world. Apollonius asked how much he had spent on tutors and education.

The T. M. Not a shilling.

Apol. And how much on the house?

The T. M. £3,000, and I dare say it will cost me as much again before I've done with it.

Apol. And what is the purpose of your house?

The T. M. It's going to be a capital place for a man's condition. It has its own running-grounds and shrubberies. I shan't trouble to go into town often, and my visitors will be more delighted than ever to find me at home; they will feel like going into a sanctuary.

Apol. Are men more to be envied for what they are, or for what they have about them?

The T. M. For their riches. Nothing tells like money.

Apol. And which has his money in better keeping, young man, the educated or the uneducated?
Silence from the young man.

Apoll. It looks to me, young man, as if the house had got you instead of you having got the house. When I enter a temple, I would far prefer to find an image of gold or ivory in a small shrine, than a big shrine and nothing but a rubbisy terra-cotta thing in it.

Then there was a fat boy who prided himself on eating and drinking more than anybody else.

Apoll. Are you the gormandizer?

The F. B. I am. Services of intercession are held for my appetite.

Apoll. And how are you the better off for your stuffing?

The F. B. People stare at me in admiration. I suppose you have heard of Heracles, and know that his meals were almost as famous as his labours.

Apoll. Because he was Heracles. But where are your deserts, dirty rogue? The only glorious achievement in store for you is to burst.

So much for his time at Rhodes. And now for what happened at Alexandria when he arrived there.

Alexandria was passionately fond of Apollonius before he had ever been seen there; they longed for him with unexampled devotion. And Upper Egypt, steeped in theology, besought him to pay a visit to their haunts. There was much intercourse to and fro between Rhodes and Egypt; his name was celebrated among them, and the Egyptians had all pricked up their ears to hear him. As he walked from the ship into the town, they gazed upon him as though he were a god, and made way for him in the narrow streets as they do for a religious procession.
As he was going along, escorted by a greater crowd than turns out to see the Governor of Provinces, they met twelve men going on their way to execution, on a charge of robbery. When Apollonius saw them he said, ‘Not all: such and such an one has been falsely accused and will get off.’ And speaking to the officers of justice under whose charge the criminals were going, he added, ‘I command you to slacken the pace, take your time to reach the trench, and to execute this man last. He is absolutely innocent of the charge. And you on your part will be doing a good action in allowing the men a few hours’ respite, whom it would have been better not to put to death at all.’ He lingered over the words, and spoke with unusual prolixity: the significance of which was presently made plain. When eight of the men had already been beheaded, a horseman rode up to the trench, shouting, ‘Spare Pharion!’ Pharion, it seems, was no robber, but had falsely accused himself for fear of the rack; and, upon the others being put to the torture, they had confessed that he was an honest man.

I forbear to describe how Egypt leapt for joy, and how huge was the applause. They are at all times an enthusiastic race.

He went up to the temple, where he found the style of ceremony and the principles of service to be godly and agreeable to spiritual science; but the blood of bulls, the geese, and in general the victims for sacrifice—these were things he did not approve, and would not himself bring any such offerings to the banquets of the gods. The priest asked him what were his reasons for sacrificing in this way; he replied, ‘On the contrary,
it is for you to answer me what reasons you have for sacrificing in that way.'

184 The Priest. And who is expert enough to correct Egyptian usage?

Apoll. Any man of science, if he come from India, this day I shall make a burnt offering of an ox, and you are welcome to partake in the smell of it with us; you will surely have no cause to complain of your perquisite if the gods shall partake in that as in the rest. (He melted the model of an ox in the fire.) See, there is my offering!

The Priest. Offering? I see none here.

Apoll. What, my good sir, were Iamids and Telliads and Clytiads, and the oracle of the Melampodidae, all talking nonsense in their many dissertations on Fire and their many collections of revelations by Fire? Or perhaps you allow the prophetic and revelatory power to pinewood fires and cedar fires only? But is not the fire which burns from the richest and purest tears of gum much to be preferred? Had you been well versed in the science of Fire, you would have seen many revelations in the orb of the sun at each day's sunrise.—Thus did he reprove this Egyptian for ignorance in religion.

Alexandria was addicted to horses, and would assemble in crowds at the race-course for the show. But as the horse-racing had been the occasion of several horrible murders, Apollonius reprimanded the people for their practices. Preaching in the temple, he said, 'How many more of these deaths are we to have, not deaths for the sake of your children or your religion, but to the very different purpose of defiling the temples (which you visit with the foul stains of blood still upon you)
and meeting destruction within your own town-walls? Troy, we may believe, was ruined by a single horse which the Achaeans in those days contrived; but you are so plagued by horses and chariots that you cannot bear to be curbed and managed. Well, you are getting massacred neither by Atreidae nor Aeacids, but by one another, which the Trojans never fell to doing even in their drunkenness. At Olympia, where they hold wrestling and boxing matches and 

*pancratia*, nobody has ever been killed for the sake of the champions—though perhaps an excess of local patriotism would be pardonable; but here it is a case of drawn swords on both sides, and stones flying at a moment’s notice, and all for the sake of horses. May fire assail the city wherein is wailing and the violence of slain and slaying and the earth runs with blood! Reverence the Nile, that great Bowl from which all Egypt drinks alike! But why do I put men in mind of the Nile, who keep more count of the rising tide of blood than the flood in the river? This and much besides was the language of his reprimand, so Damis informs us.

While Vespasian was meditating empire in the next province to Egypt, and while he was advancing into Egypt, the Dios and the Euphrates (of whom more anon) encouraged rejoicings. For since the first emperor who restored order to the Roman State, such oppressive tyrannies had been in power for fifty years, that even Claudius (whose reign covered the middle thirteen years) cannot be called a good ruler. True, he was fifty years old when he came to the throne, an age when a man’s mind is at its soundest; and had the name of being passionately fond of culture in all kinds. But his
mature years did not save him from many puerile weak-
nesses; he allowed a herd of women to browse undis-
turbed upon the Empire; and he met his death at their
hands so supinely that, though he was aware of what
was going to happen to him, he took no precautions
against the foreseen danger. Apollonius rejoiced as
much as Euphrates and Dio at the turn of events, but
he did not harangue public meetings about it, thinking
that this form of eloquence savoured too much of the
professional rhetorician. And when, at the Emperor's
approach, he was met without the gates by religious
processions, the Government officials of Egypt, the
representatives of the Nomes into which Egypt is di-
vided, the philosophers likewise and Science in general—

Apollonius showed no such officious zeal, but stayed
in the temple engaged in his studies. The Emperor
spoke generously and graciously, and his brief address
was no sooner done than he asked, 'Is the man of
Tyana here?' 'He is, indeed,' they answered, 'and
we are much better men, thanks to his efforts.' 'How
can I confer with him,' said Vespasian, 'for I have
great need of him.' Dio replied, 'He will meet you
near the temple: so he appointed with me as I was on
my way here.' 'Let us go,' said the Emperor: 'I
shall say my prayers to the gods and have the company
of a noble character as well.'

This was the origin of a story which grew up, that
he had begun to meditate empire whilst he was besie-
ing Jerusalem, and sent for Apollonius to consult with
him thereupon; but that Apollonius refused to enter
a country which its inhabitants had defiled both by
what they had done and by what had been done to
them; and that therefore Vespasian in person now came to Egypt, already master of the Empire, but desirous of conversing with the sage. These were the conversations that I am now about to notice.

Vespasian had no sooner sacrificed, than, without waiting to attend adequately to the business of the various States, he appealed to Apollonius, almost as though praying to him, and said, 'Make me an Emperor.' Apollonius answered, 'I have done it. For when I prayed for a prince just, honourable, wise, adorned with grey hairs, and the father of legitimate sons, it was surely none but you that I was asking the gods to give us.' The Emperor was extremely pleased at this; and indeed the crowd in the temple associated themselves with his words and were loud in acclamation. He then asked him, 'What did you think of Nero's reign?' And Apollonius answered, 'Nero may have understood how to tune his cithern, but he disgraced his imperial office both by slackening and by tightening the strings.' 'True to scale,' said the Emperor, 'that is what you recommend for sovereigns?' 'It is not my precept,' said Apollonius, 'but that of Heaven, which ordained that Equity should be a Mean. In this matter you have good counsellors here at hand'— and he pointed to Dio and Euphrates, who had not then quarrelled with him. It was at this point that the Emperor lifted up his hands and exclaimed, 'O Zeus, let me reign over sages for my subjects and have sages for my masters!' And, turning to the Egyptians, he added, 'Draw upon me as you draw upon the Nile.'

And, in fact, Egypt, exhausted by oppression, did thus recover.
As he came down from the temple, he grasped Apollonius by the hand, and taking him into the palace, said, 'I dare say some people think it a boyish venture in me to undertake empire almost in my sixtieth year. I mean to offer you my apology, that you may be my apologist in turn. Riches was never an irresistible temptation to me, even as a boy, to the best of my knowledge. The offices and dignities which belong to the organization of the Roman Empire I have discharged with such sobriety and discretion as neither to be thought overbearing nor abject; I never harboured any ambitious plot even against Nero; when he got the throne, by succession to the Emperor, even if not constitutionally, I submitted to him for Claudius' sake, who had appointed me consul and privy councillor to himself. And I vow by Athena that when I saw Nero disgracing himself, I shed tears to think of Claudius, and the dirty scoundrel who had come in for most of his inheritance. But now that I see that the condition of the human race has not been improved even by getting rid of Nero, and that the Empire is reduced to the degradation of depending on a Vitellius, I go to claim the throne with a good courage; firstly because I desire to do mankind a great service, and secondly because the rival in my path is a sot. Vitellius may take more perfume-baths than I take baths of water, but it looks to me as if a blow from a sword will tap more perfumes than blood in his veins. Endless courses of debauchery have made him mad; when he plays a game of draughts he is in terror of losing his pieces, but he plays fast and loose with the Empire. He is under the thumb of courtesans, but he plays stallion to married women, saying that risky amours are
Chapters 29, 30

sweeter. I say nothing of worse excesses, which I cannot mention in your hearing. Never may I sit still and see Romans governed by such a man! I take the gods for my leaders, and hope to do my duty by myself. And that, Apollonius, is why I look to you to be my sheet-anchor: I hear that you know more about the gods than anybody else. I make you my counsellor in those high politics on which land and sea depend, in order that, should heaven seem to favour us, I may do the thing, and, should heaven seem contrary, and not on my side or the side of Rome, I may not be a nuisance to the unwilling gods.'

When he ended his speech, Apollonius in solemn accents cried, 'O Zeus Capitolius, for I know thou art the arbiter of this question, keep him safe, and keep thyself safe by his means! For this is the man who is destined to restore thy temple which unrighteous hands have yesterday burned.' The Emperor was amazed at his words, but Apollonius continued, 'The facts, the facts shall make it plain. You need not ask anything of me. Execute your rightful resolve.' Now in the event it appeared that Domitian, Vespasian's son, had been fighting in his father's cause against Vitellius; beleaguered in the Capitol, he had made good his own escape through the besieging forces, but the temple had been burnt; and Apollonius had seen it, much sooner than if it had happened in Egypt.

After this important conversation, Apollonius quitted the Emperor, affirming that the Indian discipline did not permit him any dispensation from their noonday practices. But Vespasian, whose enthusiasm now blazed higher than ever, did not mean to let the moment slip;
Book V

thanks to what he had heard, he now felt that he had success, assured and guaranteed, in his grasp.

31 When Apollonius came to the palace very early next morning he asked the guards what the Emperor was about; they answered that he was up long ago, and now at his letters. On hearing this he went away, remarking to Damis, 'This man will reign.' Returning at sunrise he found Dio and Euphrates at the doors, and in answer to their eager inquiries about his interview, explained to them the apology which he had heard from Vespasian, but suppressed his own opinions. He was given the first audience, and said to the Emperor, 'Your majesty, Euphrates and Dio, old acquaintances of yours, are at the doors; they are not unconcerned in your interests. I beg you to summon them also to consult.' 'They are clever men, both of them,' replied Vespasian; 'my doors are always open to clever men; but you seem to have the entrée to my heart.'

32 So they were introduced.

Vesp. For my present project, gentlemen, I offered an apology yesterday to the honourable Apollonius.

Euphrates & Dio. We have heard your apology, and found it reasonable.

Vesp. But to-day, my dear Dio, let us study the question how to execute my resolve, so that all my measures may be creditable to myself and tending to the welfare of the world. When I think, first of Tiberius and his cruel inhuman perversion of the government; then of his successor Gaius—how, with his Dionysomania, and his Lydian affectations of dress, and his triumphs in imaginary wars, he made his whole reign one disgusting orgy; and then the honest Claudius—
how the poor uxorious creature first forgot to be an emperor and finally forgot to keep alive (the women murdered him, they say); and Nero—but why should I inveigh against Nero, when Apollonius has given us that concise and complete phrase, that he ‘defiled his imperial office by tightening and slackening the strings’. And what is to be said of Galba’s government, who, when he was killed in mid Forum, was actually adopting as his sons Otho and Piso, the catamites? And if we were to put the imperial power into Vitellius’ hands, Nero would come to life again! So, gentlemen, it is because I see that the Empire has been brought into disrepute by these various tyrannies, that I take you for my advisers how I shall manage an office so generally unpopular.

Apoll. There was a flute-player, and a very clever one, who used to send his pupils to the worser sort of players for a lesson how not to play the flute. Well, sir, you have had a lesson, how not to rule, from these bad rulers; and now how to rule, that is the problem for us to study.

Euphrates was already secretly beginning to be jealous of Apollonius, because he saw that Vespasian put as much reliance on him as devout pilgrims do on the oracles that they visit; and on this occasion he lost control and burst out, saying in an unusual high tone of voice, ‘We must not pander to impulse, and senselessly join in the extravagances of an uncurbed ambition; our duty as thinkers is to moderate them. Whilst we ought to be found discussing whether certain things are to be done, instead of that, you bid us say how you are to get them done—without first deciding if the pro-
posed action be right at all. My opinion is that Vitellius ought to be deposed, because I know him for a miscreant, besotted with every kind of licentiousness; but, knowing you, Vespasian, to be an honest man of the most generous principle, I say that it is not for you to think of reforming Vitellius' abuses without first having a clear idea of your own position. What are the sins of a monarchy, you do not need me to teach you: you have named them. And you must be well aware that youth vaulting into despotism, is youth behaving as it might be expected to behave—despotic power is as natural to young men as drunkenness or being in love; and a young man who makes himself a despot must not be blamed if he be murderous, cruel, and lustful into the bargain. But when an old man attains tyrannic power, the first count in the charge against him is that he ever had any such ambition; though he may prove humane and self-controlled, these qualities are not credited to him, but to his time of life, his maturity. People will believe that he coveted power long ago, while yet young, and failed to achieve it; and such failures are sometimes set down to bad luck, but sometimes also to cowardice: such a man is held either to have abandoned his visions of power because he feared his fate too much, or to have made way for a rival pretender's ambition because he was afraid of his rival as a man. Bad luck is an explanation we may dismiss; but how will you clear yourself of the charge of cowardice, and being cowed by Nero at that, the cowardly and ineffectual Nero? Vindex' design against him was surely a summons to you in chief; you had an army; the forces you led against the Jews would have been better
employed against Nero. The Jews¹ are inveterate rebels, not against Rome only, but against all mankind. Living in their peculiar exclusiveness, and having neither their food, nor their libation, nor their prayers, nor their sacrifices in common with men, they are more cut off from us than are Susa or Bactra or the yet more remote India. It was no more right to punish their revolt than it was desirable to have conquered them in the first instance. But Nero—was it not every man's dearest wish to kill Nero with his own hand? Nero, who almost literally drank human blood, and sang in the thick of his massacres? I can tell you, my ears were all alert for news of you; and whenever word came from those parts that 30,000 Jews had been killed by you, and 50,000 in the next battle, I used to take the messenger aside and put a straight question to him, “What of the great man? Nothing better than that?”

And now since you have made up your mind to see in Vitellius the ghost of Nero, and raise forces against him—execute your resolve, and so far good! but what next? Let the next step be this: the Romans dearly value a Republic, and great part of their possessions were acquired under that form of government. Put a stop to the monarchy which you have so eloquently denounced, give the Romans popular government, and take for yourself the authorship of their liberty.

Apollonius saw that Dio agreed (he showed it by his nods of approval and his applause of Euphrates' language); and when Euphrates had done, he said, ‘Have you anything to add to what has been said, Dio?’ And Dio answered, ‘That I have: partly in agreement and partly in disagreement. That you, Vespasian,
Book V

would have been much better employed in pulling down Nero than in settling the Jewish business, is a view which I think I have also expressed to you. But you seemed to be bent on averting Nero's overthrow: for by mending the confusion of his administration, obviously you were encouraging the tyrant against all the victims of his wicked persecutions. But I approve the enterprise against Vitellius, because I hold it better to nip a despotism in the bud than to abate the full-blown nuisance. As for democracy, I salute it—inferior to aristocracy though it is, wise men will prefer it to a tyranny or an oligarchy; but I am afraid that tyrannical reigns have made the Romans so tame by now as to render the change difficult. They are disabled for liberty, disabled from lifting up their eyes towards democracy, like men confronted with a glare of light after darkness.

4 I therefore say that you ought to dispossess Vitellius of power; and let this be done as quickly and conveniently as may be; I am in favour of preparing as if for war, and not declaring war, but declaring that vengeance will be done unless he abandon his aims. When you have conquered him (which I imagine that you can count upon doing without effort), give the Romans their choice of a constitution, and if they choose democracy, allow them to have it: the concession will be more glorious to you than many sovereignties and many Olympic victories; all over the city your name will be inscribed, and your statue erected in bronze; and we shall thank you for affording us a topic which will put Harmodius and Aristogiton out of comparison. If, on the other hand, they favour monarchy, to whom but
Chapter 35

...you can they vote the imperial power? What is yours already and you offer to resign, they must surely give to you rather than to another.'

Silence followed upon this speech. The prince's face expressed the struggle which was passing in his mind. He had been acting and deliberating entirely as Emperor, and now what he heard seemed to dissuade him from his purpose. But Apollonius spoke: 'I think you are wrong in unsettling the Emperor's mind when his policy has been already determined, and turning this discussion into a question fit for a boys' debating society, but too academic for the actual emergency. If I had been in the position of power that he holds, and taking counsel how I could benefit mankind, and you had come to me with this sort of advice, your arguments would have had effect: for philosophical opinions tell upon the philosophers in the audience. But when you are giving advice to a consul, a man accustomed to supreme authority; a man to whom a fall from office virtually means ruin—what is the point of reproving him for meeting the overtures of fortune half-way, instead of rejecting them, and for consulting how he may employ his advantage wisely? Suppose we saw an athlete, tall, well-built, and well-furnished with pluck, already passing through Arcadia on his way to Olympia; if we were to encourage him to face his competitors, but urge him not to have the great victory proclaimed, when won, and not to accept his crown of wild olive, our advice would sound like nonsense and mere mockery of other men's labours. This is how we ought to regard Vespasian, considering the great forces he commands, the blaze of metal and the multitude of horses, his personal nobility...
and wisdom and capacity for realizing his ideas; we
ought to wish him god-speed on his enterprise with
auspicious acclamations and happier assurances than
these. For there is another thing that you have not
considered: Vespasian is the father of two sons, already
in military commands; and if he does not make them
his heirs in the Empire, they will be his worst enemies,
and he will have the certain prospect of a bitter feud
with his own family. Whereas, if he undertakes the
Empire, he will have his sons to protect him; he and
they will be firm in mutual support; he will find in
them a bodyguard, neither hired nor pressed into the
service and feigning an air of loyalty, but most naturally
and intimately bound to his cause.

'I have no politics, for I live under the rule of the
gods; but I do not think the human herd ought to go
to rack and ruin for want of an honest and sensible
herdsman. Just as an individual of pre-eminent worth
transforms democracy into a monarchy of the best man;
even so the rule of one man, if in all things it has an
eye to the common welfare, is democracy. Vespasian
did not overthrow Nero! Well, but did you, Euphras-
tes? or Dio? Did I? Yet nobody rebukes us for it,
or regards us as cowards for failing to strike a blow in
the cause of liberty when so many tyrannies are now
have been destroyed by thinkers. However, for my
part, I did enlist myself against Nero, by many a mal-
cious phrase in my discourses, by the sharp rap that
I gave the cruel Tigellinus openly; besides, in all
that I did to help Vindex in the Western provinces
I was erecting batteries against Nero. Only I shall not
on that account call myself the conqueror of the tyrant,
any more than I shall call you cowards, degenerate from the philosophers' standard, for not doing so. On the contrary, a man of thought will say what comes into his head, presumably reckoning to avoid saying anything unmeaning or crazy; but a consul planning to pull down a tyrant needs extra deliberation upon two points, first, how to mask his attack, and second, a suitable attitude to escape the imputation of perjury. For if he means to turn his arms against the man who appointed him general and whose interest he swore to defend in counsel and in act, clearly he must begin by making his *apologia* to the gods to justify his breach of allegiance; and he must also raise a great number of friends, for such enterprises are not to be undertaken without munitions and defences; and great sums of money, in order to attach the powerful interests to himself. Particularly so when he is attacking the master of the world. Think of the delays and the time it all takes!

'Well, you may take my words as you please; but I say it is not for us to criticize a design which Vespasian no doubt conceived, but which Fortune began to further before he personally had made any effort. And what have you to say to this? Yesterday he was Emperor, crowned in these temples by the representatives of the States, governing generously and magnificently: and to-day you invite him to proclaim publicly that henceforth he will be a private person, and that he claimed the throne in a moment of insanity. As surely as if he puts his design in practice, he will enlist the enthusiastic support of those on whom he relied in forming the idea; so surely, if he ends by abdicating his resolve, will he make an enemy of every mistrusted partisan.'
36 The Emperor was glad to hear this, and exclaimed, ‘If you had been inside of my soul you could not have expressed my feelings as clearly as you have done! I follow you for my leader; I believe there is something divine about all your counsels. Instruct me in the duties of a good prince.’ Apollonius answered: ‘What you ask cannot be taught. To reign is the greatest thing on earth, but it is unteachable. However, I can tell you the things which I think you would be well to do. Do not consider that to be wealth which is hoarded away, for how is it better than sand gathered from the nearest heap?—nor that which comes in from men who groan at their taxes; for the gold that is wrung from tears is of base alloy and black. The best use that princes can make of their riches is to succour the needy and to secure the wealthy in the enjoyment of their riches. ‘You can do anything you please’: let this power awe you, and you will use it better. Do not cut off the tall and overtopping ears; for that is an unrighteous saying of Aristotle’s; rather exterminate malignancy as you would brambles from a crop; and strike terror into the seditious, not so much by punishment as by the threat of it. Let the law, sir, be sovereign over you like the rest; your legislation will be the wiser if you 197 do not despise the law. Worship the gods more than formerly, for you have received much from them and have much to pray for. Behave like a prince in imperial concerns, like a plain man in your own person. Dicing, drinking, making love, I need not warn you about renouncing these, for they say you never approved of such courses even when you were of an age. You have two sons, sir, and report says that they are men of noble
character. Above all rule them, for you will get the discredit of their sins. You will do well to use the threat of not leaving the Empire to them unless they continue in honour and honesty; and then they will regard the Empire not as their inheritance, but as the reward of merit. The chartered amusements of Rome (and it seems to me, sir, that they are many) you must curtail discreetly; it is a hard task, converting the public to absolute wisdom; but you ought little by little to introduce restraint into their minds, partly by open and partly by underhand reforms. Let us abolish the pampered luxury of the freedmen and slaves in office, and teach them that now they have a bigger man for their master, their conceit of themselves may be reduced in proportion. What other reforms are there? Yes, the governors who go out to the provinces: I do not mean your own nominations, for doubtless you will appoint by merit, but those who will get an appointment by drawing lots. I say that, so far as the lot permits, you ought to send governors naturally adapted to the people whom they are to administer, Greek-speaking governors for Greece, and Latin-speaking to the races who are of that tongue and speech. I will tell you what put this into my head. At the time when I was staying in the Peloponnese the Governor of Greece was a man who knew no Greek; the Greeks could not understand him either; and consequently he was the cause, or the victim, of endless mistakes. His assessors and legal advisers trafficked in justice, and the Governor was like a slave in their hands. Well, sir, this is what has occurred to me to-day, and should anything else come into my mind, we will have another meeting. And now I leave you to
the duties of your imperial station, that your subjects may not think you lazy.'

37 Euphrates remarked, 'I agree with the conclusions; for what advantage would there be in my presenting another view? There is only one thing more to be said: let science, sir, enjoy your majesty's—for so we are now to address you—approval and favour—natural science, but have nothing to do with the science that lays claim to divine inspiration. Such persons excite us with a deal of false and absurd theological pretension.'

This was intended for Apollonius, who paid no heed to it, but retired with his friends as soon as the business was dispatched. Euphrates wished to say something more impertinent about him, but Vespasian perceived his drift and thwarted him by saying, 'Call in those who have petitions to the Emperor, and let the council be formally constituted.'

Euphrates little suspected how much he damaged himself by this; the Emperor thought him a jealous and impudent person, and put down his plea for democracy not to conviction, but to a desire of controverting Apollonius' opinion. However, he did not dismiss him or manifest any displeasure on this account. Neither did he stop his affection for Dio, though he disapproved of his taking sides with Euphrates in this debate. Dio was an agreeable talker and deprecated disputes; he had a charm of style that suggested the perfume of incense in a temple, and an incomparable talent of improvisation. But Vespasian's feeling towards Apollonius was more than affection; he listened spellbound to his discourses about antiquity, his narrative of the Indian Pharaohes, his descriptions of the rivers and of the wild beasts that
inhabit India, and, not least, to his divinely revealed predictions about the Empire. When he was leaving Egypt settled in government and renewed in hope, he wished Apollonius to accompany him; but Apollonius was otherwise minded: he had not yet seen the whole extent of Egypt, nor held conference with the Naked Men, whose Egyptian science he was bent on comparing with that of India. ‘Nor’, said he, ‘have I yet drunk of the Nile at its sources.’ So the Emperor understood that he was intending for Ethiopia. ‘You will not forget us, though,’ said Vespasian; and Apollonius answered, ‘Certainly not, if you continue to be a good prince and do not forget yourself.’

After this the Emperor offered sacrifice in the temple, and then publicly invited Apollonius to name the favours he might desire. And he, as if about to prefer his request, asked what favours his majesty meant to bestow. ‘Ten’, said Vespasian, ‘now, and when you come to Rome, all I have.’ ‘Then’, said Apollonius, ‘I must husband your resources as my own, and not squander now what is destined wholly for me in the future. I beg you rather, sir, to attend to these gentlemen, who look like suitors.’ And he pointed to Euphrates and his friends. The Emperor invited them to ask boldly, and Dio, blushing, said, ‘Reconcile me, sir, with Apollonius, the master, and make up my seeming difference of opinion with a man whom I never before controverted.’ The Emperor approved him, saying, ‘Yesterday I asked this favour, and it was granted. You must ask something by way of a present.’ Whereupon Dio said, ‘There is one Lasthenes of Apamea in Bithynia, who studied with me before he fell in love with a uniform
and a soldier’s life. Now he says he longs for the
philosopher’s habit again. I beg you to give him his
discharge from service: it is his own petition. You will
do me a favour in making a good man of him, and oblige
him by the leave to live as he desires.” “Let him be
discharged,” said Vespasian, “and I give him his retired
pay as well,” since he is so fond of Science and of you.”
Next he turned to Euphrates, who had drawn up his
requests in writing. He held out the memorial as
though for the Emperor’s private reading; but Vespasian
chose to give the others a chance of criticizing him, and
read it in public before everybody. The petitions proved
to be some for himself, some for others; and the presents
he asked for were either money or had to do with money.
At which Apollonius laughed and said, “And you spoke
in favour of democracy, when you had all these requests
to make of an Emperor!”

Such are the particulars which I could discover con-
cerning Apollonius’ difference with Euphrates. After
the Emperor’s departure things came to an open quarrel
between them, conducted with much heat and reviling
on Euphrates’ part, but by argument and in a more
academic temper on the other. Apollonius’ charges
against Euphrates, that his behaviour was unworthy
of the profession, may be learned from the letters he
addressed to him. There are several of these. But I
need not concern myself with that worthy at all, since
I proposed to myself not an indictment of Euphrates,
but a narrative of Apollonius’ life for the information of
those who do not know of him. However, there is the
story about the stick. Euphrates is said to have lifted
up his stick and threatened Apollonius during one of his
lectures, but without striking a blow; which most people ascribe to the deftness of the threatened man; I prefer to ascribe it to self-control in the would-be assailant, enabling him to overcome his already dominant anger.

Apollonius thought Dio’s philosophy too literary and too much calculated to please. This is the point of the sharp correction he gave him. ‘Use flute or lyre to tickle the ear, but not language’; and there are many places in his letters to Dio where he rebukes him for clap-trap.

Apollonius did not go to court; and in spite of many letters and invitations never again met Vespasian after Egypt. I want to explain how this was. Nero, in an interval of unconscious wisdom, liberated Greece; the cities returned to their customs, Doric or Attic; there was a universal Second Spring in Greece, with such harmony between the different cities as ancient Greece had never known. But when Vespasian came, he deprived them of their liberty on pretence of seditions and other matters no way proportionable to such a stretch of resentment. This measure was felt, not only by the sufferers but by Apollonius, to be harsh and unlike the Emperor’s character. Accordingly he wrote the following letter:

‘Apollonius to the Emperor Vespasian, greeting.

‘You have enslaved Greece, they tell me. You think you have outdone Xerxes; you are mistaken: you have fallen below Nero. Nero had it in his power and declined it. Farewell.’

‘To the same.

‘When you are on such bad terms with Greeks that
you enslave their liberty, what need have you of my company? Farewell.'

'To the same.

'Nero liberated the Greeks in jest, but you have enslaved them in earnest. Farewell.'

This was the circumstance which embroiled Apollonius and Vespasian; but when he heard that afterwards the Emperor put his power to a good use in all respects, he made no secret of his joy and his sense of personal satisfaction.

Among the marvellous actions of Apollonius I must record the following Egyptian incident. There was a man who went about with a tame lion on leash, leading it like a dog; the beast was affectionate not only to its master, but to all comers; it used to collect alms through the towns in many places, and was allowed to enter the temples because it was clean; that is, it never would lick up the blood of the sacrificial victims nor make for the flayed and jointed flesh, but lived on a diet of honey-cakes, bread, pastrycook's stuff, and boiled meat; it might also be seen drinking wine, but without disturbance of its temper. This lion came up to Apollonius, who was sitting by the temple, rubbed itself against his knees, and seemed to address itself to him with a most particular solicitude. It was begging for its fee, thought the bystanders, but Apollonius knew better. 'The lion requests me to make known to you', he said, 'whose soul he has. It is Amasis', Egyptian King of the Saetic region.' When the lion heard this, it uttered a pathetic and dirge-like roar, fell on its knees, and lamented, shedding actual tears. So Apollonius
stroked it and said, 'This lion ought to be sent to Leontopolis and there dedicated in the temple. I protest against a king, now metamorphosed into the most royal of beasts, being allowed to collect alms like a beggar.' Whereupon there was an assembly of the clergy; and after sacrificing to Amasis and decorating the animal with a circlet and ribbons, they solemnly conducted it to Upper Egypt with an accompaniment of flutes and chanting and songs of praise.

When he had finished his work at Alexandria, he prepared to travel via Egypt into Ethiopia, there to visit the Naked Men. He left Menippus, already one of the preachers and distinguished for the freedom of his language, at Alexandria to keep an eye on Euphrates; Dioscorides, whom he saw not to be strongly inclined for this expedition, was excused the long journey; and then, assembling the remainder (several more recruits had joined after the defection at Aricia), he explained the proposed journey to them, opening as follows:

'Sirs, I must make you an Olympic address. Do you know what that means? I will tell you. At the season of the Olympia the Eleans exercise the athletes in Elis itself for thirty days. A Delphian before the Pythia, and a Corinthian before the Isthmus, say to their assembled candidates: "Go to the course and be men enough to win"; but the Eleans speak to their athletes when they are starting for Olympia, in these terms: "If your exertions have qualified you for Olympia, and you have done nothing idle and mean, go in confidence. But all such as have not so trained yourselves, get you gone where you like!"

His disciples understood his words, and some twenty
of them stayed behind with Menippus. The remaining ten (I think that was their number), having prayed to
the gods and sacrificed as men do before taking ship,
headed for the Pyramids, mounted on camels. They
started with the Nile on their right, but many times
did they cross the river in pursuit of their investigations
into all its curiosities. The cities, the temples, the
many sacred spots in Egypt—none of them did our pil-
grims pass in silence; their journey was one long mu-
tual instruction in sacred stories; and any boat on
which Apollonius embarked was like the sacred ship
that carries the legates to the festival.
BOOK VI

Ethiopia occupies the western wing of the whole earth that lies under the sun, as the Indies the eastern; meeting Egypt at Meroe, and partly bordering on Unexplored Libya, it ends at the sea which the poets call Ocean, designating by this name the whole body of water that surrounds the earth. It gives to Egypt the River Nile, which, beginning at the Cataracts (Cata- doupoi), brings down with it from the Ethiopes all that Egypt which it flushes. For size, this country is not to be compared with the Indies; neither is any other of the famous continents of the world. And even if we throw all Egypt in with Ethiopia (which we regard the river as doing), after this great addition, both together are still not equal to the Indies; but their respective rivers are a match, if you consider the attributes of the Indus and of the Nile. Both water their continents at the season when the earth craves for it; each shares with the other the peculiarity of producing the crocodile and the hippopotamus; the accounts of the religious ritual celebrated on both agree, for many of the Indian ceremonies are used on the Nile also. The similarity of the two continents we may take to be attested by their spices, by the lions, and by the elephant, which in both is captured and turned to servile uses. They both breed wild beasts that are not elsewhere found, and black men (which the other continents do not); as well as the races of Pigmies and Barking Men, of various species,
and other like marvels. The griffins of the Indies and the Ethiopian ants, different in shape as they are, are at least similar (so they say) in their tastes; in each country they are the legendary guardians of gold, and live by predilection in the gold-bearing tracts. But instead of saying more about these matters, my tale must now proceed to its subject, and we must stick to our hero.

When he reached the borders of Egypt and Ethiopia (the place is called Sukaminos), he found unstamped ingots of gold, flux, ivory, roots, myrrh, and spices, all lying unguarded at a fork in the road. What did it mean? I can explain, for the custom still obtains at this day. The Ethiopians bring their native merchandise for sale, and the other parties take it up and bring their Egyptian wares of equal value, to the same spot, buying the commodities they want with those they have. The inhabitants of this borderland are not yet black; but they are not uniform in colour, some less black than the Ethiops, others blacker than the Egyptians. When Apollonius perceived the manner of their market, he said, 'How different are the honest Greeks! They say it is not life if penny do not breed penny at interest, and if they cannot raise the prices of their wares to each other by haggling and cornering. One makes an excuse of his marriageable daughters, another of his son just coming of age, another must subscribe to his club funds, another must build himself a house, and another "would be ashamed not to be thought worth as much as his father". What good times those were when riches was in disesteem and equality flourished, and "black iron lay stored away unknown", when men
lived in concord together, and all the earth seemed to be one!'

Thus discoursing, and as usual letting occasion suggest the text of his preaching, he went on his way towards the place of Memnon. Their guide was an Egyptian lad, of whom Damis gives this record. The lad's name was Timasion; he was just passing out of boyhood, still in the fresh and lusty prime. His chastity was hotly assailed by an amorous stepmother, who made his father cruel to him: she feigned no such charges against him as Phaedra against Hippolytus, but accused him of being unmanly and taking more pleasure in his lovers than in women. Quitting Naukratis (where all this happened) he lived at Memphis, where he owned a ship of his own and sailed her on the Nile. He was sailing down stream as Apollonius was coming up; and guessing by their habit and the books which they were studying that this must be a boat-load of learned men, he begged the privilege of joining the party, as one who was enamoured of Science. 'A wise youth,' said Apollonius: 'he must be allowed his request'; and then related the story of the stepmother to those of his company who were nearest to him, in a low tone, while the lad was still coming up. When the boats were alongside, Timasion transhipped on board, and after giving his steersman some directions about the cargo, saluted our travellers. Apollonius bade him sit down face to face, and said to him: 'Egyptian boy,—for you seem to be of these parts—tell what harm or what good you have done, that I may absolve you of the evil—on the score of your youth—and, in commendation of the good, take you as an associate in the
studies which my friends and I pursue.' Then, seeing Timasion blush and his lips twitch in hesitation whether to speak or not, he repeatedly pressed his question, as though he had no foreknowledge of his case. Presently Timasion plucked up courage and said, 'O Gods! What must I say of myself? I am no rogue, but I do not know if I ought to be considered good, for to do no harm is still short of praise.' 'Whew!' exclaimed Apollonius, 'you talk to me in the Indian strain! That was the tenet of the divine Iarchas. Tell me how you got that doctrine, and from whom. You seem like one that will beware of doing anything amiss.' And when he began to tell of his stepmother's guilty preference for him, and how he avoided her advances, there was a general outcry at Apollonius' marvellous prediction of the facts. At this Timasion said, 'My good sirs, what is the matter with you? What I have said is no more marvellous than it is ludicrous—for all I can see.' Damis answered, 'It was something else, which you do not yet know of, that made us marvel. But we admire you, young man, also for thinking that you have done nothing remarkable.' Apollonius asked if he sacrificed to Aphrodite, and Timasion replied, 'Surely I do, and every day, for I regard her as a prevailing Power in human and divine affairs.' Apollonius was exceedingly delighted at this, and said, 'We must pass a vote that this youth wears a crown of continence even superior to that of Hippolytus son of Theseus: Hippolytus was contumacious against Aphrodite, and perhaps that is why he felt no amorous temptations, and no passion ever came gaily rioting for admission to his heart; he belonged to the more boorish and unsusceptible sort. But
Chapter 4

this youth was unmoved by female solicitations, although he confesses himself to be a subject for these temptations; he escaped, thanks to his fear of the goddess' anger in case he should fail to defend himself against a criminal amour. I do not esteem it wisdom to break with any god whatsoever, as Hippolytus broke with Aphrodite; the wiser course is to speak all gods fair. This is what they do at Athens, where altars are erected even to unknown gods.2. This was all the moral he drew from Timasion, except that he continued to call him Hippolytus, because of the eyes that he had looked at his step-mother with. It seems that Timasion also paid much attention to his person, and was a very pretty performer of gymnastic exercises.

Such was the guide who conducted them to the sanctuary of Memnon1, of whom Damis gives the following notice. Memnon was the son of Eos (Aurora); he died not at Troy (he never went to Troy at all), but in Ethiopia, after reigning over five generations of Ethiops. But they, being the most long-lived of peoples, lament for Memnon as quite young, and weep for his 'premature' doom. The spot where the temple stands is like an ancient market-place, such as survive amid the ruins of deserted towns, showing fragments of pillars, traces of walls, seats, thresholds, and herms, some destroyed by violence and some by time. The image faces the rising sun; it represents a beardless youth, in black marble, the feet joined in one according to the old Daedalian style, the arms straight and the hands resting firmly on the chair—for he is sitting, but just on the point to rise. The posture, the expression of the eyes, and all the traits of the mouth, which suggest that it is
just about to utter a sound—these particulars did not excite their curiosity most of the time, being not yet in action; but no sooner had the sun’s rays struck the image (about sunrise this happens) than they could not restrain their astonishment; for the instant the ray touched it, the mouth gave a sound, the eyes were raised sunwards with a cheerful brightness, like a man sunning himself with delight. Then they understood why the figure is said to rise up in deference to the sun, as men do who stand to receive a superior with respect. So they sacrificed to an Ethiop Helios and an Euan Memnon—for such were the instructions of the priests, who named the one from the word for to glow or to warm, and the other by his mother’s name—and continued their journey on camel-back to the abode of the Naked Ones.

Their next encounter was with a man dressed in the style of Memphis, sauntering rather than making for any objective; Damis’ people asked who he was and why he was astray. Timasion answered, ‘You had better ask me instead of him; he will not tell you the trouble for shame at his case in which he finds himself; but I know the man and pity him, and I will tell you the whole story. He killed a Memphite by accident; and the laws of Memphis require that a person banished for unintentional homicide—he must be banished—shall put himself into the hands of the Naked; and if they purify him of the homicide, he is thereby held to be clean, and may proceed to his own place as soon as he has visited the tomb of the dead man and there performed some trifling sacrifice. But all the time before he meets the Naked Ones he is required to rove about
these borders till they take compassion on him as a penitent.'

Apollonius then asked Timasion what the Naked Ones thought of this case. 'I do not know,' said he; 'the man has been now seven months supplicating here, and has no pardon yet.' 'What you say proves that these men cannot have Science, if they do not purify him and do not know that the Philiscus whom he killed was a descendant of Thamîs the Egyptian, who once upon a time ravaged the country of the Naked Ones.' 'What is that you say?' asked Timasion in wonder. 'I say what is the fact, young man. The Naked Ones detected Thamîs plotting a revolution against the Memphites, and prevented his attempt; and he, falling in his enterprise, made havoc of all the country that they inhabit: he had a strong band of brigands in the neighbourhood of Memphis. I perceive that the Philiscus whom this man killed was thirteenth in descent from him, and therefore obviously accursed in the sight of those whose lands Thamîs ravaged in those days. Where is their Science if they refuse to acquit of an homicide (which, involuntary as it was, was committed to their advantage) a man whom, even had his act been premeditated murder, they still ought to have rewarded with a crown of honour?' 'The young man was fairly amazed: 'Sir,' he said, 'who are you?' 'He whom you shall find with the Naked Ones. But since it is not now lawful for me to speak to the blood-guilty, do you, my lad, bid him be of good courage, for he shall be cleansed without delay if he will go to the place where I lodge.' The man came; and Apollonius, after performing over him all the purifications which Empedocles 1
and Pythagoras approved, sent him home without more ado, as purified of his guilt.

6 Leaving that place at sunrise, they came about noon to the Speculatorium of the Naked Ones. These, we are told, live on a low mound, a little distant from the Nile bank; in Science they are more inferior to the Indians than they are ahead of the Egyptians; and they are naked in the sense that an Athenian is naked when he basks in the sun. There are few trees in the region, but they have a sort of small park where they assemble for the business of the community; their places of worship not collected together, as in the Indies, but dispersed here and there on the knoll; they are worth studying, as the Egyptian accounts of them aver. They chiefly worship the Nile, which river they regard as both land and water. They need neither hut nor house themselves, living in the open air under the very sky; but as a sufficient lodging for strangers they have built a small portico, of the same length as those in Elis, under shelter of which the athlete awaits his noonday summons.

7 At this point Damis records an action on the part of Euphrates which, even if we do not regard it as petulant, must be held somewhat indiscreet to his learned profession. Repeatedly hearing that Apollonius wished to compare the Indian with the Egyptian Science, he sent Thrasybulus of Naukratis to the Naked Ones for the purpose of making mischief between them and Apollonius. Professing that his own business with them was the pleasure of their company, he warned them that the Tyanean would be arriving also. This, he said, would be a very serious matter for them; 'the man was prouder than the Indian men of Science whom he
extolled in every speech; he would come primed with countless trying questions for them; neither to sun, nor earth, nor heaven would he allow any influence; all these he could move and lift and transpose as he pleased.'

The man of Naukratis departed, leaving these slanders to work. But the Naked Ones, although they believed what he said to be true, did not decline all dealings with Apollonius when he arrived; but making pretence of great and engrossing occupations, said they would admit him to an interview when they should have any leisure and when they should be informed of his business and his desires. Their emissary also invited the travellers to stay in the portico; but he was cut short by Apollonius, who said, 'You need not spend any words upon the matter of a roof. The climate here permits anybody to live naked'—a hit at them, as who should say that it was not ascetic rigour but necessity which prescribed their undress—'I am not surprised to find that here they do not know my business and my purpose; but the Indians did not ask these questions.'

So Apollonius, resting at the foot of one of the trees, conversed with his company for a time, answering all their questions; while Damis, taking Timasion aside, asked him privately, since presumably he had been with these Naked sages, what were they clever at?

Tim. Many important sciences.

Dam. Well, my good friend, this is not very scien-
tific behaviour of theirs towards us, to refuse to hold a learned conference with the great man, and to show such stiffness, not to say arrogance.

Tim. Arrogance? That is what I never saw in them before, though this is my third visit; they were always
civil and kindly to visitors. Why, it was only the other
day—perhaps seven weeks since—that Thrasybulus was
resident here; and though he does nothing very disting-
guished in learning, they gave him the heartiest welcome
because he made use of Euphrates' name.

Dam. What 's that you are saying, young man? Have
you seen Thrasybulus of Naucratis in this Speculatorium?

Tim. More than that, I conveyed him in my own ship
on his return journey.

Dam. (Loudly and in a tone of horror.) By Athena!
Now I have it all! No doubt there has been some
rogue's tricks played.

Tim. The Chief, when I asked him yesterday who
he was, would not trust me with the mystery; but do
you tell me his name—if it is not telling religious
secrets—for perhaps I could help in tracking the quarry.

When he heard from Damis that it was the Tyanite,
he continued: 'You have guessed the truth. When
Thrasybulus was going down the river with me, I asked
him what he came up here for, and he told me that his
scientific errand had been nothing more creditable than
to fill those Nuced sages with suspicion towards Apol-
onius and secure a contemptuous reception for him when
he should come. Why he has a difference with him,
I do not know; but this game of detraction seems to
me womanish and uneducated. However, I can find out
how they are disposed, by talking to them, for we are
good friends.' And in the afternoon Timasion returned
without saying anything to Apollonius, except that he
had had a talk with them; but he reported to Damis
privately that they were coming on the morrow full of
what they had heard from Thrasybulus.
Chapter 10

So after an evening spent in ordinary pursuits not worth recording, they slept where they had supped. At daybreak Apollonius had performed his devotions to the Sun as usual, and was deeply engaged in a meditation when Niles, the youngest of the Naked sages, came running up to him, and announced, 'We are coming to you.' 'The least you could do,' said Apollonius, 'considering that I am come all the way from the sea here to visit you!'

They met each other near the Portico. After an exchange of greetings, he asked, 'Where is our conference to take place?' 'Here,' said Thespies, pointing to the grove. Thespies was the senior of the community. He led the way, and the rest, like Hellenodice following their president, followed him with grave and leisurely pace. And when they were seated, at random, for they obeyed no fixed routine in this, all looked at Thespies, as at the host who should provide the feast of reason; and he opened the conversation, as follows:

'Thespian. 'They say that you have inspected Pytho and Olympia, Apollonius—we heard that from Stratocles, among others, the Pharian, who says he met you there; and that Pytho conveys her visitors along with music of pipes and strings and chants, and treats them to comedy and tragedy, before at length offering them the naked struggle; whereas Olympia, they say, has abolished this kind of entertainment as neither convenient nor good in that place, and offers her pilgrims nothing but naked athletes, as Hercules arranged. You may take this to express the contrast between our ways here and the Science of the Indians. They, like
those who invite the public to Pytho, pander to the vulgar with motley fascinations; we, like Olympia, are naked. Here the earth neither spreads a carpet under us, nor gives us milk and wine, like Bacchants; the air does not support us aloft. We make the earth itself our carpet, and live partaking naturally thereof, that we may enjoy her free and cheerful bounties instead of torturing her to a reluctant consent. But to show you that we are not unable to conjure”—he called a particular tree (it was an elm), the third from that beneath which they sat and conversed, and said, “Talk to the learned Apollonius.” And the tree obediently accosted him: it spoke articulately, in a feminine voice.

This exhibition was a hit at the Indians, intended to alter Apollonius’ opinion of them, because he was always recounting to all hearers the sayings and the doings of the Indians. Thespis went on to add that it is enough for the man of Science to be pure from animal food, from the desire which passes in at the eye, and from envy, which teaches lessons of iniquity to the hand and the mind; but that truth has no need of wonder-working or tours de force. ‘For consider’, said he, ‘Apollo of Delphi, who occupies the middle spot of Greece and there delivers his oracles. At Delphi, as doubtless you know for yourself, a man who has a petition to the divine voice asks a brief question, which Apollo answers without any hanky-panky to the best of his ability. But whereas he might easily, if he liked, shake all Parnassus, make Castaly change her source and run wine, and forbid Cephisus to be a river; in fact, without any such swagger, he reveals the mere truth. Also we ought to regard the gold and the gorgeous-
seeming dedications which enter his shrine as not entering there by his will, nor Apollo himself as delighting in his temple, though it were as great again as it is: for once upon a time this god dwelt under a humble roof, and little enough was the hovel that was framed for him; to which, they say, the bees contributed wax, and the birds feathers. For plain living is the teacher of Science, and the teacher of that verity which if you do but love and honour, you shall be known for really and truly scientific, and forget all your Indian fables. The plain Do or Do not, I know or I know not, or such and such, yes, but such and such, no—what need is there to make a great noise about these? What occasion for thunder, or, shall I say rather, for being thunderstruck out of one's wits? You have seen in books on painting the famous Heracles of Prodicus, how when Heracles was a lad, and his life's choice not yet made, Vice and Virtue draw him opposite ways, Vice all gorgeous in gold and necklaces and purple garments, and brilliant cheeks, her hair elaborately dressed and her eyes darkened by painting—and golden slippers as well, for in the picture even this touch of the fine lady is not wanting; and Virtue looking like one that has known labour and sorrow, with rough looks, and no better ornament than her squalid air, barefoot and humbly arrayed—nay, she would have been represented naked but for her sense of feminine decorum. There, Apollonius! Regard yourself as placed midway between the Indian Science and ours, listening whilst the one says she will strew flowers for you in your sleep, aye, and give you milk to drink and feed you on honeycombs; and in her house the cup of nectar and the couch of down shall not
fail you at your good pleasure; and as you drink she
will wheel in three-legged tables and golden chairs, and
never a handstir to do, but all shall move of itself to
wait on you;—and the other, what can she promise
you? She says you must lie on the ground, in squalor,
naked (as we are), and live laborious days, and esteem
nothing lovely nor pleasant save what comes by labour;
eschew vainglory and the pursuit of pride, and abstain
even in dream from such visions as uplift men above the
earth. Make the choice that Hercules made, show an
adamantine resolve, scorning not the truth nor eschew-
ing the simplicity which is agreeable to Nature—do this,
and you shall say that you have destroyed many lions,
hacked in pieces many hydras, defeated many a Geryon
and a Nessus, and realized all the Herculean achieve-
ments; but if you decide to embrace the cant of the
begging itinerants, you will be a flatterer with the
eye and with the ear, you will never excel in Science,
and you will but serve to grace a Naked Egyptian’s

II When he finished speaking, all turned to Apollonius;
his disciples convinced that he would make a reply,
Thespion’s adherents wondering what reply he could
make. He first complimented the speaker on his fluency
and eloquence, and then said, ‘You have nothing more
to add?’ ‘Nay,’ said Thespion, ‘I have spoken.’
Apollonius again inquired if any other of the Egyptians
wished to speak, and Thespion declared that he had
been the spokesman of them all. Then, after a short
pause, fixing his eyes intently, Apollonius spoke thus in
reply:

‘Sages of Egypt, the choice of Hercules, which
Chapter 11

Prodicus ascribes to him in his youth, has been correctly expounded by you, and in a philosophic spirit; but it does not in any way concern me. I did not come here in the intention of taking a rule of life from you, for I have long ago adopted the rule which I thought good; and since I am the oldest of this company, excepting Thespiesion, it would have been more natural that I should recommend the choice of Science to you, had I not found your choice already determined. However, notwithstanding my years and my advanced experience in Science, I shall not scruple to submit a statement of my opinions to you as auditors, and justify my choice of a system which I have never yet doubted to be the best. Because I perceived in the rule of Pythagoras a peculiar grandeur, a mysterious Science by which he knew himself not only in his present, but in his former state; because I perceived that he approached the altars in purity, keeping his belly undefiled by animal food and his body pure of any raiment that consists of elements subject to mortality; that he, first of mankind, restrained his tongue by that discipline of silence, the Ox, which he invented; and that he gave to all his system the character of oracular revelation and truth: for these reasons I ran to his precepts, without any such previous choice between two doctrines as you, most excellent Thespiesion, recommend. Philosophy displayed before me all her schools, investing each with the ornaments that are proper to it, and bade me look at them and choose aright. There was a solemn and transcendent beauty about them all, and there were some that might have made a man close his eyes for very awe; but I steadfastly considered them all, for indeed they themselves
encouraged me by their alluring professions of what they would give; but whilst one undertook to overwhelm me with swarms of pleasures, and no toil for me to endure; another, to give me ease and rest after my toils; and a third to temper the cup of toil with joy; and on every hand I saw vistas of pleasure, a loose rein for gluttony, apt fingers for wealth, no bridle upon the eyes, but a free charter of loves and desires and all such affections; and one, that made a brag of refraining from such things, was an impudent scold, jostling at large with her elbows: I beheld that mysterious form of Science, the same which prevailed with Pythagoras of old. There she stood, not amidst the throng, but set apart from the rest, silent. Yet once she was aware that I did not approve the others, although I knew not as yet what were her qualities, she spoke and said, "Young man, I am unpleasing, and full of toil and sorrow; if any man come to my dwelling, he must consent to let all animal food be abolished from his table, to forget wine and not make the brow of Science troubled, which stands in the banquet of abstaining souls; no chalk shall warm him, nor any wool that has been combed from a living creature. The shoes that I give them are of papyrus; they lie down to sleep as best they may; and if I find that they have yielded to sensuality, I have certain pits into which Justice, the handmaid of Science, takes and thrusts them down. So cruel am I to those which follow my profession that I have even fetters for the tongue to use upon them. But if you endure this ordeal, hear now your reward: temperance and righteousness shall be yours, unbidden; you shall reckon no man worth envy, be rather a terror to despots than subject to them; and be more acceptable in the sight of the gods for a little incense
than those are who pour forth the blood of bulls to them.
And I will give you, being pure, the gift of Second Sight,
and so fill your eyes with rays of light that you shall
discern a god, recognize a demigod, and convict ghosts
when they deceitfully assume human shape.”

“Such, scientists of Egypt, is my rule of life; and
since I adopted it sincerely and in a Pythagorean spirit,
I have neither deceived nor been deceived; I became
what the scientist ought to be, and all the promised
rewards of enlightenment are mine. For I have studied
the genesis of the system and traced its origins; I
satisfied myself that it was reserved for men of extra-
ordinary spiritual power, and who had better than all
others understood the soul, whose immortal and un-
begotten part is the fountain-spring of being. I could
not see that this doctrine suited the Athenians at all;
for Plato’s divine and sublime doctrine of the soul, which
he there enounced, they have travestied by their adop-
tion of false psychological notions. I had to look for
a city or a race of men, among whom every age should
speak with one voice in affirming a doctrine of the soul,
and not one affirm it here and another deny it there;
and, obeying the promptings of my youth and ignorance,
I turned my eyes in your direction, because you were
said to have great and excellent knowledge. When I
was explaining this to my teacher, he stopped me and
said, ‘Suppose you had been of the amorous sort, or of
the amorous age, and meeting a beautiful youth whose good
looks fascinated you, you had been making inquiries
whose son he was; and suppose his father was in fact
a statesman and a grandee who kept a racing stud and
had inherited a great fortune, whereas you thought your
friend was the son of a sea captain or a yeomanry colonel—do you think that this would help you to gain your favourite's good graces, and not rather make people call you a rude fellow for not knowing who the youth was, but crediting him with strange and base-born origin? Well, as you are in love with Science, which the Indians discovered, why do you not call it by the name of its natural instead of its adoptive fathers? And why do you favour the Egyptians more highly than if the Nile once more, as in their legends, rose in flood mixed with honey?"

"These arguments turned me to the Indians in preference to you, when I reflected that men such as they, consorting with the purer sunlight, must be more subtle in intellect, and more orthodox in their views on nature and the gods, as being neighbours to heaven and inhabiting near the origins of the hot, life-engendering principle. And when I met them, their professions had the same kind of effect on me that the Athenians are said to have felt at the Science of Aeschylus. He was a tragic poet who improved his art, which he saw lacked finish and ornament. To curtail the numbers of an unmanageable chorus, to invent the dialogue between actors instead of lengthy monodies, to hit upon the notion of keeping deaths off the stage and have no killing done before the spectators: I do not say that Science does not enter into all these improvements; but we may suppose that they were not beyond the reach of a less ingenious poet.

But when he came to consider himself how should he make his language adequate for a tragical grand style, and came to see that his art had natural aptitudes for the gorgeous rather than for the petty and abject, he set
his hand to the reform of stage appliances. And it was because he devised a system of stage-craft suitable to heroic style, mounted the actors on buskins to give them a heroic stride, and decked them out in such dresses as heroes and heroines might properly wear, that the Athenian regarded him as the father of Tragedy, and invited him, even after he was dead, to attend the Dionysia. That is to say, it was resolved by their public vote that Aeschylus' pieces should be revived; and he gained his victories over again. Yet the glory of a well-appointed tragedy is slight, for the pleasure of it only lasts a little part of a day, short-lived as the festival of the Dionysia; whereas the glory of Philosophy, established according to Pythagoras' precept, and touched with divinity as the Indians held before Pythagoras, is no transitory affair but of boundless and inestimable scope. And so I do not feel that I behaved unwarrantably in that I yielded to the prevailing persuasions of this noble system of doctrine, which the Indians display, mounted with suitable splendour, upon the lofty and transcendent engines of their stage-craft. But it is true that you were informed how well grounded was my enthusiasm, and my belief in their Science and blessedness. I saw men dwelling on the earth and not on it, fortified without fortifications, and possessed of nothing . . . and yet of all that any man possesses. If I deal in riddles, the Science of Pythagoras allows it; riddles are in the tradition of him who discovered the lessons contained in the Language of Silence; and you yourselves assisted Pythagoras to formulate this Science, during the time when, yourselves originally Indians, you approved the Indian way. But, for shame of the reason
Book VI

whereby the anger of the earth made you come hither, you chose to disguise the truth that you were Ethiopians of Indian origin, and took every means to this end. This is why you have stripped yourselves of all your native fashion of dress, as though thereby you stripped yourselves of being Ethiopians; and have resolved to worship in the Egyptian manner instead of your own; and have descended to speak in such unbecoming terms of the Indians, as though it were not a scandal for you to derive from an origin which you denounce as scandalous. Aye, not even yet have you amended this perversity; you have made a foul and scurrilous exhibition of it this very day, in saying that the Indian practices are worthless, mere sorcerers' terrors and sorcerers' lures for eye and ear, and in showing yourselves stupidly indifferent to the fame of any Science before you know the quality of it. Not that I mean to say a single word in defence of myself—my highest wish is to be as the Indians esteem me—but I do not permit the Indians to be attacked. Only, I appeal to you—if you also are duly touched by the Science of the Himeraean poet, who recanted what he had spoken of Helen and called it his Palinode—is it not true for you also to cry, "It was no true story," and adopt a better mind about it? Even if you do not feel the spirit move you to sing a Palinode, at least you are bound to respect men whose fare the gods show that they do not disown, by imparting to them their own prerogatives. You spoke of Pytho, Thespian, as an instance of the simple and inartificial style; and you took for an example a shrine framed out of wax and feathers: but I do not see that even it was inartificial, for the words:
Chapter 11

Contribute your feathers, ye fowls of the air, and your wax, O ye bees *;
imply an artificer framing himself a house and the fashioning of that house; and he, I apprehend, thought this lodging mean and unworthy of his Science, and had need of another shrine, yes, and great hundred-foot temples *; and in one of them we are told he hung up magical golden birds * which equalled the persuasiveness of the Sirens; and that he gathered all his most illustrious tributes at Delphi to adorn it; and that he neither rejected the sculptor’s art when it proffered for his temple statues of gods, of men, of horses and bulls and other animals, nor Glaucus when he came with a pedestal for the great bowl, nor the picture which Polygnotus painted there of Troy citadel taken. * We may be sure, indeed, that he did not regard the gold of Lydia as an embellishment of his sanctuary; but he imported the precious material for the sake of the Greeks, no doubt as a demonstration of barbarian riches, which might move them to give up harrying each other and stick to the foreigner; and he applied that material to an artistic purpose, truly as Grecian as it was germane to his own Science, and thereby glorified Delphi. I believe it was also for love of ordered beauty that he made his oracles metrical. Had he not meant to convey this lesson, he would have given to his responses such a form as “Do so and so” or “Do not”, “Go” or “Go not”, “Accept or refuse this alliance”, &c. That would be brevity if you like, or, as you express it, nudity of style; but instead of that he applied poetry to serve his purpose of delighting his consultants with grandiloquence. He also asserts that there is nothing he does not know: he knows the
number of the sand, for he has counted it, and comprehended all the measure of the sea. Do you put this also down as a vain piece of mystification? It is a proud claim loftily asserted! Thespis, if you will not take offence at it, here is a comparison for you. There are certain old wives who go round among the shepherds, and sometimes the cowherds as well, with a sieve hung over their arms, and heal sick beasts by their incantations—so they say; they claim to be called Wise Women, and more scientific than the regular prophets. This is what you remind me of, when you compare yourselves with the Science of India: they are transcendent in power, and ornate with the decorous beauty of Delphian worship; you . . . but I will carry it no further. I love discretion of language, and so do the Indians; Discretion I would fain hail as both handmaid and guide of the tongue: that which is within my competence, I pursue with honour and love; but if a matter should be beyond my reach, I leave it untainted by fault-finding. You learn from Homer in the Cyclopaia that the earth, unsown and unploughed, battens the most savage and lawless of her sons, and the tale rejoices your heart; Edonians or Lydians hold a Bacchic revival, and you believe that the earth will give them fountains of milk and wine, and supply them with drink: and yet will you take away from the enthusiasts of Universal Science the gifts which come to them spontaneously from the earth? Automatic tripods wait upon the banquets of the gods also; and yet Ares, for all his churlishness and for all his feud, has never indicted Hephaestus on that score; neither have the gods ever listened to any such indictment as, "You, Hephaestus, are guilty of a crime in decorating
the heavenly banquet chamber and surrounding it with marvels"; nor did anybody make his golden handmaids matter for the reproach that he was "corrupting the material" by giving vitality to gold. Decoration is the business of all art; the very existence of the arts at all is an invention made for the sake of decorating. Bare-feet, sages' habit, wallet at the shoulder—it is all a discovery of decoration; why even your nakedness, which looks like a plain and unfangled fashion, has a studied decorative purpose and cannot altogether be acquitted of what they call "the other sort of pride". But as for the Indian usages regarding the Sun, and what kind of worship he delights in, let him have his own rite: to the earth-gods trenches and underground practices may be acceptable, but the air is the Sun's vehicle; and such as hope to celebrate his praises worthily, must rise above the earth and walk on air like the god: this is what all men desire, but only the Indians can achieve.

Damis tells us that he breathed a sigh of relief when he heard this speech; for the Egyptians were so much affected by Apollonius' words that Thespis, black as he was, could be plainly seen to blush, and all the rest were seen to be in some sort awestruck by the vigour and fluency of what they heard; while the youngest of the Egyptians, Nilus by name, actually leapt from his seat in admiration, and went and stood by Apollonius, clasped him by the hand, and entreated him to relate to them his session with the Indians. Apollonius said, "I would not grudge you any discourse, because you are docile, as I can see, and ready to welcome any Science"; but he did not mean to dose Thespis and such others as thought Indian wisdom all nonsense, with what he
had to tell of those parts. Whereupon Thespesion said, 'If you were a merchant or a shipper, with a cargo from those parts, would you expect to dispose of it untried, and never a sample or a specimen offered? ' And Apollonius replied, 'I would certainly have made the offer to such as would; but if somebody had come down to the shore as soon as the ship came in, and begun to abuse the cargo, crabbing it as imported from a country which produced nothing good, and taking me to task for sailing the seas laden with useless stuff, and trying to persuade others to share his opinion—would any man, arriving at such a port, cast anchor or take up moorings? Would he not, instead, hoist all sail and make for the high seas, preferring to commit his venture to the winds rather than to undiscerning and inhospitable spirits?''

'Nay,' said Nilus, 'I hold fast to your cables, and implore you, Master Captain, to let me have some of the wares you bring, and I would willingly take passage with you as a supernumerary clerk of your cargo.'

Thespesion, wishing to put a stop to the subject, said,

'I am glad, Apollonius, that you resent my expressions: you will now make allowances for our resentment at the imputations you have cast upon our local Science, without as yet having any experience of it.' Apollonius for a moment was taken aback by this language, as nothing had yet been said of Thrasybulus and Euphrates; but, with his usual insight, guessing the state of the case, he said, 'Thespesion, this would never have happened to the Indians, and they would never have paid any heed to Euphrates' suggestions, for they are proficient in Second Sight. For my part, I have had no personal
Chapter 13

difference with Euphrates; only, when I tried to wean him from his avarice and from his habit of thinking all was grist that came to his mill, he judged my advice unsuitable and for him impracticable. And, worse still, he takes it for a slight upon himself, and never rests from some machinations or other to my prejudice. But since his slanders against my character have found credit with you, I invite you to remember that you were the victims of his slanders before I was. No small dangers, I can see, attend the victim of detraction; for innocence will not save him from odium; but neither can those who lend an ear to detraction be acquitted of dangers: to begin with, they must be found guilty of prizing falsehood and giving to it the honours of truth; and besides, of inconstancy and gullibility—faults which even boys ought to be ashamed of giving way to. Also it will be said that they must be of an envious disposition themselves to let envy prompt them with calumnies; and themselves liable to those charges which they believe true of another; for human nature is more prone to commit the sins which it is ready to believe. Never may a man prone to believe scandal be a despot or a popular leader! Under his guidance democracy itself will be despotism. Never may he be a judge! He will not weigh any case. Never may he be captain of a ship or general of an army! His crew will be torn with mutinous factions, and his enemy will prosper. Never may he be a philosopher! His doctrines will have no regard for truth. But as for you—Euphrates has robbed you of the very quality of scientists, for how can men whom he has worked upon by falsehood pretend to Science which they have disowned in favour of improbable suggestions?
Thespis tried to soothe him: 'Enough of Euphrates, and these petty-minded questions. We will reconcile you and him: we regard it as a part of Science to arbitrate between scientists.' 'But who is to reconcile me with you?' said Apollonius. 'You must allow that the victim of lies is bound for truth's sake to be at daggers drawn . . .'

'So be it,' said Apollonius, 'and let us turn our attention to business: that is more likely to reconcile us.'

Nilus, desirous to hear him, said, 'It is surely for you to begin the discussion by recounting to us your travels to the Indians and your discussions with them, which doubtless turned upon splendid subjects.' To which Thespis added that he was eager to hear of the Science of Phaëtes; 'for we are told that you bring with you from India some lovely models of his conversation also.'

So Apollonius told them the whole story, beginning at Babylon; and they listened, delighted and captivated. But at noon they adjourned the Session, for at this hour the Naked likewise are about their devotions.

As Apollonius was at dinner with his friends, Nilus appeared with a supply of vegetables and bread and sweetmeats: some he carried himself, and he had other carriers for the rest. He said, very politely, 'The Sages send these presents, begging you and me to accept of their hospitality; for I propose to be your messmate, not uninvited, as they, but self-invited.'

'A most acceptable present, sir, is the company of a person of your character; you seem to me to be sincerely devoted to knowledge, and a willing convert to the doctrines of the Indians and Pythagoras. I beg
you to be seated there, and share our meal.’ ‘So I will,’ returned the youth, ‘but you will not have stores enough to satisfy me.’

_Apoll._ That sounds like a good appetite and a mighty eater.

_Nil._ Yes, a most mighty eater; for ample and sumptuous as was the entertainment that you have already treated us to, still I am not satisfied; but after a short interval here I come back to feed again. You must certainly think me insatiable and a terrible glutton.

_Apoll._ Take your fill! You must yourself provide some, and I will see to the rest, of the supplies for this feast of reason.

So they supped; and after supper they had the fol-16 lowing conversation.

_Nil._ All my days hitherto I have served with the Naked, as a corps of light troops or slingers that I had joined; but now I mean to be a heavy soldier, and the shield that shall signalize me is yours.

_Apoll._ Why, master Egyptian, I am afraid you will be blamed among Thespasion and his company, if you come over and join us without any closer inspection, and with a precipitancy which your profession hardly comports.

_Nil._ I believe you. But if it be a fault to have made this choice, perhaps it is also a fault not to have made it; and they will be the more convicted, when they come to the same step: older than I, and more advanced in Science as they are, if they did not long ago make this choice that I now make, they may more fairly be blamed, for the refusal to improve their advantages to their own greater profit.
That is spoken with spirit, my young friend; but beware lest it be thought that their very age and experience in Science justified them in choosing the part they have chosen and rejecting my way; and that you have ventured on a presumptuous step in taking an independent position instead of following them.

(The answer surprised him.)

Nil. I have not failed in the deference which youth owes to seniority. When I believed that they had a Science of which other men were not possessed, I attached myself to them. The occasion was this: my father voluntarily undertook a voyage to the Erythrean Sea—in fact he commanded the ship which the Egyptians regularly dispatch to the Indians. From his intercourse with the Indians on the coast he brought back an account of their Sages pretty nearly agreeing with what you have told us; and I, learning from him a kind of notion that the Indians were the greatest scientists of mankind, and the Ethiopians a colony from India, true to the doctrine of their fathers, and looking towards the home-country, as soon as I began to grow up, left my patrimony to anybody that liked to have it, and, thus denuded, repaired to these Naked Ones as their disciple; hoping to learn the wisdom of the Indians, or at least something germane thereto. And I found them scientific, certainly, but not in that doctrine; and when I asked them why they do not treat of the Indian doctrine, they began to abuse the Indians much in the same style as you have this day heard; and they elected me, young as I was, to their community, for fear, no doubt, that I might bolt from them and sail to the Erythrean Sea, as my father had done. Which I vow I would
not have failed to do! I would have made my way to
the very Mount of the Sages, had not some god sent
you hither to be the saving of me, and give me a taste
of Indian Science without making a voyage to the Ery-
threan Sea or landing among the people of the Gulf.
It is not that I was waiting to make my choice to-day. I
had made it long ago, and was deceived in my expec-
tations. What is the harm if a man returns to the
quest when he has been disappointed of his object?
Tell me, how would it be presumptuous of me if I
should convert them also to this course and give them
the benefit of my own conviction? Youth must not be
ruled out from the possibility of having a better percep-
tion than age. And one who proselytizes another to
join the Science which he has adopted, at any rate
stands acquitted of urging another to the acceptance of
what he himself does not believe. The man who keeps
the mercies of providence for his own private behoof
does wrong to those mercies; for he deprives them of
a wider recognition and welcome.

Apollonius replied to the generous elevation of this
speech by saying, ‘But my fee? since you are so
enamoured of my Science, are you not going to talk
about that matter first?’ ‘Certainly,’ said Nilus, ‘ask
what you like.’

‘The fee that I ask,’ said Apollonius, ‘is that you
abide by the choice you have made, but do not annoy
the Naked by a vain attempt to make proselytes of them.’

And Nilus said, ‘I will obey; let us take this as
a bargain.’

So this conversation ended. Nilus then asked him
how long he meant to spend upon the Naked; and
Apollonius answered, 'As long a time as their Science is worth staying for. After that, I mean to travel towards the Catadoupa, for the sake of the Sources. It will be delightful not only to see the origins of the Nile, but to hear his great voice.'

After this talk, and certain Indian reminiscences, they lay down to sleep on the grass. At daybreak, after their customary prayers, they followed Nilus, who led them to Thespies. Mutual salutations were exchanged, and then they sat down in the Grove, and entered upon a discussion which Apollonius opened.

Apoll. Yesterday's debate serves to show how precious a thing it is not to make a secret of Science. Having been taught by the Indians so much of their Science as I thought pertained to me, I remember my teachers and go about teaching the lessons I learned of them. I could be of advantage to you, as well as others, if you would let me know your Science before I depart; I would be indefatigable in preaching it to the Greeks and writing it to the Indians.

Nahk. Ask: for surely the question comes before the exposition.

Apoll. My first question shall be about the gods, On what principle have you given the people of this country such absurd and ludicrous shapes of gods, all but a few—a few? Why, they are few indeed who are scientifically represented by their images and in a godlike form. The rest of your temples seem more like honours rendered to irrational and unworthy animals than to gods.

Thesp. (angrily). And your images? Pray, how do they represent them in your country?
Apoll. With such craftsmanship as ideal beauty and devotion prescribe for divine effigies.

Thesp. I suppose you mean the Zeus at Olympia 1, and the image of Athena 2, and those of the Cnidian 3 and the Argive 4 goddesses, and others equally beautiful and instinct with grace?

Apoll. Not those only; I assert that, in general, the statuary of other nations has a feeling for decency, whereas yours is rather a mockery than a worship of the godhead.

Thesp. Did your Phidias and your Praxiteles go up into heaven, and model the gods from the life, before they made their artistic representations of them, or had they something else that guided their plastic skill?

Apoll. Something else, and something full of ingenuity.

Thesp. What can that have been? You will not find any other principle besides mimicry.

Apoll. Imagination produced these effects, and imagination is a more cunning craftsman than mimicry. Imitation can portray in art what it has seen; imagination, even what it has not seen, for it will suppose the unseen by the analogy of the real. Mimicry is often disconcerted by wonder and awe, but nothing disconcerts imagination, which moves with imperturbable advance towards its ideal goal. The man who mediates a design for Zeus must see him with heavens and seasons and stars, as Phidias did in that eager sally of ambition; the man who will carve an Athena must think of camps, and wisdom, and the arts, and how she sprang to birth from Zeus himself. But when you make a hawk, or an owl, or a wolf, or a dog, and take that to a temple in
lieu of Hermes, Athena, and Apollo, the beasts and birds are no doubt to be congratulated on their effigies, but it must be a grave derogation from the divine honour.

_Thesp._ I do not think that your criticism of our usages shows much discernment. If there is one point in which the Egyptians show Science, it is in not presuming to take a free hand with divine effigies, but making them symbolical and implicitly significant: for thus they gain in reverence.

_Apoll._ (laughing). My dear sirs, is this the rich harvest of Egyptian and Ethiopian Science, that you see something particularly reverend in a dog, or an ibis, or a goat? Is this the Science of Thespasion that I hear? What is there reverend or awe-inspiring about these? The clan of perjurers and temple-breakers and altar-loungers are more likely to scorn than to revere this kind of sacred object. If such things gain in solemnity by being _implicitly signified_, the gods would have been far better off for solemnity in Egypt if they had had no images put up at all, and you had followed a yet more scientific and mysterious form of theology. Surely they might have built them temples, and prescribed a full ritual for altars and sacrifices—what may or may not be offered, and at what times and in what quantity, and with what form of words or acts—only omitting to put in the image; it would have been left to the devout visitors to imagine the likeness: for the mind delineates and engraves better than any craftsmanship can do. But you have deprived the gods of being either seen or imagined in beauty.

_Thesp._ There was one Socrates of Athens, a foolish
old fellow like us, who regarded the dog, the goose, and the plane-tree as gods, and used to swear by them.\footnote{1}

\textit{Apoll.} He was not foolish, but transcendent, and of absolute Science, for he used to swear by these not as gods, but that he might avoid swearing by the gods.

After this Thespis changed the subject, and started a new topic by questioning Apollonius about the use of the lash at Lacedaemon, and whether the Lacedaemonians are now whipped in public.\footnote{2}

\textit{Apoll.} That they are, Thespis! Savage whippings!—especially their most high-born and eminent.

\textit{Thesp.} And what do they do to their slaves when they offend?

\textit{Apoll.} They do not kill them nowadays, as Lycurgus once permitted, but that same lash is there for them.

\textit{Thesp.} And what does Greece think of it?

\textit{Apoll.} The public flock to see, as they do for the Hyacinthia or the Gymnopaedia, with eager and delighted expectation.

\textit{Thesp.} And are not the worthy Greeks ashamed either to see their quondam rulers thrashed in public, or to think that they are subjects of men who undergo the official thrashing? How is it that you did not reform this? They say that you were busied with the Lacedaemonians too.

\textit{Apoll.} Where reformation was possible I advised and they cheerfully performed; for though they are the most independent of the Greeks, there is nobody like them for listening to reason. But this usage of the lash is performed in honour of a Scythian Artemis, in obedience, so they say, to oracular instructions; and to legislate against the divine law is madness, I believe.
Theep. You do not credit the Greek gods with much Science if they recommended these great maintainers of liberty to use the lash.

Apoll. It was not the lash they recommended, but the sprinkling of her altar with human blood, as this was her prerogative in Scythia. It was Lacedaemonian ingenuity that turned the implacable requirements of the rite into a match of fortitude, which satisfies the goddess with the firstfruits of their blood, but does not necessitate any putting to death.

Theep. Then why do they not sacrifice strangers to Artemis as the Scythians used of old?

Apoll. Because a Greek finds savage customs go against his grain.

Theep. Well, but it would have looked more humane to sacrifice one, or maybe two, than to enforce a general expulsion of foreigners.

Apoll. We had better not fall foul of Lycurgus, Thespian. You must look into the meaning of his policy, and recognize that his law against aliens residing was not churlish in purpose, but intended to safeguard the integrity of his Rule by keeping Sparta free from foreign elements.

Theep. I should have thought the Spartans realized their professions better, if, living with strangers, they had nevertheless stuck to their home fashions: surely they ought to have gained their reputation by proving true to their own selves, in spite of, and not for want of, distracting ideals! Whereas, notwithstanding their expulsion of aliens, they allowed their Rule to be corrupted, and themselves followed the example of their greatest enemies in Greece. I mean, their naval policy
and the consequent imposition of taxes were something too much in the Athenian style; they ended by doing the very things which they had made a cura bellic when the Athenians did them; and though they defeated the Athenians in war, they were not strong enough to resist the invasion of Attic influences. And that very introduction of a goddess from Tauri and from Scythia attests their foreign beliefs. And if it were a question of oracles, where was the need of the lash? Or why the pretence of a servile constancy? I think it would have been a more Laconian school of courage in the face of death, if a young Spartan noble had been sacrificed upon the altar voluntarily. That would have better displayed the Spartan gallantry, and discouraged Greece from trying conclusions with them. If, however, it be objected that they might well husband their youth for war, there was still that Scythian law about sixty-year-olds, a law even more suited to Lacedaemonian than for Scythian practice, if they really glory in death and not only for a brag. What I have been saying is directed not against the Lacedaemonians, but against you, Apollonius. For if we sourly scrutinize usages and traditions which are grown hoary and dim with venerable antiquity, we constitute ourselves critics of deity, since gods take pleasure in them; and this is a heresy which will involve us in many absurd positions. We shall be attacking the Eleusian rite for being this and not that; and the Samothracian services for being so and so, not so and so; and the Dionysia, and the phallus, and the figure on Cyllene; we may as well begin to pick holes in them all at once. So let us pass to any other subject you will: we have Pythagoras'
authority for a precept which belongs to our country; Silence is well, if not about all things, at least about such things as these.

235 Apoll. If you had chosen to study the subject seriously, Thespies, Lacedaemon might have offered us many noble pleas in defence of her excellent and singular practices. But since you are so disinclined for the subject as to hold it even sinful to pursue, let us pass to another question, which, I am persuaded, is of great importance. I propose to ask you a question about Righteousness or Justice.

21 Theop. Let us then treat of this subject, which is appropriate both to experts and to laymen. But do not let us make havoc of the discussion by working in Indian notions, as we go on, and thereby disappoint ourselves of any result. Instead of that, tell us in the first place what are the Indian views of Justice—for doubtless you put them to the test on this point when you were there; then, if their doctine be correct, we will assent; and if we have any better science to advance, you must assent to our opinions. Intellectual honesty is itself a form of Righteousness.

Apoll. An excellent proposal, Thespies, and wholly to my liking. Now listen to our Indian disquisitions. I told them¹ how I had been the captain of a big ship (when my soul had a different body in charge), and how I prided myself greatly on my righteousness because, when robbers offered me a sum of money to betray the ship by anchoring at a place where they could waylay her, and get the cargo, I promised my consent (to save us from an attack), but, in the event, avoided them by keeping out to sea.
Chapter 21

Thesp. And did the Indians agree that this was righteousness?

Apol. Far from that, they laughed me to scorn, and told me that not to do wrong was not righteousness.

Thesp. The Indians were quite right to disallow your claim: to have no foolish thoughts is not wisdom; not running away in battle is not bravery; avoiding the sin of adultery is not continency; and there is nothing praiseworthy in not being wicked. Anything that is neutral, half-way between approbation and punishment, is short of virtue.

Apol. How then shall we make the righteous man earn his crown, Thespesion? And what must he do?

Thesp. Could you have had occasion for a more adequate and appropriate discussion upon righteousness than when the King of that great and wealthy country came to join your debates on kingship, a subject which has much to do with righteousness or justice?

Apol. If the visitor had been Phaëtes, you might blame us for not discussing that subject in his presence; but since, from the account I gave you last night, you saw that the man was a sort who hated everything intellectual, what was the good of troubling him?—and troubling ourselves, too, with serious discussions in the presence of a man who makes Sybaris of everything? But as it is for scientists like ourselves, and not for kings and commanders, to make this investigation of Justice, let us try to arrive at the Ideally Just Man. The name which I thought I had deserved by my conduct in this affair of the ship, and which is given to others who abstain from wrong-doing, you say is not thereby deserved, and deny us any credit.
Theop. Quite rightly. Neither at Athens nor at Sparta was a motion ever proposed ‘to crown So-and-so for not being of a scandalous life’, or to give the freedom of the city ‘to So-and-so for not committing sacrilege’. Who, then, is a just man, and what must he do? Indeed, I never heard anybody being crowned for justice either, nor any motion proposed for the benefit of a just man ‘that So-and-so be crowned, inasmuch as by such and such practices he has gained the right to be called Just’. If you consider the cases of Palamedes at Troy and Socrates at Athens, you will see that Justice has not a very good time in the world; for these two most just of men were most unjustly used. However, these were both put to death for supposed misdeeds, condemned on a false issue; but Aristeides, the son of Lysimachus, was ruined by his very justice. No less a man than Aristeides actually banished for no less a crime than his righteousness! I admit that this makes Righteousness cut a ridiculous figure. Appointed by Zeus and the Fates to save mankind from wrongs, she nowhere takes any steps to save herself from being wronged. But I am content with the example of Aristeides to prove what is a not unrighteous and what a righteous man. Tell me, now, was not this the same Aristeides of whom we have heard from you gentlemen that come from Greece—the man who sailed round the islands to negotiate the tribute, fixed it equitably, and returned home still wearing the same old cloak?

Apoll. That is he, thanks to whom the Love of Poverty once had its great day.

Theop. Now suppose you were two demagogues at Athens, praising Aristeides just returned from visiting
the allies; suppose that one of you drafted a motion to
crown him for coming home without making a fortune
or even saving a competence, the poorest man in Athens,
and even poorer than he had once been; and the other
to draft his resolution in some such terms as these:
‘Whereas Aristides by not fixing the tribute at an imposi-
ibly high figure, but according to the respective capacities of
each country, has done much to promote their harmonious
relations with Athens and to prevent any sense of griev-
ance attaching to the tribute; resolved to crown him for
Righteousness’; do you not think that he would
himself speak against the first resolution, as derogatory
to his conduct, because it compliments him for not
doing wrong; and perhaps accept the second, because it
is aimed to express his motives? For surely it was with
an eye to the advantage of Athens and the subject states
that he laboured to make an equitable assessment. This
became ever clearer after Aristides’ day. For when
the Athenians, in contravention of his assessment,
scheduled the islands for a heavier tribute, their naval
power, which chiefly made them formidable, was shat-
tered; the Lacedaemonian fleet appeared at sea, and
they had no resources left to stop all their tributaries
from revolt and secession. So, Apollonius, according 238
to a true understanding, righteous is not merely not un-
righteous; it means the man who himself does right,
and puts others in the way of not doing wrong; this is
a righteousness which will breed other virtues as well,
especially those of justice in judgement and justice in
legislation. Such a man will make a much juster judge
than they who swear an oath over the sacrificial victims;
and as a legislator, he will be like a Solon or a Lycur-
Such, Damis tells us, was their conversation about the righteous man. Apollonius assented to the account that Thespis had given, for he always agreed when he heard the truth of a matter stated. They had several more discussions on the soul, its immortality; on Nature, as to which their opinions generally agreed with those of Plato; and on the laws of Greece. Finally Apollonius said, ‘My motive for travelling hither was partly yourselves and partly the sources of the Nile, which a traveller to Egypt may be pardoned for ignoring; but one who has pushed on into Ethiopia, as I have done, would be reproached for omitting to visit them and draw some truths from them.’ ‘Go, and good luck to your goings,’ returned Thespis. ‘And make what prayer you will to the Sources, for they are divine. For a guide, you doubtless take Timasion, late of Naucratis and now of Memphis: he knows the Sources well, and is so pure that he needs no asperging. To you, Nilus, we have something to say in private.’ The meaning of his words was not lost on Apollonius; he knew that they were annoyed at Nilus’ fondness for him. But he left them to talk undisturbed, and went away to make his preparations for a start at daybreak. It was not long before Nilus turned up, but he did not report what had been said to him, only smiled to himself often; they respected his secret, and nobody asked him why he smiled.

So after supping and talking of indifferent matters, they slept there; and, taking leave of the Naked, set out at daybreak on the road that runs towards the mount-
tains, keeping on the left hand of the Nile. The notable things they saw were these. The Cataulpi are a range of earth-hills resembling the Tmolus in Lydia; and the Nile rushes down from them as a torrent, creating Egypt out of the silt which it brings with it. The stream dashing down from the hills, and falling noisily into the basin, makes a terrific and intolerable echo: many who have approached too near have returned with their hearing destroyed. As the party advanced, certain paps of mountain appeared with trees on them; the leaves, bark, and gum of which are all turned to account by the Ethiopians. They saw lions near the road, and panthers and other wild beasts of that sort, none of which attacked them, but all sprang away as if afraid of man; also deer, gazelles, ostriches, and asses—plenty of them, but most abundant of all were the wild cattle and the ox-goats. These animals are composite, the former between deer and bull, the latter between the two from which they take their name. They also came across bones of them and half-gnawed carcasses; for the lions when they have gorged themselves on their quarry all hot, despise the remainder, trusting doubtless that they may live to hunt another day.

In this country the Nomad Ethiopians live, whose settlements are on wheels; and near them the Elephant hunters, who cut up their game and trade in it, deriving their name from the elephants they sell. Nasamonians, Man-eaters, Pigmies, Umbrella-feet—these also are all Ethiopian tribes; but they belong by the Ethiopian Ocean, where no mariners go unless driven by stress of weather against their will.

As our travellers were talking about the wild beasts,
and how variously Nature supports the various creatures, they were struck by a sound like thunder; not a sharp clap, but thunder as yet hollow and muffled in the clouds. Timation said they were nearing a Cataract, the last, reckoning downwards, but the first as you go upstream; and a little more than a mile further on they saw the river bursting from a mountain, in volume fully as big as the Marsyas and the Maeander at their confluence. They said their prayers to the Nile, and advanced. No more beasts were to be seen; naturally timid of noise, they prefer quiet habitats to the crash and roar of these purflieux. About two miles on they heard the next Cataract, already loud and oppressive to the ear, for it is twice as big as the other and falls from higher mountains. Damis says that he and some of the party were so deafened that he turned back and begged Apollonius to go no further; but he, with Timation and Nilus, was resolutely bent on the Third Cataract. On rejoining them, he gave this account of it. Crags, some 4,800 feet high, overhang the Nile at this point, and on the opposite bank to the mountains there is a groyne of indescribable masonry. The sources of the Cataract breaking out high up in the mountain tumble over and meet the stone bank, pouring back thence into the Nile in white billowy volumes. The accidents which happen here (for this Cataract is many times the size of the others), and the bouncing din of the waters, make any observation of the stream difficult for ears to endure. Any further advance along the road which leads to the first Sources, they report, is impracticable and inconceivable: there are many romantic legends of Daemons, such as those in Pindar's 1 scientific poetry about the
Chapter 27

Daemon which he installs at these springs to regulate the Nile.

After the Cataracts they halted in a little Ethiopian village. As they were at dinner in the evening, the conversation combining instruction with amusement, they heard a universal uproar of women’s voices in the village.

One could be heard encouraging another—‘Catch him!’ ‘After him!’—and they were appealing to their husbands to help. Presently the men snatched up sticks and stones, and whatever each found nearest to his hand, and joined in the clamour, as if indignant at some insult offered to their wives. It seems the village had been infested for ten months past by the apparition of a satyr. The creature was of a violently amorous temper, and was said to have killed two women with whom he was particularly in love. Apollonius’ companions were much shocked; but the master said to them, ‘Don’t be afraid, it is only a satyr playing his saucy tricks here.’ ‘By Zeus,’ said Nilus, ‘no doubt it is the same one whom the Naked Sages have been trying in vain this long time to stop from his goatish gallantries.’

‘There is a remedy,’ said Apollonius, ‘against these saucy fellows, which they say Midas used of old. This Midas was akin to the satyr sort, as his ears showed; and a satyr carried cousinly familiarity to excess by going to beat up his quarters in a drunken frolic, and jesting at the expense of his ears, which this untimely serenader celebrated not only in song, but in piping. Midas, who doubtless had heard from his mother that if you can snare a satyr with wine, once he falls fast asleep, he reforms and gives no more trouble, mixed a well he had near his palace with wine; the satyr,
allowed free access to it, drank and was captured. And now, to prove the truth of the story, let us go to the village chief, and if the villagers have any wine, we will make a brew for this satyr; and the result will be as it was with Midas’ visitor.’ They agreed to try the experiment. Pouring four Egyptian amphorae into the trough at which the village sheep used to drink, he invoked the satyr, adding certain mysterious menaces. The satyr remained invisible, but the wine gradually ebbed as if something were drinking it. After it was all drunk up, he said, ‘Let us make peace with the satyr: he is asleep.’ And so saying, he led the villagers to a cave of nymphs, not a stone’s throw distant from the village, and there showed them the satyr asleep; but he would not let them beat him or use hard words to him, saying, ‘He has done with his nonsense now.’

Such was this feat of Apollonius—not a passing amusement by the way, but a surpassing achievement for the by-way. Any one who reads in the letter which he wrote to a saucy young gallant, that he ‘reformed a devil in the shape of a satyr in Ethiopia’, must bear that story in mind.

Do not let us refuse to believe that satyrs both exist and are fond of playing the lover. I know one of my own contemporaries in Lemnos whose mother was said to receive the visits of a satyr: at least, this story makes it probable that her visitor was a satyr: his back seemed to be covered with a fawn’s pelt, growing on him, and the forelegs were fastened round his neck and dangling at his breast.

But no more of this matter. Experience is not to be disbelieved, nor am I.
It was after his return from Ethiopia that Apollonius' difference with Euphrates developed especially. The daily lectures were the cause, though he entrusted these to Menippus and Nilius, and seldom himself attacked Euphrates. He took great pains in forming Nilius' mind.

When Titus had taken Jerusalem, and all places were full of the dead bodies, the neighbouring nations sent him crowns of honour; which he disclaimed, saying that 'he had not himself achieved it, but merely lent his hands as the instrument of the god who manifested his wrath'. Apollonius applauded this: it showed judgement in the prince, and understanding of things human and divine; and to refuse to be crowned for bloodshed argued a great fund of self-restraint. So he wrote him a letter, which Damis was employed to deliver, in these terms:

'Apollonius to Titus, General of the Romans, greeting.

'Since you would not be acclaimed for the spear and for the blood of the foemen, I bestow on you the crown of self-restraint, forasmuch as you know what deserves a crown. Farewell.'

Proclaimed Imperator at Rome, as the triumphal reward of his victory, Titus was about to go and be associated with his father as colleague in empire. But he was thinking of Apollonius, and how valuable it would be to him to have even a short interview with the sage. So he begged him to come to Tarsus, and they met. On his arrival Titus embraced him and said, 'My father has written me an account of all that your advice has done for him. Look! here is his letter, in which you are described as his benefactor, and the author of all that we are. I am now thirty years old, and
finding myself preferred to the dignity which my father
was sixty when he attained, and called to command
before, perhaps, I properly know how to obey, I am afraid
that I am setting myself to a task beyond my powers.'

Apollonius stroked his neck (he had the bull-neck of
a professional athlete) and said, 'Who shall force a young
bull with such a neck to submit to the yoke?' And
Titus answered, 'He who trained me as a calf'—referring
to his father, whose voice he was accustomed to
obey from boyhood, and to whose control alone he
would submit. The conversation continued:

Apoll. I am glad, in the first place, to see you prepared
to follow your father, in whose control even those who
are not his children born rejoice, and paying deference
at his doors with whom you are to share deference.
And then—youth and age associated in government!
What lyre or flute shall sing how sweet and well com-
posed a harmony these two make together? Seniority
will be united with freshness, so that age shall have the
power and youth the discipline.'

Tit. But tell me, Tyanean, what lessons have you to
give me personally on government and sovereignty?

Apoll. Just those which you have taught yourself;
if you submit to your father, plainly you will resemble
him. But there is a noble phrase of Archytas which
I must tell you; it is worth learning. Archytas was
a Tarentine, an adept in the Pythagorean science; writ-
ing on Education, he says, Let the father be an example
of virtue to the sons, for the fathers themselves will set
their faces more intently towards the virtues, if their
children resemble them.'

I will give you the services of my disciple Demetrius,
who will be with you as much as you please, and teach you how a good man must behave.

Tit. What is his science, Apollonius?

Apoll. Plain-speaking, truthfulness, and to fear no man. He belongs to the strong sort of the Dogs: (Seeing that Titus disliked the word ‘Dog’.) Well, according to Homer, Telemachus wanted two Dogs when he was young, and he gives them to the lad for his escort when he goes into the market-place of Ithaca, irrational beasts as they were. And you shall have a faithful Dog to bark at others in your interest, and bark at you, too, if you offend—not irrationally, but the bark of science.

Tit. Give me this faithful Dog for my henchman; and he is free even to bite me if he see me doing wrong.

Apoll. A letter shall be written to him at once. He is working at Rome.

Tit. Let it be written. I only wish somebody had written to you on my behalf, to ask you to share my journey to Rome.

Apoll. I shall come there when it will be the better for both.

The rest were now ordered to withdraw.

Tit. We are now alone, Tyanean: for I hope you will allow me to ask you some questions on a matter of the most vital interest to me.

Apoll. Ask. The more important the question, the more confidently you may ask it.

Tit. It concerns my life, and what persons I ought especially to be on my guard against—if you do not think me a coward for such fears.

Apoll. Not at all. It is not cowardice, but a solid caution, for great circumspection is necessary.
And then, lifting up his eyes to the Sun, he took that to witness that he had intended to speak to Titus on this matter, even unasked; for he had been bidden by divine revelation to warn him ‘in his father’s lifetime to beware of his worst enemies, but after his father’s death to beware of his best friends.’ Titus asked, ‘And how shall I die?’ ‘As Odysseus died,’ was the answer: ‘Death came to him, too, out of the sea.’

Damis interprets this prophecy as follows: Titus was on his guard against the sting of the fish *Trygon*¹, by which, the story goes, Odysseus met his death-blow. But he had only reigned two years after his father’s death when he was poisoned by a *Lepus marinus*², a fish from which a venomous humour is extracted, more deadly than all the venoms of sea or land. Nero employed this *Lepus* for making poisoned sauces, which he administered to his worst enemies; Domitian gave it to his brother Titus³, not that he disliked a brother as a colleague, but a merciful and clement man as a colleague.

After this private interview they embraced each other in public; and as Titus was departing, Apollonius took his farewell in these words: ‘Conquer your enemies in arms, Prince, and your father in virtues.’

The letter to Demetrius was as follows:

‘Apollonius, philosopher, to Demetrius, Gog, greeting.

‘I bestow you on the Emperor Titus to instruct him in the imperial character, asking you to oblige me by verifying what I said to him in your praise, and be to him all things but anger. Farewell.’

The people of Tarsus were hitherto inimical to Apollonius because of his rebukes, which were most emphatic; and because, being so dissolute and luxurious, they
Chapters 33–35

could not put up with the robustness of his discourse; but this time he seemed to be irresistible, and they treated him as their founder and the pillar of their State. This was shown by the following incident. The Prince was to sacrifice in public, and the whole population assembled to petition him on a matter of great moment. He said he would mention it to his father, and himself be the ambassador of their requests. Then Apollonius came forward and said, 'And if I can prove that certain persons here present are enemies to yourself and your father, held treasonable correspondence with Jerusalem and secretly allied themselves with your most evident enemies—what shall be their punishment?' 'What could it be but death?' said Titus. Whereupon Apollonius said, 'And is it not a shame to demand punishment instantly, when you let benefactions be put off so long; and to reserve these for further consultation, when you settle those on your own responsibility?' The Emperor was so much delighted at this that he said, 'I grant the favours that have been asked: my father will not resent a concession made to the truth and to Apollonius.'

These are the nations 1 which Damis says Apollonius visited, eagerly studying and himself eagerly studied. His subsequent travels were also many, but not as many; nor did he visit any other peoples but those with whom he was acquainted. On his way down from Ethiopia he made a long stay in Lower Egypt, and also in Phoenicia, Cilicia, Ionia, Achaia, and Italy again, nowhere failing to be true to his former self. 2 Yes! Hard task as it may be for a man to know himself, I regard it as an even harder one for the Sage to remain true to himself. And he will never succeed in changing
evil natures for the better until he have first made himself perfect in remaining himself unchanged. However, this is a matter on which I have spoken sufficiently in other treatises; wherein I teach the reader (if he be more than a mere dilettante) that a true man will neither be changed nor enslaved by anything. But now, to avoid the prolixity of detailing minutely all his learned activities in each country, and, on the other hand, not to appear to scant this history which, not without labour, I am making for the benefit of those who know not my hero, I think well to select the more important and memorable for narration. Let us regard them in much the same light as we regard the visitations of the sons of Asclepius.

36 A young man of no education was fond of educating birds, and kept, you may say, a boarding school for them: he taught them both to talk and to mimic the flute. Apollonius, meeting him, asked his profession; and when the young man recounted his nightingales and his blackbirds, and the wonders he could do for a stone-curlew’s voice by his system of training—and all the while talking in the accents of an uneducated man—Apollonius said, ‘You seem to me to be a corrupter of birds, firstly, in not leaving them their natural utterance, which is so sweet that no musical instrument can ever successfully reproduce it; and secondly, in teaching them lessons of mispronunciation by your execrable way of speaking Greek. And also, young man, you are ruining your estate: when I look at your train of attendants and your style of dress, you give me the idea of a dandy, and well-to-do—the sort of hive which regularly has its honeycombs raided by adventurers who carry their sting in their tongues. How will your
fondness for birds help you, then? All the tunes of all
the nightingales together will not help you to repel their
urgent and persistent attacks, but you must needs tap
your money-bags and throw them gold, as one throws
sops to dogs; and if they bark, give and give again, till
it ends at last in hunger and destitution for you. What
you need is to try a new tack altogether and turn over
a new leaf; and if you do not, one of these days you
will find that you have moulted your fortune, and are
reduced to a state better described by the dirges than the
madrigals of birds. The remedy which will work this
change is not difficult to procure. There are to be found
in every town a sort of men with whom you are not yet
acquainted: they call them schoolmasters. Give them
a little portion of your wealth, and you will secure your-
self in the possession of the great bulk of it. They
will teach you style and diction—as commonly under-
stood by the public: it is easily acquired. If you were
still a boy, I should have recommended you to attend
at the doors of philosophers and professors, and fortify
your house with a fence of complete science; but as I
can see that you are past the age for that, the least you
can learn is how to speak up for yourself. You may
take it that the completer education would have made
you like a heavy-armed soldier, a terror to your enemies;
but this much training will give you the equipment of the
light troops or slingers. For you will be able to pelt
off the attacks of rascally adventurers as if they were so
many dogs.

The young man took this advice to heart, and quitted
the aviaries for the school-house, to the great improve-
ment of his wits and his tongue.
37 Two legends were current at Sardis, one, that the Pactolus of old brought down gold-dust to Croesus; and the other, that the trees there were older than the earth. Of the first, Apollonius said he was reasonably sure, because there were once auriferous sands on Tmolus, and the rain would sweep them down into the Pactolus; and afterwards, in course of time, as usual, the deposit had been exhausted by washing away. The second legend he jeered at, saying, 'You call the trees older than the earth? Well, in all these years that I have been studying science, I never yet discovered any stars older than the heavens': by which he conveyed the lesson that a thing cannot exist when that in which it grows is not yet in existence.

38 The Governor of Syria was ranging Antioch into factions, and breeding suspicion amongst the people, which made a general-town's meeting only result in party divisions, when a grand earthquake\(^1\) supervened; and then the inhabitants were cowed, and, as usual in these terrific manifestations of nature, poured out prayers for each other's safety. Upon this Apollonius came forward and said, 'Here is evidently a divine reconciliation of your differences. Fear the same again, and abstain from your factions henceforth.' And then he made them reflect on what might happen to them, and remember that in their fears they would all be as one.

39 Here is another memorable incident. A certain man was sacrificing to the earth in order to find a hidden treasure, and did not scruple to pray to Apollonius for the same object. And he, reflecting on it, observed, 'What a terrible money-maker do I see here!' 'Nay,' said the man, 'what an unlucky fellow! For I have
merely a pittance unequal to my household.' 'Then,' said Apollonius, 'you must support a number of idle slaves. For you seem to be a sharp fellow enough yourself.' The man began to whine, and said, 'I have four daughters, and I want four dowries: I now own 20,000 drachmas; when each daughter has got her portion, they will think themselves poorly enough provided for, and I shall be left to perish with nothing.' Apollonius was touched, and said, 'We will take thought for you, the Earth and I—for they say you worship the Earth.' And so saying he went for a walk out into the suburbs, just as fruit-brokers do; until he saw an orchard full of olives. He liked the looks of the place. It had fine trees, tall and well grown, and there was a garden attached to it, in which one saw beeches and flower-beds. He entered it, as though to make a fuller survey; and after addressing a prayer to Pandora, went on his way back into town. He then went to the owner of the estate (who had enriched himself with very dirty money by laying information against propertied Phoenicians) and said, 'What did you pay for such and such an estate, and what labour have you put into it?' The owner said he had bought the ground a year ago, and not yet improved it. Apollonius induced him to part with it for 20,000 drachms, and be thankful for a profit of 5,000. The poor petitioner, with his affections set on a treasure, was far from appreciating the boon; in fact, he thought it a bad bargain and himself a loser, inasmuch as the 20,000 drachmas in hand were safe in his keeping, whereas the ground purchased with them would be at the mercy of frosts and hail-storms and the other accidents which
ruin crops; when, however, he found, at the very outset, a jar containing 3,000 gold darics just by the beehives on the estate, and when this plot proved to be a rich crop of olives while the rest of the country-side had a bad season, he fell to singing hymns of praise to Apollonius, and there were suitors everywhere paying attention to him!

40 Here is another anecdote worthy of record. There was a certain man reputed amorous of the naked image of Aphrodite which is venerated at Cnidus; he would make offerings to it, and promise yet more if his matrimonial desires should be realized. Apollonius thought the case queer enough in itself, but Cnidus made no objections—indeed, they expected more visible manifestations of the goddess would take place in response to the man’s amorous advances. So he resolved to purge the holy place of this madness, and taking occasion of a request from the Cnidians to reform their worship and liturgy, he said, ‘Eyes need reformation; the holy place must continue to enjoy the traditional honours.’ Summoning the fond gallant, he asked him, ‘Did he believe in the gods?’: the youth replied that he believed in them so devotedly as to be in love with them; and then mentioned the nuptials which he expected to celebrate. Apollonius then said to him, ‘You are flown with poetical fancies of an Anchises or a Peleus wedded to goddesses. The truth of loving and being loved, as I know it, is thus: the law of love is gods with gods, mortals with mortals, beasts with beasts, and in general, like with like, for the purpose of true and homogeneous increase; but the mating of heterogeneous and unlike is neither match nor marriage. If you had remembered
Ixion's case you would never even have thought of such monstrous perversion. He circles round the skies bent like a wheel; and you, if you do not quit this temple, will be tormented all over the earth, and not even be able to complain that the gods have passed a harsh sentence upon you." Thus was his impudent infatuation quenched, and the self-styled amorist departed with a propitiatory sacrifice for forgiveness.

Once when the cities on the left-hand side of the Hellespont were afflicted by earthquakes, Egyptian and Chaldean itinerants were busy raising money for a proposed service in honour of Earth and Poseidon, which was to cost ten talents. Subscriptions came in from the other cities, both from the public funds and from terrified individuals; but the committee refused to include in their intercessions any but such as paid down their cash at the banks. Well, Apollonius resolved not to leave the Hellespontians in the lurch, and visited the unfortunate cities; he drove out the committee for exploiting the calamities of others; by correctly apprehending the causes which had moved the divine anger, he was able to perform suitable devotions in each place, and by his prayers avert any further shocks of earthquake, at a moderate expense. And so the land stood still.

When Domitian at about the same time made laws to forbid emasculation and vine-planting, and even ordered the destruction of existing vineyards, Apollonius informed a meeting of Ionians that these ordinances did not concern him. 'For perhaps I am the only man in the world who have no use for either genitals or wine. But our most noble prince does not see that though he may spare man he gelds the earth.' From this speech
Ionia took courage to send a mission to the Emperor on
behalf of the vines, and to beg the abrogation of a law
which commanded the devastation, and forbade the
planting of the earth.

43 Here is another celebrated tale of Apollonius at Tar-
sus. A boy had been bitten by a mad dog; and in
consequence of the bite he was behaving like a dog in
all things, barking, howling, running on all fours by the
help of his hands. He had been ill for a month when
Apollonius, just arrived at Tarsus, came to visit him.
He directed a search to be made for the dog which had
done the mischief. They told him that no dog had
been seen at all; the boy had been without the walls at
the time of the accident, practising with the javelin;
nor could they learn from the patient what the dog was
like, nor that he had altogether lost his self-conscious-
ness. Apollonius paused and then said, ‘Damis, it is
a white dog, shaggy, of the sheep-dog sort, like an
Amphilochian. He is standing beside such and such
a well, trembling, because he craves and yet fears the
water. Fetch me this dog to the river’s bank on which
the wrestling-school is, merely telling him that he is
called by me.’ Damis returned hauling the dog along,
which immediately lay down at Apollonius’ feet, like
a suppliant at an altar, shedding tears. Apollonius,
soothing it still more and patting it, made the boy stand
close by it, while at the same time he kept it in control;
and then, that the public might not lose his grand secret,
he informed them that ‘Telephus’ soul, the Mysian, has
migrated into this boy; and it is the Fates who meant
him this harm.’ So saying, he ordered the dog to lick
the bite all over, so that he who dealt the wound might
Chapter 43

turn physician to heal it. Then the boy took notice of his father, recognized his mother, greeted his comrades, and drank of the Cydnus. The dog was not neglected either: Apollonius prayed to the river and then made the dog swim across it. And no sooner had it crossed the Cydnus than, standing on the bank, it barked (the last thing that mad dogs do), laid back its ears and wagged its tail, conscious of recovery: for water is the best treatment for rabies if the patient can only make up his mind to it.

Such were this great man’s dealings on behalf of shrines and cities, with nations and on behalf of nations, on behalf of the dead and the sick; with learned and simple, and with princes who took him for their counsellor in virtue.
BOOK VII

1 I know that a despotism is another excellent touchstone for assaying a man's character who lives the intellectual life; and I make no objection to the comparative study of the less or more manliness displayed by one or another in these circumstances. The drift of my tale is as follows. In the time of Domitian's despotism, Appollonius was involved in accusations and indictments; of which I shall presently detail the several origins, occasions, and particulars. But as I am bound to relate how it was, by what speech and behaviour, that he emerged from his ordeal more victor than victim, I think it will make a natural preface thereto if I set forth all the memorable examples that I have found, of Sages at issue with despots, to illustrate Appollonius' conduct by theirs: this being perhaps a necessary method of investigating the truth.

2 Zeno the Eleatic, reputed the founder of Dialectic, was caught in the attempt to overthrow Nearchus' despotism, the Mysian; and when questioned upon the rack, he named none of his fellow conspirators, but charged with disloyalty the despot's most loyal supporters. His denunciations were believed; the men were put to death, and he liberated Mysia by making despotism the engine of its own ruin. Plato claims to have undergone an ordeal in the cause of Siceliot liberty with Dion for his associate. Phyton, banished from Rhegium, took refuge at the court of Dionysius, despot of Sicily;
where he was treated with such extraordinary consideration, for an exile, that he was able to read the despot’s character and guess his covetous designs on Rhegium. He was caught sending a warning letter to the Rhegines. The King triced him up alive on one of his siege engines, which was then advanced near the walls, in order that the Rhegines, out of regard for Phyton, might refrain from attacking the engine; but he shouted aloud to them to have at it, for he would be their target of liberation. Heracleides and Python, who killed Cotys of Thrace, were but a couple of lads; but by their devotion to the Academic School they became a pair of Sages and thereby a pair of free men. Callisthenes of Olynthus—who does not know the story, how on the same day he spoke in praise and in censure of the Macedonians, who were then very powerful, and was put to death for being so odious. Diogenes of Sinope and Crates of Thebes make a pair; the former went to Chaeronea in the Athenian interest and berated Philip, who called himself a Heracleid, for using his force to destroy the champions of the Heracleidae; the latter, when Alexander offered to restore Thebes for his sake, answered that he could have no use for a city to dwell in, which any military power could lay in ruins. And many more might be cited; but my purpose does not allow me to expatiate at large, when I have instances enough already, and my concern is—not indeed to belittle their grandeur and celebrity, but to show that though these may surpass all others, they still fall short of Apollonius’ achievement.

We need hardly stop to consider the Eleatic’s feat, and the assassins of Cotys; it is doubtless easy to enslave Thracians and Goths, but to liberate them is
Book VII

foolishness; they take no pleasure in liberty because, I presume, they feel no disgrace in slavery. As for Plato, it might be argued that it was unworthy of his science to attend to the reformation of Sicilian politics instead of Athenian; and that, alike deceiving and deceived, it served him right to be sold as a slave: but I forbear, for the sake of those who dislike hearing this view expressed. The Rhene's bold defiance of Dionysius was spoken at a time when Dionysius was not firmly established as monarch of Sicily; and as Phyton was bound in any case to be put to death by him, even if the artillery of his countrymen had not hit him, I cannot see that he did anything very wonderful in preferring to dedicate his death to their liberty rather than to his own servitude. Callisthenes cannot even at this day be acquitted of blame: the case is a dilemma: he praised and censured the same people; ergo either he censured those whom he believed to deserve praise, or praised those whom it was his duty to censure. And in general any one who undertakes the abuse of honest men, cannot escape the imputation of envy; whereas any one who spends his praises in flattering the wicked, will himself incur the responsibility for their sins: for wicked men grow more wicked with praise. Diogenes, if he had expressed his views to Philip before Chaeronea, might actually have kept the King guiltless of his campaign against Athens; but as he presented himself after the accomplished fact, there was room for reproof only, and not correction. Crates might actually be reproached by a patriot for lending no support to the project which Alexander then entertained of rebuilding Thebes.

But Apollonius was moved neither by fear for his
country's peril, nor by despair of his personal safety; he did not allow himself to make any absurd speeches; the cause was not Mysians or Goths; confronting him was not the ruler of a single island or small country, but he who had all the earth and sea in subjection. And he bearded this potentate in the interest of his subjects, to protest against the harshness of his despotism. He had entertained the idea of such a protest against Nero; but one must regard that affair as a mere skirmish, since he did not actually come to close quarters, though he helped to rot the bases of the despotism by encouraging Vindex and frightening Tigellinus. And this gives rise to the 257 4 pert idle statement that it argued no heroism to attack Nero, who lived like a harping or piping wench. But what will they say of Domitian? Studied and vigorous, Domitian would have nothing to do with the pleasures of musical sound which decay the will, but derived his gratifications from the sufferings of others and from the groans of his victims; mistrust, he said, was the safeguard of democracies against tyrants, and of tyrants against all men; and held that night was the signal for all princely employments to end and bloodshed to begin. So the Senate was mutilated of its most distinguished members, and Philosophy was so cowed that some philosophers dropped the dress and ran away either into the Celtic West or into the deserts of Libya and Scythia, while others sank to speaking in favour of his iniquities. But Apollonius, in the spirit of that protestation which Sophocles puts into the mouth of his Tiresias——

_I love to serve not you but Loxias——_

having vowed himself to the service of Science, was out
of Domitian’s range. He solemnly applied to himself the part of Sophocles’ Tiresias; and, fearless on his own account, pitied the plague which was destroying others. This caused all the youth that the Senate could muster, and all the intelligence which was to be discovered in some of its members, to rally round him, as he visited the provinces and talked to the governors, confronting them with the reflection that despotic power is not immortal, and the very terrors of tyrants are a principal means to their undoing. He told them the story of the Attic Panathenea which gained Harmodius and Aristogiton their fame in song, and of that heroism which set out from Phyle and destroyed thirty tyrants at once; he told them, too, stories from their own Roman legends, how the Romans themselves were once a democracy and by force of arms thrust out every attempt at despotism.

5 One time a tragic actor came to Ephesus playing the 258 drama of Ino. In the audience was the Governor of Asia, who, although he was a young man of illustrious position among consuls, did not hold very courageous opinions on the great question. The actor was just finishing the declamation of those lines where Euripides says that it takes long to build up a tyrant and little to pull him down, when Apollonius jumped up and exclaimed, ‘And this coward cannot take a hint either from Euripides or me!’

6 But he did not stop at that. When word was brought that Domitian had made a signal purification of the Roman Vesta, by putting to death three Vestals for a sin against their girdles (that is, a breach in the vows of chastity which are required of these immaculate
custodians of the Trojan Athena and her sacred fire), Apollonius said, 'O Sun, would that thou also were purged of the wicked murders of which all the world is now full!' When Domitian killed Sabinus, his kinsman, and married Julia (Julia was the murdered man's wife and Domitian's own niece, being one of Titus' daughters), Ephesus kept holiday for the wedding. Apollonius attended the functions and remarked, 'Night of the Danaids, what a pity thou art still unique!'

But not content even with such protests, he was busy with projects at Rome. Nerva was beginning to be thought suited to that imperial power, which after Domitian he exercised wisely; and the same opinion was held of Orfitus and Rufus. These men were all under suspicion of intriguing against Domitian, and the other two were imprisoned in islands, while Nerva was ordered to reside at Tarentum. During the joint reign of Titus and his father, and after Titus' succession, Apollonius, who was intimate with them, was constantly writing counsels of wisdom to these three and endeavouring to attach them to those excellent emperors.

But he steadily detached them from the tyrannical Domitian, and confirmed them in the championship of universal liberty. Epistolary correspondence with them he judged to be no longer safe, for many powerful men had been betrayed by their slaves, or their friends, or their wives; in those days no house could keep a secret. But he would take the most prudent of his friends apart, now one and now another, and say, 'I have an honourable confidence to commit to you. You are to go to Rome, to So-and-so, and talk with him, and do all that I could do in person to gain your man.'
9 When he heard that after a show of energy against the despot, their plans had been upset by their timidity—he was lecturing on Destiny and Necessity in the grove at Smyrna through which the river Meles runs—well aware that Nerva would presently be Emperor, he told his hearers the legend of the place, with the moral that not even despots can force the decrees of Destiny; and pointing their attention to a brazen image of Domitian beside the Meles, he apostrophized it: 'Thou fool, how little thou knowest of Destiny and Necessity! The man that is fated to succeed to thy throne, though thou put him to death, he will come to life again.' The words were reported to Domitian by the malice of Euphrates; and though nobody knew who was the man of whom he prophesied, the tyrant thought to relieve himself of his fears by cutting off the suspects at a stroke. However, to give a reasonable colour to his resolve, he summoned Apollonius to account for his secret dealings with them. Either Apollonius would come, and be pronounced guilty; in which case Domitian would not appear to have executed them without trial, but as found guilty in the person of Apollonius.

269 Or, should he use some scientific shift to escape an exposure, they could all the more be destroyed, as sentenced by the actual verdict of their fellow conspirator.

10 Such were the Emperor's calculations; and he was already writing to the Governor of Asia the warrant for his apprehension and conveyance to Rome, when the Tyanean by his supernatural gift, as usual, divined what was coming. He told his companions that he must needs take a secret journey; which made some of them think of the ancient belief concerning Abaris, and attri-
but a similar errand to their master. But, revealing his mind to none, not even Damis whom he took with him, he went by sea to Corinth. Landing there, he performed his usual rites to the Sun at midday, and at evening sailed for Sicily and Italy. A fair wind and smooth currents favoured him, and on the fifth day he reached Dicearchia (Puteoli). Here he met Demetrius, who passed for the boldest of the philosophers, since he continued living so near Rome. He knew him to have retreated before the despot, but he said to him humorously, 'Here I find you in the lap of luxury, inhabiting the most highly favoured spot in all blessed Italy... if blessed it be—in the same place where Odysseus is said to have forgotten the smoke of his Ithacan home in the society of Calypso.' Demetrius embraced him, and after some pious ejaculations said, 'Ye gods! What will become of Philosophy, now that such a man's peril puts her in jeopardy!'

'Jeopardy?' said Apollonius.

'Yes,' answered Demetrius, 'What you foreknew when you came. I understand your purpose, as well as I know my own! But let us not talk here, but go to a place where we shall have no company but ourselves. And let Damis be with you, for by Hercules I regard him as the Iolaus of your labours.' And so saying, he led them to old Cicero's place, which is near the town.

They sat down under a plane-tree. The cicadas were at their songs, responsive to the preluding touches of the light breeze; and Demetrius looking up at them said, 'Happy creatures! You have Science unquestionably, for true it is that the Muses taught you an art
of song which never yet was brought in danger of prosecutions and calumnies, made you superior to the appetites of the belly, and ensconced you in these trees above human envy, that aloft there you might be the blissful poets of that felicity which is yours and theirs!" Apollonius perceived his drift; but disapproving a dilettantism which seemed unworthy of the occasion, said, 'Was it the praise of the cicadas that you wanted to rehearse? Was it this you would not produce in public, but must needs skulk away here first as if there were a law passed forbidding any man to praise the cicada?'

'Nay,' said Demetrius, 'I did not mean that by way of panegyric, only to show the free charter that their schools of melody enjoy, while we are not allowed so much as to open our lips. Science has been made an offence at law. The charge preferred by Anytus and Meletus? ran: "Whereas Socrates does wrong in corrupting young men and introducing new-fangled delities"; they charge us in terms such as these: "Whereas So-and-so does wrong in being a man of Science, and righteous, and having divine and human insight, and great knowledge of law"—and as you have more Science than we all, so they must put more Science into the invention of an indictment against you: for Domitian means you to be involved in the charges on which Nerva and his party are in banishment.'

Apollonius. And what are they banished for?

Demetrius. For the gravest of modern offences, in the accuser's eyes: he says he has caught them attempting to seize his throne; and that you instigated the attempt by cutting a boy.
Chapter 12

Apol. What? To get the imperial power pulled down by a eunuch?

Dem. Not quite so absurd as that; but they say that you cut up a boy and sacrificed him in order to gain sorcerous revelations from the young entrails. Mention is made also in the indictment of certain particulars of your dress and manner of life, and of certain persons worshipping you. At least, this is what I heard from Telesinus¹, whom you know as well as I do.

Apol. It would be a godsend if we could meet Telesinus, for I suppose you mean that enlightened governor who was a consular in Nero's reign.

Dem. I mean none other; but how will you contrive to meet him? Despotic power is particularly suspicious about any man of high position who may have conference with persons lying under such imputations as you. And Telesinus withdrew when the proclamation was issued against all philosophers, preferring to depart into exile as a philosopher rather than stay as a consular.

Apol. I would not have him run a risk for my sake; he runs risks enough for Philosophy. But tell me, Demetrius, what do you think I ought to say or do to relieve my fears?

Dem. It is no good your jesting, or pretending to be afraid of these accusations: for if you had been really afraid, you would in fact have run away from meeting the accusation at all.

Apol. Would you have run away if you had been in the same perilous case?

Dem. No, by Athena, that I would not—if there had been a judge or a trial; but when there is no trial, and the judge will either give no hearing, or if he do give
a hearing, still put the innocent to death ... You would not have allowed me to choose such a squalid fiasco of a death instead of a proper philosopher's martyrdom. A philosopher's martyrdom, I take it, is to die in the attempt to liberate his country, or to protect his parents, and children, and brothers, and kindred in general, or to defend the cause of his friends—who count for more than kin in the sight of a man of Science, and more than the persons to whom one is contracted by love. But to die on untrue, garbled charges, and give the despot occasion for self-complacency upon his cleverness—that would be much more cruel than to be spun round on a wheel aloft, like Ixion in the tale. You will find, I believe, that your very presence here is the first point in question at your ordeal: you put it down to a clear conscience, arguing that you would not have ventured to come had you been guilty; but that will not be Domitian's view: he will see in it the defiant assurance of one who has uncanny secrets to rely upon. Cited you were, it is true, but only ten days ago, I am told—and here you are already arrived for trial before you had heard that you were to be tried: this will lend point to the indictment, for it will probably be shown that you knew by Second Sight, and the story about the boy will be corroborated. Also beware that the sermon on Destiny and Necessity which they say you preached in Ionia, do not come true of yourself. What if Fate means to play some queer trick and you are walking into it without choice, because you do not see that it is always cleverer to be wary? If you have not forgotten the events of Nero's time, you must know about me, that I can face death like a gentleman. But in those
days there were possibilities of respite: Nero's harping may have seemed to degrade him from the proper style of a sovereign, but otherwise it was welcome and convenient enough; thanks to it he often kept a sort of truce, and abstained from bloodshed. At any rate, he did not put me to death, although I did my best to draw the sword down upon myself by my speeches, and yours, delivered on that occasion of the Baths. The only thing which saved my life was that Nero's voice improved just then, and that he had a happy thought in composition. But to what voice or harp shall we pay our devotions now? These are days of puritanism and malignity, and neither he himself nor any other has charms to soothe Domitian. Yet when Pindar \(^1\) praises the lyre he says that it soothes even the temper of Ares and stays him from battle. But though the Emperor has instituted a festival competition \(^1\) in the fine arts and gives a crown to the winners, he has put some of them to death, so that the competition was for them what is called a 'farewell to the profession' of flautist or singer. Then you have also to think of those three: if you be contumacious, or if what you say shall fail to convince, you will ruin them as well as yourself. You have the chance of salvation here, within one step. You see all these ships? Some of them are bound for Libya, some for Egypt, some for Phoenicia or Cyprus, some for Sardinia direct, and some \textit{via} Sardinia for further ports. Embark on some one of them—it is the best thing to do—and sail for any of these countries. Despotism is less hard on eminent men when it sees them acquiesce in obscurity.

Demetrius' speech was too much for Damis, who \(^3\)
exclaimed: 'Ah, you are the friend in need who will be such a great blessing to him. I should count for nothing if I were to advise him not to dive into the thick of the drawn sword-blades, or try a fall with a despotism which is considered to be the cruellest that ever was known. Why, if I had not fallen in with you, Demetrius, I should never have known the purpose of this journey at all. I follow him, closer than his own shadow; but if you were to ask me whither I am sailing and on what errand, I am in the absurd case of a voyager ranging over Sicilian seas and Tyrrhenian gulfs, and never knowing the reason why. Had I been warned of the perils which I must run, I could have answered my questioners by saying, "Apollonius is courting death, and I am his rival in the suit, traveling with him." But being thus in the dark, all I can do is to speak according to my lights; and what I am going to say is for Apollonius' sake. Suppose I were to die, that would not be a terrible blow to Science at all: for I am like a gallant soldier's orderly, and highly honoured, too, in being allowed to wait upon such a man.

But if one shall be found to kill him—and despotic power has many resources for invention and exaggeration—then I feel that a great triumph will have been won over Science, defeated in the person of our greatest living philosopher. There are many Anytuses and Meletuses against us; there is one set of indictments here and another from abroad, directed against Apollonius' companions—that one laughed when he attacked despotism, another encouraged him in what he said, a third prompted him to say something, a fourth went away applauding what he had heard. It is a man's duty
to die for Philosophy as he would die for the shrines
and walls of his home and the tombs of his people,
which many famous men have gladly died to save; but
to destroy Philosophy, that is a cause for which I hope
neither I nor any other lover of Apollonius will die."

To this Apollonius replied: 'We ought to pardon
Damis' cautious harangue about our present case: being
an Assyrian and having lived next-door neighbours to
the Medes, where they adore despotism, he has no
great idea of liberty. But I do not know what answer
you, Demetrius, will be able to make when Philosophy
reproaches you for suggesting terror when (even if true)
it was your duty to distract from terrors and not to
intimidate one who had no apprehension even of his
probable fate. Granted that the man of Science will
die in the causes which you have named; but one may
be no man of Science and die for them all the same.
To die for liberty is a commandment of Law; to die
for kindred or friends or love is the ordinance of na-
ture; and Nature and Law make slaves of all men,
willing slaves of Nature, slaves of Law whether they
will or no. But it is the privilege of the Sage to give
his life for his profession. These are doctrines and
practices which, uncommanded by Law and unmothered
by Instinct, men have adopted by main force of will
and resolution: to defend these from the threat of ruin,
their champion, the man of Science, will defeat every
attack, though the fire and the axe go forth against
him; he will not palter with any shifts of equivocation,
but maintain his certitude entire, waiving not one jot of
the sacred arcanum of his initiation. I know more than
all other men, inasmuch as I understand all things;
and I owe part of my knowledge to honest men, part to sages, part to myself, part to the gods, but to despots . . . nothing. But I can satisfy you that the motives of my coming are not unreasonable. In my own person, I run no risk at all: despotism cannot put me to death even though I should wish it. But I can see that I do run a risk in the persons of those distinguished men, my relations with whom are just what the tyrant chooses—he may represent me as the fountain-head or the accessory. If I had betrayed them by delaying or shirking responsibility, what would honest men have thought of me? Who would not have been justified in putting me to death for trifling with the interests of men on whom depended the realization of my dearest wishes? I want to explain to you how impossible it was for me to escape the name of traitor. There are two sorts of absolutism: one kills without trial, the other uses the forms of legality. The first resembles the swift and furious wild beasts; the second, those beasts that are softer and more indolent. Both are cruel—to prove that, we may take Nero for an example of the impetuous and indiscriminate, Tiberius of the crouching, way-laying kind; Nero put men to death who never expected it; Tiberius’ victims were kept long in terror. Now the more cruel sort seems to me to be that which makes a pretense of justice and verdict according to law; they do not really observe the law at all; their sentences are quite like the decisions of those who decide without holding any trial; “law” is with them a mere name for the adjournments of their anger; but death by sentence of law deprives the luckless victims even of that public commiseration which is the proper
winding-sheet for the victims of injustice. The style of this present absolutism I can see is legalistic, but the result is the same as if no trials were held. Persons already sentenced before they have been tried are brought into court as if they were still untried; and while the man who is there convicted can at least say that he is undone by an unjust verdict, how can the man who fails to appear escape the responsibility of having passed sentence on himself? And then, considering what men are dependent on me, if I were now to run away from my ordeal and theirs, is there any place in the world where such conduct would allow me to pass for stainless? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have spoken to this effect and, I assenting to the justice of your views, Nerva and his associates have been executed: how could such as I dare to pray for a good voyage? What harbour would be open to me? To whose house could I repair? One must depart out of the whole Roman Empire, I take it, and look beyond it for people both friendly and inconspicuous: that is to say Phraōtes, the Babylonian, the transcendent Iarchas, or the estimable Thespian. Well, suppose I should travel to Ethiopia, what, my dear sir, what could I say to Thespian? Should I dissemble the facts, I shall be taken for a lover of lying, or rather, for a slave. Should I proceed to confess, my language will have to be something of this strain: “Thespian, I have been slandered to you by Euphrates for sins of which my conscience does not accuse me: he called me a braggart and a conjurer, insolently vain of all my Indian science. I am not this, but the betrayer and butcher of my friends: there
is no faith in me, &c., &c.; but the especial achievement for which I come to you to be crowned, is that I have so destroyed the greatest houses in Rome that they will be desolate for ever."

268 ‘You blush to hear it, Demetrius, I see. Well, then, let us take Phniaaes, and imagine me an exile applying to him in India: how could I look him in the face? What reasons could I give for my exile? Must I tell him that, when I came to him before, I was an honest and honourable man, not wanting in the courage to face death for my friends; but since our last meeting, you, Demetrius, have induced me to spurn and despise that most divine of the human qualities? If I go to Iarchas, he will not so much as ask me any question at all; but as Aeolus3 of old punished Odysseus’ misuse of his present of fair weather by bidding him depart from the island in disgrace, so will he surely drive me away from the Hill, saying that I have sinned against the Cup of Tantalus4; for they hold that the man who has stooped over the brim of that Cup, shares the dangers of his friends.

‘I know your talent for coming straight to the point in any discussion, Demetrius; and so I believe your rejoinder will be to this effect: ‘Nay, do not go to them, but to men whom you have never yet visited; and your running away will be all right, for among strangers there will be less chance of detection.’ Put this argument to the test also and try the plausibility of it: what I feel about it is this. I regard none of the Sage’s actions as private and independent; nor can he imagine himself ever so unobserved but that at any rate he himself is there to see how he behaves. Whether
the Delphian motto be Apollo's own words, or the words of a man who did attain to a wholesome "knowledge of himself" and therefore made it a universal maxim, I do believe that the Sage, knowing himself, and having his own mind to stand by him, will neither be cowed by some things which most people fear, nor venture on certain things which other people are not ashamed to put their hands to. These men are such slaves of absolutism that they have been willing and eager to betray their nearest and dearest to it, partly afraid of things which are not fearful, and partly because they were not afraid of things which ought to be feared. Science does not allow this; to the Pythian maxim she adds another from Euripides 1, who holds that *Conscience destroys a man when once he realizes what evil he has done.* It was she who presented the forms of the Furies to Orestes' eyes, just when he was going mad after the murder of his mother: for though the Reason may be supreme over our actions, Conscience is supreme over the decisions that Reason has taken. If Reason choose the good part, Conscience forthwith bears that man company everywhere in all the shrines, all the streets, all the groves, all the haunts of men, clapping her hands and singing; and even while he sleeps, over his head shall be heard the chant of that tuneful choir which she has chosen from among the People of Dreams and stationed beside his bed. But if the state of Reason shall decline into sin, Conscience suffers not that man either to look his fellow men in the face or speak with frankness of tongue; she drives him away from holy places and from prayers; she will not so much as suffer him to lift up his hand towards the
images, but if he do uplift it, beats it down even as
the Law beats down mutineers; she debars them from
all human society, and fills their sleep with terrors;
the sights and sounds and sayings of broad daylight
she makes dreamlike and unsubstantial to them, but she
makes faint and fantastic alarms grow real and per-
suasive to their terrified imaginations. Perhaps I have
said enough to prove to you that, should I play false to
those men, whether I resort to familiar faces or to
strangers, Conscience will convict me, and Truth has
detective rays; but I do not mean to play false to my-
self either; I mean to strive against the despot, taking
my motto from the noble Homer:—

War is anybody's game.'

15 Damis was so affected by these words, he tells us,
270 that he recovered his enterprise and confidence; and
Demetrius did not despair of Apollonius. He praised
and endorsed the views he had expressed; solemnly
congratulated him on his courageous venture, and Philo-
sophy herself on her devoted champion. He would
then have conducted them to the place where he lodged,
but Apollonius declined, pleading 'that it was already
afternoon, and they must put to sea at nightfall for the
Port of Rome,' this being the rule for these ships.
But 't, said he, 'we will eat a meal together as soon as
my affair is well disposed of; at present, it might well
be trumped up into a charge against you that you ate
with the Emperor's enemy. You had better not walk
down to the harbour with us either, lest you be de-
nounced for secret intrigues because of our having
talked together.'
So Demetrius consented; and after embracing him, retired, often turning back and wiping away tears from his eyes. Apollonius looked at Damis and said, 'If you are as full of strength and confidence as I am, let us walk together to the ship; but if you have no mind to it, now is your chance to stay behind in this place, where you can pass the time in the society of our good friend Demetrius.' And Damis replied, 'And what shall I think of myself if, after listening to your discourse to-day about friendship and partnership in perils when they come, I should be deaf to your lessons and run away from peril, leaving you in the lurch, when I have never yet played the coward to your interest?' 'That is well said,' answered Apollonius. 'And now let us be going, I as I am, but you must change your attire to a more ordinary fashion; not wear your hair long, as you do; exchange this linen for a cloth cloak, and discard these shoes. I had better explain my meaning. It is well for me to undergo further hardships before my trial, but I do not wish you to be arrested and share them with me (and arrested you would be, because your style of dress would be denounced)—I wish you to be there not as a philosopher, but merely as a friend following and attending on me.'

This was the reason why Damis changed his Pythagorean habit; he assures us that it was no cowardice on his part, nor abjuration, but merely that he approved the evasion and submitted to it for this emergency.

Setting sail from Dicaearchia (Puteoli), they made the Tiber mouth on the third day; from which it is a short distance by water to Rome.

The sword of Empire was in the hands of Aelianus.
at that time, and he was an old admirer of Apollonius, whom he had met formerly in Egypt. He said nothing openly about him to Domitian, for his official position did not permit that; how could he have praised the Emperor’s alleged enemy to the Emperor, or pleaded for him as his own friend? But he employed on his behalf all possible means of covert protection: for instance, during the time before Apollonius arrived, while his name was in bad odour at Court, Aelianus said to the Emperor, ‘These professors are whimsical creatures, sir, and their trade is an imposture. Since they get no decent enjoyment out of life, they are set on death; and cannot wait for it in the natural course, but draw death upon them by challenging the magistrates who can oblige them with a sword. I believe this was in Nero’s mind when he would not let himself be induced by Demetrius to put him to death; he saw the man was itching to be killed, and remitted the death penalty not by way of pardon but because he scorned to kill him. There was Musonius too, the Etruscan, who was punished for all his opposition to the Emperor merely by confinement in the island called Gyara; the Greeks are so hopelessly attached to these professors that they then made a voyage there, all the lot of them, to be with him, and still make it to inspect his wonderful well. ‘The well was Musonius’ discovery in the island, which had formerly been waterless; and now the Greeks celebrate its praises as if it were a second Hippocrene or Helicon.’

With such talk Aelianus occupied His Majesty until Apollonius came; but after his arrival he employed a more ingenious method. He ordered Apollonius to be arrested and brought before him. The inventor of
the charges against him rated him soundly for a sorcerer and a master of magic; whereupon Aelianus ordered him ‘to reserve himself and Apollonius’ case for the Emperor’s court.’ And Apollonius said, ‘If I be a sorcerer, how am I standing my trial? And if I stand my trial, how am I a sorcerer? Unless he says that the power of a professional informer’s malice is so great that not even sorcery is a match for it.’ The accuser would have made some vulgar smart rejoinder, but Aelianus interposed, saying, ‘You may leave the time before the trial to me. I shall explore this learned man’s opinions privately and not before this present company; if he confesses his guilt, we shall be saved any long speeches in court, and you can go in peace; but if he denies it, the Emperor shall judge.’ And then retiring to his private court-room, the scene of great and secret inquisitions, he ordered the rest to depart, and none to listen, ‘for such was His Majesty’s pleasure.’

As soon as they were alone, he said: ‘Apollonius, 18 I was a young man in those days when the Emperor’s father visited Egypt, to pay his devotions to the gods and inquire of you concerning his destiny. I commanded a regiment in His Majesty’s army, and had already seen some service. While he was engaged in the business of his States, you were kind enough to take me aside, tell me where I came from and my own name and my father’s; and you foretold to me this present office that I hold. Most men think it a very great one, greater than all dignities upon earth put together; but to me it 273 is nothing but vexation and wretchedness; for I am the guardian of a tyrannical absolutism. If I overthrow it, I fear a divine retribution; but I have made plain enough
my personal goodwill to you. In telling you the origin of my affection for you, I presume that I have given you an assurance that it will continue until the times shall make it possible to mention the facts publicly. My wishing to question you privately about your accuser’s inventions was a device (and not a bad one) to permit my intercourse with you, in order to set your mind at ease on the score of my intentions and inform you beforehand of the Emperor’s. What sentence he will pronounce on you, I know not; his feelings are those of a man willing to pronounce you guilty but ashamed to do so on false charges. He is making you the pretense to destroy certain dangerous consuls; and while his intentions are wrongful, he is bringing his methods into a show of conformity with justice. You will understand that I must also feign to be set against you; for if he shall suspect me of leniency, I do not know which of us two will be ruined by it the sooner.’

19 Apollonius answered: ‘Since we are talking frankly, and I am bound to speak out all my heart to you as you have done to me; since you take as philosophical a view of your own position as the most intimate of my disciples could do; and, by Zeus, since you are so good as even to vouchsafe to share my danger—I shall speak my mind to you. I might have run away from you into many parts of the world where your names have never been heard, and there found men of science and of more science than myself. I might have repaired to the homes of more religious men than are here to be found, and there worshipped the gods in orthodoxy among people who know nothing of delations and prosecutions; for where none does nor suffers a wrong there is no need of
law-courts. But because I feared to incur the reproach of cowardice (should I myself evade standing my trial whilst others who were in danger through me lost their lives), here I am present to answer for myself. But I beg you explain to me what are the charges to which I am to answer.’

‘The articles of the charge,’ answered Aelianus, ‘are a numerous and a motley collection: they include an indictment of your dress and your general manner of life; of worship paid to you by certain persons; of an oracular response given at Ephesus concerning a pestilence; of speaking to His Majesty’s prejudice both privately and in public, and also under a pretence of uttering divine revelations. But the charge which to me is the most incredible, because I know that you cannot endure bloodshed even in a sacrifice, is that which gains most credit with the Emperor: they say that you went into the country to visit Nerva, and joined with him in a magical ceremony, devised against His Majesty’s life, at which you cut in pieces an Arcadian boy, thereby aiding and abetting and encouraging Nerva in his treasonable designs; which thing is alleged to have been perpetrated by night in the wane of the moon. Though this accusation far outweighs the rest in gravity, we must really identify it with the rest; a man who lays hold of your style of dress, manner of life, and faculty of Second Sight, is evidently tending to this conclusion; and arguing that it is these eccentricities are responsible for your treason and for your audacity of the sacrifice. So you must be prepared with an answer to these charges. And do not let your speech be contumacious of the Emperor.’

Apoll. You may take my coming here to answer to
the charges, as evidence that I am not contumacious; and even had I been in such confident case as to feel exalted above empires, I should still have submitted myself to you as your character and your affection for me deserve. If your enemy calls you a rogue, that is no great matter: an enemy hates you not upon public grounds of offence, but because he has fallen foul of you personally. But what is more painful than all the malice of one's enemies put together, is to incur a friend's reproach for behaving basely; for then nothing can save you from having the grudge your enemies bear you, also put down to your own ill deserts.

Aelianus liked what he said; and after exhorting him to take courage, checked himself, feeling assured that Apollonius would not be terrified even if the Gorgon's head were imminent over him. So, summoning his officers, he said, 'Your orders are to keep this man under arrest, until His Majesty be informed of his arrival and of the statements that he has made.' This he said with the air of a man greatly incensed; and then repairing to the palace, busied himself with the affairs of his department.

At this point Damis records a circumstance which is like and yet unlike the case of Aristides¹ at Athens. The Athenians banished Aristides, by ostracism, for his virtues; he was already without the walls when he met a countryman, who asked him to be so good as to write a vote against Aristides on his shell. The fellow neither knew Aristides, nor knew how to write; all he knew was that he had a grudge against righteousness. But in this case it was the commandant of a regiment, perfectly well acquainted with Apollonius, who addressed
an impudent question to him: 'What was he in trouble for?' When Apollonius replied that he did not know, 
'But I do,' said the man: 'people worshipping you has given you a bad name as passing for equal with the gods.'

Apol. And who has worshipped me?

The Comm. I did, while I was still a boy at Ephesus, that time you cured us of the plague.

Apol. You did very well, and so did the city of Ephesus which I had saved.

The Comm. Well, and for that reason I have prepared a defence for you which will clear you. Let us go without the Walls, and if I can cut off your head with my sword, the charge is proved false and you are acquitted; but if you can overawe me and make me let go my sword, then you must undoubtedly be held superhuman and receive sentence on the charges thus verified.

So much more clownish was this fellow than even 276 the clown who voted for Aristeides' banishment. He made a grimace and laughed as he said it; however, Apollonius seemed not to hear him, but continued talking to Damis about the Delta round which the Nile is said to branch.

After a while he was summoned by Adrianus and 22 ordered to lodge in the Free Prison 1 'until such time as the Emperor should be at leisure; for he desired a private interview with him before the trial'.

So, quitting the court-room, he entered the prison. 'Damis,' said he, 'let us talk to the inmates. What better way of passing the interval, until the despot has his talk with me about his desires?'

Dam. They will think us bores if we disturb them
in the preparation of their defence. And besides, it is a queer notion to give a strolling lecture among the poor dejected fellows.

Apol. Why, they are just the men who stand most in need of somebody to talk to them and comfort them. You may perhaps remember the lines in which Homer tells us that Helen poured Egyptian potions into the bowl in order to drench the sorrows out of their hearts. Well, I believe that Helen was skilled in Egyptian charms, and cheered the disheartened crew by a glamour pronounced over their cups, curing them by the joint influences of word and liquor.

Dam. It is likely enough, if she really had been in Egypt and there had dealings with Proteus; or, as Homer says, had been in relations with Polydamne, daughter of Thon. However, let us put off the prisoners for the moment, for I want to ask you something.

Apol. I know what you mean to ask me: you want to hear what passed between me and the Prefect, what he said, and whether he was terrible or mild.

And he related it all. Whereupon Damis fell down and worshipped, saying, 'Now I can believe that Leucothea of old gave her coif to Odysseus to make up for the loss of his ship when he was wrecked and had only his hands to help him cross the seas. For now that we walk in difficult and fearful places, some god surely holds out his hands over us likewise, that we may not be altogether beyond salvation.'

Apollonius rebuked him for his words. 'How long will you persist in these fears, and not understand that Science overawe anything that is capable of perceiving her, and is herself overawed of none?'}
Chapter 23

Dem. But we are to confront a man that is incapable of perception, and so far from being terrified at us, he does not allow anything to exist which might terrify him.

Apoll. You do understand, then, that he is infatuated with pride and senseless?

Dem. I do; how could I help understanding that?

Apoll. Then the better you understand him, the more you ought to despise this tyrant.

As they were talking thus one of the prisoners (a Cilician, I believe) came up to them and said, 'Money is what has got me into trouble, gentlemen.' To which Apollonius answered, 'Sir, if your riches is ill-gotten—gained, for example, by brigandage or by using drugs (of the deadly kind), or violating tombs of ancient kings which are full of gold and like treasure-houses, you deserve not only to stand your trial but to be put to death. For this may be riches, but it is an infamous and cruel riches. If, however, you are rich by inheritance or by the profits of any honourable and not huckstering form of trade, who is so tyrannical as under pretence of law to deprive you of your lawfully gotten possessions?'

'My riches,' said the stranger, 'derives from several kinsmen whose fortunes all accumulated in one estate for me. I use it neither as if it belonged to another, for it is mine; nor as my own, for I share it in common with honest men. But the informers who attack me make out that it is not in the imperial interest that I should be so rich; if I had any treasonable ambitions, it would serve to finance my attempt, or should I take sides with another, it would throw important weight into his scale. And already the maxims of the prophets are
278 All immoderate riches breeds pride; All riches beyond the average stiffens a man’s neck, awakens his conceit, makes him disobedient to the law; “Governors who go to the provinces are so enthralled by riches that a great fortune may virtually give the magistrate a slap in the face.”

While I was still a boy and not worth five and twenty thousand pounds, I made a jest of everything and had few alarms about my fortune; but after I came into five times that sum in one day, upon the death of a paternal uncle, my judgement underwent just such a change as takes place in horses when they age and are thoroughly broken of all their bad manners and vices. And then, as my riches still increased, bringing me tributes from land and sea, I was so enthralled by my fears about it that I sluiced out money, some on sharers whom it seemed well to appease with this greasy sop, some on Governors to strengthen myself against intrigues, some on my kinsmen to prevent them from being envious of my wealth, some on my slaves that they might not be able to excuse their disloyalty by my neglect; and, finally, I farmed a magnificent flock of friends: these were my police, who both acted for me and gave me warning. But despite all these stockades and fortifications to protect my riches, here am I now in jeopardy on account of it, and I cannot yet be sure whether I shall even save my skin.

Apollonius said, ‘Take heart. Your riches goes bail for your skin. You are a prisoner for Riches’ sake, and Riches at your release will discharge you not only from this gaol, but from any further fostering of the sharers and the slaves at whose mercy it has put you.’
A second prisoner told them that the offence with which he was charged was that in a religious service at Tarentum, where he was Governor, he had omitted to add to the public prayers that Domitian was son of Athena. 'You supposed,' said Apollonius, 'that Athena being perpetually a virgin could not bear a son; doubtless you were not aware that the Athenians discovered that this goddess could bring forth a dragon.'

Another was confined for the following offence. Having an estate in Acarnania near the mouth of the Achelous, he was in the habit of cruising round the Echinades Islands in a small yacht. After a survey he selected one of these islands, which was already practically united with the mainland, laid it out in charming plantations and vineyards of luscious wine, and furnished himself with agreeable quarters to live in; water, sufficient for the needs of the island, used to be brought over from the mainland. From this there sprung up a charge that this Acarnanian was an impure person, driven by the consciousness of intolerable crimes to abandon the world, shunning that earth which his presence would pollute; and that he had chosen the same expiation as Alcmaeon, son of Amphiarus (who, after his sin of matricide, went to dwell at the mouth of the Achelous), for crimes which, if not identical, must likewise be horrible and not far short of equal with his. But the man denied this, and said he had settled there for love of retirement and ease. However, it had involved him in a prosecution at law, and this was why he was actually in prison.

There were some fifty persons in the gaol, and several others approached Apollonius with complaints of the
same sort: some were sick, some cowed and dejected, some resolutely prepared for death; some called aloud upon their children, their parents, or their wives.

'Damis,' said Apollonius, 'these men seem to stand in need of that drug which I mentioned before. Whether it is Egyptian, or grows in all the world, wherever Science the herb-gatherer goes into her gardens to cut it, let us impart some of it to these unfortunates, lest their own thoughts make away with them before sentence pass.'

'Let us do so,' said Damis, 'for they appear to want it.' So Apollonius assembled them all and said:

'Fellow inmates of this lodging, I have compassion on you, seeing how you are killing yourselves when you do not yet know whether the accusation will kill you. To forestall the death sentence which you suppose will be pronounced against you, seems to me like facing your fears with assurance, and at the same time disgracing your assurance by fears. This is not at all as it should be. You should bethink yourselves of the Parian Archilochus' words, who calls steadfastness in troubles by the name of Endurance, and of this godsend makes a goddess; you should pick yourselves up out of this wretched plight as a skilful seaman rides on the top of the billow which surges high above his vessel; and not make such a hardship of what is yours indeed performe, but mine by my free choice. If you admit the charges laid against you, you ought rather to bewail the day when a misguided impetus of your reason towards iniquity and cruelty brought you to a fall. But if your motive in inhabiting an island in the Acheleous was not that which the accuser alleges; and you never applied
riches to making an insidious attack on the Emperor; and if you did not with intention deprive His Majesty of his relation to Athena; if, in short, every one of you can deny the charge which has respectively brought you into this peril—then, what is the meaning of this lament over imaginary evils? Instead of calling aloud upon your nearest and dearest, you ought to be full of courage, for, I take it, these troubles are the ordeals of Endurance. Will you say that the prisoner’s life and the confinement in this place are dreadful? As the beginning of what you expect to undergo, or as a punishment in itself, even though nothing more should happen to you? Why, knowing human nature as I do, I will teach you a doctrine very different from physicians’ regimen, for it puts strength into a man and keeps him alive. We men are prisoners in gaol during the time which is called life. This soul of ours in bondage of perishable flesh has much to endure; she is at the mercy of all the conditions incident to humanity. I dare say those men who first invented houses little knew that they were surrounding themselves with yet another prison. And yet we ought to regard them that dwell in palaces, securely lodged and appointed therein, as more prisoners than those whom they may themselves imprison. When I consider cities and fortresses I find them to be but common prisons; for such as buy and sell are prisoners, such as sit in parliaments are prisoners, and so are the spectators at a show and the processionists at a pageant. The Scythians whose home is a nomad wagon, they are no less prisoners than we; the Danube, the Thermus, and the Tanais confine them, rivers not easily passed over, unless they be frozen stiff with ice; they
possess a house on wheels and they move, but cowering in their houses all the while. And (if the fancy be not too puerile) they say the very Ocean imprisons the world in his circuit. Come, you poets—for these things belong to you—and sing your lays to this faint-hearted company! Sing how Cronus was imprisoned by the counsels of Zeus, and how Ares, the greatest of warriors, was imprisoned first in heaven by Hephaestus and again on earth by the sons of Aloeus! Let us bethink ourselves of these things, and of the many Scientists and saintly men whom wicked commonwealths have thrown into bondage and princes have maltreated; let us accept this lot, and not be outdone by those who have accepted our like before us.'

282 His words so converted the prisoners that most of them took food, and gave over weeping; and they gained the hope that nothing could happen to them while they were in his company.

27 On the morrow he proceeded to discourse in the same strain, but an emissary ofDomitian was secretly present to overhear. The man had a depressed air and said that he was in great danger; he was not without a certain readiness of tongue, like the impostors who have picked up eight or ten phrases. But Apollonius guessed the trick and proceeded to discourse on matters which did not suit his book; he gave them reminiscences of rivers, and descriptions of mountains and wild beasts and trees, which entertained the rest of the company, and baulked the spy. And presently, when the fellow tried to lead him off into speaking evil of the Emperor, he said, 'My good sir, you are welcome to say what you please; for you will not be denounced by
me; but any complaints I have to make of the Emperor, I shall express to him."

Other episodes took place in the prison, some treacheries designed and some casual; but they are not important or worth my concern, though Damis, for the sake of completeness, no doubt, has recorded them all. The following deserves mention. It was evening, and they had already been imprisoned four days, when a new-comer appeared in the gaol: a Greek by his speech. He asked 'where was the Tyanean?' and taking him apart said, 'To-morrow the Emperor will speak with you. You have to thank Aelianus for this intelligence.'

Apol. Which I can see is confidential: for of course he alone could know it.

Stranger. There is something more. The keeper of the gaol has been ordered to consult your convenience in every way.

Apol. I am much obliged to you and your friends. I lead just the same life here or at large, discoursing as occasion may prompt, and wanting for nothing.

Stranger. Not even wanting some one to instruct you how to talk to the Emperor?

Apol. Nay, that would be acceptable—if he did not tempt me to play the courtier.

Stranger. Suppose he tempted you not to treat him with pride and scorn?

Apol. Then he will give me very good counsel... and just that which I am already persuaded to adopt.

Stranger. Well, that is my errand; and I am glad to find you pretty well prepared. You must be prepared also for the Emperor's voice and the ferocious ill-humour of his expression: he speaks harshly even
in a gracious conversation; his frown enhances the expression of his eye, the complexion of his cheek is flushed with bile—indeed, this is his most striking feature. But we must not be frightened at these things, friend Tyanea; they are his natural disadvantages, and always the same.

Apoll. When Odysseus entered Polyphemus' cave he was without any previous warning how huge the Cyclops was, nor what he fed upon, nor that his voice was like thunder; and yet, though he was afraid at first, he plucked up heart to face him and played the man before he left that cave. But I shall be well satisfied to rescue myself and the companions for whose sake I am in this danger.

This ended their conversation, which Apollonius reported to Damis, and then went to sleep.

About dawn one of the clerks of the imperial courts came and said to Apollonius, 'The Emperor's commands are that you attend at the Court about noon. You will not then speak your defence, but he wishes to see what you are like and have a private interview with you.'

Apoll. And why do you tell all this to me?

Clerk. Are not you Apollonius?

Apoll. That I am: the Tyanea,

Clerk. To whom then should I tell it?

Apoll. To the officers who will convey me. I presume my visit will be paid from prison.

Clerk. They have already had orders to the same effect, and I shall also be here at the proper time. I came to warn you now because the order was only issued late last evening.
So he departed, and Apollonius lay down to rest on his bed, saying, 'I need sleep, Damis; I have had a bad night, trying to call to mind what I once heard Phraötes say.'

Damis. Nay, you need rather to be wide awake and preparing yourself for the great event of which you have had warning.

Apoll. How can I prepare myself when I do not even know what questions I shall be asked?

Damis. Do you really mean to improvise a speech in a case of life or death?

Apoll. Why, Damis, surely my life is an improvisation. But I want to tell you a thing of Phraötes which I do remember; you will agree that it is good for this present case. Lion-tamers, Phraötes says, must neither beat a lion—for he never forgives the injury if he be beaten—nor spoil him with petting, for that makes them unruly; the right method is to train them to docility by stroking and threatening at the same time. He did not mean this to apply to lions, for we were not discussing menageries; but he was suggesting a curb for despots, which he thought calculated to keep them within bounds.

Damis. The parable applies very well to the manners of despots; but there is a lion in Aesop too, the Lion in his Cave, who, says Aesop, was not sick but pretended to be, and snapped up any animal who came to see him; and then the Fox said, 'What are we to make of this invalid? None of his visitors stay with him, and yet there are no tracks to be seen pointing outwards.'

Apoll. I should have thought better of the Fox’s
wits if he had gone inside and not been caught, but come out again and left tracks to show.

31 After these words he took a hasty nap, sleeping very lightly. And when it was day he said his prayers to the Sun, as best a prisoner might, and then talked with any one who came to him, answering all their questions. And so at noon the clerk came with orders for him to be in attendance now, saying, ‘in case we be called earlier.’ Apollonius answered, ‘Let us go,’ and went forth with alacrity. On the way he was accompanied by a party of four guards, at a longer distance than an escort usually keeps; and Damis followed also, frightened, but seemingly deep in thought. All eyes were turned on Apollonius; his dress was enough to provoke a stare, and the majesty of his appearance seemed to transcend the human. And the very fact that he was there to face danger for the sake of others, now gained him the favour of some who had been maliciously critical before. Whilst he was standing by the palace, watching how one paid and another received homage, and listening to the din of passers-in and passers-out, he said, ‘Damis, I think this is very like the public baths, the insiders are in such a hurry to get out and the outsiders to get in; and they correspond pretty well to the washed and the unwashed.’

(I must insist that this saying is the copyright of Apollonius, and ought not to be credited to So-and-so and So-and-so when Apollonius is so unmistakably the author of it that it is actually found in one of his letters.)

When he saw an old man so eager for power that his ambition put him into the power of others, and pay-
ing his court to the Emperor, he said, ‘Damis, here is a man whom even Sophocles \(^1\) has not been able to induce to flee away from a cruel madman of a master.’

_Dam._ The very same master whom we have deliberately chosen, and that is why we are standing at such doors as these!

_Apoll._ Damis, you seem to think that the Aeacus whom legend places in Hades is the warden of these gates. Really you look like a dead man!

_Dam._ Not dead, but doomed.

_Apoll._ You seem to have no aptitude for death, Damis, though you have been with me all the time from your boyhood, studying. I thought you well prepared for death, and master of all my tactics. For just as a soldier in battle needs not only bravery but the training to seize the meaning of a critical moment in the engagement, so ought thinking men to study carefully the critical moments when they must die, and then go to meet those moments in good order, not in a hurry to die, but with perfect choice. I have vindicated myself to others in your hearing, and I am weary of explaining to you that I have made the best choice of a time to die, should anybody desire to kill me, and the choice most befitting my profession.

So much for that. And now the narrative proceeds.

As soon as the Emperor was at leisure for the inter-

view—he put aside all immediate business—the proper functionaries brought Apollonius in. They did not allow Damis to follow. The Emperor was crowned with a wreath of young olive-leaves \(^1\); he had just offered a sacrifice to Athena in the court of Adonis. This court was all blooming with the flower-gardens which
the Assyrians make in honour of Adonis at his festival, planting them in their houses. Still occupied with the rite, he turned round at Apollonius’ approach, and was so disconcerted by his appearance that he exclaimed, ‘Aelianus, you have brought me a Daemon!’

Apollonius was not the least disconcerted, but took his cue from the Emperor’s words to say, ‘I thought your majesty was under the especial protection of Athena, as was Diomede of old in Troy.’ She removed from Diomede’s eyes the mist which blunts our mortal eyesight, and granted him the power to discern gods and 287 men. But you, sir, have not yet been favoured with any such purgation by the goddess. Which is a pity: you would not only see Athena herself the better for it, but know better than to admit men to the honours of Deity.’

Dom. And you, Mr. Philosopher, when did you purge away this mist?

Apoll. Long ago, ever since I began to think seriously.

Dom. Then how is it that you mistook my particular enemies for gods?

Apoll. What enmity is there between you and Iarchas or Phraōtes in India, who are the only men that I regard as gods and deserving the appellation?

Dom. Do not run off to the Indians, but speak of your beloved Nerva and his partners in guilt.

Apoll. Am I to defend him or——

Dom. Attempt no defence of him: he has been caught offending. What you must prove to me is that you are not guilty of an offence in being privy to his designs.

Apoll. If you wish to hear what I am privy to, listen—for why should I conceal the truth?
Chapter 33

The Emperor hoped for some signal discoveries, and thought that everything pointed to the conclusion that the suspects were ruined. When Apollonius saw him on tiptoe of expectation he began:

'I know Nerva to be the wisest and gentlest of men, perfectly loyal to you, a good Governor, but so wary against pride of place that he shrinks from great preferment. As for his associates—for I presume that you mean Rufus and Orfitus—they also are wise men to the best of my knowledge; they have broken with riches, too simple to avail themselves of their rights, and incapable either of forming, or conspiring to support, any project of innovation.'

The Emperor swelled with anger at these words, exclaiming, 'So you find that I have behaved like a common malicious slanderer towards them, do you? That is what you mean by calling honest and simple the abominable scoundrels whom I have caught assailing my empire. Yes, and I presume that if they were questioned about you they would say that you were not a sorcerer, nor a desperado, nor an impostor, nor money-grubbing, nor a despiser of the law. This is how all you scoundrels are in a rascally league together! But the accusation will bring the whole truth home to you: all your oaths and covenants, and when and what ceremonies were first performed—I know it all just as well as if I had been there and had a part in it.'

Even this outburst did not disconcert Apollonius, who replied, 'Sir, it is disgraceful and unlawful to sit in justice when you have a judgement preconceived in your mind, or to prejudice an issue untried. If this is the case, I beg permission to begin my defence at this
point, by saying that your majesty is prejudiced against me; and you do me a worse wrong than my malicious accuser does, since you have already made up your mind to believe what he merely asserted that he could prove.'

To this Domitian answered, 'You may begin your defence at what point you please; I know what point I shall leave off at, and from what point I ought now to start.'

34 From this began his maltreatment of Apollonius. He had his beard and hair cut, and kept him in chains amongst the vilest criminals. On the former indignity Apollonius remarked, 'I never knew that my hair was at stake in this trial'; of the latter, 'If you regard me as a sorcerer, how will you chain me? And if you are going to chain me, how can you say that I am a sorcerer?'

'But I will,' said the Emperor, 'and what's more, I'll not release you till you turn into water, or some beast or tree.' 'These are things,' said Apollonius, 'which I would not care to turn into, even if I had the power; because I should be betraying the men who now are unjustly in peril of their lives. But in my own natural shape I shall submit to all that you may do to this my body until such time as I can speak in defence of the accused three.'

'And who will there be to speak in defence of you?'

289 'Time,' answered Apollonius, 'and the spirit of the gods, and the love of that Science in which I live.'

35 Such is the account that Damis gives us of the preamble to his defence which Apollonius made before Domitian privately. But there were malicious detractors who asserted that he first spoke his defence and was afterwards in prison (where he had his hair cut); and
they forged a letter composed in Ionic and tediously prolix, in which they will have it that Apollonius turned suppliant to Domitian and implored to be set at liberty.

Now it is true that Apollonius’ Testament is expressed in Ionic; but I have never come across any letter of his written in Ionic among the very large collection of them. Neither have I found any instance of verbosity in a letter of his: they are all short and concise as a Lacedaemonian dispatch. Furthermore, he left the court victorious, and how could he have been imprisoned after a verdict of acquittal?

But we must not anticipate what happened in court; let us first relate the circumstances of his tonsure and what he said. It deserves notice.

He had been two days in chains when a person came into the prison, saying that he had had to pay for the privilege of admission, and that he came to give him a counsel of salvation. He was, in fact, a Syracusan who served as wits and tongue to Domitian; suborned like the other, but with a more plausible part to play. The other had to begin by distant approaches, whereas this fellow took his cue from the present occasion and began, ‘Ye gods! who ever could have thought of Apollonius in chains!’

_Apoll._ He who threw him in chains; for he would not have done it if he had not thought of it.

_Syr._ Who would have believed that those ambrosial locks would one day be cut off!

_Apoll._ I, who wore them.

_Syr._ And how are you bearing this treatment?

_Apoll._ As one ought who incurred it neither by his will nor against his will.
Book VII

290 Syr. And your leg—how does it stand the fetters?
Apoll. I don’t know. My mind is otherwise engaged.
Syr. Surely the mind applies itself to the seat of pain?
Apoll. Certainly not. The mind, in a man such as
I am, will either feel no pain or make the pain cease.
Syr. Then what is the mind thinking about?
Apoll. About taking no notice of such things.
The man again exclaimed about his hair, and drew
the conversation back to that subject.

Apoll. It is lucky for you, young man, that you were
not one of the Achaeans in Troyland of old. I guess
that you would have made a great lament over Achilles’
hair when he cut it off in honour of Patroclus ¹ (if he did
cut it off); probably you would have fainted at it!
Since you profess to be so sorry for mine, which were
unkempt and partly grey, what would your feelings have
been for those groomed and cherished auburn locks of
his?

Now the fact was that this conversation was a plot to
discover what things annoyed Apollonius; and, needless
to say, whether he spoke evil of the Emperor for his
treatment. But now, rebutted by these rejoinders, the
fellow began afresh.

¹ Many things have incensed His Majesty against you,
but above all, the charges against Nerva and his associates,
for which they are in banishment as criminals. Com-
plaint has reached him, it is true, of certain lectures that
you gave in Ionia, of most rebellious and disloyal ten-
dency; but I hear he is so irritated about more important
matters that he makes no account of that, although the
author of the denunciations was a personage of exalted
repute.
Chapter 37

_Apoll._ What a hero, what an Olympic victor, who excels in slander and lays claim to a reputation! I can see that this is Euphrates, who, I know, does everything he can to damage me; I have been done other and greater wrongs than this by him. Some time ago, when he discovered that I intended a visit to the Naked Ones in Ethiopia, he slandered me to them; and if I had not guessed the intrigue, I was like enough to have come away without ever getting a sight of the Sages.

_Syr._ Strange language! Do you really think it a less serious matter to be slandered to the Emperor than to have your character misrepresented to the Naked Ones by Euphrates' suggestions?

_Apoll._ Certainly, for there my errand was to learn, and here my business is teaching.

_Syr._ What do you mean by teaching?

_Apoll._ I have to teach the Emperor that I am a person of honesty and honour—a lesson which he has not yet learned.

_Syr._ Nay, you can settle your business comfortably if you teach him something which, had he known it before your arrival here, would have saved you from being thrown into prison at all.

Guessing that this Syracusan meant to drive him along the same course of argument as the Emperor, and imagined that the weariness of imprisonment would induce him to inculcate the three suspects, Apollonius answered, 'My good sir, if I have been imprisoned for speaking the truth to Domitian, what will be done to me if I speak untruth? He thinks the truth deserves imprisonment, and I think that lies do.'

As the Syracusan, amazed at such heights of philo-
Book VII

Sophy as these parting words contained, was leaving the
prison, Apollonius looked at Damis and said, 'Do you
understand this Pytho?'

Dam. I understand that he was waylaying you or
luring you to something; but what your 'Pytho' may
be, or what is the meaning of that name, I do not
know.

Apoll. Pytho was a Byzantine, and a very persuasive
pleader of a bad cause, we are told. When he was
Philip's (son of Amyntas) ambassador to the Greeks to
procure their enslavement, leaving the rest alone he
selected the Athenians, of all people, and the Athenians
in the very heyday of oratory, as his audience for the
assertion that they were doing King Philip an injury by
their atrocious behaviour in trying to liberate Greece.
But Demosthenes of Pæania stood up to the flood and
volume of this Pytho's eloquence and gainsaid him,
single-handed, against his bold bravado; and he
reckons this facing of Pytho among his greatest achieve-
ments. I would never call it a great achievement to
refuse submission to such a man's pleasure, but I de-
scribed his action as being that of a Pytho for the two
reasons that he was a despot's hireling and the advocate
of dishonour.

Apollonius continued talking in the same strain, but
Damis (so he tells us himself) was in despair at their
situation; seeing no other deliverance possible save
such as the gods have sometimes accorded to human
prayers, even in conditions far more grievous. A little
before noon he said, 'O Tyanean' (an appellation to
which Apollonius was extremely partial), 'what will
they do to us?'
Apoll. Just what they have done to us, and nothing more; nobody is going to kill us.

Dam. Who is so invulnerable that he can say that? But when will you be set free?

Apoll. For the judge’s part, to-day; and for my own part, now.

And so saying, he extricated his leg from the fetters, and remarked, ‘I have given you a proof of my liberty, and you may now take heart.’ Then for the first time did Damis form an accurate conception what Apollonius really was, transcendent and superhuman. He had neither sacrificed—how could he, in gaol?—nor uttered any prayer, nor said a word, and yet he mocked his bondage! After which he readjusted his leg and behaved like a man in chains.

The sillier sort of people ascribe this power to sorcerers; and they are in the same case when confronted with many human phenomena. Professional athletes call in their services, and so do all sorts of competitors, in their eagerness to win; it contributes nothing to their victory, but the unhappy men rob themselves of the credit for their casual successes and account it to these arts. Even the defeated do not lose faith therein: ‘Had I but offered such and such a sacrifice, or burnt this and that incense, the victory would not have slipped through my fingers’: that is what they say, and what they believe. And the sorcerer is a frequent visitor at the doors of merchants on the same errand; for we shall find them also crediting their lucky strokes of business to him, and their failures to their own parsimony and neglect of the proper sacrifices. But lovers more than all others are attached to this art: their
complaint is so credulous, that they will listen even to old women talking of magic; so it is no wonder if they resort to these professors and attend to their similar instructions. The sorcerer gives them a girdle or an amulet to wear,—mystical stones either got from the earth or the moon or the stars, and spices of aromatic Indian plants, makes them pay a handsome fee... and does nothing for it. If they make any impression on the feelings of their beloved, or gain their compliance by presents, the craft is extolled as all-powerful; but should the amorous enterprise fail, immediately they refer the failure to what they left undone! Such and such an incense was not burnt; this was not sacrificed; that did not liquefy: a great and impossible obstacle! Well, books have been written about the superstitious uses they make of weather-signs and what not, by authors who laugh outright at their art. But my solemn opinion is not to let young men have to do with the scoffers either, so that they may not get familiar with such practices even in jest.

But this digression has been long enough. Why should I treat any further of matters which nature and law alike denounce?

40 After Apollonius had made this revelation of himself to Damis, and after some further discourses, when it was about noon, a man presented himself and repeated the following verbal order: 'Apollonius, the Emperor releases you from these fetters, on the recommendation of Aelianus, and permits you to lodge in the Free Prison till such time as your defence shall take place: which will probably be four days hence.'

294 'And who is to transfer me?' asked Apollonius.
'I,' said the messenger. 'Follow.'

And when the inmates of the Free Prison saw him, they all embraced him, as they never expected him to return. They yearned for Apollonius as children yearn for a father who gives them sweet and gentle advice, or tells them stories of his own younger days. Freely they told him so, and he did not cease to preach and instruct them continually.

On the morrow he called Damis and said to him, \textit{41}

'I shall make my defence on the day appointed; but do you take the road to Dicaearchia (Puteoli)—it is better to go by land—and when you have greeted Demetrius, wait about in the neighbourhood of the sea where the Isle of Calypso is: for there you shall see me appear.'

'Alive,' said Damis, 'or what?'

Apollonius laughed. 'Alive, I think; but you would call it raised from the dead.'

So Damis departed unwillingly, he tells us, neither in despair of his master's safety nor yet sanguine of his escape. And on the third day he reached Dicaearchia and heard of the storm which had raged in those days; how a violent wind with rain had burst on the sea, sinking some of the ships that were on their way thither, and driving others out of their course as far as Sicily and the Straits. And then he understood the reason why he had been bidden to travel by land.

Now follows a record of what Damis says he heard \textit{42} from Apollonius in a conversation when Demetrius was also present. There came to Rome a youth of singular beauty from Messène in Arcadia.\textit{1} He found many admirers, but none more fervent than Domitian, though the others were so deeply infatuated that even the
jealousy of an imperial rival did not deter them. However, it was a wise and honest lad who took good care of his young beauty. We need not praise him for despising gold, and horses, and the like baits which some men use to win the compliance of a favourite; any man is bound to show this much constancy. But this lad, though preferred before all other favourites on whom princes have cast their eyes, did not choose to be the chosen. So he was thrown into prison; such was his lover’s pleasure. And approaching Apollonius with the air of one who wishes to say something, he could not yet pluck up courage to break the silence which his bashfulness prompted. Guessing his condition, Apollonius said, ‘You are too young to be imprisoned for any crime, like us cunning old rascals.’

_The Youth._ But I am a prisoner, and, what’s more, I am going to be put to death, because the law nowadays assigns death as the punishment of morality.

_Apoll._ So it did in Theseus’ days. It was for that offence that Hippolytus’ father would destroy him.

_The Youth._ My father has destroyed me. I was an Arcadian of Messene, but instead of educating me like a Greek, he sent me here to learn law. This is what brought me to Rome, where I was not well seen by the Emperor.

_Apoll._ (feigning not to understand). Tell me, my lad, did the Emperor take you for grey-eyed when your eyes are black, as I can see; or see you with a wry nose instead of a nose as straight as any unimpaired Herm; or with different hair from what you have—sunning and glancing with lights? And your mouth so shapely that silence and speech are equally becoming to
it, and your neck, which has such freedom and dignity
—how should the Emperor take a false impression
of these points, that you say ‘you were not well seen by
him’?

The Youth. It is just this that has been my ruin.
He took a passionate fancy for me: and though he
lavishes compliments on me, his purpose is to force me
to dishonour, like a lover with a woman.

Apollonius was so much struck that he forbore to
ask him his opinions about concubitus and if it were
dishonourable or not, and other questions of that kind 1,
because he saw that the young Arcadian blushed and
spoke in a modest fashion. But he did ask him this
question:

‘Do you own any slaves in Arcadia?’
‘Certainly I do, plenty.’
‘And how do you regard your relations with them?’
‘As the law does. I am their master.’
‘And are slaves required to be subject to their mas-
ters, or may they refuse to do as the lords of their
person choose?’

He guessed to what answer the argument would
bring him round. ‘The power of princes, I know, is
irresistible and grievous; it is for the sake of this power
that they care to be masters of free men. But I am
master of my own person, and I mean to keep it in-
vio late.’

‘How? It is another story when the passionate
admirer comes serenading beauty with a sword in hand.’
‘By offering my neck. That is what the sword wants.’

Apollonius commended him, adding, ‘I see you are
an Arcadian.’
Book VII

By the way, he mentions this lad in one of his letters, where he draws a far more charming picture of the scene than I have done here. Speaking in praise of his morality, he tells his correspondent that the lad was not put to death by the tyrant after all, but got great credit for his constancy; and when he sailed to Malea, the Arcadians were prouder of him than of the winners in the flogging ordeal at Lacedaemon.
BOOK VIII

Let us go to the law-court and listen to the great Sage on his defence. It is already sunrise, and there is free admission for persons of consequence. The Emperor's intimates say that he has been too busy even to touch food, doubtless studying the case in every aspect; in fact he has been handling the little note of the depositions, sometimes in anger and sometimes in perplexity. We must imagine him as a man indignant with the law for having invented law-courts.

We shall find Apollonius' state of mind to be more as if he were going to deliver a discourse, than to run the gauntlet for his life. This much we may infer from his behaviour before the trial. For as he went on his way, he asked the usher that was conducting him 'whither they were going?'; and when the man answered that he was conducting him to the court, he asked, 'And against whom am I to plead?'

The U. Your accuser, of course, and the Emperor will judge.

Apol. And between me and the Emperor who is to be judge? For I mean to convict him of doing wrong to Philosophy.

The U. What does Philosophy matter to the Emperor, even if he do it any wrong?

Apol. Why, Philosophy matters a great deal to an Emperor to help him to rule rightly.

The usher approved: indeed, he was not unkindly
disposed towards Apollonius, as he had made plain at the beginning. He then asked:

‘What allowance of water in the clock shall you want for your speech? I must know this before the trial.’

_Apoll._ If I am permitted as much as justice requires, the whole Tiber will not be too great an allowance; but if only the answers to his questions, the interrogation is the measure of the response.

_The U._ If you claim to speak short and speak long in the same cause, you must have mastered two opposite accomplishments.

_Apoll._ Not opposite, but like. Any man that is competent for the one will not fail in the other. And there is another accomplishment composed of the two: Proportion, which I will not call the third but the first excellence of speech. But silence in a law-court is a virtue as well—that makes four—and I have that also.

_The U._ Not a very profitable one for you or for anybody else when he is to be tried for his life.

_Apoll._ Oh yes, it profited the Athenian Socrates much, when he was defendant in the indictment.

_The U._ How did it profit him, considering that he was put to death in consequence of his silence?

_Apoll._ He was not put to death; the Athenians thought so.

So well prepared was Apollonius for all the tyrant could do. And as he was standing in front of the court-house another usher came up to him and said, ‘Tyanean, you must strip before entering.’

_Apoll._ Why, is this a bath or a law-court?

_The Second U._ The order does not refer to clothing;
the Emperor forbids you to bring any amulet or book or written note whatever.

_Apoll._ Not even a rod for those who prompt him so foolishly?

_The Second U._ Beating! O the Emperor's majesty! The sorcerer threatens me with stripes! For it was I who persuaded him to order it so.

_Apoll._ Then, obviously, you are the greater sorcerer of the two, since you confess that you persuaded the Emperor that I am that which I have not yet persuaded him that I am not.

One of Euphrates' freedmen was by the accuser during this insolent outburst of his; the same man whom Euphrates was said to have sent with a report of Apollonius' discourses in Ionia, and a supply of money, which was given to the accuser.

Such was the preliminary skirmishing; but now for _4_ the trial. The court was arranged as though for the delivery of a public address, and all the distinguished people were there; for the Emperor piqued himself upon having the largest possible audience at the conviction of Apollonius for complicity with the political suspects.

But Apollonius showed such contempt for the Emperor that he did not deign to look at him. And when the prosecutor took him to task pertly for this contempt and bade him look towards the 'God of all mankind', Apollonius uplifted his eyes to the ceiling, thereby giving it to be understood that he looked towards Zeus; he felt that such blasphemous flattery disgraced the recipient more than the purveyor of it. The accuser also kept appealing to the Emperor to lose no time in allotting Apollonius his measure by the water-clock,
Book VIII

'for if he should allow him to talk at length he would choke them all. I have here,' said he, 'a book drawn up, which contains the charges to which he must answer; and he is to answer seriatim.'

5 The Emperor approved this as an excellent suggestion, and ordered Apollonius to answer according to the rascally calumniator's plan. Thereupon, omitting all other charges (as not worth-while requiring an answer to them), he confined himself to the four which he believed to be the most awkward and unanswerable.

The Acc. Apollonius, what reason have you for not using the ordinary fashion of dress, but one singular and peculiar to yourself?

Apoll. Because Earth which nourishes me, clothes me likewise, and I do not hurt or annoy the poor animals.

The Acc. Why do men call you a god?

Apoll. Because every one that is reputed a good man is honoured with the appellation of a god.

(The origin of this doctrine I have shown when reporting the sayings of the Indians.)

The third question concerned the pestilence at Ephesus. 'What suggestion or what conjecture led you to foretell to the Ephesians that they were to suffer from a plague?'

'By using a lighter diet than most men, I was the first to perceive the mischief coming. But, if you wish, I can tell the causes of pestilence also.'

The Emperor, afraid no doubt that he would hear these terrible epidemics ascribed to his injustice, his incestuous marriage, and all his other scandalous misdeeds, said that he required no such answer.

When he got to the fourth question, directed against
Chapter 5

the political suspects, he did not come straight out with it, but only after a long interval and much meditation. He looked as if his head were swimming with dizziness as he put the question in a form which took everybody by surprise; all were expecting that he would suddenly throw off the mask, implicate Nerva and his associates in the charge, and declaim vehemently about the sacrifice. But instead of doing any such thing, he led up to the question by stealthy approaches.

'Tell me,' he said, 'when you left your house on such and such a day and walked into the country, to whom did you sacrifice the child?'

Apollonius, in the tone of one rebuking a schoolboy, answered, 'Mind what you are saying! If I did leave my house, then I was also in the country; if that, then I also sacrificed; and if I did sacrifice, I also ate. But let credible witnesses attest it.'

These words were greeted by a louder applause than is permitted at the imperial tribunal, which Domitian took to mean the audience were testifying approval; and as Apollonius' answers had not failed to produce an effect on him (they were so confident and reasonable), he said, 'I acquit you of the charges, but you are to remain until we have a private interview.'

At this Apollonius plucked up courage and said, 'I thank you, sir; but these are the cursed miscreants by whose means the cities are ruined, the islands filled with exiles, the continent with lamentation, the camps with cowardice, the senate with suspicion. Assign me, if you please, a place to live in; or if not, send some one to seize my body; seize my soul, you cannot. Nay, even my body you shall not seize.'
Book VIII

Kill me thou shalt not: Death has no power over me.

And, so saying, he vanished from the court; which saved him both from the immediate inconvenience of answering the questions (gratuitous questions and not even in good faith) which Domitian evidently intended to put to him—for the Emperor was in great conceit of himself for sparing Apollonius’ life—and from the prospect of being again reduced to any similar inconvenience. This end he thought could best be gained by his allowing his real nature to be no longer misunderstood, but making known what means he had to assure him against ever being caught against his will. His fears for the sake of the suspect statesmen were already at rest; for as the Emperor did not even venture to question him on the subject, what excuse could he have for putting them to death on charges which had never been tested in the law-court?

Such is the account that I find of the trial.

But as he had composed a speech which was to be delivered in his defence, within the allotted time, only the Emperor restricted him to the questions which I have given, the speech may as well be put on record here. I am well aware that the admirers of claptrap will censure this speech as wanting in terseness—according to their standards—and too highly elevated in vocabulary and in sentiment. But when I consider this great man, I am of opinion that the Sage would not give a genuine representation of his character by elaborating jingling symmetries and antitheses of construction, and turning his tongue into a mere rattle of empty sounds. To rhetoricians these devices are congenial enough—though even rhetoricians are better without them. For
too transparent cleverness in a law-court will sometimes damage a speaker by giving the impression that he is playing tricks on the jury; the dissembled cleverness is more likely to win the day, and *ars verior est artem celare* is a good motto for the advocate to remember in his dealings with a jury. But the Sage when he speaks in his defence (prosecution the Sage will never of course undertake, since he is himself competent to chastise by rebuke) requires a different character from the attorneys. His language should be carefully prepared, but without seeming to be; rather dignified, and falling only a little short of supercilious. And he must eschew all appeals to emotion; for it will never do for a man who excludes the sentimental appeal, to speak *ad misericordiam* himself. Such will be found to be the tone of the speech which I am now going to report—such at least to those of my audience (and his) who are not too *dilettante* to appreciate it; this is how he framed it:

Sir, there are great issues at stake for you and for me; you are in such danger as never Emperor was yet, of being found to have picked an unprovoked quarrel with Philosophy, and my danger is even greater than was that of Socrates at Athens, for though he was charged in the indictment with innovations in religious doctrine, he was neither called nor considered a god. Being then both of us in such grave peril as we are, I shall not scruple in exhorting you to my convictions. When my accuser pitted us against each other thus, most people conceived a false notion about you and me; they fancied that you would allow the promptings of anger to influence your judgement so far as even to put me to death on that account—whatever putting to death
may mean; and that I should use all the arts of evasion (which are innumerable, sir) to get myself quit of the courts. When I heard them saying this, I did not allow myself to be prejudiced by it, or condemn you as a partial judge; but agreeably to law, here I stand prepared to make my defence. And I advise you to do the same; fairness requires you not to prejudge the case, nor sit on the bench with the finding already conceived in your mind that I have committed an offence against you. You would laugh at anybody who should tell you that anything could be done to you by the Armenian or the Babylonian or all the Eastern Empires which could rob you of your dominion, although they have such huge forces of cavalry and infinite archers, although their land is made of gold and the multitude of their subjects is as vast as I know it to be. Why do you not see that it is equally absurd to believe of a mere unarmed scientist that he has a weapon to attack the Emperor of the Romans with; and to believe this on the faith of an Egyptian informer who tells you secrets that you never heard even from Athena your alleged protectress? Why, I suppose the business of flatterer and informer has so developed in the hands of these miscreants, that though the gods may be proper enough counsellors in petty matters like preventing an ophthalmia, or a fever, or an internal inflammation, and able to act the physician in treating and curing any such bodily ailment, yet in a matter of imperial concern and vital risk to yourself they can neither counsel you of whom to beware, nor teach you what weapon to use against aggressions! No, it is the Informers who are your Aegis of Athena and Hand of Zeus: they profess
to know more about you than the very gods, to keep
guard over you waking and sleeping—if their busy trade
of piling mischief on mischief and inventing Iliads of
evil allows them to sleep at all! They keep studs of
racers, they roll through the public squares drawn by
teams of white horses, they eat daintily out of gold and
silver, they pay hundreds and thousands for a minion; so
long as they are undiscovered they remain lovers, and
marry their lady after they have been taken in flagrante
delicto; they have a claque to applaud their magnificent
victories whenever some innocent philosopher or consular
is caught by them and destroyed by you; all this might
be expected of the pampered luxury of these damned
scoundrels, and their having no fear of the law or of
detection any more. But when it comes to such super-
human pride that they claim to anticipate the gods in
knowledge, I cannot approve it or hear of it without
alarm. This is a doctrine for which, if you were to
accept it, they will probably indict you as holding opinions
prejudicial to the established religion; for it is to be
expected that when nobody else is left to the informers,
they will draw up indictments of this sort against you.

'I know quite well that this sounds more like 304
a reproof than an apologia; but let me say what I have
said for the sake of the Law: for if you do not regard
Law as supreme, your supremacy will not last.

'Well, who is to be my advocate for the defence?
If I shall call on Zeus, in whose service I know that
I have lived, they will say it is the arts of a sorcerer,
and that I am bringing the heaven down on the earth.
So let us discuss this matter with a man who most
people say is dead, but I say he is alive; I mean your
own father, who owed me as great a debt as you owe
him: that is to say, he made you, and he was made
by me. Let him, sir, help in my apologia, since he
knows far more about me than you know. He came
to Egypt, when he was not yet Emperor, for the
purpose of sacrificing to the gods of Egypt, and of
conferring with me about the Empire. He found me
wearing my hair long and attired as I now am, but he
asked no questions at all about my style of dress, being
well satisfied with everything about me. He made no
secret of it that he came for my sake; he did not go
away before he had praised me, and told me what he
would not have told to any other, and heard from me
what he could not have heard from any other. It was
I more than any other who encouraged him in his
resolve to take the Empire, when other influences had
already weakened that resolve—not unfriendly influences,
though you will hardly believe it, because those who
dissuaded him from taking the imperial power were
doing their best at the same time to rob you of the
succession thereto. It was thanks to my advice to
him not to renounce all claims to Empire when it came
to his very doors, and to make you and your brother
heirs of an imperial succession, that he decided this
policy was right; and thereby he raised himself and
you both to greatness. But if he had thought me
a sorcerer, he would never have made me privy to his
purposes at all. He did not come to me with any
such language as Constrain the Fates or Zeus to declare
me prince, or Feign me some weather-prodigies and make
the sun rise in the West and set where he usually rises,
for my sake. I should not have judged him fit to reign
Chapter 7

if he had either thought me capable of such tricks, or pursued by means of chicanery an object which he ought to acquire by his merit. And, what is more, I talked publicly in a temple: the companies of sorcerers avoid temples, for holy places are unfriendly to such practitioners; they entrench themselves with night and all manner of darkness, and suffer not their foolish votaries to have eyes or ears. He talked with me—private talks, no doubt, but still Euphrates and Dio were present: with one of whom my relations are now most unfriendly, and with the other, most intimate; for I hope I may never cease to write down Dio as my friend. Who, in the presence of men of Science, or at least of self-styled men of Science, would hold conference with a sorcerer? Would not anybody carefully avoid disgracing himself in the presence of either friends or enemies? Also, our conversation was against sorcery. Perhaps you suppose that your father was so much enamoured of the Empire that he trusted more in sorcerers than in himself, and got from me a power to compel the gods to gratify his ambition. But the fact is, he felt assured of that much, even before he came to Egypt; there he proceeded to discuss more important matters with me—matters of law, honest riches, principles of divine worship, blessings which the gods vouchsafe to princes who rule according to law: these were the topics on which he was enamoured of information. Now all these things are antagonistic to sorcerers; for if these virtues shall be in force, the craft will not exist.

†There is another point, sir, which deserves your attention. All human arts and crafts, diverse as their
functions are, yet agree in having money for their object; some aim at small gains, others at great gains, others again at a livelihood. And this is true not only of the mechanical crafts but of the others as well, alike the scientific and the sub-scientific, all except true Philosophy. Scientific¹ I call Poetry, Music, Astronomy; Professional Science I allow even to Rhetoricians if they be not attorneys; by quasi-scientific I understand Painting, Modelling, Statuary, Seamanship, Agriculture (provided it follow the seasons of the year), for these crafts also do not fall far short of Science. But, sir, there is such a thing as false scientists and charlatans; you must not take this to refer to Divination, which is valuable enough provided it be genuine; but whether it be an Art, I am not prepared to say. However, sorcerers are what I mean by pseudo-scientists. They give existence to the unreal and bring the real into disbelief; but these effects I attribute only to the imagination of their victims. The Science of their trade depends upon the foolishness of these victims of imposture who provide the sacrifice. But the whole profession are money-grubbers; all their ingenious devices have been invented on purpose to gain pay; and they seek for extra large gains by inducing those who are a prey to some ruling passion or other, to believe their unbounded pretensions. Now I ask you, sir, what sign of riches do you see about me to make you think that I am a student of the pseudo-Science—particularly, considering that your own father pronounced me to be above money? To prove the truth of that—where is that noble and transcendent man's letter? He praises me in it for poverty among other merits.
Chapter 7

"The Emperor Vespasian to the learned Apollonius, greeting.

"If all men cared to be philosophers of your sort, Apollonius, it would be a very good day for Philosophy and for Poverty: Philosophy would be disinterested and Poverty voluntary.

Farewell."

'Let these words of your father's stand for my apologia, since he makes me an instance to define disinterestedness in Philosophy and voluntariness in Poverty. Doubtless he remembered what happened in Egypt, when Euphrates and many more of the self-styled philosophers approached him with open requests for money, and I not only did not beg for myself, but helped to rebuff their misguided importunities. My quarrel with riches dates from my very boyhood: my patrimony, which was a splendid estate, I gave up to my brothers, my friends, and my poor kinsmen, the very day after I had set eyes on it: I suppose the Spirit of my hearthstone had taught me to want nothing. I say nothing of Babylon, the Indies beyond Caucasus and Hyphasis, through which I travelled, always true to myself; but, for my life in this place, and for my detachment from any covetous views, I take this Egyptian to be my witness. He accuses me of horrible conduct and designs, but he has not stated what sums I got for these villainies, nor what advantage I had in view. He thinks me such a fool as to be a sorcerer, and yet undertake gratis the services for which others charge a heavy fee. Doubtless my advertisements offer a bargain of this kind: "Come this way, Fools, I am a sorcerer, not for money though, but free of charge. You can have the advantage, every one of going away
Book VIII

with your particular desires realized, and my reward will be . . . dangers and prosecutions!"

′But let us have done with such foolishness, and ask the accuser on which head I am to answer first. It is needless to ask though. He opened his address with a long account of my clothing, and . . . actually! what I eat or do not eat. Do thou make my defence on these points, divine Pythagoras, for I am on my trial for thine inventions which I have adopted! Man, sir, has all his needs provided by what the earth grows for him; and if he chooses to keep a truce with the animals, he lacks for nothing. Here a harvest-field and there a ploughed field—the nurturing mother of youth provides all in due season; and yet, as though deaf to her voice, they have whetted a blade to attack the animals for clothing and victuals. Now the Brahmins of India liked not this custom and taught the Nudi in Egypt to dislike it also; and thence it was that Pythagoras, the first of Greeks to have intercourse with the Egyptians, took the Rule whereby he left free to the earth her living creatures, and ate only what earth herself produces, which he called clean. For such food is sufficient to nourish body and mind. He also pronounced the common clothing of men, derived from living creatures, to be unclean; clad himself in linen and made his shoes of papyrus. From being clean, besides many other advantages, he had the advantage of being the first man to apprehend his own soul. He had begun to be, in the days when Troy was fighting in the cause of Helen; and being then the handsomest and the most handsomely appointed of the sons of Panthus, he died so young that even Homer found in him a matter for lamentation. After passing
into many bodies according to that ordinance of Adra-
steia which prescribes the mutations of the soul, he
returned again into human form, and was begotten by
Mnesarchides of Samos; no barbarian, but now master
of Science; an Ionian instead of a Trojan; and some
way immortal, inasmuch as he has not forgotten that he
was Euphorbus. So now I have told you the forefather
of my Science, and that I have it not of my own inven-
tion, but by inheritance from another. For my part I do
not judge those who pamper themselves on flamingoes⁵,
or on the delicacies of Phasis⁶ and Paonia⁷, which these
gourmands, who deny their belly nothing, fatten for
their banquets; I have never prosecuted any man for
spending greater sums on fish⁸ than grandees in old times
paid for a thoroughbred horse; nor envied any man his
shell-dyed purples, his Pamphylian fæces, and his soft
raiment. But now, great Heavens! I have to answer
the criminal charge of eating asphodels⁹ and dried fruits
and clean dainties! And even my clothing is not
exempt—the accuser would like to steal my clothes
because they are “of the kind especially preferred by
sorcerers”! But surely, if you set aside the principle
of animal or inanimate origin, making one clean and
another unclean, calico is no better than woollen. Wool
is shorn and carded from the gentlest of creatures, the
favourite of the gods, who do not disdain the shepherd’s
task; and, by Zeus, a creature which either gods or
legends once deigned to glorify with a golden form.⁷
And what is flax? It is sown at random; there is no 309
legend of gold to dignify it; but nevertheless, since it is
not cropped from a live creature, the Indians account it
clean, so do the Egyptians; and therefore Pythagoras
and I have made it our vestment for discourse, for prayer, for sacrifice. It is clean also for a covering by night, because dreams carry more authentic messages to such as follow my practice.

‘And now let me make an apologia also for my sometime locks, since a new crime of Unkemptness has been invented. Only let not the judge of it be this Egyptian, but some of these auburn, well-groomed striplings, who surround themselves with their lovers and their courtezans, to whose doors they lead their boisterous frolics. Let them pique and congratulate themselves on their long hair and the unguents that drip from it, let them think me mere uncouthness, a man in love with . . . lovelessness. I have an answer for them. I will say, “Unhappy men, do not cavil at the grand discovery of the Dorians: the fashion of long hair comes from the Lacedaemonians, being their practice in the days of their greatest martial renown. There was a King of Sparta, called Leonidas, who wore his hair long because he plumed himself on his bravery, on the respect of his friends, and the terror he inspired in his foes. And for this cause Sparta plumes herself on him no less than on a Lycurgus and an Iphitus.” Let steel blades beware of touching a scientist’s hair! It is not lawful to use them against the seat of all the sensory springs and all the mysterious utterances, the origin of Prayer and of Speech which is the interpreter of Science. Empedocles fastened round his hair a turban of finest purple, and strutted in the streets of Greece, composing solemn preludes to announce that he should no more be a man, but a god; and I, with hair undressed, and who never yet found therein any
such occasion for verse, am indicted and brought before 310
tribunals! What shall I suppose Empedocles sang of? Did he celebrate himself or the happiness of those times when such things were not a butt for envious informers? But let us talk no more of long hair; it has been cut off, and the accusation forestalled by a malice which now challenges my answer to a different charge, a grave charge, and one which may well alarm not you alone, sir, but Zeus. This fellow says that people regard me as a god, and proclaim it so in public, being bewitched out of their senses by me. Now, surely there are certain other matters which ought to have been explained before this accusation: what discourse of mine, what so miraculous word or act, induced people to pray to me? I never discoursed in Greece of any past or future state of my soul, into what or from what I have changed or shall change; yet I knew it well. I never put about any such opinions touching myself, nor ran into any of the prophecies or oracular chants, that are the common stock of Illuminism; I know of no city in which it has been decreed that the people should assemble and offer sacrifice to Apollonius. I did, it is true, lay them under great obligations to me, by performing all their several petitions. This was the kind of thing that they would have me do for them: the sick would be sick no more; they would have greater holiness at their initiations and their sacrifices; pride be excised from them, the authority of law confirmed. My reward for such benefits was to see the improvement of the people: and I was doing you a service thereby. The good management of the herd is a service done by the cowherds to their masters; the overseers of the flock fatten them to the
advantage of the owners; beekeepers rid the bees of
disease to save the hive for the owner; even so, by
putting a stop to civil weaknesses, I was helping to govern
the particular cities for your benefit. And so, even if
they did take me for a god, their delusion was profitable
to you; for naturally they would listen to me with
enthusiasm, fearing to do what is displeasing to a god.

§ 11 But this was not their idea; they felt that there is a
kind of affinity between god and man, which enables us
alone among the animals to know gods and speculate on
our own nature and its communications with the divine.
Nay, our very form asserts a likeness to God, as sculpture
and painting do express; and we are persuaded that our
virtues come to us from the godward, and that such as
partake in them are near to gods and godlike. We need
not call the Athenians our teachers in this doctrine just
because they first bestowed on the gods such epithets as
the just or the Olympian, appellations too transcendent,
no doubt, to be applied to man. The doctrine comes
from Apollo in Delphi. Lycurgus of Sparta visited
the shrine shortly after that code of laws was written,
which has been the rule of Spartan discipline; and
Apollo, speaking to Lycurgus, puts to the test the
opinions concerning him. For he began his response
by saying that he was in doubt whether to address him
as god or man; but presently he declares and decrees
that the appellation of god does belong to him, as being
a good man. And Lycurgus was never prosecuted nor
imperilled for implicitly laying claim to immortality by
not rebuking the Pythian for addressing him in such
terms: his countrymen assented to the oracular deliver-
ance, being no doubt themselves persuaded of it even
Chapter 7

before the oracle spoke. With the Indians and the Egyptians the case stands thus. On most points the Egyptians cavil at the Indians and disapprove of their principles of conduct; but they so highly approve of the account which they give of the universal creator, that, Indian as it is, they themselves teach it to others. This Indian account recognizes a god as artificer of all birth and being, but holds that the reason why he had the idea of Creation at all was his goodness. Well, since this is akin, I take hold of their account and say that good men have something of god in them. The world which belongs to the creating god must be held to comprise all the heavenly bodies, and all things in earth and sea: in which man has equal shares, bating Chance. But a good man has also a world or system of his own, not beyond the reach of Science, which you, sir, yourself will admit requires a man formed in the divine image. What is the constitution of this world or system of his? There is a chaos of souls frantically seizing upon all manner of forms; law is but a stale antiquity to them, morality they know not, the honour of the gods they dishonour, they are enamoured of prating and luxury, the origin of that idleness which makes a bad counsellor in any action. Drunken souls bounce at large with leaps that nothing can quell—no, not if they were to drink all the potions in the world that, like the mandragora, are reputed soporifics. No, they have need of a man to govern their world, a man who grows to be a god by Science. He is sufficient to withdraw them from the amorous passions into which they fling themselves with ferocious and immoderate excess; from the covetousness which nothing short of
streams of riches discharging into their mouth would satisfy. It is even possible for such a man to restrain them from dealing in murder; though to wash out their guilt after murder is committed is neither possible to me nor to the universal creator.

4 And now, sir, let me be charged with the matter of delivering Ephesus, and let this Egyptian judge me; for this is germane to the indictment. The charge, I take it, is as follows. Suppose a city amongst the Scythians on the Danube or the Celts on the Rhine, no lesser than Ephesus in Ionia: this city, which is the base of attack for the rebellious barbarians, was in danger of perishing by pestilence, and Apollonius cured it.

313 Granting that the emperor prefers to defeat his adversaries by arms and not by disease, it would not tax the cleverness of advocacy to make out a defence even in this case. Never, sir, may you or I behold any city blotted off the face of the earth! Never may I see disease in contact with holy places, and the sick forced to lie in them! However, granted we do not care what happens to barbarians, nor restore them to health who are our bitter enemies, and no truce between their tribe and us. But Ephesus—who shall deprive Ephesus of her salvation? Ephesus, the foundations of whose people were laid from the purest stock of Attica; a city which has increased beyond others in Ionia and Lydia, and advanced upon the sea because she outgrew the land on which she was founded; a city instinct with the learning of philosophers and rhetoricians, which gives her strength not in horses but in her tens of thousands of inhabitants, because she loves and approves Science. What man of Science would refuse to make
an effort for the sake of such a city, when he recollects how Democritus once freed the Abderites from a plague, how Sophocles the Athenian charmed the unreasonable gales to abate—when he has heard of Empedocles' feat, who checked the havoc of a storm-cloud bursting upon Agrigentum? The prosecutor interrupts me (do you hear him, sir?) and says that I am not indicted for having saved the Ephesians, but for having foretold the attack of the pestilence; for that this is beyond Science, and savours of wizardry, and I could never have attained to such distant truth unless I was a sorcerer and a man of secrets.

What, then, would Socrates say in this place about the alleged warnings of his Daemon? Or the great Ionian pair, Thales and Anaxagoras, who foretold, one of them the good crop of olives, and the other many meteorological events? More than that, they actually were brought before courts of law upon other charges, but it was never made part of the indictment, that they must be sorcerers because they had Second Sight. That was thought absurd, a thing too absurd when said of scientific men, even to gain credit in Thessaly where the women had an ill reputation for drawing down the moon. How then did I come by my perception of the Ephesian disaster? You have heard my accuser himself say that my manner of life is not like other men, and heard what I told you at the beginning of my speech, about my diet,—that it is of light food, which I relish more than others do their Sybaritic surfeits. This diet, sir, keeps my senses safe in a kind of secret atmosphere; no disturbance is suffered to approach and foul its transparency; and so I see as in a glass all
things that are now happening or about to be. You
cannot expect the man of Science to wait till the earth
exhales miasmas or the air is corrupt (when the mis-
chief flows from above); he will be aware of the com-
ing harm while it is still at the doors, later no doubt
than the gods know of it, but earlier than the gross of
mankind. For gods perceive what shall be; men,
what is already coming to be; scientists, what is on
the way to be. I beg you, sir, to question me privately
about the causes of pestilences: they are too scientific
to be stated in public. But now arises the question:
does this manner of life produce merely a subtlety of
the senses, or power to work the most mighty and mar-
vellous effects? The circumstances of the plague at
Ephesus will serve as well as any other instance to explain
my meaning. I actually saw the form of the Plague
(it was like an old beggar-man), and when I saw it,
vanquished it: I did not stay the disease, but abolished
it. What god it was who thus answered my prayers,
is shown by the commemorative chapel that I founded
in Ephesus. It is sacred to Heracles Apotropaens.

315 I chose him for my helper, because by his science and
courage long ago he purged Elis, slaying away the
miasmas which used to arise from the ground in Auges' reign. Now, sir, I put it to you—can any man be
called a self-seeking sorcerer who dedicates his own
achievement to the honour of a god? Could he hope
to acquire any devotees to honour his art, when he sur-
renders the honour to a god? And would any one
that was a sorcerer pray to Heracles? These wretched
people attribute all such effects to their trenches and
their Chthonian deities: which must not be confused
with Heracles, who is a clean god and full of goodwill towards men. I prayed to him another time in the Peloponnesus, because there was an apparition of a Lamia which haunted the neighbourhood of Corinth, feeding upon beautiful young men. And he helped me in my enterprise without requiring any marvellous presents; nothing but a honey-cake and some incense, and the inducement of working for the welfare of mankind. Such did he esteem the reward of his labours to be in the days of Eurystheus. Sir, you need not resent hearing the praises of Heracles: Athena was his protectress, since he was kind and succourable to men.

But now since you bid me answer the charge concerning the sacrifice—that is what your gesture signifies—listen to my sincere apologia. Though I do everything for the salvation of mankind, I have never yet offered, never will offer, and never will touch, any sacrifice that has blood in it. I could not pray with my eyes on a knife, or on such a sacrifice as he alleges. Sir, your prisoner is not a Scythian, nor a native of the savage wilderness; I have never consorted with Massagetes and Taurians. If I had, I would have converted even them from their sacrificial customs. But the folly of this! To what a stretch of folly must I have run, if I who have lectured so much on the mantic art, the strength and weakness of it,—I, who better than any other man apprehend that the gods reveal their counsels to holy and scientific men, even without any process of divination,—I should commit a heinous murder and dabble in entrails which to me are unhallowed and unfit for sacrifice! If I had done that, the divine voice would have forsaken me as un-
clean. But, putting aside the foulness of the rite, if one cross-questions the accuser in the allegations which he made a little while ago, he himself acquits me of this charge. He says I foretold the pestilence to the Ephesians without having recourse to any sacrifice; why then did I need a victim to achieve a result which I had the power to achieve without any sacrifice at all? What use was mantic art to me to prove what both I and my confederate were beforehand convinced of? For if it is on Nerva's account (and his associates) that I am put on my trial, I will repeat what I said yesterday in reply to these charges of yours. I consider Nerva to be deserving of all authority and all possible terms of honourable import; but I do not consider him to be a good executor of policies. The illness which has sapped his bodily strength, has also infected his mind with a listlessness that disables him even for his domestic affairs. In fact he admires Your Majesty's bodily strength as much as he admires your intellect. Which is natural enough, for in fact human nature particularly inclines us to admire a strength which we do not ourselves possess. But I also have a great deal of good influence with Nerva: I do not remember him ever laughing in my company or trifling in the ordinary pleasantries of friendship, but always when he is in my company he is like a boy before his father or his teacher; he talks discreetly, he still blushes, and, knowing that I approve of modesty, he studies it to such an almost exaggerated degree that even I think him rather meeker than he ought to be. How then can any one think it probable that Nerva has ambitions after Empire, when it is as much as he could hope to
be master of his own house? Or that he discussed high politics with me when he has never had confidence even in small things? Or that he conspired with me in a design which, if he had considered me, he would never even have proposed to another? And how can I still be called clever, if, to interpret a man's mind, I trust mantic arts and distrust cleverness?

'As for Orfitus and Rufus, if these honest and moral but not very active spirits (such as I know them to be) have fallen under suspicion of desiring to reign, all I can say is that I don't know whether their character or Nerva's is the more completely misunderstood. But if they are represented as aiding and abetting him, it is easier to believe Nerva capable of an attempt on the throne than those two others capable of aiding and abetting him. But there is another point which a judge ought also to consider in deciding on this case: what motives had I to take sides with revolutionaries? He admits that I received no money from them, and that it was not gifts that induced me to do what I have done. But had I not made great requests of them, the fulfilment of which I deferred until the time of their expected reign, when I should be in a position to ask great preferments and obtain greater? Let us examine this hypothesis. How is it to be proved? I invite you, sir, to recollect your own reign as well as those of your predecessors on the throne, that is to say, your brother, your father, and Nero; for these are the Emperors under whom my public life has been spent—the rest of the time, I was travelling in India. Well, in these thirty-eight years, that is the length of time down to your majesty, I have never been a frequenter at the
doors of princes, except when I visited your father in Egypt. I did so because he was not yet actually Emperor, and he made no secret of it that he came there for the sake of seeing me. Neither have I ever sacrificed my independence in speaking to princes or to commonwealths in the interest of princes; nor been self-complacent about receiving letters from princes and answering them ostentatiously; or degraded myself by flattering princes for reward. Think of men in two classes, the rich and the poor, and ask me in which I register my name—and I shall answer “among the richest, for to have no wants is Lydia and all Pactolus 318 to me”. How, then, is it likely that I, who had never chosen to accept any gifts from you and your predecessors (whose thrones I believed to be assured), was waiting to realize my rewards from these prospective princes until the time of their supposed succession; or imagining changes on the throne when I had never made use of the established powers to gain place and dignity for myself? And if this is not enough, one need look no further than Euphrates for an example of what happens to a philosopher who flatters the mighty. From this he makes his money—no, money is not the word, from this spring the fountains of his riches; already he lectures at the bankers’ tables, he is retailer and subretailer, and contractor and petty moneylender—he is everything that can sell or be sold; he sticks to the doors of the mighty till his very impress is left there, he stands about them longer than the porters themselves, he has often been caught and shut up by the porters, like a greedy straying cur; he never gives a single drachm in alms even to a philosopher; riches
are for him an entrenched base for taking the offensive against others; he feeds this Egyptian with money, and whets against me this rascal’s tongue that deserves to be cut out.

‘So much for Euphrates. I leave him to you; if you dislike flatterers you will find the man blacker than I paint him. And now I beg you listen to the rest of my apologia. What is it to be, and in answer to what charges?

‘Sir, we heard in the prosecutor’s speech a doleful dirge over an Arcadian boy, reported to have been cut in pieces by me at night. (Perhaps in a dream? I am not yet clear about that point.) This boy is alleged to have been of good parents, and to have had the beauty of his race, a rough ungroomed style of beauty. He besought and implored me, so they say, to spare him; but I cut his throat, and then, dipping my hands in the child’s blood, prayed to the gods for truth.¹ Thus far, they charge me; but the sequel implicates the gods. For they say that the gods heard this prayer of mine, 319 gave me an auspicious issue to the rite instead of killing me for the sacrilege.

‘Now, sir, I need not remark how disgusting is this recital to listen to. But the point which concerns my defence, is the simple question: Who was this Arcadian? If his parents were not obscure people, nor the boy himself like a slave in appearance, it is high time, sir, for you to inquire what were the names of his parents, and to what house did he belong; what city in Arcadia bred him; from what altars was he dragged away to be sacrificed? Master of untruth as he is, the accuser does not tell us these particulars. It follows that I am
charged with the death of a slave. A person who has no name of his own and none to his parents, no city nor home—surely we must presume such a person to have been a kidnapped slave? For there are no names forthcoming anywhere! Well, who sold this slave? Who went to Arcadia and bought him? For if the race is peculiarly fitted for these homicidal manics, it is likely that a great sum was paid for the boy, and that somebody made a voyage to Peloponnese to fetch us the Arcadian thence. For though one can buy Pontic and Lydian and Phrygian slaves here on the spot (you may meet whole droves of them at once on the road hither), since these nations, like all the savages, being in continual subjection, have never yet learned to feel servitude a disgrace. With Phrygians, at any rate, it is the way of the country to sell their own people even, and to be indifferent when they are kidnapped. With Greeks it is not so. Greeks are still lovers of liberty, and a Greek will not sell even a slave beyond the borders; so that neither kidnapper nor kidnapper’s agent are admitted into Greece. And this is especially true of Arcadia; where not only are they more independent than any other Greeks, but a multitude of slaves are needed. Arcadia is rich in flocks, and well-wooded not only on the hills but all the low country as well. So they need many farm-labourers, many goatherds, swineherds, shepherds, drovers for the cattle and for the horses, and the foothill-country requires many wood-cutters; which is a business they are brought up to from childhood. But even if these conditions did not prevail in Arcadia, and they could dispose of their superfluous slaves like
anybody else, what did it matter to the much-belauded
craft that the victim should be an Arcadian? The
Arcadians are not cleverer than all other Greeks, that
they should display more of the lore of extispicia than
can be gathered from another. Indeed they are the
most boorish of men, swinish in this respect among
others, that they gorge themselves on acorns.

1 Perhaps this part of my defence savours too much
of the schools to suit my character; you do not expect
from me a picture of Arcadian manners, and a rhetorical
excursion into Peloponnese. What is the defence that
may properly be expected from me? I neither did
perform, nor ever do perform, or touch any bloody
sacrifice, even if it were performed at the altar. Such
was Pythagoras’ rule, and his successors hold virtually
the same doctrine; so do the Naked in Egypt and the
Sages of India, from whom Pythagoras and his school
got the origins of their Science. It does not appear
that this method of sacrifice offends the gods; for they
suffer them to grow old sound in body and free from
disease, to increase perpetually in reputation of Science,
not to be ill-treated by tyrants, and to want for nothing.
And I hold that it is not unreasonable to beg good
gifts from the gods in return for clean oblations. For
it seems to me that the gods, by making the aromatic
plants to grow in the clean solitudes of the world,
show themselves to be of my mind in the matter of
sacrifice; they intend us to make our oblations from
these plants, and not carry iron in holy temples or
sprinkle altars with blood. But now, if you please,
I so far forgot myself and the gods as to sacrifice after
a manner quite foreign both to my own custom and all
human custom! The time named by the prosecutor
can also serve to acquit me: if, on that day when he
alleges that this deed was done, I was in the country,
then I offered sacrifice; if I did offer a sacrifice, then
I ate also. But then you repeatedly ask me, Sir, if
I was not at that time resident in Rome. Most
excellent Prince, you also were resident in Rome at
that time, but you would not allow that you offered
any such sacrifice; so was the informer, but he will
not confess to these murderous practices merely because
he was staying in Rome; so were tens of thousands of
men, whom it would be better frankly to expel than to
subject them to prosecutions in which the mere want
of an alibi is to be proof positive of crimes. Why, the
very fact of coming to Rome is almost enough to plead
against the imputation of any seditious designs: city
life, all eyes to see, all ears to hear everything, real or
unreal, does not permit a man to have any revolutionary
dealings unless he have a great desire to quit this
world; and does not put the more sober and cautious
sort into a great hurry to do even what they lawfully
may.

'What then, Mr. Informer, was I about, that night?
If you ask me that question professionally as an informer
(since it is your place to ask questions as well), I will
answer "Preparing trials and indictments for virtuous
men, and to destroy the innocent and gain the Emperor's
consent by falsehood, for the purpose of my own glory
and his disgrace." If you ask me as a philosopher,
I will answer, "I was busy admiring Democritus' 
laughter at the expense of all mankind." If you ask
me personally, I will tell you: Philiscus of Melos,
who had studied with me for four years, was sick at that time; and I watched by his bed. He was then so unwell that in fact he died of this illness. Now, I would have prayed for all sorts of charms which might have saved his life; and, if there be any tunes of Orpheus which avail for the dead, how glad would I have been to know them too; for indeed I believe I would not have stuck at making a journey underground for his sake, had that been feasible—so deeply attached was I to him. He was such a perfect philosopher, such a man after my own heart in all he did.

This statement, sir, can be confirmed by Telesinus the consul, for he was also with the Melian comforting him during the night just as I did. And if you disbelieve Telesinus, since he is of the philosophic persuasion, I call the physicians to bear witness. They are Seleucus of Cyzicus and Stratocles of Sidon: ask them if I speak true. These doctors were also attended by their clinical class to the number of about thirty students. Of course they are all witnesses to the same fact. If I were to summon Philiscus' kinsmen you might perhaps think I was putting off the issue, because they immediately left Rome for their native Melos, to perform the last offices for the dead man.

Come, witnesses. This is the point which you were required to appear and attest.

(WITNESSES.)

'The evidence of the witnesses shows plainly with what regard for truth this indictment has been drafted. I was not in the suburbs, but in town; not without the walls, but in my house; not with Nerva, but with Phi-
liscus; not engaged in murder, but in praying for a life; not concerned with Empire, but with Philosophy; not electing another in your stead, but trying to save the life of a man like myself. Well, what has the Arcadian boy to do with all this? And where are the fables of a murderous sacrifice? And what is to be said of the attempt to gain credit for such inventions? For even untruth comes to have reality if judgement be passed on it as a fact. But what, sir, will you make of the absurdity of the alleged sacrifice? There have been before now diviners who excelled in the art of expounding the lore of slain victims, men worthy of mention, a Megistias of Acarnania, and an Aristander of Lycia; Ambracia produced a Silanus; and of those whom I have named, the Acarnanian was sacrificer to Leonidas King of Sparta, the Lycian to Alexander of Macedon; and Silanus was in the employment of Cyrus, an eager pretender to a crown. Had there been in human entrails any plainer, or more scientific, or more authentic secrets lying recondite, such a sacrifice was feasible enough for them. There were kings to preside at the rite, who had plenty of cupbearers and plenty of prisoners of war; crimes would pass unquestioned, and no fear of prosecution for any butchery they might perpetrate. But I suppose they also felt what I, who now stand in jeopardy, feel about such matters: namely, that it is likely that in brute beasts, since they are slain in ignorance of death, nothing clouds the transparency of the intestinal mirror, thanks to their inadvertency of the coming doom; whereas, it is unlikely that the human entrails will display anything of prophetic significance or of auspicious quality at all, seeing that a man
Chapter 7

has always some fear of death in his soul even when it
is not imminent, and on that occasion death would be
actually present to him and staring him in the face.
And to show that this is a correct and natural surmise,
I ask you, sir, to consider the following reasons. The
liver, which the experts say is the very tripod of their
art, does not consist of pure blood; for the heart retains
all the uncontaminated blood, and irrigates the whole
body with it by the conduits of the arteries; whereas
the gall, which is situated next the liver, is stimulated
by anger and depressed by fear into the hollows of the
liver. When the gall boils under provocative influ-
ences, and grows too big to be contained in its proper
vessel, it overflows the open receptacle of the liver;
by which process the whole of the gall gains the
smooth and divinatory parts of the liver. On the
other hand, under the influence of fear the gall subsides
and thereby contracts the light in those smooth
parts; for in such conditions the pure part of the
blood also withdraws (which normally distends the
liver), and this blood naturally sinks below the enclos-
ing membrane and floats on the surface of gross turbid
matter.

What is the use then, sir, of a heinous murder, if
the rite is to be unintelligible? And human nature,
guessing that death is near, is enough to spoil the ex-
periment; the victims themselves spoil it; for they
make an angry end, if naturally courageous, and if of
a more timid complexion, end their lives in fear. This
is why the craft, as practised among adept barbarians,
approves the slaughter of she-goats and lambs because
these creatures are simple and not far short of insensible;
and does not admit cocks, swine, or bulls in the mystic ritual, because these are hot-tempered animals.

'I am quite well aware that all this is provoking to my accuser, since I have qualified you to form a more scientific opinion of the case; and I think, sir, that you are really interested in my argument. Should I fail to make any point clear, you are free to question me.

'Such is my reply to the Egyptian’s indictment. But as, I presume, I must not leave Euphrates’ slanders unheeded either, I invite you, sir, to pronounce which of us two is more of a philosopher. He labours to say what is untrue of me, I disdain to imitate him; he feels towards you as your slave, I as your subject; he offers you a sword against me, and I an argument. But the precise matter of his calumnies are certain speeches which I made in Ionia; he alleges that these did not tend to your majesty’s advantage. But the truth is that my words concerned Fate and Necessity, taking the state of princes to point my moral, because your case and the case of other sovereigns are held to be the summit of human fortune. I was expounding the force of the Fates, and saying that the threads spun by the Fates are so unchangeable, that even were it to assign to one man the throne which another possesses, and the possessor were to kill the rival in order to safeguard his sovereignty against that claimant for ever, the dead man would actually come to life again to vindicate the decrees of Fate. We use these hyperboles for the sake of those who are deaf to plain, reasonable expressions. It is just as if I had said that a man destined to be an artist, will be an artist even though his two hands be cut off; and a man fated to win the foot-race at
Chapter 7

Olympia, will not miss his victory even though his leg should be crippled; and one to whom Fate has granted to excel in archery will not miss the mark, even though he should lose his eyesight. In what I said about princes, of course I had my eye on an Acrisius, a Laius, an Astyages of Media, and many more who had apparently succeeded in securing their position; they supposed that they had killed the sons or the descendants who might be pretenders, and yet they were deprived of their realms by the mysterious reappearance of pretenders assisted by Destiny. If I had been content with flattery, I should have said that you were the instance I had in mind, when you were isolated here by Vitellius, and the temple of Zeus on the brow of the city was burned down. He said to himself that all was well, if you should not slip through his fingers—you were hardly more than a boy then, not what you are now—and nevertheless, since the Fates would have it otherwise, he perished, policy and all, and you are now possessed of what was his. But since I dislike the key of flattery, which I consider inharmonious and unmusical, I prefer to cut that string; and you may take it that I had not your case in my thoughts at all, but spoke simply of Fate and Necessity—since this was the discourse that he alleges to have been aimed at you. In truth it is a topic which most of the gods tolerate, and even Zeus himself does not resent hearing the poets say of him (in the Lycian Story)

Woe’s me, when my Sarpedon . . .

and more of the same sort, in which he admits that he surrendered his son to the claim of the Fates; and
again in the *Weighing of Souls in the Balance*, that he
dignified Minos, Sarpedon’s brother, after his death
with a golden sceptre, and appointed him to be judge in
the Parliament Place of Aidonius, but could not exempt
him from the Fates.

326 And why, sir, should you resent a topic which the
gods can put up with? Their state is established for
ever, and yet they do not kill the poets for saying such
things. Indeed, it is good to submit to the Fates and
not be sullen at the changes in our fortunes, but believe
Sophocles when he tells us
to the gods alone

_Age is not incident, nay, nor death either._

_All else doth Time the omnipotent confound._

For a truer word was never spoken by man. Human
prosperities, sir, revolve in a cycle, and the date of happi-
ness is but a day long. This man has what is mine,
and another has what is his, and each has another’s,
and yet all the while none of us calls aught of it his
own.

‘Consider these things, sir, and put a stop to banish-
ment and bloodshed. Do what you please to Philo-
sophy, for, if true, she is invulnerable. Take away the
tears from mankind; for now the sound of them goes
up innumerable out of the sea, and yet greater is the
voice of lamentation that arises from the lands, where
each laments his particular sorrow. And as for the
evils which grow up from this cause, they are past tell-
ing; and all depend on those informers’ tongues who
malign all men to you, sir, and malign you in the eyes
of all men.’

8 Such was the speech which Apollonius had prepared
to deliver; and at the end of it I find the same words that concluded the other speech:

*Know me thou shalt not: Death hath no power over me.*

preceded by the passage which led up to the quotation.

When Apollonius left the court in a supernatural manner not easy to describe, the effect upon the tyrant was not what most people expected. They expected that he would break out into violent exclamations, pursue the escaped culprit, and make proclamation all over the Empire to forbid him access to any place. He did nothing of the sort; it was as though he were setting himself to disappoint common opinion, or were definitely aware that he had no power to do anything against this man. Whether he made light of the matter, or no, we may conjecture by the sequel; for the Emperor's behaviour looks more like alarm than disdain. He sat and heard another case after this: it was an action by a city against an individual, and had to do with a will, I think; but he not only forgot the names of the parties but the whole point of the action. He asked absurd questions, and gave answers which had nothing to do with the case at all. This certainly argued an agitation and perplexity in the tyrant, which were principally owing to the assurances he had so often heard from his flatterers, that nothing could possibly escape him.

It was before midday when Apollonius quitted the court, leaving the tyrant in this state of mind, and having shown that the man, whom all the world (Greek and foreigner alike) dreaded, was a plaything in the
hands of his philosophy; the same afternoon he was seen by Demetrius and Damis at Puteoli. This was what he had meant by bidding Damis not await his defence but proceed by land to Puteoli. He told nobody of his intentions beforehand, but he bade his most faithful friend do something which presupposed those intentions.

II Damis had got there the day before, and talked with Demetrius about the events which preceded the trial. The effect of this upon Demetrius was to make him more uneasy than a former disciple of Apollonius ought to have been; and on the morrow he began to question him about it again, as they strolled together by the seaside where legend places the tale of Calypso. They began to despair of his coming, because the tyrant's government was cruelly heavy on all sorts and conditions; but they respected Apollonius' instructions because he was Apollonius. They grew tired with walking, and sat down to rest in the Nymphaeum where the Vase is. (It is a vessel of white marble, containing a spring of water which neither overflows the brim nor ebbs when you draw from it.) They talked of the peculiarity of this water; but rather listlessly, because they were depressed by the thought of their master; and presently turned the conversation once more to the events which preceded the trial.

12 Damis groaned aloud and said something like, 'O gods, shall we ever see our great and good companion?,' when Apollonius heard him—he was already there in the Nymphaeum—and said, 'You shall—nay, you have seen him.' 'Alive?' asked Demetrius, 'for if you are dead, we have not yet done weeping for you.'
Apollonius stretched out his hand. 'Take hold of me,' he said; 'and if I elude you, I am an idol' come from the place of Persephone, such as the Chthonian gods show to people who are too faint-hearted in their grief.' But if I abide the touch, persuade Damis also that I am alive and have not cast away my body.'

They could no longer disbelieve, but arose and hung upon him and kissed him. Presently they asked him about his defence; for Demetrius thought he had made none, since he was bound to die even if innocent; Damis thought he had, but probably in haste, certainly not on that day. But Apollonius told them, 'I have spoken my apologia, and we are victorious. The affair came off to-day, not very long ago—it was getting on for midday already.' 'Then how,' said Demetrius, 'have you accomplished all this distance in the fraction of a day?'

_Apoll._ Suppose anything you please—short of a ram or wings made of wax; but ascribe the convoy to God.

'I believe', said Demetrius, 'that everywhere and always a god watches over your acts and words, and to his power you owe your present deliverance. But the apologia—how did it run? And what was the matter of the indictment, and the temper of the prosecutor, and what did he ask you, and what concessions did he, or did he not, make?—tell us all about it all at once. Then I shall be able to explain it all to Telesinus: for he will have endless questions to ask about you. Why, at a wine-party at Antium, it might be a fortnight ago, he fell asleep at table; and just when the second loving-cup was coming to him he dreamed that fire swamped the earth, and while some people escaped others were cut off by it; for the fire flowed just like
water. But you did not share the general fate, but
swam through the fire, which parted to give you pas-
sage. After this dream he poured a libation to the
gods who gave him the good omen, and cheered me to
hope for your safety.'

Apol. I am not surprised at Telesinus interesting
himself in me while he is asleep: he had certainly
watched in my interest, this long time now. You shall
hear the story of my trial, but not here. It is already
pretty late afternoon, and time we were walking into
town: talking as you go is a pleasanter way to speed
a walk. So let us go and talk by the way about what
you ask. And I will tell you to-day's—yes, really to-
day's—doings in the court. You both know what
happened before the trial, since you were with me, and
you have heard it no doubt from him—more than once,
I dare say, repeated again and again, eh, Demetrius?
—if I know you! But now I will tell you what you
do not yet know, taking up the tale at the summons
and the order to appear 'stripped'.

And so he recapitulated his speech to them, with
the concluding

οὐ γὰρ μοι σφεβείσιν—
Kil me thou shalt not—

and his departing from the trial as he did.

When he got to that point Demetrius exclaimed
aloud, 'I thought you had come here quit and safe!
But this is only the beginning of your perils. Your
name will be proscribed, you will be cut off from all
chance of escape, and he will arrest you.'

He bade farewell to Demetrius' alarms. 'I only
wish you were no easier a prey to him than I am,
But at present I know how things stand with him: after listening to flatteries all his life, he has now listened to a reproof. Such an experience is a great strain to these despotic natures, and puts them in high dudgeon. But what I need is rest; I have not bent my leg since the ordeal.'

'Demetrius,' said Damis, 'to think that I took such a view of the master's chances as even to dissuade him from making this present journey at all! And I dare say you gave the same advice, not to run into grave and voluntary dangers. And then when he was actually in chains, as it appeared to me, and I made up my mind that there was no hope for him, he told me that his release was in his own hands, and showed me his leg disengaged from the fetter. Then I understood his nature, as I never did before, and knew that he was divine and superior to any Science of ours. And so now, even should I fall into worse straits than these, I should have no fears even in danger, under him. But as evening is near, let us be walking to our quarters, to attend to the master's wants.'

'Sleep,' said Apollonius, 'is all I want; as for everything else, it is indifferent to me whether it be there or not there.'

And so after a prayer to Apollo and also to the Sun, he entered the house where Demetrius lodged. He washed his feet, invited Damis and Co. to sup (since they seemed to be hungry), and then flung himself on his bed; and after invoking slumber with a verse from Homer, fell asleep as if he had no cares worth troubling himself about.

It was about dawn when Demetrius asked him...
where in the world he meant to repair: he kept thinking of the horsemen whom the fury of the tyrant must have dispatched in pursuit, and fancying them nearer and nearer, till he seemed to hear the din of them in his ears. Apollonius answered, 'He will not pursue me or send in pursuit of me. I shall take ship for Greece.'

Dem. A dangerous destination. No place is more conspicuous. You could not give him the slip even in the dark, and how can you possibly go undetected in broad daylight?

Apoll. I do not want to go undetected. If, as you think, all the world is the despot's, those who die in the light are better than those who live in the dark. Damis, do you know of a ship sailing for Sicily?

Dam. I do. We do not lodge by the seaside for nothing. The crier is near our doors, and the ship is already clearing. So I gather by the shouting of the crew, and by what they are doing to the anchors.

Apoll. Let us embark in this ship, Damis, and sail first to Sicily and thence to Peloponnese.

Dam. Agreed. Let us go.

Whereupon they took their farewell of Demetrius (who took a very dismal view of their prospects), and bade him cheer up like a man and think of them like men; and so set sail with a fair wind for Sicily. After passing Messina they arrived at Tauromenium on the third day. Presently travelling thence to Syracuse, they took ship for Peloponnese about the beginning of autumn; and crossing the sea, arrived on the sixth day at the mouth of the Alpheus, from which this river delivers its current of fresh water into the Adriatic and
the Sicilian Seas. Disembarking here, they thought it would be delightful to go to Olympia, and so continued to lodge there in the temple of Zeus. But though they made no excursion beyond Scillus, a quick general rumour was all over the Greek world that the great man was alive and had reached Olympia. At first it seemed the report was unfounded; for not only did all human hope appear impossible after he was imprisoned, but people had not failed to hear news that he had been burned to death, that he had been dragged alive with hooks fixed into his shoulder-blades, that he had been thrust down into a deep dungeon, or drowned—said another version. But once his coming was known for sure, never did Greece gather at an Olympian festival in such excitement, as now to see Apollonius: Elis and Sparta on the spot, Corinth from the boundaries of the Isthmus; Athenians, who, though they were without the Peloponnese, yet did not suffer themselves to be outdone by cities which are at the very doors of Pisistratid— the very noblest of the Athenians flocked to the sacred building, and so did the students who come to Athens from all over the world. But these were not all: there were visitors from Megara, too, at Olympia on that occasion, and many from Boeotia and Argos, all the rank and quality of Phocis and Thessaly. Some had been with Apollonius before, and now wished to renew their acquisitions of Science, in the hope of hearing yet greater and more marvellous things; and the novices were horrified at the idea of missing so great a man’s preaching.

In his answers to those who questioned him how he made his escape from the despot, he studiously avoided
any sensational claptrap, merely saying that he had made
his defence and was safe and sound. But as many
persons came from Italy and gave publicity to the events
of the trial, Hellas was wellnigh prostrate in adoration
before him: nothing contributed so much to the trans-
cendent opinion that they formed of him, as his absti-
ence from any boasting about his achievements.

16 When a youth, who came from Athens, had remarked
that Athena had great goodwill towards the Emperor,
Apollonius said, 'Stop clacking about it at Olympia and
making bad blood between the goddess and her father.'

333 And as the youth continued to develop his annoying
theme, and adding, 'and well she might, for the Emperor
had filled the office of Archon Eponymus' for the
Athenians,' Apollonius observed, 'A pity it was not at
the Panathenaeia': a double reproof, for his first answer
implied that the youth must know little about the gods
if he thought that tyrants enjoyed their goodwill; and
his second, that this decree of the Athenians was little
in keeping with their treatment of Harmodius and
Aristogiton, since, despite the solemn honours of the
Agora accorded to the Liberators for the deed they did
at the Panathenaeia, the city proceeded to pay tyrants
the compliment of appointing them to an elective office.

17 Once Damis was consulting with him about money,
since they had hardly any funds left for their travelling
expenses, and Apollonius said, 'I will attend to it
to-morrow.' On the morrow he entered the temple
and said to the priest, 'Give me a thousand drachms
from Zeus' funds, if you do not think he will be very
angry.' And the priest answered, 'He will not be angry
with you for taking this much, but for not taking more.'
The following dialogue took place between him and a Thessalian, by name Isagoras, who was in his company at Olympia.

_Apoll._ Tell me, Isagoras, is there such a thing* as a Panegyris?

_Isag._ By Jove, there is, indeed! The pleasantest thing in the world, and the most god-pleasing.

_Apoll._ And what is the stuff of it?—I mean, in the same way as if I had asked you what is the stuff of this image, you would have answered that it is composed of gold and ivory.

_Isag._ But, Apollonius, what stuff can there be when a thing is incorporeal?

_Apoll._ Nay, there is a very great and various stuff, comprising temple-closes and shrines and race-courses, and a stage, to be sure, and nations of men, some from the neighbourhood and others from beyond the frontiers and from overseas. And then there are ever so many crafts and scientific ingenuities, and real Science, and poets, and deliberative and debating eloquence, and contests in gymnastic and music, just as they have always had at Delphi. It is composed of all these things.

_Isag._ Then I suppose, Apollonius, that the Panegyris must not only be materially real, but of more marvellous stuff than cities are made of; for it convokes and collects into one place the best of the best and the noblest of the noblest.

_Apoll._ Then, Isagoras, shall we regard men as being the Panegyris, just as some people regard men as being the walls and the navy of a country—or do we require a different opinion?

_Isag._ Tyanean, it is a perfect opinion, and we shall do well to follow it.
Apoll. And yet it is imperfect when you consider it from my point of view. Ships, I think, need men, and men need ships; and men would never have taken a notion of the sea but for a ship. Again, walls guard men and men guard walls. On the same principle the Panegyris is not only the meeting of men, but is also the place itself of meeting. All the more so because walls and ships would never have come to be at all but for man’s handiwork, whereas man’s handiwork would have ruined these grounds by depriving them of their impromptu quality; and it was for their natural advantages that they were felt to be a worthy site for the gathering. Gymnasia, porticoes, fountains, houses—all these were made by human handiwork, just as walls and ships are; but Alpheus here, the race-course, the running track, the groves—these are anterior to man; the river sufficient for drinking and bathing; the race-course offering a wide plain for horses to run their matches in; the running track very convenient for the professionals, being sandy and long and well marked by the sunken course of just a stade’s length; the groves, to garland the victors and to furnish the runners with a practice-ground. These doubtless were the features which took Hercules’ fancy, and moved him to admire the natural beauty of Olympia, and select this ground as worthy of the important functions which are still solemnized here.

19 After he had discoursed at Olympia for forty days and studied many important subjects, he told the Greeks that he would discourse to them city by city at their Panegyreis, their religious processions, their mysteries, their sacrifices, and their libations—all of which require a pretty smart man. But he must now go down to
Lebadea, for he had never met Trophonius although he did once visit the shrine. And so saying, away he went for Boeotia, duly attended by all his admirers!

The cavern at Lebadea is sacred to Trophonius, son of Apollo, and there is no admission except for visitors in quest of an oracle. It is to be seen not in the temple but a little above the temple, on a mound, surrounded and enclosed by a fence of iron spikes. Visitors are pulled down into the hole, sitting. They must be dressed in white, and carry honeycakes in their hands to appease the reptiles which fasten upon you as you descend. The earth restores some of the votaries to the daylight not far away, some quite far away—indeed some are conveyed underground beyond the Locri and beyond Phocis, but most issue about the borders of Boeotia.

Well, Apollonius entered the temple and said, 'I wish to descend for a philosophic purpose.' The priests made objections, and told the assembled crowd that they would never permit a sojourner fellow to examine the holy place; they invented 'forbidden days' and 'days unclean for a consultation'. So he spent that day in lecturing by the springs of Hercyne upon the rationales and manner of the oracle. It is the only place where the oracle is conveyed by the agency of the consultant himself. But when evening came, approaching the cave-mouth with his train of young men, and pulling up four of the spikes which debar access, he set off on his underground expedition, armed with nothing but his philosopher's gown—dressed, in fact, as if for a lecture. This so delighted Trophonius that the god came to the priests, rebuked them for their conduct to Apollonius, and ordered them all to
follow to Aulis, for Apollonius would there make the most marvellous reappearance that any one ever made.

Apollonius came up again after seven days, the longest stay that was ever achieved; he had with him a book most appropriate to the questions that he asked. For the words he spoke when he went down were, 'Which system of Philosophy dost thou, O Trophonius, take for the most perfect and the purest?' And the book contained the doctrines of Pythagoras, as if the oracle itself were consenting to that Science.

20 This book is religiously preserved at Antium, and regarded with deep veneration as a relic. Antium is in Italy on the sea.

I admit that these particulars were confirmed to me by the inhabitants of Lebadea. But I have a theory about the book which I state most solemnly. I fancy that this book afterwards came into the possession of the Emperor Hadrian, at the same time with certain of Apollonius' letters (not all of them); and that it was left in the palace at Antium, which we know to have been his favourite residence in Italy.

21 From Ionia all his disciples too now came to join him, those whom Greece called the Apolloniei; and, united with the others whom they found on the spot, they formed a body of youth wonderfully numerous and wonderfully eager for philosophic study. Rhetoric lay neglected, and little heed did they pay to the professors of style, as being but a schooling of the tongue; but they were all tumbling over one another to get to his philosophy. And he, with the munificence of some legendary Gyges or Croesus throwing open unlocked the doors of his treasuries and allowing the needy to help themselves, put his Science at the disposal of
these passionate suitors, and permitted questions on
any subject.
Some people took exception to his avoiding the state
visits of dignitaries, and leading his disciples into quiet
seclusions by preference. When somebody rallied him
on this point, saying that he changed the pasture of his
sheep when he heard that any lawyer was coming near,
‘Surely!’ said he, ‘to prevent the wolves from falling
upon my flock.’ What did he mean by this? He saw
that the public stared at these gentlemen from the Bar,
that they got promoted from poverty to riches, and that
they so delighted in a quarrel that a quarrel as such
had a market value for them; and therefore he kept
his young men away from consorting with them, and
rebuked with unusual bitterness any one who went into
their company, as though the offender had contracted
some mischievous dye which must be purged off. He
had never been on good terms with them; and his
experience of Roman prisons and their inmates perishing
in chains, gave him a great aversion for that pro-
fession, because he felt that all this misery was more
owing to the informations laid by these unscrupulous
self-confident adventurers than to the tyrant.

About the time that he was busy in Greece a remark-
able phenomenon was seen in the sky. A crown like
a rainbow formed around the sun’s disk and partly
obscured its light. It was plain to all that the pheno-
menon portended revolution; and the Governor of
Greece summoned Apollonius from Athens into Boeotia
to expound it. ‘I hear, Apollonius, that you have
Science in the supernatural.’

Apoll. Yes, if you also hear that I have Science in
human nature.
The Gen. I do hear it said, and I agree.

Apoll. Then, since you share that opinion, do not pry too curiously into the counsels of the gods. This is a precept approved by human science.

338 But he was so pressing for Apollonius to say what he thought of it, saying that he was afraid the world was going to turn into darkness, that the Sage reassured him with the promise that ‘out of this darkness should come light’.

24 After this, when he had had enough of Greece (his stay had lasted two years), he sailed to Ionia accompanied by his society, and henceforth spent most of his time near Smyrna and Ephesus in philosophical studies. But he visited the other cities as well, and nowhere wanted for a welcome: indeed his absence was thought a matter for passionate regret, and his presence a very good bargain for intelligent people.

25 The time was now come when the gods began to hustle Domitian out of his pre-eminence in the world. He had just put to death Clemens, a consular, to whom he had given his niece in marriage; and, only three or four days after the murder, had commanded her to join her husband. Hereupon, a freedman of this lady, Stephanus, whose name was portended by the shape of the celestial phenomenon, undertook an enterprise against the tyrant which recalls those freest of the free in Athens. Whether it was the thought of the dead Clemens, or of all men, that moved him, does not appear; but fastening a dagger to his left wrist, and slinging his arm in bandages as if it were broken, he approached the Emperor as he was leaving the law-court, and said, ‘I have a matter for your majesty’s private ear, of great importance.’ The audience was not refused. Taking
him aside into the part of the palace where the imperial apartments were, he said, 'Your particular enemy Clemens is not dead, as you imagine, but is in a place which I know of, preparing to attack you.' Domitian exclaimed at this piece of news; and before he had time to collect himself, Stephanus fell upon him, and drawing the blade from his disguised arm plunged it deep in the Emperor's thigh. The wound was not instantly mortal, but not ill-calculated to prove mortal in the long run. Domitian, always robust in body, and a man of only some five-and-forty years, closed with his assailant, wounded as he was. He flung Stephanus down, and himself on the top, stabbing at his eyes and crushing his cheeks with the base of a golden cup which was lying there for sacrificial use. He called aloud for Athena to aid him; so the guard, guessing that something was amiss with him, entered in force and killed the tyrant, who was already fainting.

This was happening at Rome, but Apollonius was seeing it at Ephesus. About noon he was discoursing in the grove beside the palaestra (just the hour when the murder was taking place in the palace). First he dropped his voice as if alarmed, and then spoke in an unusually halting style, like a person distracted by the sight of something else in the midst of speaking. Presently he stopped short as if he had broken down in what he had to say, gave an awful glance at the ground, advanced three or four steps, and exclaimed, 'Strike the tyrant, strike!' It was not like a man taking in the reflection of an actual thing as it were from a looking-glass, but as realistic as if he saw the very act and had a hand in what was doing. Ephesus was terror-stricken; all the city was present at his discourse. He paused,
like a spectator waiting intently till a doubtful issue
shall determine, and then said, 'Take heart, gentlemen:
the tyrant has been slain this day. This day! Why,
by Athena, it was but now, just now, at the very moment
of uttering the words at which I stopped.' Madness,
thought the Ephesians; and much as they wished his
words might be true, they were afraid of the danger of
listening to them. But he continued, 'I do not wonder
that you are slow to believe the news which is not yet
known even to all Rome. But see! Rome begins to
hear of it! The tidings travel abroad! Tens of thou-
sands are convinced by now! Twice the number are
now leaping for joy, and double as many again—four
340
times as many! All the peoples of the West! The
word of it will run even this far. Put off your sacrifices
till the proper moment when the messengers shall be
here; I am going to give thanks to the gods for what
27 I have seen.' The people were still doubting when the
couriers of good tidings came to attest Apollonius'
Science: the killing of the tyrant, the day which saw
the deed, the hour of noon, the slayers to whom his
encouragements were addressed—all was, in fact, as the
gods revealed it to him during his discourse.

Thirty days later Nerva wrote him a letter to announce
that he was now Emperor of Rome, thanks to the
counsels of the gods and of Apollonius; and would
better be able to retain the Empire if he would come to
assist him with advice. To which Apollonius, for the
moment, returned an enigmatic answer:

'We shall be together, sir, for a very long time,
during which neither we shall reign over any other nor
any other over us.'

Perhaps he was aware that he should ere long take
his departure from among men, and that Nerva's reign would be short. For the government of this wise and moral prince only lasted a year and four months.

But, not to appear careless of his virtuous and exalted friend, he afterwards drew up for him a letter of advice concerning government, and, calling Damis, said, 'This business requires you. The confidential matters of this letter are intended for the Emperor, but they are such as may either be told by me or through your agency.'

It was a long while, says Damis, before he understood the artifice; the letter was admirably drafted by Apollonius and dealt with important matters, but the delivery of it might be performed by another: what, then, was the artifice? All the days of his life he is said to have been fond of ejaculating, 'Keep your life a secret'; or if you cannot, keep your death a secret.' And now, when he would remove Damis from him and so avoid ending his days before witnesses, he made a pretext of the letter and another visit to Rome.

Damis felt some emotion at going away from him, though he knew nothing of what was to come; and Apollonius, who knew full well, spoke none of the usual language of farewell between friends who will not see each other again—so utterly convinced was he of his immortality—but engaged his loyalty with these words, 'Ah, Damis, though you have to live and think for yourself, keep me before your eyes.'

The memoirs of Apollonius of Tyana, written by Damis the Assyrian, finish with these words; for though there are several accounts of the manner of his death, if he did, none of them is by Damis. But I must not omit this, for it is only proper that the tale should have its conclusion. Damis does not say any-
thing of his hero's age; some give eighty, some over ninety years, and some state that he even passed the century, with bodily powers hale and unimpaired, more delightful in old age than even in youth. For there is a beauty in wrinkles which was seen to perfection in him; as the likenesses of the man in the temple at Tyana display, and the stories which celebrate Apollonius' old age more poetically than the youth of Alcibiades.

30 Some say he died at Ephesus, attended by two maidservants, the freedmen of whom I spoke at the beginning being already dead. He liberated one of these girls, says the story, which gave the other a grievance against him because she was not equally favoured; and Apollonius said, 'To be a slave is for your own advantage: it will be the origin of good for you.' After his death she remained in the service of the other, who, to punish a slight fault, sold her to a dealer. She had no good looks, but a man fell in love with her and bought her of him; and her new master had means enough to make her his wife and acknowledge the children he had by her.

Another story is that he died at Lindus, entering the temple of Athena there and vanishing inside it. But the Cretans give an even more marvellous account than the Lindians. He was staying in Crete, they say, more respected and admired than ever before, and visited the temple of Dictyna at the dead of night. The rich treasures of this temple are guarded by a regular watch of dogs, which the Cretans claim to be a match for any bear as well as for the wild beasts of that country. These did not bark at his approach, but came to him, and fawned on him with an affection that
they do not show even towards those with whom they are most familiar. But the authorities of the temple seized and bound him for a sorcerer and a robber, alleging that he had thrown some drugged sop to the dogs to appease them. About midnight he released himself, and calling the men who had bound him (to show he did not care for secrecy), ran towards the temple doors, which opened wide to him. No sooner had he passed in, than the doors closed fast as though they were locked. Then the chanting of virgins was heard to proceed from within; and their song was ‘Pass from earth, pass to heaven, pass on thy way!’—as who should say ‘Ascend on high from the earth.’

He still continued to philosophize on the immortality of the soul, teaching that the doctrine is true, but not permitting an idle curiosity about such high concerns. For there came to Tyana a young man very fierce in disputation, and who protested against the true doctrine. Apollonius was already gone from among men, but held in great veneration for the manner of his passing; and nobody presumed to affirm that he was not immortal. There was a society of young men in the place, passionately fond of Science, most of whose debates were on the subject of the soul. The sceptical young man entirely dissented from the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘these ten months have I been praying to Apollonius to reveal to me his doctrine of the soul. But he is so thoroughly dead that he cannot even visit his petitioner in need or assert his own immortality.’ Such was the young man’s tone then; but five days later, after a debate on the same topic, he fell asleep in the place where he had been holding forth. Some of his fellow students were
busy at their books, others were studying geometry, scratching figures on the ground, when the young man sprang up as if he was demented; still half asleep and streaming with sweat, he cried out, 'I believe you!' They asked what was the matter with him. 'Do you not see Apollonius the Sage, present in our midst, overhearing our conversation, and chanting a marvellous hymn of the soul?'

'Where is he?' they cried. 'We do not see him anywhere, though we would give the world for a sight of him.'

And the young man said, 'It seems he must be here to speak to me alone touching my unbelief. Listen then to the solemn accents of his doctrine:

The Soul's immortal; not of thee but Providence
She holds; and, when the flesh is withered, passes hence,
Flees as the disimprisoned courser leaps at large,
To mix with air imponderable, her dreadful charge
Of menial tail acquitted. But what skills it thee
To guess what, being no more, thou shalt appear to be?
Or wherefore pry beyond the living man's degree?'

Herein, like the authentic tripod of an oracle, stands Apollonius' teaching about the mysteries of the Soul, whereby with a cheerful heart and a good knowledge of ourselves we may journey to our destined end.

No tomb, or pretended tomb, of this man have I ever found, though I have travelled over the greatest part of the world; but I have come across his divine story everywhere. His temple is at Tyana, built at an Emperor's expense; for Emperors did not refuse him the honours that were accorded to themselves.
VARIANTS FROM KAYSER’S TEXT

(References by page and line)

1 4 for ὁν ὄφη Ομήγον read ὁν ὅμην Ομήρον
2 3 ἐπήκομενον read ἐπήκοον Richards
2 25 βαθαίς σφόδροι read οὑ βαθαίς σφόδροι
5 4 тο ἱερὸν αὐτὸν λεπτολόγητα read το ἱερὸν αὐτὸν Λ'Ἀπολλώνιο λεπτολόγητα
6 8 ἔπειταν ἕρμην
7 2 ὃνὶ διακέμενον read ὃνὶ ἔδει διακέμενον
24 24 ἐδόμενοι read ἐδόμενοι
27 1 τάστα θεῖν read τάστα θεῖν
52 19 ἀλεθένα δόρον ἤγεισθαι read ἀλεθένα μέτω ἤγεισθαι
47 6 πολλὰ μᾶς read πολλὰ μᾶς Μάσον Richards
51 31 πολεμοστήρες τίνων διε; read τοῖς πολεμοστήρεσιν ἤχωμεν τίνω διε;
53 32 ἐς τόλμων read ἔς τοῖς Πλάττ
55 12 ἐς τῷ ἐστηκέ read ἐς τῷ ἐστηκέ Πλάττ
57 6 ἐπέννοα read ἐπέννοα
61 7 πολλῷ βοήσατο read πολλῷ τῷ βοήσατο
63 11 ἐτσιδαντὸ read ἐτσιδαντὸ
68 14 ὅλοι read ὅλοι
64 4 ἐς ἔγχρῳ oμολογήθη Πλάττ
64 31 ἐς τοῦ βασιλέως read ἐς τῷ βασιλέως Richards
77 5 ἐπελεύσαται
88 21 for ὃ ἐκ σημαίνοντο τρόπον read ὃς ἐκ σημαίνοντο τρόπον
89 17 ἐκατομμυρίων read ἐκαταμμυρίων
92 10 καὶ ὅλοι βοήθησαν read καὶ ὅλοι βοήθησαν
92 19 διώκειν read διώκειν
93 33 ἐπίκρισιν κατετειμήθη τά πάντων read ἐπίκρισιν κατετειμήθη τά πάντων Richards
98 1 καὶ θαυμασίωτον read θαυμασίωτον
940.10.2 R
258 Variants from Kayser's Text

98 6 for αὖν καὶ read ἔπεται καὶ
98 26 ἵνα τοῖς κατετάχτων Richards
102 13 ὡς δὲ εὐαγγεῖα read ὡς δὲ εὐαγγεῖαν
103 7 αὐτοῖς ἐπαινοῦ read αὐτοῖς τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἐπαινοῦ
Richards
106 8 ὀδὸν ἐγὼ ἔγενο τιδὲν ἄν οἶσα τι ὧν ἔγενο
106 15 εὐκλίδων read εὐκλίδων Richards
107 4 γὰρ έποικεν read γὰρ έποικεν νοῦ ἐχόντοι
c
110 22 κύριος χαῖρεντα read κύριος χαῖρεντα
128 13 γάρ εἶπεν οἴη τὴν τὴν εἴποιεν
128 16 εὖ τῷ δημοσίῳ read εὖ τῷ εὐτυμοσίῳ
Richards
130 1 ἡ περὶ αὐτοῖ read ἡ περὶ αὐτοῦ Richards
131 25 τίμην ἐνθάμεν read τίμην ἐνθάμεν Richards
139 28 καὶ ἔδωκεν πορεοῦν read ἔδωκεν ἑκοτα πορεοῦν
147 11 οἶον διερχότας read οἶον οἴον διερχότας
166 11 δοκῶ μοι οἴον δοκῶ μοι Richards
167 1 γῆς οὐν βουλον read γῆς βουλον βουλον
167 13 ἐφοστάστα read ἐφοστάστα Olearius
170 4 ἂν μὴ μακατιγασθαναι νομίζων read ἂν κτῆμι μὴ
μακατιγασθαναι νομίζων
170 7 τίνα ἔγνυ read τίνα φοβεράτωρ τίνα Richards
170 21 ἢ οὐ τετήρουσι read καὶ οὐ τετήρουσι
173 12 ᾠχήσας
174 12 ὑπὲρ τρεῖς ἄρη Ρώμαιοι αὐτοκράτορες, read τρεῖς ἄρη
ἠμειωθοῦν τοι Ρώμαιοι αὐτοκράτορες.
185 4 αἶλαν, τῷ read αἶλαν, τῷ δὲ τῷ
201 13 οἶον τῇ ἐνὶ τοιοῦτοι read οἶον ἐνὶ τῇ ἐνὶ
tοιοῦτοι
205 13 ἔρθολσας read ἔρθολσας ἔρθολσας
216 29 ἠμαχήσαν read ἠμαχήσαν ἠμαχήσαν Richards
255 23 ἡμαχήσαν read ἡμαχήσαν Richards
240 23 φῶτες read φῶτες Richards
240 27 πόλεις read πόλεις
261 5 δυσαχθέαν read δυσαχθέαν Richards
262 18 γὰρ δὲ δὲ read γὰρ δὲ τὰς αἰτίας
264 32 γενναίου λόγῳ δεξιομένου read γενναίου καὶ
tολλοῦ το δεξιομένου
Variants from Kayser's Text 259

306 7 for ζώδια θ' or ζώδα read perhaps ζώδα θ' or ζώδα χάρν
307 2 " ἄνεκθοδότα read ἄνεκθοδότα
308 13 " ἐκείρ ἄνθρώπῳ read ἐκεῖρ τῶν ἄνθρωπων
309 25 " τῶν ἁρμῶν οἱ γεγραμμένοι read οἱ μὴ γεγραμμένοι
307 4 " πρὸς τὸν ἡμᾶς read πρὸς χερῶν
307 5 " τὰ ἤδη ἔστων read τὰ ἤδη ἐφημέρον Remlie
309 31 " αὐτοῦ τοῦτον read αὐτοῦ τοῦτον
305 9 " ἐν γῆς τῶν λόγων read γῆς τῶν λόγων τῆς λόγουν
314 15 " διορίζεται τοιούτην read διορθώτην
320 3 " χάρα read ἀκόρα
321 18, 19 " for συναφτὸν ἑρωτῆς read συναφτῶν ἑρωτῆς
322 22 " for νεότερον read τὸν ἄτερον
323 19 " " for ungrammatical read ἀργήθησαν
327 15, 20 " for ὤ τὸν ἅπαππα ἀρομάμον read ὤ τῶν ἅπαππα ἀρομάμον
330 16 " for κατεσάρα τοῦ ἄνθρωπο read κατεσάρα τῆς φύσεως τοῦ ἄνθρωπος
333 19 " " ἀκολούθεσαι read ἀκολούθησαι
338 12 " " ἀκολούθῃ read ἀκολούθῃ Olearius
NOTES

The references are to the smaller marginal figures, i.e. the Teubner-text paging which runs continuous through both vols., not to the chapters.

2. Iliad 17. 9-60.
3. 1. Fragm. 112 and 117 (Diels).
2. See Introd., p. lxii, n. 2.
3. 1. Diog. Laert. ii. 9; Aelian, de An. vii. 8; Burnet, Early Greek Philosophy, § 97.
4. For Damis add to the authorities who are named passim in the Introduction, J. Miller, articles on Damis and on Apollonius, in Pauly-Wissowa, Enycl.
5. 1. Compare this sentence with the last words of the book (p. 344). The emendation abrò ἀναρρήψῃ seems to me desirable on the ground of language; but it is possible that, as Corculla was dead before the Apollonius was finally published, the name was deliberately suppressed in both passages.
6. 1. Asclepium at Aegae. Antiochus Cilix, the rhetor, was afterwards an inmate (Kays., vol. ii, p. 75).
2. Introducere me. For a curious, but fanciful, alleged meaning of these words, see Reitzenstein, op. cit., p. 53.
13. 1. For these famous renunciations see Diog. Laert. vi. 88.
4. 2. This commonplace derives from Plato, Republic 329 c.
15. 1. This story is perhaps borrowed from Lucian’s Demenax 64.
   2. Chronologically false; see Introd., Essay vi. Philo-
      stratus introduces the name because the use of constructive
      maieuta under tyrannical emperors provided a good stock
      of rhetorical anecdote; see Tacitus, Ann. iii. 36; Suet.
      Tib. 38.
19. 1. Nineweh = Ninus. Strabo, xvi. 737, says the town
      was destroyed, but a place of the same name is recorded by
      Tacitus, Ann. xii. 13, as existing in Claudius’ reign.
2. Assyrian and Syrian are used indiscriminately by
   Philost.
20. 1. Esphatnismata. The word is attested by Athenaeus
      and Hesychius.
2. Zeugma on the Euphrates, the usual passage for
21. 1. Divination by birds. The Arabs were famous for
   this, Cic. Div. i. 41.
2. King’s Eys. See Aristoph. Acharn. 91.
24. 1. Iliad 2. 311.
25. 1. Eretrians. All the story is in Herodotus, vi.
2. Scopecianus of Clausomenae. See Lives of the Sophists,
27. 1. The epigr. is in Anth. Palat. vii. 256, attributed to
      Plato (cf. Laws iii. 698; Menex. 240).
2. The whole story is an anachronism. Pliny, Nat.
   Hist. vi. 30, says Babylon was in ruins (cf. Pausan. viii. 33),
   but Philost. copies a famous description from Herodotus, i.
   178-84.
29. 1. Iynget, talamans. See commentators on Theocr.
   Idyll II; Clem. Alex. Strom. V. v. 28. 4.
2. Golden efigy of the King. Olearius thinks that this
   derives from the Book of Daniel.
30. 1. History says 19.
Notes

32. 1. This authoress has left no record.
35. 1. Olearius cites Ecclesiastica iii. 20; Cf. Dio Chrysostom, de Regno (iv) 36.
36. 1. Aeschines, Diog. Laert. ii. 61; Lucian, Parat. 32, 42.
2. Plato, Diog. Laert. iii. 18; Athen. xi. 508–9; Apul. de dogm. Plat. 36.
3. Aristippus, Diog. Laert. ii. 77; Athen. loc. cit.
5. Phyton, see pp. 244–5; cf. Diodorus Siculus, xiv. 108.
7. Speusippus, Diog. Laert. iv. 1; Athenaeus vii. 280.
41. 1. Echataana. See Book of Judith i (Olearius).
2. Odyssey 9. 82–104.
43. 1. The sun divides at them, i.e., they rise so high as to debar the morning sunlight from reaching the regions to the west of the
45. 1. Empusa, i.e. a kind of vampire or ghoul; the word is synonymous with Lamia and is used by Philost. of the Lamia at Corinth, see pp. 145 and 315. See Blaydes’ note on Aristoph. Ranac 293.
46. 1. Anaxagoras. For his cosmology see Burnet, Early Ch. Phil. § 111.
47. 1. Cephren river = the Cahoel (Prianlx).
2. The meaning of the word ἄθων was in dispute; see Ebeling, Homeric Lexicon, s.v. ἄθως and comm. on Iliad 13. 6.
3. 1000 stades = some 110 English miles.
4. Eating lions’ flesh. ‘The meat was white and of a delicate appearance, and was eaten by the hunters.’ Sir C. Malet, Orient. Mem. ii. 182 (Prianlx).
48. 1. Archilochus. The verses are preserved in Aristoph. Pax 1298.
55. 1 sqq. Sagacity of Elephants. All this probably from Juba and Aelian (see esp. N.A. ix. 8).
60. 1. The forty and odd stades of the Indus, i.e. over 4½ miles! The figure is borrowed from Ctesias.
62. 1. Tarsila = Tasshaila or Tischailia (Prianlx quotes
Notes

Wilford, As. Res. viii. 349), the largest city between Indus and Hydaspes acc. to Arrian, near Manikyala.

2. For these painters see Brünn, Geschichte der griech. Künstler, 3.vv.

66. 1. Timomachus of Byzantium, in Julius Caesar's time, excelled in depicting madness. His other great work was the Meles, of which a copy in fresco was found at Pompeii. See Pliny, Nat. Hist. xxxv. 11.

2. Homer, Iliad 18. 482 seq.; but the quotation (a refrain) comes from 4. 451.

3. Priaulx (quoting Elphinstone, Canbul, Introd., p. 74) says even the poor have an underground floor at Peshawur.

67. 1. Symbolic means non-antropomorphphic; cf. the Paphian Venus on p. 124. 'Simulacrum deae non effigie humana.' (Tuc. Hist. ii. 3).

70. 1. For Greek conjurers and jugglers see Xenophon, Symp. iv. 55; Aelian, V. H. xii. 2; Petronius, Cena 53.

2. 'A Chinese juggler lately performed the same feat in London.' Priaulx, who also compares Hilgenfeld, Bardesanes, p. 14.

71. 1. Thuc. i. 4.

74. 1. The Hesiodus of Euripides, which represents the return of Heracles' children to Thebes from their Athenian refuge after Eurystheus' death.

75. 1. Strangled. The reading (δανειοντω) is quite uncertain. Olearius prefers 'walled up alive' (ἐγκαθιστηναι).


79. 1. Amphitheatrum' oracle at Attica was at Oropus. See Fraser's Paeanonii, i. 34.

82. 1. Iarchas. 'Probably a corruption from Rac'hyas.' Wilford, As. Res. ix. 41 (Priaulx).

83. 1. Thuc. i. 6.

2. We are reminded that a Lithognomicus is among the works attributed to Philostratus' father. See Intro., p. xl, and cf. Muenscher, op. cit. p. 545.


Notes

85. 1. From Ctesias.
2. i.e. rhinoceros, also from Ctesias.
88. 1. Priaulx suggests that he means the purple mango-stem.

89. 1. Gygis' ring. Herodotus, i. 8.
91. 1. i.e. Herodes. Atticus; see his *Life*, *Kays.*, vol. ii, p. 66, where the text gives Memnon for Menon.
3. *Jars.* Olearius suggests that these were barometers.
2. For Greek gods worshipped in India see Plut. *de fortun. Alex.* (Mor. i. 423, ed. Didot).
94. 1. By *natural wool* asbestos is meant; cf. Pliny, xix. 4. *Asbestos*, here called *cottonstone*, found near Jelalabad.* Burnes quoted by Priaulx.
99. 1. The seven swords are Talismans, v. *Intro.* p. iii.; Olearius compares the *ancilia* at Rome, the Trojan *Palladium*; Priaulx the sword of Mars found by Attila (Jornandes, *xxxv*).
2. *Iliad* 18, 376.
106. 1. I have a suspicion that all this scene is an oblique
admonition to Cæculla; p. 110 reads very like an allusion to jealousies arising from odio philosophicum in the learned circle at Court.

108. 1. The Hellanodicae were the umpires at the Olympic Games; for their number see Pausan. v. 9. 4, 5.
109. 1. Salamis, 480 B.C.
2. Melicertes and Palaemon were Semitic importations.
See Dict. Mythol.
3. For Pcleps see Pausan. Elida, i. 160.
111. 1. The Alexandrian writers, Megasthenes, &c., quoted by Strabo, give about the same account of Indian cosmology.
112. 1. See Arrian, Indica, p. 579.
116. 1. The same curious remedy is given in Philost. Imagines (Insulæ), Kays., vol. ii, p. 366; Pliny, N. H. xxx. 51 (145).
2. Introd., p. xxiv.
118. 1. For this monster see Ctesias, p. 80, § 7 (Didot); Ael. N. A. iv. 21.
119. 1. Pigmies, Umbrella-Feet, &c. All come from Ctesias, § 73, § 104.
2. The Pantarix is a favourite property of the Novelists.
120. 1. Sphax of Caryanda. The early traveller mentioned by Herodotus, iv. 44.
2. Ctesias, p. 82, § 12 and p. 95, § 70 (Didot). 'Wilson (Ariana Antiqua) has shown from the Mahabharata (Fauche's transl. ii. 53) that this story has an Indian foundation.' Priaulx, who cites also At. Rez. xii. 442.
122. 1. Unfortunately the Hyphasis falls into the Indus, not into the sea.
2. Patala was in the delta of the Indus mouth. Strabo, pp. 690, 700-1; Arrian, Indica, p. 148.
3. For Nearchus and Orthagoras see Susenihl, Gesch. der gr. Litt. in der Alexandrinerzeit, vol. i, pp. 651, 655.
125. 1. The Oracle at Colophon was in great vogue during this century. Tacitus, Ann. ii. 54, xii. 32.
2. Diedyma, i.e. Branchidae at Miletus. v. Strabo, s. v.

126. 1. A commonplace in the manner of Dr. Watts. Cf. Dio Chrys. xl. 32: ‘Men meet to fight and wrangle and revile each other; ants, when they meet, help and not annoy one another.’ Aelian is also full of such sentimental moralizings on Natural History.

127. 1. Lucullus, unknown. A Sallustian Lucullus was leg. pro pr. in Britain in the last decade of Domitian’s reign.
2. Fabricius. Paulus Fabricius Persicus was Governor at some date between A.D. 44 and 51 (Waddington, p. 12).
3. Aegaeon is the Aegaeon Sea personified, originally a doublet of Briareus (Ibid. 1. 425).

4. Probably an anachronistic allusion to the great earthquake of A.D. 16 (Tac. Ann. ii. 47); see Introd., Essay VI. But Olearius suspects Philostratus to refer to a similar calamity in M. Aurelius’ reign (Dio Cassius, xxxii. p. 814).

2. Factiones concord is a ‘paradox’ that runs tame in Greek ever since Hesiod, Works and Days, 11–24. Cf. Dio Chrys. Or. ad Nicomed. xxxviii. 10 seq., esp. § 14, where the simile of the ship is also developed.

2. For this business see Introd., pp. cii seq. I venture to quote the following note by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.:

‘Cet incident sauvage jure avec le caractère assez bienveillant d’Apollonius. La mise en scène est pourtant assez détaillée pour que nous ne le croyions pas inventé tout d’une pièce.

‘Apollonius rentre explicitement dans la catégorie des Ἀμφίδως; il se trouve justement auprès d’une chapelle d’Héraklès Apotropalos, Ἀμφίδως par excellence. Or nous savons qu’on représentait le héroïs dans son rôle de chasseur de maladies, etc., comme abattant avec sa masse de vilains petits démons qu’il étrangle d’une main. (Voyez la peinture de Thébé au musée de Berlin, Inv. 3237, expliquée par M. Fürstwängler, Jahrb. d.Inst. 1895, p. 37, comme Ἰησοῦς ἐν μαρτύρει). Il faut rapprocher de ces dessins les vers
Notes

de l’Hymn, Orph. xii. ἔθε μάση, νόσους ἀθλητῆρα πόλτα
κομίζων | ἠξιλατον δὲ κακὰ ἀτα, κλάδον ἐν χερὶ πολλαρ, |
πτηνοῖς ὑμῖν ἤκισους κήρασ χαλεπά ὅπερεμετὶ; et d’Hésiode,
Erg. 90. Enfin on trouve au Louvre (Pottier, Cat. 343) une
amphore où l’on voit le héroïs qui assomme de même façon
la vieillesse, groupée avec les Kēres par Théognis (707)
Minmerme (2) etc. On, la vieillesse se trouve ici représentée
comme un malheureux vieillard nu et décharné. [On trouvera
ces deux dessins et d’autres citations sur les Kēres chez
J. E. Harrison (Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion,
Cambridge, 1903, pp. 166–74).]

1 Je me demande donc si, dans cette chapelle d’Héraïs
Aptoptauos = Alexikakos, une peinture de ce genre ne se
serait pas trouvée, qu’on aurait copiée, ou adaptée, ou du
moins mal expliquée, à l’occasion d’une visite d’Apollonius
Alexikakos. A moins que l’erreur d’interprétation ne se fût
produite d’abord en faveur de Pythagore, lui-même un Alexi-
kakos, avec lequel Apollonius est sans cesse à comparer, ici
surtout où Philostratos nous rappelle qu’il accomplit sa bilo-
cation τοῦ πυθαγόρου, ὁμοίως τε καὶ πρῶτος. Évidemment,
si Apollonius s’était servi de quelque remède déjà connu, de
quelque exorcisme symbolique et très innocent, d’un παρανόος,
la chose s’expliquerait plus facilement encore.

J. Miller (Philologie, 1892, p. 584) takes it for a true
story—a παρανόος actually stoned.

131. See Introd., pp. lxiv, lxvi, where it is shown (after
Muench, pp. 500–8) that Achilles was the favourite cult of
Caracalla in the year 214; the prominence of Achilles in the
Heroicus is the best illustration of this passage.

132. 1. For Memnon and Cynus see Heroicus, Kays,
ii, pp. 167, 167.
2. Homer, Iliad 24. 797.

133. 1. i.e. the Alanteion at RHoeatyn in the Troad: v.
Strabo, s. v.
2. Palamedes is an Ionic-Athenian hero of the Cycle
celebrated at the expense of the Homeric Odysseus: v. A. Lang,
The World of Homer, ch. xvii.
3. Author of ME because Palamedes invented numbers
as well as letters, and on Number rests the Pythagorean
doctrine.

134. 1. For Orpheus’ Oracle see Heroicus, Kays., vol. ii,
p. 172.
Notes

3. Odyssey 11. 34.
136. 1. For this version see Herodot. ii. 112.
137. 1. i.e. the lesser Mysteries, in November.
138. 1. The Epidauria were the eighth day of the rites. For these technical terms see art. on Elusinia or Mysteries in Dict. of Class. Antiquities.
139. 1. Speak for himself, literally ‘in his own style’: not, as Olarios took it, in his own (i.e. Cappadocian vernacular) language. Cf. Bk. III, ch. 47.
2. Aleimous the Phaean is the type of luxurious idleness, Hor. Epist. 1. ii. 28.
140. 1. The same sequel to an exorcism is in the Apocryphal Actus Petri cum Simon, ch. xi.
141. 1. Acharnas was a typical deme of yeomen. Aristoph. Achar. 178, &c.
5. i.e. gladiatorial combats. This is taken from Dio Chrysostom’s Rhodia (Or. xxxi) 121, where he relates the Rhodians for the same barbarism of taste. Cf. Mommsen, Prov. i. 272 (Eng. transl.).
142. 1. Megistias was a diviner. See p. 332 and Aelian, N. A. viii. 5.
143. 1. For the cutting of the Isthmus of Corinth cf. Introd. p. cxxi and Bk. V, ch. xiv; Sueton. Nerva 19 and the Philostratian Nerva (Kays., vol. ii, p. 220). Among others who had the ambition to make this canal was Herod Atticus (Kays., vol. ii, p. 69).
2. Demetrius is mentioned by Tac. Hist. iv. 40; Epictetus, i. 25. 22; Suetonius, Vespasian, 13; Seneca, passim, e.g. Dial. vii. 18. 3. Cf. Gesell, p. 256.
3. Favorinus of Arles, rhetorician, of Hadrian’s time.
Notes

Philostr. gives an account of him in Lives of the Sophists (Kays., vol. ii, p. 8).

144. 1. Menippus, Junior. For his subsequent connexion with Apollonius see index to this vol. Olearius takes him to be the Cynic of this name who is mentioned in Lucian, Dialogy, Mort. He might have lived almost into Lucian’s days.

2. This story of the Lamia at Corinth is well known through Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy (Part 3, Sect. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 1) and Keats’ poem ‘Lamia’.


146. 1. Nothing is known of this Bassus except that two of Apollonius’ Letters (36–7) are addressed to him.

2. As a dilatory.

147. 1. Milo of Crotona was six times Olympian victor, a Pythagorean. See Strabo, vi, p. 263; Diod. Sic. xii. 9. 5. Cf. Aelian, N. A. vi. 55; Achill. Tat. iii. 6. 3.

149. 1. As at Ephesus. Cf. p. 125.


151. 1. By Conon at Cnitus, 394 B.C., and by Epaminondas at Leuctra, 371.

2. Flinders Petrie assumes Claudius to be meant: if so, it is an anachronism. See Introd., p. cxxvi.


2. Musonius Rufus, a Tuscan by birth, is certainly meant. Why is he called Babylonian? Olearius suggests that we should read 368 B. C. as a Babylonian = a Chaldaeus = a magician. He taught Epictetus; is named in Tacitus, Ann. xx. 71; Hist. iii. 81; and figures in the Philostratian Nova; Schiller’s Gesch. d. Kais. pp. 691–3. Cf. Muenchber, 96. cit. p. 550. Note that Musonius is in prison at Rome in A.D. 66 (pp. 153, 164), but in A.D. 68 he is represented as having been at convict labour on the Corinthian canal (p. 178), and again (p. 271) as having been in banishment in Gavara.

It is astonishing that Philostr. never mentions Seneca in this context; nor Moderatus of Gades the Pythagorean (Plutarch, Sympos. viii. 7. 1).
Notes

154. 1. Philolaus is otherwise unknown.

2. Aelica was the last stage before Rome (Hor. Sat. I. v. 1) on the Via Appia. Cf. Act. Petri cum Simone iv. Jews expelled from Rome settled there (Schol. on Juv. Sat. iv. 117).

3. Laws 803 c.


2. Diocletian is mentioned again on p. 203, otherwise unknown.

157. 1. Antigone 450.

2. Iliad 13. 131.

158. 1. C. Laccius Telesinus and C. Suentius Paulinus were cons. A.D. 66.


161. 1. Controlled the sword, i.e. was Praefectus Praetorio; cf. p. 271. See Henderson, p. 470.

2. In fact this eclipse took place six years earlier. Tac. Ann. xiv. 22.

163. 1. This is usually thought to be borrowed from St. Luke's Gospel viii. 11.

166. 1. In the autumn of A.D. 66.

2. For the geography of Western Spain see Strabo, Bk. iii, pp. 138-41.

3. More usually Abila; Apes' Mountain near Ceuta.

166. 1. Salve = the modern Sbou.

2. Celcis = Gibraltar.

3. Giles = Cadiz. Philostr. uses the Greek form Gadeira, which corresponds to the Punic (see Pliny, N. H. iv. 36).

4. The Celtic country = Gaul, not Britain. The occasion would be offered to him as a member of Julia's circle: she was always touring about the Empire.

5. His was the theory of the Platonico-Stoic Physicists. Cf. the Virgilian Aetna.

6. The Canaries.

167. 1. Hesiod, Theog. 289; Propertius, IV. ix. 2.

2. Caracalla put to death Cæcilius Aemilianus who had
been governor of Baetica and had 'made use of the Heracles of Gades'. Dio. Cass. lxvii. 20. 4.
165. 1. *Baetis* = the Guadalquivir.
169. 1. Olympian victors proclaimed their cities' names.
2. The 121st Olympiad fell in A.D. 65, a year earlier.
3. *Aeneas and Tergusius*. For the former see Athenaeus xiv. 623 d (a name sake lived in Philostratus' times and is mentioned by Aelian, *N. A.* vi. 1, and Athenaeus, xiv. 622); the latter was Nero's music master, Sueton. *Nero* 20.
4. Canace, Orestes, Oedipus, Hercules Mad are named by Suetonius (*Nero* 21) as opera parts played by Nero.
5. Both tragedy kings from plays by Euripides.
171. 1. *Hypata* = Hispalis, Seville.
172. 1. Not identifiable; but Galba was now Governor of Tarraconensis.
2. For Vindes' rising see Tac. *Hist.* i. 16, 65; Sueton. *Nero* 40; Dio Cassius lxiii, 86; and Henderson, p. 395.
2. Alluding to the short-lived Theban hegemony under Epaminondas after 371 B.C.
3. An interesting confession of Philostratus' own opinions which is illustrated by *Lives of the Sophists*, vol. ii, pp. 36 and 94; cf. also *Apollonius*, pp. 188 and 270.
174. 1. For the 'year of the three emperors' see Tacitus, *Hist.* Bks. i-iii.
2. The legend made most famous by Pindar, *Ol.* iv. 8 and *Pyth.* i. 13.
175. 1. The notion that *Poetry corrupts the hearer* derives from Plato, *Republic* ii-iii.
Notes

176. I. A ‘tag’ from the concluding anapaests of Eur. Alecto, Helena, Andromache, Bacchae, and (very slightly altered) Medea. Caracalla at a banquet addressed these words to Dio Cassius, who saw in them an omen of the tyrant’s death, which followed soon after. Dio Cass. lxxviii. 8, 4, 5.
177. I. See Homeric Hymn to Hermes.
178. I. field of the Dutiful. So called since the lava flowed round it and left it unharmed. The pious legend is in Lycurgus, a. Leocrates, 143; Strabo, vi. 269; Virg. Aen. 631; Seneca, de Benef. ii. 37.
2. I.e. the first days of September.
179. I. The author is unknown.
2. Notice the singular gaps in Apollonius’ travels, e.g. Chios, Rhodes, Miletus count for almost nothing: he left no local legend in them. v. Introd., pp. cxi and cxxvi-six.
183. I. The Serapeum.
184. I. Ch. 26 is made up from Dio Chrys., vol. i, p. 275 (von Arnim).
185. I. Fifty-five years from Augustus’ death.
186. I. Tac. Hist. iii. 69; Sueton. Vitellii. 15.
189. I. This debate on Monarchy versus Republic is a school locus. Cf. Introd., p. lxxi.
190. I. Sueton. Galba 21-2, and Otho 5; Plutarch, Galba xxi-iii.
200. I. Dio asks for his missio and his pension as emeritus.
2. The letters he addressed. The first seven of the collection (Kayn., pp. 345-7), also Nos. 14-18, 59-6, 60.
Notes

It appears from No. 16 (if it be genuine) that Euphrates accused Pythagoreans, as such, of being magicians.

201. 1. Letter 9 repeats this. Olearius compares St. Paul's phrase for rhetoric, 1 Cor. xiii. 4.
202. 1. Amasis reigned 570–526 B.C.; see comm. on Herodotus, s.v.
203. 1. He conceives the world as a line of battle in which the centre is of white men, and the darkskins are posted to the East and West—a Homeric notion, e.g. Odyssey 1. 23.
204. 1. Some kind of baboons.
205. 1. Hiero Sykaminos, near Wady Meharraka (Pliny, N. H. vi. 29).
2. How different are the honest Greeks. This irony is the ancient equivalent of our eighteenth-century 'noble savage' business: Mela (iii. 7) tells the same tale of the Chinese (Séres). Cf. Pliny, N. H. vi. 17.
208. 1. The point of all this Memnon episode is that Septimius Severus restored the famous statue (Muench, P. 479).
209. 1. Thamus according to Plato, Phaedrus 274 D, an early king of Egypt.
210. 1. For Empedocles' rites of absolution see Dlog. Laert. viii. 63 and Athenæus, xv. 3.
2. For those of Pythagoras, which were Orphic restorations, Iamb. vita Pythag. ch. 28, p. 138.
3. The Naked Ones. Reitzenstein, op. cit., holds that all the following account is a mythical symbol of the dispute between the Neo-Platonist—Neo-Pythagorean School of Apollonius and the Cynics (= Gymnosophists). This is fantastic, for the Gymnosophists, whom Philostr. sometimes calls Egyptian and sometimes Ethiopian, are well attested by other evidences (e.g. Tertullian, Apol. 42; adv. Marci. 1. 13; Lucian, Frag. vii).

Other writers, e.g. Aristotle (frg. 30), Strabo 763, Pliny,
Notes

vii. 22. Plutarch, Clem. Alex. Strom. I. xv. 71. 3, &c., usually seat them in India, i.e. call the Brahmans by this name: and Philostr. in Bk. VI traces the connexion of doctrine to India.

Flinders Petrie thinks that Indian influence came into Egypt in the fifth century B.C., and thence developed the ascetic forms to which a Christian content was given in the fourth century B.C. (see ch. iv. of his Personal Religion in Egypt), and cf. St. Jerome, Epist. 4. (ad 22) 34-6.

There is no reason to doubt that the Cynics may have been in relations with Therapeutes, Essenes, and Gymnosophists, as well as Neo-Platonists with Brahmins.


219. 1. This display of literary history is not so irrelevant as appears at first sight. Possibly it derives from Philostratus I's writings on Tragedy (see Introd., p. xl). The great point in dispute between the two schools is the place of symbolism and ritual in religion; to this is analogous the question of Aeschylus' stagecraft—or, to put it in modern terms, What would Shakespeare say to Sir Herbert Tree?

221. 1. The Hymenaeus poet is Steichorios, whose Palinode was the prototype of all literary recantations.

2. i.e. Delphi.

3. The Greek verse is the legendary First Hexameter, composed by Phemonoe, the Delphian priestess. See Croiset, Hist. de la litt. gr., vol. i. p. 63.


222. 1. i.e. Lyric (cf. p. 29), see comm. on Athenaeus, vii, p. 29o e (quoting from Pindar).


3. Pausan. v. 25; Plutarch, Cimon iv; Pliny xxxv. 59.

4. Herodotus I. 47.

5. οὐκαναυμάτωπος. See Theocr. Idyll. iii. 31; Lucian, Alex. ix.

Notes

3. (Ael. *V. H.* ix. 24) i.e. 'the pride that apes humility'.
for hypocrisy as well as for ugliness.
230. 1. *Zeus at Olympia* is the statue by Pheidias in ivory
and gold.
2. *Athena Promachos*, by the same, on the Acropolis.
3. *Cnidian* Aphrodite by Praxiteles (Pliny, xxxvi. 4).
4. *Argive* Hera by Polycleitus.
232. 1. Porphyry, *de abst.* iii. 16, justifies the practice.
2. Plut. *Lycurg.* xviii. (see Farnell, *Cults of the Greek
States*, s.v. *Athena Orthia*).
236. 1. A copybook instance. See Aelian, *V. H.* xi. 9, or
Plutarch, *Life of Aristides*.
241. 1. No extant fragm. of Findar is meant. Olearius
remarks the resemblance between the *Imagines*, Kays., vol. ii,
pp. 300–1, and this passage.
2. The amorous Satyr is a stock part in Hellenistic
Romance, like the Brigand, &c. See Photius’ summary of
Iamblichus, *Babylonica* (Hercher’s *Eroticci Graeci*, vol. i,
pp. 221–2), and cf. *Midas* in the *Imagines*.
242. 1. *σάκα διότε πάρεσθεν* ἀλλ’ *παρθένου ζῷον.* The
phrase is illustrated by Aelian, *N. A.* xvii. 37, but it defies
English, as Olearius admitted that it defies Latin.
243. 1. *passimque: viæ opperi cadaveribus coepit*, says
Sulpic. Sever. (*Chron.* ii. 30. 3): evidently a conventional
phrase like our 'when grass grew in Bishopsgate' to denote
the Plague of London.
2. Josephus, *B. J.* vii. 24, says the Parthians offered
Titus a crown.
3. Philostr. should have said 'Caesar' not 'Imperator':
the latter title was given by the acclamation of the army, the
former by the Senate.
244. 1. For Archytas see comment. on Horace, *Odes*, i. 28.
2. For Demetrius, p. 143.
245. 1. *Dogs*, i.e. *Cynics*. Titus disliked the idea of a
Notes

Dox or Cynic because of the bestial squalor and the ill-conditioned vanity of these Independents.
2. *Odyssey* 2. 11.
3. *Odyssey* II. 134.
246. 1. The *tyrtyon (or turtur)* fish and the *lepus marinus* are described by Pliny and Aelian, s.v.
247. 1. The opening words of ch. 35 have significance, for they show the line of a division in Philostratus' materials.
2. For this cant text cf. Dio Cass. lxxi. 34, and *Introd.*, p. xvii.
3. If the Greek is correct the allusion is to some other work of Philostratus' own, not of Apollonius'; perhaps among the Discourses or Essays (*μελέται*). See *Introd.*, p. xxxix.
249. 1. Neither this earthquake nor this sedition is known to history. It is a bit of novelist's background.
250. 1. Olearius thinks that by Phoenicians is meant Jews, and that the confiscation is connected with the Jewish war. More likely it is mere romance.
251. 1. Ever since Posidippus' time such stories were a commonplace. See Pliny, xxxvi. 4; Val. Max. VIII. xi; Aelian, *V. H.* IX. xxxix; and particularly Lucian, *Amores* 15. 16. Onomarchus of Andros (temp. Hadrian) did a famous lecture on the topic, from which Philostr. quotes a specimen in *Lives of the Sophists* (Kay., vol. ii, p. 101).
252. 1. This legislation belongs to a.d. 83. See Gesell, p. 54, and Vollmer on Statius, *Silv.* III. iv. 65 and IV. iii. 13.
The matter of the vines is mentioned again by Philostr. in the life of Scopelianus (Kay., vol. ii, p. 22).
253. 1. I suspect that the whole story is put in for Telephus' sake, who was one of Caracalla's enthusiasts. See *Introd.*, p. lxiv.
2. For Zeno see Diog. Laert. ix. 26; Val. Max. III. iii. 3.
Notes

For Plato, Diog. Laert. iii. 31. 4. For Phython, supra, p. 36.
255. 1. For Heracleides and Python see Demosthenes,
c. Aristocratem 119 and 126; Aristot. V. viii. 12.
2. For Callisthenes (Aristotle’s cousin), Plutarch, vita
Alexandri iii-iv.
3. For Diogenes, see his namesake Laertius vi. 43.
4. For Ctes., ibid. vi. 53, also Ael. V. H. iii. 6.
2. The Celtic West = Gaul and Spain.
3. Oedipus Rex 410.
4. See comm. on Thuc. i. 20 and ii. 53-9.
5. Thrasybulus. See Xen. Hell. II. iv.
258. 1. Probably Civica Cerialis, Tac. Agr. 42.
2. This frgm. of the lost Inv is preserved by Stobaeus, iv.
5. Cf. p. 317. This was Salvidienus Orfitus, of whom
Suetonius (Domitian 10) says: ‘Complures senators, in his
aliquot consulares, interum; ex quibus Civica Cerialis in
ipsa Asiæ proconsulate, Salvidienum Orfitum, Aelium
Glabronem in exitio, quasi mollitores rerum novarum.’
De Rossi makes it probable that Aelius Glabrio was a
Christian. Gsell, pp. 295-6, 322; Greppo, Trois mémoires, etc.
Who the Rufus was, whom Philost., describes as implicated
together with Orfitus and Nerva, remains unknown. Nothing
authorizes us to say that it was Virginius Rufus (Gsell, p. 322).
Olearius takes Musonius to be meant.
260. 1. For Abazar see Herodotus iv. 36. Good Pythago-
goreans held that he traversed land and water on an arrow
given him by Apollo (cf. 임블리. vita Pythag. 19).
2. For a discussion of the various alleged locations of
Calypso’s Isle see Bérard, Les Phéniciens et l’Odyssée, i. 149.
3. Cicero sometimes calls his Villa Cumana, some-
times Patelinum. The site of it is discussed in Beloch,
Kampfänden, pp. 174-6. It became imperial property.
Hadrian was buried there.
Notes 279

281. 1. The *mise en scène* is after Plato, *Phaedrus* 250 c and 259.
2. See Plato’s *Apologia Socratis*.
282. 1. For Telesinus cf. p. 158.
285. 1. i.e. Vardanes.
287. 1. *Orestes* 396. ‘Conscience’: *σύνεσις* which, the context shows, here = *συνάθροισις*.
2. *Iliad* 18. 309.
270. 1. i.e. Ostia.
271. 1. i.e. Aelianus was Praef. Praetorio; cf. p. 161.
See Gei, p. 67.
273. 1. Nerva was cos. in 71 and in 90; Orfitus not until 101.
275. 1. See his life by Plutarch, ch. vii.
276. 1. i.e. not the dungeon to which he was afterwards transferred (p. 289).
279. 1. Domitian had a peculiar devotion towards Minerva (Suet. *Dom.* 4 and 15; Quintilian, *Instit.* x. i. 91).
280. 1. Archilochus’ word is *ταλαμοσύνη*. *Fragm.* 9 (55) in Hiller’s *Anth. Lyr.*
281. 1. This is borrowed from Dio Chrysostom *Charidemus* (Orat. xxx) 11. The same theme is developed in a very eloquent passage of Sir Thomas More’s *De Quatuor Novissimis*. 
Notes

283. 1. For these particulars see Tacitus, Agric. 45, and
Pliny, Paneg. 48.
3. Iliad 5. 137.
286. 1. Vir bonus et sapiens audiet dicta, 'Pentheus
recess Thestarnum, quid me perferre patisque indignum coget
Hor. Epist. I. xvi. 73. Eur. Bacch. 492, quoted by Plutarch
Alex. 68. 18. Arrian, Epict. i. 18. 17, are classical instances of
this Stoic toget.
287. 1. I take this to mean Moeragues.
2. The Testament is not extant.
288. 1. Iliad 20. 46, 125.
289. 1. See Demosth. de Corona 126, a favourite piece in
290. 1. Olearius compares Simon Magus' boast in Clement.
Recol. ii. 33.
2. The Greek seems to be corrupt in this sentence.
291. 1. Probably alludes to Lucian. Cf. Introd., pp. 1
and 1iv.
293. 1. An instance of the school treatment of these toget
is the dialogue on board ship between Clinias and Menelains
in Achilles Tatius' novel.
300. 1. Iliad 22. 13.
301. 1. Pliny names the 'record' prices, N. H. vii. 128.
302. 1. 'I talked openly.' St. Luke xxii. 53.
2. For the classification cf. Gymnastics ad init.
303. 1. Iliad 17. 43-60.
3. Pheasants, xiii. 72.
4. See Mart. xiii. 69. Game, but doubtful whether flesh
or fowl.
5. Pliny ix. 168-70.
6. Aphodels are typical food of the Simple Life, Hesiod,
Works and Days, 41.
Notes

7. The legend of Phrixus and Helle.
316. 1. For Nerva’s weak health see Dio Cass. lxviii.
317. 1. See p. 258.
2. See Introd., p. cxiv.
318. 1. For such divinatory murders see Ceulemans, "op. cit.
p. 43. They are alleged of Hadrian, of Didius Julian, and of
320. 1. Philostratus’ confession that he has here brought
in a little meletê on Arcadia. Cf. Introd., p. lxxiv.
321. 1. Otherwise unknown.
2. Charms, i.e. talismans (σύνεργε in the Greek; cf.
p. 29).
322. 1. See p. 158; for οὐ ροῦ we must probably read
οὐ ροῦ, κοινωνίας; 1. Megistus, a Melampoid; cf. p. 143 and Herodot.
vii. 22.
2. Aristander, of Telmissus. Cf. Plutarch, Life of
Alexander, pp. 792 (Didot), 812, 829, 826, 827, 828.
329, 54.
325. 1. i.e. Capitoline Jupiter. Tac. Hist. iii. 74.
2. Iliad 18. 433.
3. ψυχωρροβία, i.e. Odyssey 11. 568.
326. 1. In Odysseus Colonius 607.
2. This Nymphaceum is not otherwise recorded, but
Beloch, Kompagnien, pp. 105-6, gives two instances of dedications
to Nymphs at Puteoli.
328. 1. Icel as usual = a materialized ghost of the dead, not
an image unless where an image is conceived to be animated
2. An allusion to Laodamia and Protesilaus.
330. 1. A phrase from Aesch. P. V. 32, also common in
Homer (e.g. Iliad I. 118) for repose.
333. 1. See Osell, "op. cit. p. 37.
2. It was at the Panathenaic that Hipparchus was
murdered, Thuc. vi. 59.
Notes

335. 1. On this passage chiefly turns the question whether Philostr. used Pausanias. See Robert’s Pausanias, pp. 263–4.
2. See Index, s.v.
337. 1. A solar halo: ἀντίφωνος symbolizing the name of Domitian’s murderer Stephanus.
338. 1. Where St. John was again living, now returned from exile. Euseb. Hist. iii. 21.
340. 1. A Pythagorean version of the Epicurean’s Ἀδή 

341. 1. See Introd., Essay VI.
2. Cf. p. 5 and Introd., p. liv.
342. 1. The temple is described by Strabo, xiv. 655.
2. Dictyna, Artemis. The temple was at Cydonia, Herod. iii. 59.
344. 1. See note 1 on p. 5.
INDEX

Roman figures refer to the pages of the Introduction;
Arabic figures, to the Teubner page-numbering
in the margin of the Translation.

Abae, 142.
Abaris, 360.
Aberites, 313.
Abydus, 165.
Abrabesh, Ixxxviii.
Academic Philosophers, 255.
Acarnania, 279.
Acesines, 59.
Achaean, 247.
Achaemen (Homerio), 131, 133, 184.
Achaneae, 141.
Achelous, 279-80.
Achilles, lxiv, lxvi, 98-9, 131-7, 143, 290; Shield of, 66.
Acrisius, 325.
Acropolis of Athens, 91, 141.
Apocryphal, Ixxxvi.
Adonis, 286.
Adrasteia, 29, 308.
Adrius the Sophist, lviii.
Aesculapius, 285.
Aegae, 6, 11-12, 57, 95.
Aegaeon, 127.
Aegina, 143.
Aelianus, Præfectus Praetor, 271-6, 280, 293.
Aelius Aristides, l, lxx.
Aeolis, 135, 137.
Aeolus, 93, 268.
Aeschines, Socraticus, 36.
Aeschylus, 219.

Aesop, lxxii, 174-7, 284.
Aegamemnon, 99.
Agraulus, 141.
Agrigentum, 315.
Agystae, 180.
Ajax, 98; name of an elephant, 54, 66.
Ajax Mad of Timomachus, 66.
Ajax, Tomb of, 133.
Alcestis, 164.
Alcibidas, 341.
Alcinos, 130.
Alcmeon, 156, 279.
Alexander the Great, lxiv, 37, 50-1, 54, 62-3, 67, 75, 83-4, 123, 256-60, 312.
Alexander the Sophist, Peloponnisus, civ.
Alexander of Lucian, see Lucian.
Alexenai, xciii, iii.
Aloeides, 281.
Alphaea, 311, 334.
Amasis, 202.
Ambracia, 322.
Amphipolis, pseudo, xvii.
Amnionius Marcellinus, iii.
Ammon, 84.
Amoebus, 169.
Amphirachus, 79, 142, 279.
Amphictyon, 142.
Amphelochian dog, 253.
Index

Amynatas, 291.
Amazagoras, 3, 13, 46, 58, 114.
Andromache of Euripides, 58.
Apthasteron, 140.
Antigone of NERO, 158.
Antinous, xivii.
Antiocch, lxxxiii-iv, cl-iii, 17-19, 13, 173, 249.
Antiochus, 40.
Antipater of Hierapolis, xlv, lxi, lxi, lxix.
Antisthenes, Socrates, 144.
of Paros, 132.
Antium, xili, xlvii, 319, 316.
Antoninus, see Aurelius and Caracalla.
Anytus, 261.
Apes, 86-7, 204 (see also Barking Men).
Aphrodite, 207; Cnidian, 230, 251; Indian, 86-7; Paphian, 124.
Ajax, 86.
Apollonie, the sect of, xili, xc, 131-2, 144, 152, 155, 165, 190, 202, 235-7.
Apollonius of Tyana, xxi, liv, lxiv, lxvii, 344.
Apollonius of Tyana: Birth, youth, &c., 1-13; travels to Babylon, 18-43; to India, 43-7; in India, 47-124; with Phraates, 66-83; with the Brahmins, 91-122; in Ionia and Greece, 124-52, 178-9, 331-41; in Italy, 153-69, 260-331; in Spain, 168-72; in Sicily, 172-8; at Rhodes, 180-1; in Egypt, 182-204; in Ethiopia, 202-43; other travels, 247

Apollonius of Tyana (cont.):
Sermons (Diæzeis), 124-6, 128-29, 131-3, 134-7, 147, 149-50, 154-7, 168-71, 171-8, 205, 249, 259, 279-81, 339.
Rebates (Epit leptis), 140-2, 184-5; dialogues, 8, 23, 180-1, 186-90, 213-24, 227-9, 240-9, 261-9, 277-9, 335-5; miracles, 103-4, 292, 300; prophecies, visions, second sight, &c., 127, 138, 143, 153, 161, 173, 175, 188, 205, 229, 299-304, 339.
Apollonius the Stoic, 1.
Aposistras, see Heracles.
Apsines, xxxii, xlix, lix.
Apuleius, li, lx, xcviii.
Arabian legend of Apollonius, xii.
Arabs, 20-1, 40, 123.
Arcadia, Arcadians, 16, 37, 109, 294, 296, 318-20, 321.
Archelaus, xxi, 11.
Archilochus, 48, 280.
Archon Eponymous of Athens, 233.
Archytas, 244.
Ares, 233, 281.
Arethogies, xii, xxii, xcvii.
Arethas, xcviii.
Argimusse, 150.
Index

Augaeas, 315.
Augustine, St., xcix.
Augustus, lxiv, 169.
Aulis, 98, 326.
Aulis Gallius, lx.
Aurelia Molinare, lxxxv.
Aurelian, lxxxvi.-lxix.
Aurelius, M., xxvi, xx, cvii.
Babylon, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24,
26, 37-43, 67, 68, 82, 226,
307.
Babrius, lxxii, lxxxi.
Bacchanalia, 94, 140-1.
Bactra, 191.
Bætica, 168.
Baetis, 168.
Balura, 125.
Balinas, xv, ciii.
Bardanes, see Vardanes.
Barking Men (Apes), 204.
Barter, trade by, 205.
Bassus, 146.
Ben Jonson, lxixii.
Biblos, 122.
Birdless Rock, 51.
Blount, Edw., xxx.
Boeotia, 324, 335, 337.
Boreas, 141.
Brahmius, the Indian Sages,
xix, lv, lxxvii, 2, 18, 68,
Britain, lix.
Byzantine accounts of Apollo-
nius, cii-iv.
Cabalist, lxv.
Cabiri, 84.
Cadusians, 19.
Cahus, 24.
Callirhatides, 150.
Caliosthenes, 255-6.
Calpis (Gibraltar), 166.
Calypso, 260, 294, 327.
Cannibals, 240.
Canus, 180-1.
| Caphareus, 26.                     | Cithaeron, 142.                |
| Capito, Ateius, cxxii.             | Clarian Oracle, 133.           |
| Capito, Consitianus, cxxii, cxxv.  | Claudius, the Emperor, 185, 187, 189. |
| Cappadocia, lliii-v, cxi.          | Clemens, Flavius, 338.         |
| Carthage, 123.                     | Croesus, 132.                  |
| Cassander, 30.                     | Cobet, lxiv.                   |
| Cassius, Dio, see Dio Cassius.     | Colonus, 141.                  |
| Castaly, 214.                      | Colophon, 125.                 |
| Catacula, 204, 209, 227.           | Colossus, 180.                 |
| Cataulican Mountains, 60 (see Cataracts). | Commodus, ivii, lix. |
| Cataracti of the Nile, 98, 204, 240-1. | Cophén, 47, 49, 50. |
| Celaeaeae, xliv.                   | Corinth, 141, 143-6, 260 (see Also Isthmus). |
| Celaeae, xxiv, xxvi, xciii.        | Cosmos, Theory of the, 111-12, 311-12. |
| Celts, 166, 257, 312.              | Cotton, 62, 94.                |
| Cenchreae, 144.                    | Cots, 255.                     |
| Chaerest and Callirrhoe, xix.      | Creon, 169.                    |
| Charito, xix.                      | Crissae Gulf, 178.             |
| Christians, xxv, lxiii, lxxxv-1xxxiii. |
| Chrysalus, 6.                      | Cyclops, 283.                  |
| Chrysostom, St. John, xcvii-vii.   | Cynus, 132.                    |
| Chrysostom, Dio, of Prusa, see under Dio. | Cynus, the R., 6, 253. |
| Cilicia, cxi, 11, 14, 43, 247, 277. | Cynies, lxiv.                  |
| Cinnamon, 86.                      | Cypris, 16.                    |
| Cissia, 24-6.                      | Cypris, St., of Carthage, 1x.   |
|                                | Cyprus, 123, 264.              |
|                                | Cypria of Xenophon, xix, lxxxv. |
|                                | Cyrus, 30, 222.                |
|                                | Daedalus, 208.                 |
|                                | Daemons, xiv, c, 3, 123, 130, 241, 266, 314. |
Index

Dioscorides, 133, 155, 203.
Diotimus, xxxii.
Dirce, 96.
Dionysus, 48-50, 75, 92, 142, 180; Theatre of, 141.
Dodona, 117, 142.
Domitian, livi, cxi, 163.
Dorian, 88, 246, 252, 254, 257-263, 270-6, 282-339 passim.
Doriens, 309.
Dragons, 67-90.
Earth-worship, 250, 252.
Earthquake in Crete, cxix-xx, 153.
Ecbatana, 41.
Echinades, 779.
Ephahnaeata of Damis, 20.
Edonians, 223.
Egypt, 21, 37, 60-1, 97-8, 120, 182-8, 202-3, 231, 235, 247, 264, 272, 276, 304-7.
Egyptians, 93, 97, 102, 107-8, 119, 112-13, 210-11, 216, 219, 224-228, 231, 309-311.
'Egyptian Table,' at Alexandria, xxiv.
Elephants, 81-9, 240.
Elpis, 138 (see Mysteries).
Elis, 310, 315.
Ennea, lxxxiii.
Empedocles, 2, 210, 310, 313.
Empusa, 45, 144-6, 155, 315.
Enceladus, 177.
Epheus, lv, livi, lii, 17, 125, 127, 130-1, 257-8, 274, 299, 312-14, 316, 335-9, 341.
Epictetus, 1.
Epicureanism, livi, 6.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Epidaurus, 138.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epidaurus, 138.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eretrias, 25-7, 58.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erythea, 167.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erythraean Sea, 57, 86, 90, 98, 112, 121-3, 228.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erythras, King, 112, 121.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethiopia, 98, 160, 199, 203, 204-6, 238, 244, 247, 267, 290.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethiopians, 98, 230, 238, 240.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethiopian Helios, 209.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountains, 60; Ocean, 240.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethnica of Heliodorus, xvii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Etna, Mt., 174, 177-8.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euboea, 27.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eudoxus, 56.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eunapius, xcvii, xcix-c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eunuchs, 38-9, 232.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euphorbos, 1, 97-8, 308.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enephoron, 62.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enephoron of Tyre, Philosopher, xxv, xlviii, lxix, xciv, cvi, 13, 68, 185-201, passim, 211-12, 234-6, 243, 267, 289-91, 298, 305-6, 318, 324.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enipharus, the , 20-1, 28, 40-1, 125.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euripides, 58, 141, 258, 269.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eurymedon, the R., 15.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eurythmos, 315.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eusebius, xcvii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euterpe, 181.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euthydemes, 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euxenus, 6, 7, 13.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fables, lxxiii, 174-8.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fabrius, 127.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorinus, lxix, cviii, 143.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire of Pardon, 92.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finders-Petrie, xvi, cxxi-cxxvi passim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fronto of Emesa, xlv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furies, 269.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gades, 165-8, 171-2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaetulia, 166.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gains (Caligula), 189.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galba, 173-4, 190.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galen, 1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ganges, the R., 50, 63, 75, 87, 131.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ganges, King, 98-9.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ganymede, 105.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaul, 174 (see Celts).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gefcken, lxxiv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geryones, 167, 216.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geta (Septimius), lviii, lx, lxxii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbon, lx.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladiatorial shows at Athens and Corinth, 141.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glauce, 222.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gods, the Unknown, at Athens, 207; 'good men are gods'; 97, 287.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordianus, lxxvi-vii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gortyn, 153.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gospels, xxviii-ix, lxxvi, xcvii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goths, 255-6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greece and Greeks, 105, 107, 105, 109, 110, 117, 234-4, 237-8; Greek language, 243; Greek character, 205; Greek gods in India, 93; Greek liberty, 201, 319.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gryneum, 133.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gryphons, 120.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gyas, 271.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gyges, 89, 337.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gymnasticus, xi, xcvii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gymnopedias, 232.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gymnosophistae, see Naked Sages.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gymnos (Heliogabalus), lxxv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hades, 145, 285.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hadrian, xiii, xxiv, xxvii, xlvii, cvii, 339.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmodius, 193, 257, 333.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Index

Hebe, 293.
Hecate, Trivia, 133.
Hector, 132.
Hellen, 99, 136, 221, 276.
Heliades, 167.
Helicon, Mt., 142, 272.
Helicon of Cyzicus, 36.
Helioloutus the Arab, lv.
Heliogabalus, lc.
Hellenodiceae, 108.
Hellespont, 109, 170, 252.
Hephaestus, 66, 177, 223, 281.
Hera, 147; of Argos, 230.
Heracles, 84, 92, 184, 182, 213, 335; Apotropaeos, 131, 314–15; Egyptian, 75, 167–8; Theban, 44, 167.
Heracles, Pillars of, 165.
Heracles of Prodijus, 48, 216.
Heraclenum at Gadès, 167–8.
Heraclidae of Euripides, 74.
Heraclids of Thrace, 205.
Hercules, 8.
Hercynia, 235.
Hermes, 176, 291.
Hermocrates, lxii.
Hieron the Great, cxxi.
Heroes Atticus, cxxi, 91.
Hercules or Heracles of Philostratus, xxxv, lxxvi–lxxvii.
Hieron, xxx, xxxviii, xcii.
Hippola (Hippalos), 171.
Hippodromus of Larissa, lvii, lxxv, lxxvi.
Hippolytus of Euripides, 206–7, 295.
Historical novels, xix, lxxvi.
Hittites, lvii, lxiii.
Horus, 140.
Humanities, lviii, lxxx.
Hyacinthus, 223.
Hydra, 167.
Hydrides, 50, 60, 84.
Hyphasis, 63, 71, 75, 84–5, 121–2.
Hyrcanians, Brahmins also called, 18.
Iamblichus, cxviii.
Iamidae, 184.
Iaithyphagi, 123.
Ila, Mt., in Crete, 152.
Ilium, 131–2 (see also Troy).
Illuminism, 310.
Ignotes of Philostratus, xxxv seg.
India, 35, 34, 41, 45, 47, 48, 112–14, 206, 287.
Indian asses, 85; camel-post, 47; coinage, 48; banquet, 69–70; wine, 48; trade, 112; magic, 173; serpents, 88–90; philosophical education, 71–2; Sages, see Brahmins.
Indus, the R., 45, 50, 51, 53, 56, 59–60, 53, 96, 122, 204.
Informers, 248, 259, 277, 282, 300, 303.
Ilios of Euripides, 258.
Io, 19.
Iolaeus, 260.
Ionia and Ionians, 125, 127, 131, 137, 179, 247, 254, 290, 298, 312, 313, 324, 336, 338 (see also Panonia). Ionic dialect, 289.
Iphitus, 181, 329.
Ipsa dixit of Pythagoreans, 91.
Isagoras, 332–4.
Isidore of Pelusium, cxix.
Issa, 83.
Issian games, 203.
Isthmus of Corinth, cxxi, 109, 143, 170, 178.
Index

Italy, 247, 260.
Ithaca, 245.
Izlia, 77, 251, 263.
Iynno, 29, 322, 321 (see Tellisparas).
Jerome, xcviii.
Jerusalem, 186, 243, 246.
Jocasta, lxii.
Josephus, xlvii–viii.
Julia, 54, 59.
Julia, dau. of Titus, 258.
Julia Domna, xxi, xxiv, xlv, lxii, lxiv, lxvi, lxxv, lxxxiii–iv, lxxxviii, 4.
Julia Maesa, lxxxviii.
Julia MammAEA, lxxxviii.
Julian, xcvii.
Justice, debate on ideal, 235–6.
Jüthing, xxxiv.
Kayser, xxi.
King’s Ears, 30.
King’s Eye, 21.
Labyrinth, 152.
Lacedaemon, 41, 129, 146, 233, 235, 337, 296 (see also Sparta).
Lactantius, de Mortibus Persecutorum, xci.
Ladoon, 16.
Lais, 325.
Lamina, see Empusa.
Lamprias, xcvii.
Lasthenes, 199.
Lebadea, xli, xlviii, 335–6.
Lebanum, 153.
Lechaemus, 145, 178.
Leemius, see Philostratus.
Lemnos, 242.
Leonidas, 142, 309, 322.
Leontopolis, 202.
Lepus marinus, a fish, 246.
Lebros, 133, 137.
Leucis, 178.
Leucothea, 276.
Libya, 165, 173, 204, 257, 264.
Lilybaenum, 173.
Lindus, 342.
Locris, 315.
Longheads, 120.
Longinus, xiv.
Lotus-eaters, 41.
Lucian, Philoponus, xxvii;
Fugitivo, xxvii; Demo-


nax, iii; Peregrinus, lli;
Vera Historia, xxvii; Alex-
ander, xxvi, l–lii.
Lucullus, 127.
Lucyasa, 149, 151, 232–3, 238, 309, 311.
Lydia, 51, 87, 109, 222, 223, 239, 313, 319.
Lyssmachus, 236.
McCrindle’s Ancient India, xvi, xvi.
Macedon, 37.
Macedonians, 60, 255.
Mocrinus, lxxxii.
Maecenas, 240.
Maeotis, 43.
Magi, the Babylonian, 2, 18, 29, 31, 41, 42.
Magic, xxv, lx–vii, lx, lxiv, 
xcvi, xcvii, 85, 94, 173, 292–3.
Magnetic stone, 119.
Malaca, 101, 143, 152, 296.
Marcellinus, xcviii.
Marsyas, the K., 240.
Martichomis, 113–19.
Massagetae, 315.
Maximus of Aegae, xxii 209, 
xxi, xlvii, xxii, xcvii, 
xxv, 4, 11.
Index

Melen (Semiramis), 28.
Media, 21, 26, 44, 265, 325.
Medicine, 118.
Megabates, 32.
Megara, 338.
Megistias, 142, 322.
Melpomene, 184.
Mele, the R., 289.
Meletus, 261.
Melicertes, 109.
Melos, 94, 322.
Memnon, 132, 205, 208-9.
Memory, worshipped, 96.
Memory, Hymn to, by Apollonius, 14.
Memphis, 206, 238.
Menander, Rhetor, xxxv seq.
Menestheus, 167.
Menippus of Lyca, 144-6, 155, 158, 162, 164, 168, 174-6, 203, 243.
Meroe, 98, 204.
Mesopotamia, 50.
Mesene, 394-5.
Messina, 175, 331.
Metapontum, 130.
Methepsychosis, 97-102.
Methymna, 133, 137.
Midas, 247.
Miletus, 127.
Milo, 147.
Mimas, Mt., 46.
Minos, 103, 152, 325.
Minotaur, 152.
Miracles, xxii, xxix, 114-16.
Mnesicles, 368.
Monnagenes, xx, xxi, xxiv seq., xxxviii, xcvii, 4.
Monsters, 45.
Mount of the Sages (Brahmin), 228.
Muses, 136, 137, 145, 158, 261.
Museum at Alexandria, xxiv.

Music, 208.
Mycale, 43, 46.
Mysia, 254, 256.
Mysteries of Eleusis, 137
Mysteries of Samothrace, 234.
Naked Sages (Gymnosophists), 2, 209-29, 241, 290-1, 307, 320.
Naxamnians, 240.
Naukratis, 206, 238.
Naxos, 28.
Nearchus the Admiral, 59, 122; Tyrant of Mysia, 254.
Necessity, 259, 263.
Nemea, 88.
Nemean games, 37.
Nereids, 136.
Nessus, 216.
Nestor, 131.
Nicagoras, xxxv, xliii, lix.
Nicostratus, xxxv.
Nile, the R., 21, 60, 61, 95, 120, 185, 199, 204, 206, 210, 229, 238-41, 276.
Nilus (the Gymnosophist), 113, 234-9, 238-41, 243.
Ninus (Nineveh), 19, 62, 123.
Nireus, 98.
Nisanian horses, 54.
Nomads, Ethiopian, 259.
Nymphs, 140.
Index

Nymphaeum, 327-8.
Nysa, 44, 45-50.
Ocean, 166, 281.
Odysseus, 100, 131, 134, 137, 139, 154-5, 155, 246, 260, 268, 270, 285.
Oedipus, 169.
Oenomaus, 169.
Octa, 142.
Olympia, 37, 107, 128, 143, 146-7, 152, 150, 171, 184, 202, 213, 331, 335.
Olympian games, 37, 108, 213, 334, 335.
Olympus, 47, 141, 160, 176.
Olympos, 37.
Onéirocritics, iii.
Oppers, lxxiv.
Orestes of Nero, 158.
Orestes, 156, 269.
Orities, lxxviii, 258, 287, 317.
Origen, xxiv-xxv, lxxvi, lxxvii, lxxviii.
Oríssae, 122.
Oríthya, 141.
Orphus, 133-4, 140, 321.
Orphaga, 122.
Ostia, 270.
Ostia, 173-4, 190.
Ox, Empedocles' effigy of, 2.
Oxydraceae, 75.
Pactolus, 249, 317.
Paeonia, 308.
Painting, see Art.
Palaimon, 109.
Palamedes, 100, 133, 137, 152, 236.
Pamphylia, 14, 43-4, 94.
Panhelena, 14, 247, 325.
Pandora, 250.
Panégyris, Dialogue on, 332-5.
Páenes, 92.
Pangaeus, Mt., 46.
Panonia, 127.
Panthers, 43-4.
Panthus, 305.
Paphos, 122.
Paracas, 90.
Paris, 136.
Parnasus, 214.
Parthenon at Athens, 51.
Patala, 122.
Patroclus, 136, 290.
Peasants, 1.
Peacock-fish, 85.
Pearl-fisheries, 122-4.
Pégaide, 122.
Pélops, 98.
Pelops, 105, 109.
Pepper-trees, 86.
Pergamum, 125, 130, 153.
Persephone, 328.
Persian Gulf, see Erythrean Sea.
Phaedimus, 131.
Phaedra, 200.
Phaenius, 153.
Phalaris, Epistles of, lvi, lxvi.
Phalerum, 137.
Pharion, 183.
Pheres, 101.
Phasis, 308.
Philip of Macedon, 37, 255, 258, 291.
Philip, the Arab, Emperor, lix.
Philicus of Thessaly, lxiv, lxxxvi.
Philicus, an Egyptian, 209-10.
Philicus of Melos, 321-2.
Philolaus, 154-5.
Philostratus, the, xxxiv-xlvi.
Philostratus, Flavius, xxix,
Index

xxxvi; called Tyrius, lxxxiv; his views, 244, 247, 292–3, 310.
Philostratus, Junior, xxxvii sq.
Philostratus, Lemnian, xxxv–xliv, lix, lv–vi, lxxx, lxxxv, cc.
Phrygia, 31.
Phrygian slaves, 319.
Phocis, 325.
Phoenicia, 247, 264.
Phoenician Sea, 101.
Phoenix, 120, 131.
Photicus, lxv.
Phyle, 247.
Pigmies, 119, 120, 204, 240.
Pindar, 241, 265.
Pindaric, 137, 179.
Philo, 190.
Plato, 2, 36, 154, 218, 238, 254–5.
Platonic, 6.
Plautius, lix, lxvi.
Pleistis, P, quoted, lxiii.
Pliny the Younger, xxvii.
Pitharch, xxvi.
Poetry, 305.
Polio, lix, lxix, cvii.
Polydamne, 276.
Polygnutus, 62, 222.
Polyphemus, 283.
Polyxena, 136.
Pomegranate, sacred to Hera, 147.
Pontic slaves, 319.
Posidus, 45.
Porphyry, lxxxvii, xci.
Porus, 54, 62–8, 83.
Poseidon, 252.
Poverty, love of, 237, 306; allure of, 167.

Praxiteles, 230.
Priam, 131–2.
Proclus of Nicias, lii.
Proclus, lxxvii.
Prodicus, lxxxiv, 215–16.
Professorships of Literature at Athens, lxv, lxxxv; at Rome, lxxxv.
Prometheus, 44.
Proteus, illi, 4, 101, 136, 276.
Pytho, 260, 327 (see also Diacarchia).
Pygmalion’s Olive, 167.
Pythagoras, 1–2, 13, 59, 97–8, 130, 135, 210, 216–18, 230, 237, 234, 327–9, 329.
life of, by Apollonius, xiii, lxxi, lxxii, lxxxvii.
Pythagoreans, xi, xxvii, 216–18, 320.
Pythonian games, 37, 143, 158.
Python (Delphi), 50, 143, 215, 221.
Python of Byzantium, 291–2.
Python of Thrace, 255.
Quadratus, xxvii.
Rains, Jar of the, 92–3.
Red Sea, 44 (see Erythraean).
Reitzenstein, xxvii.
Renan, xiv.
Rhea, 153.
Rhegium, 254.
Rhetoricians, 305, 336 (see also Sophistic).
Rhine, 312.
Rhodes, 180–2.
Righteousness, 102–3; Dialogue on, 235–8.
Index

Ritual murder, xlvi, 261, _318–24_.
Roman Empire, 40, 267.
Roman history and manners, 105, 197, 257.
‘Royal mainlands’, 49.
Rufus, lxviii, 295, 287, 317.
Rutherford quoted, lxxxvi.

Sabinus, 258.
Sages, the Indian, _see Brahmins._
Sais, 202.
Salamis, 109, 141.
Salse, Re, 166.
Samos, 127, 308.
Samothracian Mysteries, 234.
Sappho, 32.
Sardinia, 264.
Sardis, 249.
Sardones, 325.
Satyr, 241.
Sciences, classified, 305.
Scillus, 331.
Scopelianus of Clazomenae, lxxvi, civili, 25, 47.
Scylax, 120.
Scythes, 13.
Seleucia, 123.
Seleucus, King (Nicator), 40.
Seleucus of Cyzicus, 321.
Semeli, 50.
Senate, the Roman, 257.
Seneca, the Philosopher, xi, xlvii, cxx.
Seneca Rhetor, xx, lxx.
Severus, Alexander, la, lxxxi, lxxvi–viii.
Severus, Septimius, lix, lx–
lixi, lxvi, lxxvii.
Sicily, 150, 172–8, 260, 294, 331.
Silonius Apollinaris, _cl._
Silanus, 322.
Silence, Pythagorean discipline of, 2.
Simon Magus, lxxvii, _cl._
Simonides, 14.
Sirens, 222.
Sleep and Wine, 76–80.
Smyrna, 125, 127, 131, 259, 338.
Socrates, 3, 144, 165, 237, 236, 261, 298, 313, 314.
_See also_ Daemons._
Solon, 238.
Sophistic, lxx–lxxx.
Sophocles, 13, 96, 157, 257, 285, 313, 326.
Soterichus, _sci._
Speculatorium of the Brahmins, 121.
Sperchezus, 135.
Sperips, 36.
Sparta, _see_ Art._
Stature, 305 (_see_ Art._
Stephanus, lii, 338–9.
Stesichorus of Himera, 221.
Stobera, 123.
Storax-gum, 44.
Stratocles of Pharos, 213.
Stratocles of Sicily, 322.
Suda, xxxv, cxxv.
Sukhinos, 205.
Sunium, 101.
Susa, 18, 191.
Sybaris, 256.
Index

Syncretism, lviii, lxii-iii, lxxx, xc.
Synesius, xcv.
Syracuse, 174, 289, 231.
Syria, Governor of, 40.
Syrian cunning, lxii-iv.
Syrianism (see Syncretism), lx.
Tacitus, lvii-ix, 1, cxl.
Tallismans, cili (see Iynges).
Tanaïs, 251.
Tantalus, 103, 110, 122, 145, 258.
Tarentum, 258, 279.
Taraxus, 6, 11, 243, 246-7, 252.
Tauri, 254, 275.
Tauromeumum, 231.
Taurus Mountains, 20, 43-4.
Taxila, 54, 61-2, 82.
Taygetus, 149.
Teiresias, 257.
Telemachus, 245.
Telephus, lxv, 253.
Telesinus, 158-60, 169, 262, 322, 329.
Tellidae, 184.
Terpans, 169.
Teutullian, lvi, lx.
Testament of Apollonius, 289.
Tenerer, 168.
Thales, 46, 314.
Themistocles, 209-10.
Thebes, 50, 255-6.
Themistias, xvi.
Themistocles, 31, 167.
Theosophy, Theosophists, see Brahmins.
Thera, 153.
Thermopon, 281.
Thermopylae, 142.
Thesaurus, 164, 295.
Thespian, 213-19, 267.
Thessalians, 103, 134, 135, 141, 333.
Thessaly, 314.
Thebes, 98.
Thôn, 276.
Thraces, 255.
Thrasylalus (of Naucratis), 211-12, 225.
Thurii, 94, 130.
Tiber, 271, 297.
Tiberius, cxli, cxxi, 15, 189, 266.
Tides, 166.
Tigellinus, 161-3, 195, 256.
Tiger, sacred to the Sun, 70.
Tigris, 20.
Timasion, 206-12, 238, 240.
Timomachus, 66.
Timothimus, 165.
Titus, 243-7, 258.
Tmolus, 49, 239, 249.
Tragedy, see Aeschylus.
Tredwell, lvii, lxviii, lxxix.
Troglophyes, 119.
Trojans, 63, 135, 137, 184.
Trophonius, lvii, lxviii, 142, 335-5.
Troy, 97-9, 104, 123-6, 184, 236, 286, 290.
Trygon, the fish, 246.
Tuks, whether teeth or horns, 54-5.
Tyana, xv, lxix, lxvi-viii, lxxix, 4-5, 12, 22, 24, 341-3, 344 (see Apollonius).
Typhon, 174-7.
Tyre, lxxix.
Tyrrenian boats, 121.
Vardanes, 32, 31-43, 59-60, 82, 123.
Vespasian, xli, lxvi, 185.
Vesuvius, 186-207, 304-6, 317.
Vestal Virgins, 258.
Vindex, 172, 191, 195, 256.
Index

Vitellius, 173-4, 187-8, 190-2, 328.
Volcanic island by Thera, cxx.
Vopiscus, lxxxix, xciv-v.

Ulpian, lxxxvii.
Umbrella-feet, 119, 120, 240.

Water, Golden, 119.
Well of Detection, 92.
Winds, Jar of the, 92-3.
Wine and Sleep, 76-80.
Witches, 222.
Woman, a monstrous, 86.
Worm, white, 85.
Wundererzählungen, xxii, xxviii.

Xenophon, xxxv.
Xerxes, 26, 108, 109, 141, 170, 201.
Xystus, the, at Ephesus, 126.

Zeno, 254, 255.
Zephyrins, Pope, lxxvi.
Zeugma, 20, 40.
Zeus, Horkios, 5; Capito-
llinius, 188, 325.
Zeus Olympus, 15, 84, 147, 230, 331, 333.
Zeuxis, 82.
This book is a preservation photocopy.
It is made in compliance with copyright law
and produced on acid-free archival
60# book weight paper
which meets the requirements of

Preservation photocopying and binding
by
Acme Bookbinding
Charlestown, Massachusetts

2002