Daphnis and Chloe

by Longus

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Introduction

DAPHNIS & CHLOE

By LONGUS.

Translated out of Greek by GEORGE THORNLEY Anno. 1657

Daphnis and Chloe A Most Sweet, and Pleasant Pastorall ROMANCE for Young Ladies. by Geo: Thornley, Gent

Humili Casd nihil antiquius, nihil nobilius Sen. Philos.

London, Printed for John Carfeild, at the Sign of the Rolling Presse for Pictures near the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, over against Popes-Head-Alley, 1657.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To Young Beauties

This little, pleasant Laundschip of Love, by its own destiny and mine, belongs moat properly to your fair eyes, and hands, and happier laps. And then, who would not lay his legge over a book; although that, sometimes, has been the complaint of a Schollar's solitude? But hold! There is nothing here to that purpose, but what LycÃ¦nium taught her Schollar in the Wood: Here Cupid is a Shepherd: Pan, a Souldier: Chloe, a maid, of whom Love would write a storie: a Youth, the Darling of the Nymphs: Love caught robbing an Orchard; and his own Herald from a Myrtle Grove. Here are Pipes that drown Pirats; others reduceing a Captive maid; paaorall

Festivalls, and Games. The ceremonies, customes, and manners of the ancient Greekes; with a delightfull interspersion of their old and sweet Tales: And in short; nothing to vex you, unlesse perchance, in your own conscience. Chloe knew well enough (though the Author makes her simple) what, and where, her Fancie was; and Daphnis too, needed not LvcÃ¦nium's Lanthorn to a plakit, or to follow Will with the wispe. But hark you Lady; and I will tell you a storie; one I had at a Tavern vesper; a Dialogue from a Summer shade. A boy, and a Girle were gott thither together: The boy opened his shop, and drew out all a young beginner had to show: The Girle askt him, what it was: The boy said, It was his purse: the Girlie looked upon her selfe; And, if that be thy purse; Then (quoth she) my purse is curt. And these are parallells to the simple ruralls here. But what say you to that Tradition of the Hebrewes; That a very wise man, knew not the way of a Serpent upon a Rock, nor of a young man with a maid? And those that say, Nicaula SabÃ¦a had like to have puzzled him quite, with Boyes and Girles in the same dresse, but that he made them wash before him, and found out (as you do) all the Boyes, by a stronger kind of rubbing. But besides; it is so like your owne either simplicitie, or Art, you cannot but approve it here. You do not know what we meane, when we speak as plain as day. And now you have an Author too (which you never had before) to prove you do not counterfeit; The sophist in his third book; a man of great Authoritie; a Magistrate among the maids. For this, I have deserved a kisse of every sweet ingenious Girle; and if I find that this book lyes nearer to you, then the other Romances do, those of the affected twirling tongue; I shall trie, either to find, or ideate, somewhat for you, that for its various invention, intertexture, and the style; shall be composed, examin'd, and sent to your hands, by the test of Musick, beautie, Pleasure, and Love.

Your loving Servant, GEO. THORNLEY.

TO THE CRITICALL READER

The Pastorals of Longus Sophista, to my knowledge have bin signed with the Youthful Emeralds of some of our own, most excellent, sparky, astrall Wits. But Those have kept within their own Ingenious, quiet Cortina, and have not come abroad by their Pens; and therefore I shall give you Testimonies to the Drama in hand, as from the Laureats of other Countreys. Angelus Politian an Eloquent Italian, in his Books of Miscellanies: Quatuor (sayes he) extant GrÃ¦cÃ¨ nimis quÃ m Libelli elegantes, PÃ¦menicaton Titulo. There are extant in the Greek four very spruce Books under the Title of PÅcemenica, and I am sure he meant These, for that's the Title to the Four; and there are no other Extant. Other Erotic Writers indeed there are; AristinÅtus, Achilles Tatius, Heliodorus, Eustathius, or Eumathius, as others call him; but not under that Title. Longi liber lectu Dignissimus; and again, Dulcissimus ac Suavissimus Scriptor, is the language Maretus gives him. Longus his Book is very well worth reading: A most sweet, and pleasant Writer. And now for him speaks the Tripos of the World; so the Criticks call their Joseph Scaliger; and indeed in my Judgment, he has hit him to a hair: Auctor est AmÃ¦nissimus, et Character eo melior, quo Simplicior. He is an Author pleasant as the Spring: pleasant as Groves, Launs, Hills, Vales, Eccho's, soft winds; and his style, or Character, so much the better, by how much the more Simple, and rurall. Heinsius too gives him the Venus. Longo Sophista Nil Venustius. And besides these, the Patriarch Photius, very well might be cited hither too, to the Assertion of the Book, where he speaks of the Greek Erotic Writers, though but to the generall; and gives a breviary of Antonius Diogenes his book, Of the wonderful, Incredible Things beyond Thule; and tell us, that That book was the Fountain of all Writings of this kind; but I had rather (if an Ingenuous man, when he has satisfied himself, may speak what he thinks of his own Work) close up this discourse with our Author's own words: ÏÎµÌÏÏÎ±ÏÎ±Ã§ ÃÃÃÎ»Ï Ã§ Æ+ÍÎ¾ÎµÏÏ Î·ÏÎ¬Î¼Î·Ï , AÏ Î¬ÎÎ·Î¼Î± Î¼ÎµÏ 'EÏÏÏÎ¹, ÎºÎ±Î¹Ì NÏ ÌÎ¼ÎÎ±Î¹Ã§, IIÎ¬Ï Î¹; ÎºÏÎ·ÌÎ¼Î± Î´ÎµÌ ÏÎµÏÏÏ È¯Ï ÏÎ±ÏÎ¹Ï á¼Ï

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I drew up these four Books; A Perpetual Oblation to Love; In Everlasting Anathema, Sacred to Pan, and the Nymphs; and, A Delightfull Possession even for all. But here comes a Snapdragon Objection from a Poetaster in the way; and he would spoil our Poetry, as Prophetasters do Theologie. These Books (sayes he) are handsome in the Greek, but in our Saxon (make the best) it cannot be. Our Pastorall Doricque (Sir) has shewn it self in verse, and prose, fine as Arcadian Holy-dayes,...But there is another ftill. To imagine Children exposed, (the very basis of the book) is not at all for this Age, an Age wiser far then that. It may be so; For Ãsculapius had always a great beard, though his Father Apollo never had any. Did you never leave any your self to Saint Antholin's or Greggs? Then read the Stories of the East and South, and you shall find many Children, both exposed, and Fortunate. This. . . . enough to face the Cuffs of this Book; and make me laugh in me sleeve if any man require more.

Yours to serve you, GEO: THORNLEY.

Upon the Most Ancient and Elegant Poem of Daphnis and Chloe, accurately and deliciously rendered by his Learned Friend Mr. George Thornley.

To the Reader

As flesh and Fish and Plants thy Body feed, (Gentle Sweet Reader) so thy Mind has need, With Speakings, Writings, Printings to be fed, And fresh-suggested Notions nourished.

And as our Rabbies of severest brow, Not only food to keep thee live, allow, But to delight thee many daintie dishes, Of Flesh and Fruit, or Pastorall and Fishes, By Art compos'd; So, that thou have, 'tis fit, Custards, Tarts, Puf-pasts, Florentines of wit, For to refresh the Palate of thy mind, And to divert those rugged cares that grind And fret thy Heart and overtire thy Braine; Mingling delight (as Cato bids) with Paine. See here, of GrÃ¦cian Turtle Dovesa paire, Dish't up in White-Broath, by the witty care Of learned Longus, and our Thornlyes Art; Whose Alchemie is able to

convert The GrÃ¦cian Silver into English Gold, And all the Elegancies to unfold, Of that sweet language. Come and sit awhile, And let these innocent Lovers make thee smile.

R. W.

Upon the Author

Ofter the Scaligers and Heinsius name, Aur Critick-CÃ¦sars, who can raise thy fame, Great Sophist? unlesse Colledges, and the Pen Of all our best new University men, If yet in all their Libraries there be So much of the Arts left as to praise thee. Let them their Aristotle himself rehearse, And prove thy worth by Syllogisms in verse; And then Conclude, None truly can declare The Sophists praise but the great Sophister.

JAMES WRIGHT.

Upon the Translator

You're prodigal, Sir, and give more then our due; For you translate Longus and Lesbos too: That Island's now turnd English, and we see Greek Mitylene made of London free; Both Citties speat one Language, and our stock Of sheep first sure were brought from Chloes Flock. For when I see the Lesbian Dorick Fleece Spun to so fine an English thred from Greece; I straight conclude, The Sheep, the Wool's the same. And differ not in goodnesse but in name. Only I with Lycamium and her Goose Had still spoke Greek; and not her selfe prov'd loose, And publike too: For sure a dimme eye may, See through her thick dark Grove too much of day; And I, who yet am young, thus censure can, The Book thee Scholar speaks, the Grove a man.

JAMES WRIGHT.

A Summary of the First Book

The Sophist sees a picture of curious Interpretation in the Island Lesbos. And he

describes it in four Books. The Situation of Mitylene (the Scene of the Story,) is drawn. Lamo a Goat-herd following a Goat that neglected her kid, finds an Infant-boy Exposed, with fine Accoutrements about him, takes him away, keeps him, and names him Daphnis. Two years after, Dryas a Shepherd, looking for a sheep of his, found in the Cave of the Nymphs a Girle of the very same fortune; brings her up, and calls her Chloe. Dryas and Lamo, warned by dreams, send forth the Exposed children together, to keep their flocks. They are joyfull, and play away their time. Daphnis running after a hee-goat, falls unawares together with him into a Trapditch made for a Wolf: but is drawn up alive, and well. Dorco the Herdsman asks of Dryas, Chloe for his wife; but all in vain.

Therefore disguised in a Woolfs-skin, he thinks to seize her from a Thicket, and carry her away by force; but the flock-doggs fall upon him.

Daphnis and Chloe are variously affected. Daphnis tells the Tale of the Stock-dove. The Tyrian Pyrats plunder the fields, and carry away Daphnis. Chloe not knowing what to do, runs up to Dorco, whom she finds a dying of his wounds; he gives her a Pipe of wonderful powers; she playes on it, and the Oxen and Cowes, that were carried away, turn over the Vessell; They and Daphnis swim to the Land, while the armed Pyrats drown. Then they bury poor Dorco, and return to their wonted game.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

The First Book

THE FIRST BOOK

When I was hunting in Lesbos, I saw in the Grove of the Nymphs, a Spectacle, the most beauteous, and pleasing of any, that ever yet I cast my eyes upon. It was an

Icon, or varied picture, reporting a History of Love. The Grove indeed was very pleasant, thick set with trees, and starr'd with flowers every where; and water'd all from one Fountain, with divers MÃ¦anders and Rills. But that picture, as having in it, not onely an excellent, and wonderfull piece of Fortune, but also the Art of Ancient Love, was far more amiable. And therefore many foreigners enchanted by the fame of it, came as much to see that, as in devotion to the Nymphs. There were figured in it, young women in the posture of teeming their babes: there were others swaddling children that were exposed, children which by the destiny of the draught, did then tend their flocks of Sheep and Goats; there were many Shepherds slain; young men banded together; Incursions of Theeves; Impressions of Enemies; Inroads of armed men. When I had seen with admiration these, and many other Things, but all belonging to the sweet, or to the dangerous affairs of Love; I had a mighty Instigation to write something, as to answer that Picture. And therefore, when I had carefully sought, and found an Interpreter of the Image, I drew up these four Books; A Perpetuall Oblation to Love; an everlasting Anathema, Sacred to Pan and the Nymphs; and a Delightful Possession, even for all men. For this will cure him that is sick; and rouze him that is in dumps; one that has loved, it will remember of it; one that has not, it will instruct. For there was never any yet that wholly could escape Love, and never shall there be any: never, so long as beauty shall be; never, so long as eyes can see.--But help me God to write with wisdom and proportion, the Passions, and wonderfull fortunes of others; and while I write of their Loves, keep me in my own right Wits.

Mitylene is a City in Lesbos, and by ancient Titles of honour, it is the Great, and Fair Mitylene. For it is distinguisht, and divided (the Sea flowing in) by a various Euripus, and is adorn'd with many Bridges built of white and polisht Marble. You would not think you saw a City, but an Iland in an Iland. From this Mitylene some twenty furlongs, there lay a Mannor of a certain rich Lord, the most sweet and pleasant prospect under all the Eyes of Heaven. There were Mountains, stored with

wild Beasts for Game; there were Hills, and Banks that were spread with Vines; the Fields abounded with all sorts of Corn; the Valleys with Orchards, and Gardens, and purles from the Hills; The Pastures with Sheep, and Goats, and Kine; the Sea billows dashed to the shore as it lay extended along in an open horizon, with a soft and glittering sand. In this sweet Countrey, the field and farm of Mitylene a Goat-herd dwelling, by name Lamo, found an Infant-boy exposed; by such a chance (it seems) as this. There was a Laun, and in it a place of thick Groves, and many brakes, all lined with wand'ring Ivie, the inner ground furred over with a finer sort of grasse, and on that the Infant lay. A Goat coming often hither, neglecting still her own Kid, to attend the wretched child. Lamo observes her frequent outs and Discursations, and pittying that the Kid should be so forsaken, follows her even at high-noon; and anon he sees the Goat walking carefully about the child, holding up, and setting down her feet softly, lest she should chance to tread upon it, or to hurt it with her hooves; and the Infant drawing milk as from the breast of a kind mother. And wondering at it, (as well he might) he comes nearer, and finds it a manchild, a lusty boy, and beautifull; with pretious accoutrements about him, the monuments and admonitions of a secret noble Stem. His mantle, or little Cloak was purple, fastened with a Golden button; and by his side, a little dagger, the handle polisht Ivory. He thought at first to take away the fine Things, and take no thought about the child. But afterwards conceiving shame within himself if he should not imitate the kindnesse and philanthropy that he had seen in that Goat, waiting till the night came on, he brings all to Myrtale his Wife, the boy, his pretious Trinkets, and the Goats. But Myrtale all amazed at This, What (quoth she) do Goats cast boyes? Then he fell to tell her all; namely, how he had found him Exposed; how suckled, how overcome by meer shame he could not leave the sweet child to dye in that forsaken thicket. And therefore when he discerned Myrtale was of his mind, the things exposed together with him, are laid up carefully and hid; they say the boy's their own child, and put him to the Goat to nurse. And that his name might be indeed a Shepherds

name, they agreed to call him Daphnis. And now when two years time was past, a shepherd of the neighbouring fields, had the luck to see such sights and find such rarities as Lamo did. There was a NymphÃ¦um, a solitary, sacred Cave of the Nymphs, a huge rock, hollow and vaulted within, but round without. The Statues, or Images of the Nymphs were cut out most curiously in stone, barefooted, and bare-legg'd; their arms naked up to the shoulders; all their hair loose and playing carelessly, their eyes and lips smiting the MÅdiama, the proper sweetnesse of the Nymphs; their vests, and lawnie-petticoats tied, and tuckt up at the waste. The whole presence made a figure as of a divine ammusing Dance, or Masque. The mouth, and sieling of the Cave reacht the midst of that great rock. And from below out of the Chasme, gusht a strong Chrystal Fountain into a fair current or brook, and made before the holy Cave, a fresh green, and flowery Mead. There were hanged up, and consecrated there, the milking-pailes of fair Maids; Shepherds-pipes, ho-boyes, whistles, and reeds, the Gifts and Anathema's of the ancient Shepherds. To this Cave the often gadding of an Ewe, made the Shepherd often think, that she undoubtedly was lost. Desiring therefore to correct the straggler, and reduce her to her rule; of a green With, he made a snare, and lookt to catch her in the Cave. But when he came there, he saw things he never dreamed of. For he saw her giving suck from her duggs in a very humane manner; and an Infant, without crying, greedily to lay, first to one dugge, then the t'other, a most neat and fair mouth: for when the Child had suckt enough, the careful Nurse lickt it still, and trimmed it up. That Infant was a Girle, and in such manner as before, was trickt and harnessed out with fine and rich advertisements of her origin and Extraction: on her head she wore a Mitre embroider'd with Gold; her shoes were Gilded; her blankets and Mantle cloth of Gold. Wherefore Dryas thinking with himself that this could not come about without the providence of the Gods, and learning mercy from the Sheep, takes her up into his arms, puts her Monuments into his Scrip, and prayes to the Nymphs he may happily preserve, and bring up, their Suppliant, and Votary. Now therefore when it was time

to drive home his flocks, he comes to his Cottage, and tells all, that he had seen, to his Wife; shews her what he had found; bids her think she is her daughter; and however, nurse her up, though uncertain, though unknown. Nape, that was her name, began presently to be a Mother, and with a kind of Jealousie would appear to love the Child, lest that Ewe should get more praise; and all in haste gives her the pastoral Name of Chloe, to assure us, it's their own. These Infants, grew up apace, and still their beauty appeared too excellent to suit with rusticks, or derive at all from Clowns. And Daphnis now is fifteen, and Chloe younger two years. Upon a night Lamo and Dryas had their visions in their sleep. They thought they saw those Nymphs, the Goddesses of the Cave, out of which the Fountain gusht out into a stream; and where Dryas found Chloe; That they delivered Daphnis and Chloe to a certain young boy, very disdainfull, very fair; one that had wings at his shoulders, wore a bowe, and little darts; and that this boy did touch them both with the very self-same dart; and commanded it from thenceforth, one should feed his flock of Goats; the other keep her flock of sheep. This dream being dreamed by both, they could not but conceive grief, to think that Daphnis and Chloe should be nothing but Goat-herds like themselves, when they had read them better fortune from their Infant Swaddling cloaths; and for that cause, had both allowed them bolted bread, with a finer sort of meat, and bin at charge to teach them to read a ballad in the Lesbian Tongue; and whatsoever things were passing brave, among the rurall Swains and Girls. Yet neverthelesse it seemed fit, that the Mandats of the Gods concerning them, who by their providence were saved, should be attended, and obeyed. And having told their dreams to one another, and sacrificed in the cave of the Nymphs to that winged boy (for his name they knew not yet:) They set them out Shepherds with their flocks; and to every thing instructed: how to feed before high-noon, and when the scorching Glare declined; when to drive their flocks to water; when to bring them to the folds; what cattell was disciplin'd with the Crook; what commanded by the Voice. And now this pretty pair of young Shepherds, are as

jocund in themselves as if they had got some great Empire, while they sit looking over their goodly flocks; and with more than usual kindnesse, treated both the Sheep and Goats. For Chloe thankfully referred her preservation to a Sheep: and Daphnis had not forgot to acknowledge his to a Goat.

It was the beginning of Spring, and all the flowers of the Launs, Meadowes, Valleyes, and Hills, were now blowing; all was fresh, and green, and odorous. The Bee's humming from the flowers, the Bird's warbling from the groves, the Lamb's skipping on the hills, were pleasant to the ear, and eye. And now when such a fragrancy had filled those blest and happy fields, both the old men and the young, would imitate the pleasant things they heard, and saw; and hearing how the birds did chant it, they began to carroll too; and seeing how the Lambs skipt, tript their light and nimble measures; then to emulate the Bees, they fall to cull the fairest flowers. Some of which in toysome sport they cast in one anothers bosoms, and of some plaited Garlands for the Nymphs. And always keeping near together, had, and did all things in common: for Daphnis often gathered in the straggling sheep; and Chloe often drove the bolder ventrous Goats from the crags, and precipices; and sometimes to one of them, the care of both the flocks was left, while the other did intend some pretty knack, or Toysome play. For all their sport, were sports of children, and of Shepherds. Chloe scudding up and down, and here and there picking up the windlestrawes; would make in plats, a Trap to catch a Grasshopper; and be so wholly bent on that, that she was carelesse of her flocks. Daphnis on the other side, having cut the slender reeds, and bored the quils, or intervals between the joynts, and with his soft wax joyned and fitted one to another; took no care but to practise, or devise some tune, even from morning, to the twilight. Their wine, and their milk, and whatever was brought from home to the fields, they had still in common. And a man might sooner see all the Cattel separate from one another, then he should Chloe and Daphnis, asunder. But while they are thus playing away their time, to sweeten pleasure, afterwards Love procures them these Cares: A Wolf that had a kennel of

whelps, came often ravenous upon the fields, and bore away many cattel, because she needed much prey, to keep her self and those cubs. The Villagers therefore meet together, and in the night they dig a ditch of a propor-tinall Length, and Depth, and Breadth; the earth flung up they scatter all abroad at a good distance, by handfulls; and laying over-crosse the Chasm, long, dry, and rotten sticks, they strow them over with that earth which did remain: that if a Hare did but offer to run there, she could not choose but break those rods, that were as brittle as the stubble; and then would easily make it known, that that indeed was not true, but only Counterfeited Soil. Many such Trap-ditches were digg'd in the Mountains, and the fields; yet they could not take this Wolf, (for she could perceive the Sophi-stick, and commentitious ground:) but many of the Sheep and Goats were there destroyed; and there wanted but a little, that Daphnis too was not slain; and it was on this chance: Two he-goats were exasperated to fight, and the shock was furious. One of them, by the violence of the very first Butt, had one of his horns broke; upon the pain and grief of that, all in a fret and mighty chase, he betakes himself to flight: but the victor pursuing him close, would not let him take breath. Daphnis was vext to see the horn broke, and that kind of malepertnesse of the Goat; up he catches his club and pursues the pursuer. But, as it frequently happens when one hastes away as fast as possibly he can, and the other with ardency pursues; there was no certain prospect of the things before them, but into the Trapditch both fall, first the Goat, then Daphnis. And indeed it was only this that served to save poor Daphnis, that he flunder'd down to the bottome of the ditch a cock-horse on the rough Goat. There in a lamentable case he lay, waiting, if perchance it might be some body to draw him out. Chloe seeing the accident, away she flyes to weep over Daphnis his grave, and found he was alive, though buried there, and calls for help to a herdsman of the adjoyning fields. When he was come, he bustled about for a long Cord: but finding none, Chloe in a tearing haste, pulls off her hair-lace and her fillet, gives him them to let down; and standing on the pit brim, both began to draw and hale; and Daphnis holding fast by

it, nimbly followed Chloe's line, and so ascended to the Top. They drew up too the wretched Goat, which now had both his horns broke (so fiercely did the revenge of the victor pursue him,) and they gave him to the herdsman as a reward of the rescue, and redemption of their lives. And if any body mist him at home, they would say it was the Invasion of the Wolf: and so returned to their Sheep and Goats. And when they had found that all were feeding orderly, according to the precepts of Lamo and Dryas; sitting down upon the Trunk of an Oak, they began curiously to search, whether he had hurt any limb in that terrible fall; but nothing was hurt, nothing bloodied; onely his head, his bosome, and some other parts, were durtied by the soil which covered over, and hid the Trap. And therefore they thought it best before the accident was made known to Lamo and Myrtale, that he should wash himself in the Cave of the Nymphs. And coming three together with Chloe, he gives her his Scrip, his Jacket, and his Shirt to hold while he washt. But it happened that in an Agonie that one kisse had cast him into, he fell to mutter with himself, such fancies as these. Whither, in the name of the Nymphs, will that kisse of Chloe drive me? Her lips are softer than Roses, and sweeter than the honeycombs of the Launs, and Meadowes; but her kisse stings like a Bee. I have often kist the young kids; I have kist a pretty whippet, the whelp of Melampo; and that Calf which Dorco gave me; but this kisse is a new thing. My heart leaps up to my lips; my spirit sparckles, and my soul melts; and yet I am mad to kisse her again. Oh what a mischievous Victory is this! Oh what a disease, whose name I know not! Did Chloe take poyson before she kist me? How then is she not dead? How sweetly sing the Nightingales, while my pipe hangs on yonder pine? How wantonly the Kids skip, and I lie still upon the ground? How sweetly do the flowers grow, and I neglect to make garlands? So it is, the Violet, Hyacinth, and the Cowslips flourish; but alas, Daphnis, Daphnis withers! And will it come at length to this, that Dorco shall appear hereafter handsomer then I to Chloe? These Passions and Complaints the good Daphnis felt, and murmured to himself, as now first beginning to taste of the works and language of Love. But Dorco the

Herdsman observing when Dryas planted his Scyons near the palmits or spreading branches of the Vines, came to him with certain cheeses, and his wooing and wedding Pipes about him: the Cheeses he presented him withall, as one who had long been his acquaintance and friend, when he himself tended Cattel. And taking his rise from thence, he cast in words about the marrying of Chloe, and if he might have her to his Wife, promised many and great Gifts, according to the Estate of Herdsmen; a yoake of Oxen for the plough, four hives of Bees; fifty choyse young Appletrees; a good Bull-Hide to make Shooes; every year a weaned Calf: so that it wanted but a little, that, allured by these Gifts, Dryas did not promise Chloe. But when he had recollected himself, and found the Maid deserved a better husband; and likewise, that he had reason to fear, lest at any time being deprehended to have taken away the exposed Child, he should fall into a mischief, from which he could no way then escape; he desires to be excused, denyes the Marriage, rejects the Gifts. But Dorco falling from his hope, and losing his Cheeses, resolves with himself to lay his clutches upon Chloe, if ever he could catch her alone. And having observed, that every day, sometimes Daphnis, sometimes the Girle, drove the flocks to watering; he practised a Trick not unbecoming one that tended a herd of Cattel. He took the skin of a huge Wolf, which formerly the Bull, fighting for the herd, had killed with his horns, and flung it o're his back, and it dangled down to his feet; so that the fore-feet were drawn on his hands, the hinder, over his thighs to his heels; and the Gaping of the mouth covered his head, like the helmet of an armed man. When he was got into this Lycanthropy, as well as possibly he could; he makes to the Fountain where the flocks, after their feeding, used to drink. But that Fountain lay in a Bottom, and about it all the place, was rough with bushes, thorns, brakes, thistles, and the brush Juniper; so that indeed, a true Wolf might very well lye lurking there. Therefore when he had hid himself, he waited the time when the Cattel were driven thither to drink, and conceived no small hope, that in the habit of a Wolf (a beast that scares our voice away;) he should snap the poor Chloe. After a while she left

Daphnis shaking down green leaves for the Goats, and drove her flocks down to the Fountain. But the flock-dogs following Chloe, and barking at Dorco, who had moved himself and rusled in the brakes, because he perceived they were hot on the Sent; fell on him furiously as on a Wolf; and before he could wholly rise from the lurk, because of the suddain consternation, all-to-towsed the Wolf-Dorco, and gave him many a sharp nip. However, fearing lest he should be manifestly discovered, blamed, and shamed, guarding himself as he could, with the skin, he lay close and still in the thicket. But when Chloe was feared at the first sight of she knew not what, and cryed out to Daphnis for help; the doggs soon tore his vizard off, tattered the skin, and bit him soundly. Then he roared and cried out amain, and begged for help of Daphnis and Chloe. They rated off the doggs with their usual known recalls; and lead Dorco, who was torn in the shoulder and the Thigh to the Fountain, &c., where they found the doggs had left the print of their teeth. There sweet Chloe gently washt, and chewing in her mouth, the green ryne of the Elme, applyed it softly to his wounds. Now, because of their unskilfulnesse in amorous adventures, they thought Dorco's disguising, and hiding of himself, was nothing else but a Pastoral pranck, and were not at all moved at it; but endeavouring first, to cheer and erect him with the gentle language of pitty, and leading him by the hand some part of his way, they bid him farewell, and dismist him.

But Daphnis and Chloe had much ado to get together, before it was late in the evening, their scattered, straggling Sheep and Goats. For they were terrified with the wolfs-skin, and the fierce barking, and baying of the dogs; and some ran up the steeps craggs; some ran on rucks, and hurried down to the Sea-shore: although they were taught, not only to obey the voice, and be quieted by the pipe, but to be driven up together, even by the clapping of the hands. But fear had cast in an oblivion of all: so that at length with much stirre, following their steps, like Hares by the foot; they drave them home to their own folds. That night alone Daphnis and Chloe slept soundly, and found, that weariness was some kind of remedy for the passion of

Love. But as soon as the day appeared, they fell again to these fits. When they saw one another, they were passing joyful; and sad, if it chanced, that they were parted; in their grief they were voluntiers, and yet they knew not what they would have. Only this one thing they knew, that kissing had destroyed Daphnis, and bathing had undone Chloe. Now besides this, the season of the year inflamed and burnt them. For now the cooler spring was ended, and the Summer was ended, and the Autumn was come on, and all things were got to their highest flourishing akme and, vigour; the tree with their fruits, the fields with standing Corn. Sweet then, was the singing of the Grasshoppers; sweet was the odour of the fruits; and not unpleasant, the very bleating of the sheep. A man would have thought that the very rivers by their gentle gliding away, did sing; and that the softer gales of wind, did play, and whistle on the pines; that the Cattel, as languishing with love, lay down and slumbered on the ground; and that the Sun, as a lover of beauty, unvailed, did strive to undresse, and turn the ruralls all naked. By all these was Daphnis inflamed; and therefore often he goes to the Rivers and Brooks, there to bathe and cool himself, and often he drinks of the clear purls, as thinking by that, to quench his inward Caum, and scorching. When Chloe had spent much time, because the flyes were importune, and vexatious, to milk the Sheep, and the Goats, and to curdle, and presse it into smaller Cheeses; she washt her self, and crowned her head with pineboughes; and when she had girt her Kidskin about her, she took a piggin, and with wine and milk, she made a Sillibub for her dear Daphnis and herself. When it grew towards noon, they fell to their fascination, or catching of one another, by their eyes. For Chloe seeing Daphnis naked, thought she had fallen on the most sweet and florid beauty, and therefore could not choose but melt, as being not able to find in him the least moment to dislike or blame. Daphnis again if he saw Chloe in her Kidskin, and her Pine coronet, give him the Sillibub to drink, thought he saw one of the Nymphs, the fairest of the holy Cave. Therefore taking off her pine, he would put it on his own head; and when he had kist it o're and o're, set it upon hers again. And Chloe, when

he was naked and bathing, would take up his vest, and when she kist it, put it on upon her self. Sometimes they flung apples at one another, sometimes they drest, and distinguisht one anothers hair, into curious trammels, and locks. And Chloe likened Daphnis his hair, to the Myrtle, because it was black: Daphnis again, because her face was white and ruddy, compared it to the fairest Apple. He taught her too, to play on the pipe, and always when she began to blow, would catch the pipe away from her lips, and run it presently o're with his: he seemed to teach her when she was out, but with that specious pretext, by the pipe, he kist Chloe. But it happened, when he played on his pipe at noon, and the Cattel took shade, that Chloe fell unawares asleep. Daphnis observed it, and laid down his Pipe; and without any shame or fear, was bold to view her all over, and every limb, insatiably; and withall, spoke softly thus:

What sweet Eyes are those that sleep? How sweetly breathes that rosie mouth? The Apples smell not like to it, nor the flowery launes, and thickets. But I am afraid to kisse her. For her Kisse stings to my heart, and makes me mad, like new honey. Besides, I fear, lest a Kisse should chance to wake her. O ye prating Grasshoppers, ye make a noyse to break her sleep! And the Goats beside are fighting, and they clatter with their hornes. Yee Wolves, worse dastards then the Foxes, come and ravish them away. While he was muttering this passion, a Grasshopper that fled from a Swallow, took Sanctuary in Chloe's bosome, and the pursuer could not take her; but her wing, by reason of her close pursuit, flapt the girle upon the cheek; but she not knowing what was done, cryed out, and started from her sleep. But when she saw the Swallow flying near by, and Daphnis laughing at her fear, she began to give it over, and rub her eyes that yet were sleeping. The Grasshopper sang out of her bosome, as if her suppliant were now giving thanks for the protection. Therefore Chloe again squeakt out; but Daphnis could not hold laughing, nor passe the opportunity, to put his hand into her bosome, and draw forth the Grasshopper, which still did sing even in his hand. When Chloe saw it, she was pleased, and put it in her

bosome again, and it prattled all the way. But besides these, the Stock-dove did delight them too; and sang from the Woods, her bucolic's. But Chloe desiring to know, askt Daphnis what that complaint of the Stock-dove meant; and he told her the tradition of the ancient Shepherds. The Stock-dove (Chloe) was once a very fair Maid, as thou thy self now art; and in the flower of her age, kept her herds, as thou dost thine. She was skilfull in Musick, and her herds were so taken with her voice and pipe, that they needed not the discipline of the staffe, or goad: but sitting under a pine, and wearing, a coronet of the same, she would sing of Pan and Pitys, and her cowes, would never wander out of her voyce. There was a Youth that kept his herd not far off; and he was fair, and Musical, and not inferiour to the maid: but, as he tryed with all his skill, to emulate her notes and tones; he played a higher strain, as a male, and yet sweet, as being a boy; and so allured, from the maids Herd, eight of her best Cowes, to his own. She took it ill that her herd was so diminisht, and in very deep disdain, that she was his inferiour at the art; and presently prayed to the gods, that she might be transformed to a Bird, before she did return home. The gods consent, and turn her into a mountain-bird, because the Maid did haunt there; and Musicall, as she had been: And singing still, to this day, she publishes her heavy chance, and demands her Cowes again. Such delights and pleasures as these, the Summer time entertained them withall. But when Autumme was come in, and the grapes were ripe, the Tyrian Pyrats, in a Carian Vessel, lest perchance they should seem to be Barbarrians, sailed up to the fields; and coming ashore, armed with swords, and half-corslets, fell to rifle, plunder, and carry away the best of all that came to hand; the fragrant wines, great store of grain, the most pretious of the honey-combs. Some oxen too they drove away from Dorco's herd, and took Daphnis as he wandered near the Sea. For Chloe, as a Maid, was fearfull of the fierce and surly Shepherds; and therefore, till it was somewhat later, drove not out the flocks of Dryas. And when they saw the young man was proper and handsome, and of a higher price than any of their other prey, they thought it not worth their staying

longer about the Goats, or other fields, and hall'd him aboard, lamenting, and not knowing what to do, and calling loud and often, on the name of Chloe. But they, when they had loosed from the shore, and cast in their Oars, when Chloe had brought out her sheep, and with her, a new pipe, that was sent to Daphnis, made in haste away to Sea. When Chloe saw the Goats in a hurry, and heard Daphnis louder and louder call Chloe, she presently casts off all care of her flocks, flings the pipe on the ground, and runs amain for help to Dorco But he being cruelly wounded by the theeves, and breathing yet a little, his blood gushing out, was laid along upon the ground. Yet seeing Chloe, and a little spark of his former love being awakened in him; Chloe, (said he) I shall now presently dye: for, alas, those cursed Theeves, as I fought for my Herd, have kill'd me, like an Oxe. But do thou preserve our Daphnis, and in their sudden destruction, take vengeance for me, on the Rogues. I have accustomed my Herd to follow the sound of this Pipe, and to obey the charm of it, although they feed a good way off me. Come hither then, and take the pipe, and blow that tune, which I heretofore taught Daphnis, and Daphnis thee, and call'd it Dorco. Leave the care of what shall follow, to the pipe, and Cowes alone. And to thee, Chloe, I give this Pipe; this Pipe, by which I have often conquered many Herdsmen, many Goatherds. But, for this, come, and kisse me, (sweet Chloe) while I am yet awhile alive; and when I am dead, weep a tear or two o're me: and if thou seest some other tending my Herd, upon these Hills, I pray thee, then remember Dorco.

Thus spake Dorco, and received his last Kisse; and together with the Kisse, and his voyce, breathed out his Soul. But Chloe taking the pipe, and putting it to her lips, began to play and whistle, as loud as possibly she could: The Cowes aboard the Pyrats presently hear, and acknowledge the Musick; and with one bounce, and a huge bellowing, shoot themselves impetuously into the Sea. By that violent bounding on one of her sides, the Pinnace toppled, and the Sea gaping from the bottom, by the fall of the Cowes in, the Surges on a suddain return, and sink her

down, and all that were in her, but with unequal hope of escape. For the Theeves. had their Swords on, with their sealed, and nailed Corslets, and were booted up to the middle of their thighs. But Daphnis was barefoot, as he was wont to go in the fields, it being yet the heat of Summer. Wherefore they when they had swom a little while, were carried by their arms to the bottom. Daphnis on the other side, easily got off his clothes; and yet was much puzzled to swim, because he had been used before onely to the brooks and Rivers. But at length, being taught by Necessity what was best for him to do, he rushes into the midst of the Cowes, and on his right, and left, laid hold on two of their horns; and so without trouble or pain, was carried between them to the Land, as if he had driven a falcked Chariot. And thus poor Daphnis was preserved, escaping beyond hope, two dangers at once, ship-wrack, and latrociny. When he was out, he found Chloe laughing, and crying; and, casting himself into her arms, askt her what she meant, when she piped and whistled so loud. Then she told him all that had happened; how she scutled up to Dorco; how the Cowes, had been accustomed; how she was bidden to play on the pipe; and that their friend Dorco was dead; onely for shame she told him not of that Kisse. They thought then that it was their duty to honour their great benefactor, who so highly had obliged them; and there-fore they lamented, and buried the unfortunate Dorco, with all the Rites and Ceremonies of the ancient Shepherds. By the name Dorco, thrice they call'd upon his Ghost; then laid good store of Earth upon the Coarse. On his Grave they set abundance of the most fragrant, lasting, sative plants, and flowers; and vowed an Anniversary suspension to him of some of the first fruits of the year. Besides, they poured on the ground a libation of milk, and pressed with their hands the fairest bunches of the grapes, and then with eyes cast on the ground, broke many shepherds pipes o're him. There were heard miserable groans, and bellowings of the Cowes, and Oxen; and together with them, certain incomposed cursations, and freques, were seen. The Cattel of the Herd amongst themselves, as well as the Goatherds, and the Shepherds, had a kind of lamentation, for the death, and losse of their keeper. When

the Funeral of Dorco was done, Chloe brought Daphnis to the Cave of the Nymphs, and washed him stark naked with her own hands; and she her self, Daphnis then first of all, looking and gazing on her, washed her naked limbs before him; her limbs, which for their perfect and most excellent beauty, needed neither wash nor dresse: and when they had done, they gathered flowers, to crown the Statues of the Nymphs, and hang'd up Dorco's charming pipe, for an Anathema in the phane. Then coming away, they looked what became of their Sheep and Goats; and found, that they neither fed, nor blated, but were all laid upon the ground, as wanting Daphnis and Chloe, that had been so long out of their sight. When they saw this, and had call'd, and whistled, as they were wont; they rose up presently, and fell to feed; and the mantling Goats skipt and leapt, as rejoycing at the safety of their familiar Goat-herd. But Daphnis for his life could not be merry, because he had seen Chloe naked, and that Venus of her beauty, which before was not unvailed. His heart was gnawed, as with a secret poyson; and had deep sentiments of grief and anguish: insomuch, that sometimes he puffed and blowed thick and short, as if some body had been in a close pursuit of him: sometimes again, he breathed so faintly, as if he had been quite spent in running. That washing seemed to him more dangerous and formidable, then the Sea: And he thought his life was still in the hands, and at the dispose of the Tyrian Pyrats, as being but a young Rustick, and yet unskill'd in the Assassinations and Robberies of Love.

The end of the First Book.

A Summary of the Second Book

The Vintage is kept, and solemnized. After that, Daphnis and Chloe return to the fields. Philetas the Herdsman, entertains them with a discourse of Cupid, and Love. Love increases betwixt them. In the mean time, the young men of' Methymne, come into the fields of Mitylene, to hawk and hunt. Their Pinnace having lost her Cable, hey fasten her to the shore with a With. A Goat gnawes the with in pieces. The Ship

with the Money, and other riches, is blown off to Sea. The MethymnÃ¦ans madded at it, look about for him that did it: they light upon Daphnis, and pay him soundly. The Countrey Lads come in to help him. Philetas is constituted Judge. A MethymnÃ¦an is Plaintiffe; Daphnis Defendant. Daphnis carries the day. The MethymÃ¦ans fall to force, but are beaten off with Clubs. Getting home, they complain of injury and loss by the Mytelenians.

The MethymnÃ¦ans presently command Bryaxis their Generall to move with 10 Ships against the Mytelenians knowing nothing. They land at the fields, plunder all they can lay their hands on, and carry away Chloe. Daphnis knowing it, would dye; but the Nymphs comfort him. Pan sends a Terrour (which is rarely described) upon the MethymnÃ¦ans; and warns their Captain in his sleep, to bring back Chloe. The Captain obeyes, and she returns joyfull to Daphnis. They keep Holya-dayes to Pan, and Philetas is there. Lamo tells the story of the Pipe. Philetas gives Daphnis his most artificial Pipe. Daphnis and Chloe proceed to the binding of one another by amorous oaths.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

The Second Book

THE SECOND BOOK

This Autumn now being grown to its height, and the Vintage at hand; every rurale began to stirre and be busie in the fields; some to repair the Winepresses; some to scour the tuns, and hogs-heads; others were making baskets, skeps, and panniers; and others providing little hooks to catch and cut the bunches of the grapes. Here one was looking busily about to find a stone that would serve him to bruise the stones of grapes: there another furnishing himself with a stang, of very dry and

smooth wood, to carry away the must in the night, with light before him. Wherefore Daphnis and Chloe for this time laid aside the care of the flocks, and put their helping hands to the work. Daphnis in his basket carried grapes, cast them into the presse, and trod them there; and then anon, out of the Lake, tunn'd the Wine into the Butts. Chloe drest meat for the Vintagers, and served them with drink, the old wine dasht with Fountain-water; and when she had done, gathered grapes of the lower vines. For all the vines about Lesbos incline themselves, and portend their palmits towards the ground, and creep like the Ivie; so that indeed a very Infant, if that his hands be loose from his Swathes, may easily reach and pull a bunch. Now, as they were wont in the Feast of Bacchus, and the solemnization of the Genethliacs of wine; the women that came from the neighbouring fields to help, cast their eyes all upon Daphnis, gave him prick and praise for beauty, and said, he was like to Bacchus himself. And now and then, one of the bolder strapping girls would catch him in her arms, and kisse him. Those wanton praises and expressions, did animate the modest Youth, and more and more inflame him still, but vext and grieved the poor Chloe. But those that were treading in the Presse, cast out various voyces, words and verdicts upon Chloe, and sang the praise of the young Baccha, like to so many Satyrs drunk with love and wine; and wisht that they themselves were sheep, that such a Shepherdesse might tend them. And thus the Girle was pleased too, and Daphnis stung with jealousie. But they wisht the Vintage were done, that they might return to their haunts in the fields; that, instead of that wild, untuned noyse of the clowns, they might hear again the sweet Pipe, or the bleating of the Cattel. And, because after a few dayes, the grapes were gather'd, and the Wines tunn'd into the vessels, and there needed not many hands to help; they drove again their flocks to the fields, and with great joy and exultation worshipt and adored the Nymphs, offering to them the first fruits, clusters hanging on their branches. Nor did they in former time, with negligence ever passe by the Nymphs; but alwaies when they came forth to feed, would sit down by them reverentially in the Cave; and when they

went home, would first adore, and beg their Grace; and brought to them alwayes something, either a flower, or an apple, or an apronfull of green leaves, or a sacrifice of milk. And for this great piety and devotion, they afterwards received no small rewards and favours from the Goddesses. And now being got at liberty, they skip, and dance, and sing, and pipe to their flocks. While they thus delight themselves, there comes up to them an old man, clad in his rugg, and mantle of skins, his carbatins, or clouted shooes; his scrip hanging at his back, and that indeed a very old one: when he was sate down by them, thus he spoke, and told his story.

I (Daphnis and Chloe) am that old Philetas, who have often sung to these Nymphs; and often pip't to yonder Pan; and have led many great herds, by the art of Musick alone; and I come to shew you what I have seen, and to tell you what I have heard. I have a Garden which my own hands and labour planted; and ever since by my old age I gave over fields and herds, to dresse and trim it, has been my care and entertainment; what flowers, or fruits the season of the year teems, there they are at every season. In the spring there are Roses, and Lillies, the Hyacinths, and both the forms of Violets. In the Summer Poppies, Pears, and all sorts of Apples. And now in the Autumne Vines, and Figtrees, Pomegranats, Oranges, Limons, and the green myrtles. Into this Garden, flocks of birds come every morning; some to feed, some to sing. For it is thick, opacous, and shady; and watered all by three fountains; and if you took the Wall away, you would think you saw a Wood. As I went in there yesterday about noon, a boy appear'd in the Pomgranate and Myrtle grove, with Myrtles and Pomgranats in his hand; white as milk, and shining with the glance of fire; clean and bright, as if he had newly wash't himself in all the three transparent Fountains. Naked he was, alone he was; he play'd and wanton'd it about, and cull'd and pull'd, as if it had been his own Garden. Therefore I ran at him as fast as I could, thinking to get him in my clutches. For indeed, I was afraid, lest, by that wanton, untoward, malapert ramping, and hoytie-toitie which he kept in the grove; he would at length break my Pomgranats, and my Myrtles. But he, with a soft and easie

sleight, as he listed, gave me the slip, sometimes running under the Roses, sometimes hiding himself in the Poppies, like a cunning, hudling chick of a Partridge. I have often had enough to do, to run after the sucking kids; and tyred my self off my leggs, to catch a giddy young Calf. But this was a certain various businesse, and a thing that could not be catcht. Being then wearied, as an old man, and leaning upon my staff, and withall looking to him, lest he should escape away, I askt what neighbours Child he was; and what he meant to rob anothers mans Orchard so. But he answer'd me not a word; but coming nearer, laught most sweetly, and flung the Myrtle berries at me, and pleas'd me so, I know not how, that all my anger vanisht quite. I askt him therefore, that he would give himself without fear, into my hands, and swore to him by the myrtles, that I would not onely send him away with Apples and Pomegranats, but give him leave, whensoever he pleas'd, to pull the finest fruits and flowers, if he would but give me one kisse. With that, setting up a loud laughter, he sent forth a voice, such as neither the Swan, the Swallow, or the Nightingale has, and turn'd himself into Old Man like to me. Philetas (said he) it would be no trouble at all to me, to give thee a kisse, for it is more pleasure for me to kisse, then for thee to be young again: but consider with thy self, whether such a gift as that be of use to thy age. For thy old age cannot help thee that thou shalt not follow me, after a kiss that I have fired. But I cannot be taken, though a Hawk, or an Eagle, or any other swifter bird, were flown at me. I am not a boy, though I seem to be so, but am older than Saturn, and the whole time of this Universe. I knew thee, when thou wast yet a boy, and kept a great herd in yonder Marsh, and was present to thee, when under those Beeches, thou didst sing, and play on the Pipe for the dear love of Amaryllis. But thou didset not see me, although I stood close by the Maid. It was I that gave her thee in marriage, and thou hast had Sons by her, jolly herdsmen, and Colones. And now I take care of Daphnis and Chloe; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come hither to thy Garden, and take my pleasure among these groves and flowers of thine; and wash

my self in these Fountains. And this is the cause, why thy Roses, Violets, Lillies, Hyacinths, and Poppies; all thy flowers, and thy Plants, are still so fair and beautifull, because they are water'd with my wash. Cast thy eyes round about, and look whether there be any one stem of a flower, any twig of a Tree broken; whether any of thy fruits be pull'd, or any flower trodden down; whether any fountain be troubled, and mudded; and thou (Philetas) of all mortals, rejoyce alone in thy old age. This said, the sweet boy sprung into the myrtle grove, and like a Nightingale, from bough to bough, under the green leaves, skipt to the top, and highest story of the Myrtles. Then I saw his wings hanging at his shoulders; and at his back, between his wings, a little bow with two Darts; and since that moment, never saw him any more. If therefore I wear not now these gray hairs of mine in vain, and by my age, have not got a trivial mind; you two, (O Daphnis and Chloe) are destin'd to Love; and Love himself takes care of you. With this they were both hugely delighted, and thought they heard a Lesbian tale, not a true discourse, or story, and therefore they would ask him questions:

And, what is Love (quoth Chloe then)? Is he a boy, or is he a bird? And, what can he do, I pray you, Gaffer?

Therefore again--thus Philetas: Love (sweet Chloe) is a god, a young Youth, and very fair, and wing'd to flye. And therefore he delights in youth, follows beauty, and gives our phantasie her wings. His power's so vaste, that that of Jove is not so great. He governs in the Elements, rules in the Stars, and domineers even o're the gods, that are his Peers. Nor have you only dominion o're your Sheep and Goats, for Love has there his range too. All flowers are the works of Love. Those Plants are his creations, and Poems. By him it is that the rivers flow, and by him the winds blow. I have known a Bull that has been in Love, and run bellowing through the Meadows, as if he had been prickt with a Goad; a he-goat too so in Love with a Virgin-she, that he has followed her up and down, through the woods, through the Launs. And I myself, when I was young, was in love with Amaryllis, and forgot to eat my meat,

and drink my drink; and for many tedious nights, never could compose to sleep: my panting heart was very sad and anxious, and my body shook with cold: I cryed out oft, as if I had bin thwackt and basted back and sides: and then again, was still and mute, as if I had layen among the dead: I caft my self into the Rivers, as if I had been all on a fire: I call'd on Pan, that he would help me, as having sometimes bin himself catcht with the Love of peevish Pitys: I praised the Echo, that with kindnesse it restored, and trebbled to me, the dear name of Amaryllis: I broke my Pipes, because they could delight, and lead the sturdy herds which way I would, and could not draw the froward girle. For there is no med'cine for Love, neither meat, nor drink, nor any Charm, but only Kissing, and Embracing, and lying naked together. Philetas when he had thus instructed the unskilful Lovers, and was presented with certain Cheeses, and a young Goat of the first horns; blest their love, and went his way. But when they were alone, and had then first heard of the name of love, their minds were struck with a kind of Woodnesse; and they began to compare those things which they had suffer'd in themselves, with the doctrine of Philetas concerning Lovers and Love. The Lover has his Grief and Sadnesse, and we have had our share of that. They are languishing and carelesse to other things: just so are wee. They cannot sleep, and we still watch for the early day. They think they are burnt; and so do we, even in the Fountains and the Brooks. They desire nothing more, then to see, to be near one another: And for that Cause, we call, and rouze the heavy day. This undoubtedly is Love, and we are in Love, and do not know it. Philetas did not lye a little. That Boy in the Garden was seen too, by our Fathers, Lamo, and Dryas; and 'twas he that commanded us to the field. How is it possible for one to catch him? he's small and slim, and so will slip and steal away. And how should one escape, and get away from him by flight? he has wings to overtake us. Shall we flye to the Nymphs, our Patronesses? But Pan, alas, did not help his servant Philetas, when he was mad on Amaryllis. Therefore those remedies, which he taught us, are before all things, to be tryed; Kissing, Embracing, and Lying naked on the

ground. It's cold indeed; but after Philetas wee'l endure it. This, to them, was a kind of nocturnal play, and entertainment. When it was day, and their flocks were driven to the field, they ran to kisse, and embrace one another with a bold, impatient fury, which before they never did. Yet of that third remedy, which the old Philetas taught, they durst not make experiment: for that was not onely an enterprise too bold for Maids, but too high for young Goatherds. Therefore ill, as before they spent their nights without sleep, and with remembrance of what was done, and with complaint, of what was not. We have kist one another, and are never the better; we have clipt and embrac't, and that's as good as nothing too. Therefore to lye together naked, is the onely remaining remedy of Love. That must be tryed by all means; ther's something in it without doubt, more efficacious then in a kisse. While they indulg'd these kind of thoughts, they had, as it was like, their sweet, erotic, amorous dreams; and what they did not in the day, that they acted in the night, and lay together stark naked, kissing, clipping, twining limbs. But the next day, as if they had bin inspired with some stronger Numen, they rose up, and drive their flocks with a kind of violence to the fields, hasting to their kisses again; and when they saw one another, smiling sweetly ran together. Kisses past, Embraces past, but that third Remedy was wanting; for Daphnis durst not mention it, and Chloe too would not begin; till at length, even by chance, they made this essay of it: They sate both close together upon the trunck of an old Oak, and having tasted the sweetnesse of kisses, they were ingulf'd insatiably in pleasure, and there arose a mutual contention, and striving with their clasping arms, which made a close compression of their lips; and when Daphnis hugg'd her to him with a more violent desire, it came about that Chloe inclin'd a little on her side, and Daphnis following his kisse, fell o' the top of her. And remembering that they had an image of this in their dreams the night before, they lay a long while clinging together. But being ignorant what after that was to be done, and thinking that this was the end of amorous fruition, most part of the day spent in vain, they parted, and drove their flocks home from the fields, with a kind

of hate to the oppression of the night. And perchance something that was right and true had then bin done, but that this tumult and noyse fill'd all that rurall tract. The young gallants of Methymne thinking to keep the Vintage holy-dayes, and choosing to take the pleasure abroad, drew a small Vessell into the water, and putting in their own domestick Servants to rowe, sail'd about those pleasant Farms of Mytelene. For the maritim Coast has many Havens, many good and safe Harbours, and all along is adorn'd with many stately buildings, and stairs. There are besides, many Baths, Gardens and Groves: these by Art, those by Nature; all brave for habitation.

The Ship therefore being arrived and brought into the Bay, they did no harm or injury to any, but recreated themselves with divers pleasures: sometimes with Angles, taking fish from this or the t'other prominent rock: sometimes with dogs or toyles hunting the Hares that fled from the noise of the Vineyards: then anon, they would go a fowling, and take the Wildgoose, Duck, and Mallard, and the flower birds of the Marsh; and so by their pleasure furnisht themselves with a plenteous table. If they needed anything else, they paid the Villagers above the price. But there was nothing else wanting, but onely bread, and wine, and house-room. For they thought it unsafe, the Autumn now in its declination, to quit the Land, and lye all night aboard at Sea. And therefore drew the Vessel ashore for fear of a tempestuous night. Now it hapned, that a Country-fellow wanting a rope, his own being broke, to haul up the stone wherewith he was grinding grapestones for his use in the Winter, sneakt down to the Sea, and finding the Ship with no body in her, loos'd the cable that held her, and brought it away to serve his businesse. In the morning the young men of Methymne began to enquire after the rope, and no body owning the theevery; when they had a little blam'd the unkindnesse and injury of their hosts, they loos'd from thence, and sailing on some leagues, arrived at the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, those fields seeming the likeliest for hunting the Hare. Therefore being destitute of a rope to use for their Cable, they made a Withe of green and long Sallow twiggs, and with that tyed her by her stern to the shore. Then slipping their

doggs to hunt those grounds that seem'd fittest for game, they cast their toils. The deepmouth'd dogs open'd loud, and running about, with much barking, scar'd the Goats, that all hurried down from the Mountains towards the Sea; and finding nothing there to eat, some of the bolder mischievous Goats gnaw'd the green Sallow With in pieces. At the same moment there began to be a bluster at Sea, the wind blowing from the Mountains. On a sudden therefore the reciprocation of the waves set the loose Pinnace afloat, and carried her off to the main. As soon as the MethymnÃ¦ans heard the news, some of them posted to the Sea. Some stayed to take up the doggs, all made a hubbub through the fields, and brought the neighbouring rurals in. But all was to no purpose; all was lost, all was gone. For the ship with an irrevocable pernicity and swiftnesse was carried away. Therefore the MyethymnÃ¦ns having a great losse by this, lookt for the Goat-herd; and, lighting on Daphnis, fell to cuffe him, tore off his cloathes, and offer'd to bind his hands behind him with a dog-slip. But Daphnis, when he was miserably beaten, implor'd the help of the Countrey Lads, and chiefly of all, cryed out for rescue to Lamo and Dryas. They presently came in and opposed themselves brawny old fellowes, and such as by their Countrey labour had hands of steel; and requir'd of the furious Youths concerning those things that had hapned, a fair legal debate and decision. And others desiring the same thing, they made Philetas the herdsman Judge. For he was older of all those that were present, and famous for Justice among the Villagers. The MethymnÃ¦ans therefore began first, and laid their accusation against Daphnis, in very short and perspicuous words, as before a herdsman-Judge.

We came into these fields to hunt, wherefore, with a green Sallow with, we left our Ship tyed to the shore. While our dogs were hunting the grounds, his Goats strayed from the Mountains down to the Sea, gnaw'd the green Cable in pieces, set her at liberty, and let her flye. You see her tossing in the Sea; but with what choice, and rich goods laden? all are lost before your face. What rare harnesses, and ornaments for dogs are there? what a treasury of precious silver? he that had all, might easily

purchase these fields. For this dammage, we think it but right and reason to carry him away captive, him that is such a mischievous Goat-herd to feed his Goats upon the Sea, as if he were some Marriner. This was the Accusation of the MethymnÃ¦ans.

Daphnis on the other side, although his bones were sore with basting, yet seeing his dear Chloe there, set it at naught; and spoke in his own defence.

I, in keeping my Goats, have done my office well. For never so much as one of all the neighbours of the Vale, has blamed me yet, that any Kid, or Goat of Mine has broke into, and eaten up his Garden, or browsed a young, or sprouting Vine. But those are wicked, cursed hunters, and have dogs that have no manners, such as with their furious coursing, and most vehement barking, have like Wolves scared my Goats, and tossed them down from the Mountains through the Valleys, to the Sea. But they have eaten a Green With. For they could find nothing else upon the Sand, neither arbute, wilding, shrub, nor Thyme. But the Ship's lost by wind and wave. That's not my Goat's but the fault of Seas, and Tempefts. But there were rich Clothes, Collars, Dogslips, and Silver aboard her. And who that has any wit can believe, that a Ship that is so richly laden, should have nothing for her Cable but a With?

With that Daphnis began to weep, and made the Rusticks commiserate him, and his Cause: so that Philetas the Judge started up, calling Pan and the Nymphs to witnesse, That neither Daphnis, nor his Goats, had done any wrong; but that it was the wind, and Sea, and that of those there were other Judges. Yet by this Sentence Philetas could not persuade and bind the MethymnÃ¦ans, but again in a fury, they fell to towse Daphnis, and offered to bind him. With which the Villagers being moved, fell upon them like flocks of Starlings, or Jackdawes; and carried him away as he was busling amongst them, never ceasing till with their Clubs they had driven them the Ground, and beaten them from the hills into the other fields. While thus they

pursued the MethymnÃ¦ans, Chloe had time without disturbance to bring Daphnis to the Fountain of the Nymphs, and there to wash his bloody face, and entertain him after he had scaped the danger, with bread and cheese out of her own Scrip; kissing him then far more sweetly then before; for it wanted but a little that then her dear Daphnis had bin slain. But these Commotions could not thus be laid, and at an end; for those Gallants of Methymne having bin softly and delicately bred, and every man his wounds about him, travelling now by Land, with miserable labour and pain, got into their own Country, and procuring a Council to be called, humbly petition'd that their Cause might be revenged, without reporting a word of those things which indeed had happened, lest perchance they should be laughed at for what they had suffered by the Clowns: but accused the MitylenÃ¦ans as if they had taken their Ship and Goods in a hostile and warlike manner. The Cityzens easily believed their story, because they saw they were all wounded; and knowing them to be of the best of their Families, thought it just to revenge the injury. And therefore without denouncing a War by any Herald, they commanded Bryaxes their General with ten Sail to infect the Maritim Coast of Mitylene. For, the Winter now approaching, they thought it dangerous to trust a greater Squadron at Sea. On a suddain the next day the General sets sail; and putting to the main, comes up to the maritims of Mitylene, and hostilely invades them, plundering, and raping away, their Flocks, their Corn, their Wine, (the Vintage now but lately over) with many of those that were employed in such businesse. They sail'd up too to the fields of Daphnis and Chloe, and coming suddenly down upon them, preyed upon all that they could light on. It happened, that Daphnis was not then with his Goats, but was gone to the Wood, and there was binding up green leaves to give them for fodder in the winter. Therefore, this incursation being seen from the higher ground, he hid himself in an old hollow tree. But his Chloe was with her flocks, and the enemies invading her and them, she fled away to the Cave of the Nymphs, and begged of the enemies, that they would spare her, and her flocks, for those holy Goddesses sakes. But that did not help her

at all. For the MethymnÃ¦ans did not onely mock at, and rail upon the Statues of the Nymphs, but drove away her flocks and her before them, thumping her along with their Battons as if she had bin a she-goat. But now their ships being laden with all manner of prey, they thought it not convenient to sail any further: but rather to make home, for fear of the winter, no lesse then of their enemies. Therefore they sail'd back again, and were hard put to it to row, because there wanted wind to drive them. These Tumults and Hubbubs ceasing, Daphnis came out of the Wood, into the field they used to feed in; and when he could find neither the Goats, the Sheep, nor Chloe, but onely a deep silence and Solitude, and the Pipe flung away wherewith she entertain'd her self; setting up a piteous Cry, and lamenting miserably, sometimes he ran to the Beech where Chloe sate, sometimes to the Sea, to try if there he could set his eyes on her: then to the Nymphs, whither she fled when she was taken; and there flinging himself upon the ground, began to accuse even the Nymphs as her betrayers: It was from your Statues that Chloe was drawn and ravisht away! and how could you endure to see it? she that made the Garlands for you; she that every morning poured out before you and sacrificed her first milk; and she whose pipe hangs up there a sweet Anathema and Donarie. The Wolf indeed has taken from me never a Goat, but the enemy has my whole flock, together with my sweet Companion of the field; and they are busie killing and flaying the Sheep and Goats, and Chloe now must live in the City. With what face can I now come into the sight of my Father and my Mother, who have lost my Goats, have lost Chloe, and am quite broke, and must now give over my trade. For now I have nothing left to feed, and Daphnis is no more a Goat-herd. Here I'le fling myself on the ground, and here I'le lye expecting my death, or else a second war to help me. And dost thou (sweet Chloe) suffer now in thy self such heavy things as these? Dost thou remember, and think of this field, thy own Beech, the Nymphs, and me? Takest thou any pleasure from thy sheep, and those Goats of mine, which are carried away with thee into Captivity. While he was thus lamenting his condition, by his weeping so much, and

the heavinesse of his grief, he fell into a deep sleep, and those three Nymphs appeared to him, Ladies of a tall stature, very fair, half naked, and barefooted; their hair dishevel'd, and in all things like their Statues. At first they appeared very much to pity his Cause; and then the eldest, to erect him, spoke thus:

Blame not us at all (Daphnis) we have greater care of Chloe then thou thy self her Lover hast. We took pity on her, when she was yet but an Infant: and when she lay in this Cave, took her our selves, and saw her nurst. She does not at all belong to the fields, nor to Lamo, nor his flocks. And even now we have provided, as to her, that she shall not be carried a slave to Methymna, nor be any part of the enemies prey. We have begged of Pan, Pan that stands under yonder Pine, whom you have not honour'd so much as with flowers, that he would bring back thy Chloe, and our Votary. For Pan is accustomed to Camps, and leaving the Plains, has made of late many Wars, and the MethymnÃ¦ans shall find him an infecting Enemy. Trouble not thy self any longer; but get thee up and shew thy self to Myrtle and Lamo, who now themselves lye cast on the ground, thinking thee too, to be part of the rapin. For Chloe shall certainly come to thee to-morrow, accompanied with the Sheep and the Goats; you shall feed together as before, and play together on the Pipe. For other things concerning you, Love himself will take the Care. Now when Daphnis had seen and heard these things, he started up out of his sleep, and full of pleasure, full of grief, with tears in his eyes, adored the Statues of the Nymphs, and vowed to sacrifice to them, the best of all his she-goats, if Chloe should return safe. And running to the Pine where the Statue of Pan was placed, the legs a Goat's, the head horned, one hand holding a Pipe, the other a Goat dancing to it; that he adored, and made a vow for the safety of Chloe, and promised Pan a he-goat. Scare now with the setting of the Sun, he made a pause of his weeping, his wailing, and his prayers; and taking up the boughs he had cut in the Wood, return'd to the Cottage, comforted the heavy Lamo, and made him merry, refresht himself with meat and wine, and fell into a deep sleep, yet not that without tears, praying to see the Nymphs again, and

calling for an early day, the day that they had promised Chloe. That night seem'd to him the longest of Nights; but in it, these wonders were done. The General of the MethymnÃ¦ans when he had born off to Sea about ten Stadium's, would refresh, after the Incursion and Plunder, his wearied and Sea-sick Souldiers. Coming up therefore to a Promontore which ran into the Sea, winding it self into a half Moon, within which the Sea made a calmer station then in a Port; in this place when he had cast anchor lest the Rusticks should mischieve him from the Land, he permitted them securely to rant and be joviall as in peace. The MethymnÃ¦ans, because by this direption, they abounded with all things, carows'd, feasted, and danc'd, and celebrated victorials. But the day being now spent, and their mirth protracted to the night; on a suddain all the Land seem'd to be on a light fire; then anon their ears were struck with an impetuous clattering of the Oars, as if a great Navy were a coming: some cryed out, The General must arm; others call'd to have it done; here, some thought they were wounded; there, others saw the shapes of bleeding, falling, dying men. A man would have thought he had seen a kind of nocturnall battel, when yet there was no enemy there. The night thus past in these Spectres, the day arose far more terrible than the night. For on the horns of all Daphnis his Goats, there grew up on a suddain the berried Ivie; and, Chloe's sheep were heard to howl like Wolves in the Woods. Chloe herself in the midst of her flocks, appear'd Crowned with a most fresh and shady Pine. In the Sea itself too, there happened many Wonders, Paradoxes and Prodigies. For when they labour'd to weigh their Anchors, and begone, their Anchors stuck as fast as the Earth; and when they cast out their Oars to rowe, they snapt and broke; the leaping Dolphins with the thumping of their tails, loosened the planks, and broke the ribs of the Barges. From that high Crag which lifted up it self under the promontory, was heard a strange sound of a pipe; for it was not pleasing as a Pipe, but like a Trumpet, or a terrible Cornet, which made them run to their Arms, and call those Enemies whom they saw not at all; insomuch, that they wisht it night again, if as they should have a truce by that. Yet those things which

then happen'd might very well be understood by such as were wise; namely, that those Spectres, phantasms and Sounds, proceeded from Pan, shewing himself angry at the Voyagers: yet the Cause they could not conjecture (for no Chappel of Pan's was robbed) untill, about high noon, their Grand Captain, not without the impulse of some Deity, fallen into a sleep, Pan himself appeared to him, and rated him thus:

O ye most unholy and wickedest of Mortals! what made you so bold as madly to attempt and do such outrages as these? You have not only fill'd with war these fields that are so dear to me; but also you have driven away herds of Cattel, flocks of Sheep and Goats that were my care. Besides, you have taken sacrilegiously from the Altars of the Nymphs, a Maid of whom Love himself will write a Story. Nor did you at all revere the Nymphs that look't upon you when you did it, nor yet me, whom very well you knew to be Pan. Therefore you shall never see Methymna, sailing away with these spoils, nor shall you escape that terrible Pipe from the Promontore, but it shall drown you every man: unlesse Thou speedily restore, as well Chloe to the Nymphs, as the herds and flocks to Chloe. Rise therefore, and send the Maid ashore; send her with all that I command thee, and I shall be as well to thee a Convey in thy Voyage home, as to her a Conduct on her way to the fields.

Bryaxis being astonisht at this, started up, and calling together the Captains of the Ships, commanded that Chloe should be sought for among the Captives. They found her presently, and brought her before him; for she sate crown'd with a Pine. The Generall remembering that the pine was the mark and signal distinction which he had in his dream, carried the Maid ashore in the Admiral, with no small observance, and ceremonious fear. Now as soon as Chloe was set on shore, the sound of the Pipe from the Promontore, began to be heard again; not martial and terrible, as before, but perfectly pastorall, such as was used to lead the Cattel to feed in the fields; the sheep ran down the scale of the ship, and not so much as one of them slipt because they were hooved; The Goats more boldly, for they were used to climb the Crags and steeps of the hills. The whole flock encircled Chloe moving as in a dance about

her, and with their skipping, and their blaring, shewed a kind of joyfulnesse and exultation. But the Goats of the other Goat-herds, as also the sheep and the herds, stirr'd not a foot, but remain'd still in the ship, as if the Musick of that Pipe did not at all call for them. When therefore they were all struck with admiration at these things, and celebrated the praises of Pan; there were yet seen in both the Elements, things more wonderfull than those before. For the ships of the MethymnÃ¦ans before they had weighed their Anchors, ran amain; and a huge Dolphin bouncing still out of the Sea, went before and lead their Admiral: On the Land, that most sweet, melodious Pipe, led the flocks of the sacred Shepherdesse, and yet nobody saw the Piper, no body knew from whence the Charm. It was now the time of the second pasturing, and Daphnis having spied from a high stand, Chloe coming with the flocks; crying out mainly, O ye Nymphs, O blessed Pan! made down to the Plains, and rushing into the Embraces of Chloe, in a swoon fell to the ground. With much ado, when he was come to himself with Chloe's kissings, and embraces in her close and warm arms, he got to the Beech where they were wont, and when he was sate down on the trunck, he askt her how she had escap't such a dangerous Captivity as that? Then she told him every thing one after another, how the fresh and berried Ivie appeared on the horns of all the Goats; how her sheep howl'd like Wolves, how a pine sprung up upon her head; how all the Land seem'd on a fire; what horrible fragons and clashings were heard from the Sea, with the two tones of that pipe from the Crag of the Promontore, the one to War, the other to Peace; the terrible Spectres of the night how she was ravisht away; and how she not knowing her way, had for her Companion and Guide, the sweet musick of that strange invisible Pipe.

Daphnis then acknowledged the vision of the Nymphs, and the works of Pan, and storied to her what he himself had seen, and what he had heard; and how, when he was ready to die for grief, his life was saved by the providence, and kindnesse of the holy Nymphs. And then presently he sent her away to bring Dryas and Lamo to the Sacrifice, and all things necessary for such a devotion to Pan and to the Nymphs. In

the meantime, he catcht the fairest of all his She-goats, and when he had crown'd it with Ivie in that manner as the whole flock had appear'd to the Enemy, and had poured milk on the horns; in the name of the Nymphs, he struck and kill'd it, and sacrificed it to them; he hanged it up, took off the skin, consecrated that, and made it an Anathema. When Chloe with her Company was come, he made a fire, and some of the flesh being boiled, and some roasted, he offer'd the AparchÅ, the First, and chiefest parts of both to the Nymphs, and filling a Crater with new wine, made a libation; then having made several beds of green leaves, gave himself wholly to eating, drinking, and playing, onely he lookt out now and then, lest the irruption of a Wolf upon him should chance to do something like the enemy. They sung two certain songs in the praise of the Nymphs, the solemn Carmen of the ancient Shepherds. All that night they lay in the fields, and the next day they were not unmindfull of the wonderworking Pan; but took the hee-goat that was Captain and leader of the flock; and when they had crowned him with pine-garlands, they brought him to the Pine; and pouring wine upon his head, with benedictions and thankful praise, they sacrificed him to Pan the preserver, then, the flesh, part roasted, part boiled, they set upon banks of green leaves hard by, in the Meadow: the skin with the horns themselves, they pegged to the Pine close to the Statue, to a Pastoral god, a pastoral Anathema. They offered too, the PrimitiÃ¦, or the first carvings of the flesh; Chloe sang, and Daphnis played upon the pipe. These Rites performed, they sate down, and fell to feast. And it happened, that Philetas the Herdsman came up to them, bringing with him certain Garlands to honour Pan, together with grapes hanging still upon the branches. His youngest son. Tityrus came along with him, a ruddy Lad, and grayeyed, stout and fierce, and of a nimble, bounding pace like a Kid. When they saw what the intention of the good old Philetas was, they started up, and all together crowned the Statue of Pan with garlands, and hang'd the palmits with their grapes upon the leaves of the Pine; and then they made Philetas and Tityrus sit down to the Feast, and be their guests, to eat and drink, and celebrate.

Then, as old men use to do, when they are a little whittled with wine, they had various discourses and chats among them; how bravely in their youth they had administered the pasturing of their flocks and herds; how in their time they had escaped many invasions, and inroads of Pyrats and Theeves; here one bragged, that he had killed the hugest Wolf that ever came upon the fields; there another, that he had bin second to Pan alone in the skill and art of piping. And this was the crack of Philetas. And therefore Daphnis and Chloe used all manner of supplications to him, that he would communicate with them that Art of piping, and play upon the pipe at the feast of that god, whom he knew to delight so much in the Pipe. Philetas promised to do it, although he excused himself by the short breath of his old age, and so took Daphnis his Pipe. But that being too little for so great an Art, as being made to be inspired by the mouth of a boy, he sent his Son Tityrus for his own, the Cottage lying distant from thence but ten furlongs. Tityrus flinging off his jacket ran naked, swift as a Hind. But Lamo had promised to tell them that Tale of the Pipe, which a Sicilian hired by him for a Goat and a Pipe, had sung to him. This Pipe, That Organ which you see, was heretofore no Organ, but a very fair Maid, who had a sweet and musical voice. She fed Goats, played together with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, while she in this manner was tending her Goats, playing and singing; came to her, and endeavoured to persuade her to what he desired, and promised her that he would make all her Goats bring forth twins every year. But she disdained and derided his Love, and denyed to take him to be her Sweet-heart, who was neither perfect man, nor perfect Goat. Pan follows her with violence, and thinks to force her; Syrinx fled Pan, and his force. Being now a weary with her flight, she shot herself into a Grove of reeds, sunk in the Fen, and disappeared. Pan for anger cut up the reeds; and finding not the Maid there, and then reflecting upon what had happened, invented this Organ, and joyned together imparil, or unequal quils, because their Love was so imparil. So she who then was a fair Maid, is now become a Musical Pipe.

Lamo had now done his Tale, and Philetas praised him for it, as one that had told them a Story far sweeter then any Song: when Tityrus came in, and brought his Father's Pipe, a large Organ, and made up of great quils; and where it was joyned together with wax, there too it was set, and varied with brasse. Insomuch, that one would have thought, that this had bin that very Pipe which Pan the inventor made first. When therefore Philetas was got up, and had set himself upright on a bench, first he tryed the quills whether they sounded clear and sweet; then finding never a Cane was stopt, he played a loud and lusty tune. One would not have thought that he had heard but one Pipe, the Sound was so high, the consort so full. But by little and little remitting that vehemence, he changed it to a softer and sweeter tone; and playing with all the dexterousnesse of the art of Musick, he shewed upon the Pipe, what Notes were fit for the herds of Cowes and Oxen, what agreed with the flocks of Goats, what were pleasing to the sheep. The tones for the sheep were soft and sweet, those of the herds were vehement; and for the Goats, were sharp and shrill. In summe, that single Pipe of his exprest even all the Shepherds pipes. Therefore the rest in deep silence sate still, delighted and charmed with that Musick. But Dryas rising and bidding him strike up a Dionysiac, or Bacchus, fell to dance before them the Epilemion, the dance of the Wine-presse. And now he acted to the Life the cutting and gathering of the grapes; now the carrying of the baskets; then the treading of the grapes in the Presse; then presently the tunning of the Wine into the Butts; and then again, their joyful and hearty carousing the Must. All these things he represented so aptly and clearly in his dancing, that they all thought, they verily was before their face, the Vines, the Grapes, the Must, the Butts, and that Dryas did drink indeed. This third old man when he had pleased them so well with his dance, embraced and kist Daphnis and Chloe. Therefore they two rising quickly, fell to dancing Lamo's Tale. Daphnis played Pan; and Chloe, Syrinx. He wooes, and prayes, to persuade, and win her; she shews her disdain, laughs at his love, and flies him. Daphnis followes as to force her, and running on his tip-toes, imitates the

hooves of Pan. Chloe on the other side, acts Syrinx wearied with her flight, and throwes her self into the Wood, as she had done into the Fenne. But Daphnis catching up that great Pipe of Philetas, playes at first something that was dolefull, and bewailing a Lover; then something that made Love, and was persuasive to relenting; then an anacletic, or recall from the Wood, as from one that dearly sought her; insomuch that Philetas, struck with admiration and joy, could not hold from capering: then kissing Daphnis, he gave him that Pipe of his, and commanded him to leave it to a Successour like himself. Daphnis hanged up his own small one to Pan, and when he had kist his Chloe, as returning from a true unfeigned flight, he drove home his Flocks, piping all the way. Chloe too, by the same Musick gathered together her Flocks, the Goats stritting along with the Sheep, because Daphnis walked close by Chloe. Thus till it was night they entertained one another with pleasure, and agreed to drive out their flocks sooner the next morning. And so they did. For as soon as it was day they went out to pasture; and when they had first saluted the Nymphs, and then Pan, afterwards sitting down under an Oak, they had the musick of Philetas his Pipe, in that stillnesse and solitude of the early morning. After that, they kist, embrac'd and hugg'd one another, and lay down both together on the ground, and doing nothing more than so, rose up again. Nor were they incurious of their meat; and for their drink, they drank wine mingled with milk. With all which Incentives being more heated, and made more lively and forward, they practised between them an Erotic Contention, or an amorous Controversie about their Love to one another, and thereupon proceeded to bind themselves by the faith of Oaths. For Daphnis coming up to Pine, swore by Pan, that he would not live alone in this world without Chloe, so much as the space of one day: And Chloe swore in the Cave of the Nymphs, that she would have the same death, and life with Daphnis. Yet such was the Simplicity of Chloe, as being but a Girle, that when she was out of the Cave, she demanded another Oath of Daphnis. Daphnis (quoth she) Pan is a wanton, faithlesse god; for he loved Pitys, he loved Syrinx too. Besides, he never

ceases to trouble and vex the Dryads, and to sollicite the Nymphs under the Appletrees. Therefore he, if by thy faithlessnesse thou shouldst neglect him, would not take care to punish thee, although thou shouldst go to more Maids, then there are quills in that Pipe. But do thou swear to me by this flock of Goats, and by that Goat which was thy Nurse, That thou wilt never forsake Chloe, so long as she is faithful to thee; and when she is false and injurious to thee and the Nymphs, they flie her, then take her, and kill her like a Wolf. Daphnis was pleased with this pretty Jealousie, and standing in the midst of his flocks, with one hand laying hold on a she-goat, and the other on a he, swore that he would love Chloe that loved him, and that if she preferred any other to Daphnis, that then in her stead, he would slay that hee-goat. Of this Chloe was glad, and believed him as a poor and harmlesse maid, one that was bred a Shepherdesse, and thought flocks of Sheep and Goats, were proper Numens of the Shepherds.

The end of the Second Book

A Summary of the Third Book

The MitylenÃ¦ans upon that Incursion, send Hippasus their Generall with Land-forces against Methymna. But the quarrel is taken up. Daphnis and Chloe take it heavily that they are parted by the Winter. Daphnis to see her, goes a fowling before Dryas his Cottage, and looks as if he minded not her. Dryas brings him to the Feast of Dionysius. The Spring returning, they return to their Pastoralls. Daphnis complains of his ignorance in the practise of Love. LycÃ¦nium cousens him, and Cuccolds Chromis. Daphnis, as the Marriners sail by, tells Chloe the Tale of the Echo. Many and rich Suitors are now about Chloe, and Dryas almost gives his consent. Daphnis is sad as being poor: But by direction of the Nymphs he finds a purse full of silver. He gives it Dryas, and Chloe is contracted to him; onely Lamo, because he was Servant to Dionysophanes, sayes his Lord is to be expected that he may ratifie the businesse. Daphnis gives Chloe a rare Apple.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

The Third Book

THE THIRD BOOK

But the MitylenÃ¦ans when they heard of the arrivall of those ten Ships; and some of the Countrey-men, coming up from the Farms, had told them what a plundering and rapin there had bin, thought it too disgracefull to be born, and therefore decreed, to raise Arms against Methymna. And having chosen out three thousand Targettiers, and five hundred Horse, they sent away their General Hippasus by Land, not daring to trust the Sea in Winter. He did not as he marcht depopulate the Villages of Methymna; nor did he rob the Farms of the Husbandmen, or the Pastures of the Shepherds, counting such astions as those to suit better with a Latron, then the grand Captain of an Army: but hasted up to the Town it self to surprize it. But while he was yet an hundred Stadiums off from the Town, an Herald met him with Articles. For after that the MethymnÃ¦ans were informed by the Captives, that the MitylenÃ¦ans knew nothing of those things that had happened; and that the Ploughmen and Shepherds provoking the young Gentlemen, were they that were the Causes of all; it repented them of that expedition of Bryaxis again a Neighbour-City, as of an Action more precipitant, then moderate and wise. And these were the Articles of Agreement: To return all the Prey and Spoil that was taken and carried away; To have commerce, and trade securely with one another, by Land, and by Sea. Therefore Hippasus dispatches away that Herauld to Mitylene, although he had bin created the General of the War, and so had power to sign as he listed. But pitching his Camp about ten Stadiums from Methymna, there he attended Mandates from the City. Two days after, the Messenger returned, and brought a command, that they should receive the plunder'd Goods, and all the Captives, and march home without

doing the least harm. Because Methymna, when War, or Peace were offered to be chosen, found peace to be more profitable. And this quarrel betwixt Methymna and Mitylene, which was of an unexpected beginning and end, was thus taken up and composed. And now Winter was come on, a winter more bitter then war, to Daphnis and Chloe. For on a suddain there fell a great Snow which blinded all the paths, stopt up all wayes, and shut up all the Shepherds and Colones. The very Torrents were frozen and glazed with Chrystal. The hedges and trees lookt as if they had bin clipt and cropt; and there was nothing to be seen but stumps. All the ground was hoodwinkt up, but that which lay upon the fountains and the rills. And therefore no man drove out his flocks to pasture, or did so much as come to the door, but about the Cock's crowing made their fires nosehigh; and some spun flax, some Tarpaulin for the Sea; others, with all their Sophistry, made gins, and nets, and traps for birds. At that time their care was employed about the Oxen and Cows that were fodder'd with chaffe in the stalls; about the Goats, and about the Sheep, and those which fed on green leaves in the sheepcoots and the folds; or else about fatting their hogs in the styes with Acorns and other mast. When all was thus taken up with their domestick affairs, the other Colones and Shepherds were very jovial and merry, as being for a while discharged of their labours, and used to have their breakfast betime in the morning, when they had slept long winter nights: so that the winter was to them more pleasant then the Summer, the Autumne, or the very Spring. But Chloe and Daphnis, when they remembered what a sweet Conversation they had held before; how they had kist, how they had embraced and hugg'd one another, how they had lived at a common Scrip, all which were now pleasures lost; now they had long and sleeplesse nights, now they were alwaies sad and pensive, and desired nothing so much as a quick retrive of the Spring, to become their regeneration and return from death. Besides this, it was their grief and complaint, if but a Scrip came to their hands out of which they had eaten before in the fields; or a Sillibub-piggin, out of which they had used to drink: or if they chanced to see a Pipe laid aside and

neglected, such as had bin not long before, the Gift of a dear friend, or a Lover. And therefore they prayed to Pan, and the Nymphs, that they would deliver them from these evils and miseries, and shew to them and their flocks the Sun again. Both praying the same thing, they labour'd too, and cast about to find a way, by which they might come to see one another. Poor Chloe was void of all counsell, and had no device nor plot. For the old woman, her reputed mother, was by her continually, and taught her to card the fine wooll, and twirle the Spindle, or else was still a clocking for her, and ever and anon casting in words, and twatling to her about her marriage. But Daphnis, who was now at leisure enough, and was of a more projecting wit than she, devised this Sophism to see her. Before Dryas his Cottage, and indeed under the very Cottage itself, there grew two tall myrtles and an Ivie-bush. The Myrtles stood not far from one another, and between them the Ivie ran, and so, that it made a kind of arbour by clasping the arms about them both, and by the order, the thicknesse and interweaving of its branches and leaves; many and great clusters of berries, hanging like those of the Vines upon the palmits. And therefore it was, that great aore of winter birds haunted the bush, for want (it seems) of food abroad; many blackbirds, many Thrushes, Stockdoves and Starlings, with other birds that feed on berries. Under pretext of birding there, Daphnis came out, his Scrip furnished with Country dainties, bringing with him to persuade and affirm his meaning, snares and lime-twigs for the purpose. The place lay off about ten furlongs; and yet the Snow that lay unmelted, found him somewhat to do to passe through it. But all things are pervious to Love, even Fire, Water, and Scythian Snowes. Therefore, plodding through, he came up to the Cottage, and when he had shook the Snow from his thighs, he set his snares, and prickt his lime-twiggs. Then he sate down, and thought of nothing carefully, but of Chloe and the birds. Their flew to the bushes many birds, and a sufficient number was taken to busie Daphnis a thousand ways, in running up and down, in gathering, killing, and depluming his game. But no body stirred out of the Cottage; not a man or woman to be seen, not so much as a henne at the door; but

all were shut up in the warm house: so that now poor Daphnis knew not what in the world to do, but was at a stand, as if he had come unluckily a fowling. And assuredly he would have ventured to intrude himself, if he could but have found out some specious cause, and plausible enough; and so deliberated with himself, what was the likeliest to be said. I came to fetch fire, and was there none within ten furlongs nearer to Lamo's? I came to borrow bread, but thy Scrip is stufft with Cakes. I wanted Wine; thy Vintage was but t'other day. A Wolf pursued me; where are the tracings of a Wolf? I came hither to catch Birds; And when thou hast catcht them, why gettest thou not thy self home? I have a mind to see Chloe; but how can any body confesse such a thing as that to the Father and Mother of a Maid? Besides, the Servants are at a deep silence, and all at home. But there is not one of all these things that carries not Suspition with it. Therefore it's better to be silent. But I shall see Chloe at the first peeping of the Spring, since (as it seems) the Fates prohibit it in Winter.

These thoughts cast up and down in his anxious mind, and his prey taken up, he thinks to be gone, and makes away. But then, as if Love himself had pitied his cause, it happened thus: Dryas and his Family had a Feast, the meat was taken up, and divided to Messes, the boord was covered, the Crater set and trimm'd. But one of the flock-dogs took his time while they were busie, and ran out adoors with a shoulder of mutton. Dryas was vext, for that belonged to his Messe, and snatching up a club, followed at his heels as if it had bin another dog. This pursuit brought him up to the Ivie, where he espyed the young Daphnis packing away with his birds on his back. With that, forgetting the dog, and the flesh, he cries out amain: Hail boy, hail boy; and fell on his neck to kisse him, and catching him by the hand, led him along into the house. And then it wanted but a little that Daphnis and Chloe fell not both to the ground, when at first they saw one another: yet while they setrove with themselves to strand upright, there past salutations and kisses between them, and those to them were as pillars and sustentations to hold them from toppling into swoones. Daphnis

having now got, beyond all hope, not onely a kisse, but Chloe her self too, sate down by the fire, and laid upon the table his blackbirds, Stock-doves, and Thrushes; and fell to tell them, how tedious the businesse of the house, and keeping within had bin to him, and that therefore he was come out to recreate himself, and, as they saw, to catch birds; how he had taken some with lime-twigs, some with snares as they were feeding greedily upon the Ivie and the myrtle-berries. They on the other side fell to commend and praise Daphnis, as if Apollo himself had bin their stranger; and commanded Chloe to wait on them, and fill their wine. She with a merry countenance filled to the rest; and after them somewhat frowningly to Daphnis: For she feigned a pretty anger, because that when he was there, he would offer to go away in such a manner, and not see her. Yet before she gave it to him, she kist the Cup, and sipt a little, and so gave it. Daphnis, although he was almost choakt for want of drink, drank slowly, tickling himself by that delay, with longer pleasure. Dinner was done, and the Table voided; and every body began to ask, how Lamo and Myratle had gone a great while, and so went on to pronounce them happy folks, who had got such a stay, and cherisher of their old age. And it was no small pleasure to Daphnis to be praised so in the hearing of Chloe. And when besides they said, That he must and should tarry with them the next day, because it was their Sacrifice to Bacchus, it wanted but a little that for very pleasure the ravisht Lover had worshipped them, instead of Bacchus himself; and therefore presently he drew out of his Scrip good store of sweet-cakes, and his birds were order'd to be made ready for Supper. A fresh Crater of wine was set, a new fire was kindled up; and when it was night, their second Table brought in: when Supper was done, and part of their time was spent in telling of old Tales, part in singing some of the ditties of the fields, they went to bed; Chloe with her Mother, Daphnis with Dryas. But then nothing was sweet and pleasant to poor Chloe, but that the next morning she should see her Daphnis again. And Daphnis entertained the night himself with a fantastick, empty pleasure; for it was sweet to his imagination, to lye but with the Father of Chloe, and

he dreamed to himself that even there he embraced and kist her. In the morning it was a sharp frost, and the North wind was very nipping, when they all rose and prepared to celebrate. With solemn invocations to Bacchus, Dryas sacrificed a ramme, and a huge fire was built up to rost the meat. While Nape was making the holy bread, and Dryas rosting the Ramme, Daphnis and Chloe had time to go forth as far as the Ivie-bush; and when he had set his snares again, they had a sweet Collation of Kisses without intermission, and then a dear Conversation in the Language of Love. Chloe, I came for thy sake. I know it, Daphnis. 'Tis long of thee that I destroy the poor birds. And am I no-body in thy account? Remember me. I remember thee by the Nymphs, by whom heretofore I have sworn in yonder Cave, whither we will go as soon as ever the Snow melts. But it lies very deep, Chloe, and I fear I shall melt first. Courage man, the Sun burns hot. I would it burnt like that fire which now burns my very heart. You do but gibe and cousen me! I do not, by the Goats, by which thou didst once bid me to swear to thee. While Chloe was holding on her Antiphona to Daphnis, Nape call'd, and in they ran, with more birds then had been taken the day before. Now when they had made a libation of the first of the Crater to Dionysius, they fell to their meat, with Ivie Crownes upon their heads: and when it was time, having cryed the Jacchus and Euous, they sent away Daphnis his Scrip first cramm'd with flesh and bread. They gave him too, the Stock-doves and Thrushes to carry to Lamo and Myrtale, as being like to catch themselves more while the frost and Ivie lasted. And so Daphnis went his way when he had kist the rest first, and then Chloe, that he might carry along with him, her Kisse untoucht and intire: and by other devices he came often thither, that the Winter might not escape away wholly, without some fruition of the sweets of Love.

It was now the beginning of the Spring, the Snow was gone, the Earth uncovered, and all was green, when the other Shepherds drove out their flocks to pasture, and Chloe and Daphnis before the rest, as being Servants to greater Shepherds. And forthwith they took their course up to the Nymphs, and that Cave, thence to Pan and

his pipe; afterwards to their own Oak, where they sate down to look to their flocks, and kisse, and clip insatiably. They sought about for flowers too to crown the Statues of the Nymphs. The soft breath of Zephyrus and the warm Sun, had brought some forth; and there were then to be found the Violet, the Daffodil, the Primrose, with the other primes, and dawnings of the Spring. And when they had crown'd the Statues of the gods with them, they made a Libation with new milk from the Sheep, and from the Goats. They began too to play on the Pipe, and to provoke and challenge the Nightingale with their Musick, and Song. The Nightingales answer'd softly from the Groves and resuming their long intermitted Song, began to jug and warble their Tereus and Ity's again. Here and there, not without pleasure, the blating of the flocks was heard, and the Lambs came skipping and inclined themselves obliquely under the damms to riggle and nussle at their dugs. But those which had not yet teemed, the Rams pursued; and when with some pains they had made them stand, one rid another. There were seen too the Chases of the he-goats, and their lascivious ardent leaps. Sometimes they had battels for the she's, and every one had his own wives, and kept them sollicitously, that no skulking adulterer should set upon them.

The old men seeing such incendiary fights as these, were prickt to Venus: but the Young, and such as of themselves did itch, and for some time had longed for the pleasure of Love, were wholly inflamed with what they heard, and melted away with what they saw, and lookt for something far more excelent then kisses and embraces were: and amongst them was Daphnis chief. Therefore he, as being now grown up and lusty by keeping at home, and following easie businesse all the Winter, was carried furiously to kissing, and stung with the desire to embrace, and close; and, in what he did, was now more curious, and more rampant then ever before. And therefore he began to ask of Chloe that she would give him free leave to do with her what he listed, and that she would lye naked with him naked, and longer too then they were wont: For there was nothing but that remaining of the Institutes of old

Philetas, and that he would try, as the onely Canon, the onely med'cine to ease the pain of Love.

But Chloe asking him, whether anything remain'd more than kissing, embracing, and lying together upon the ground; or what he could do by lying naked upon a naked Girle? That (quoth he) which the Rams use to do with the Ewes, and the he-Goats with the She's. Do you not see, how after that work, neither these run away, nor those weary themselves in pursuit of them; but afterwards how enjoying a common pleasure, they feed together quietly. That . . . as it seems is a sweet practice, and such as can master the bitternesse of Love.

How Daphnis? And dost thou not see the she-Goats and the Ewes, the he-Goats and the Rams, how these do their work standing, and those suffer standing too; these leaping and those admitting them upon their backs? And yet thou askest me to lye down, and that naked. But how much rougher are they then I, although I have all my Clothes on?

Daphnis is persuaded, and laying her down, lay down with her, and lay long; but knowing how to do nothing of that he was mad to do, lifted her up, and endeavour'd to imitate the Goats. But at the first finding a mere frustration there, he sate up, and lamented to himself, that he was more unskilfull than a very Tup in the practice of the mystery and the Art of Love. But there was a certain neighbour of his, a landed man, Chromis his name, and was now by his age somewhat declining. He married out of the City a young, fair, and buxome girle, one that was too fine and delicate for the Country, and a Clown: Her name was LycÃ¦nium; and she observing Daphnis as every day early in the morning he drove out his Goats to the fields, and home again at the first twilight, had a great mind to purchase the youth by gifts to become her sweetheart. And therefore once when she had sculkt for her opportunity, and catcht him alone, she gave him a curious fine pipe, some pretious honey-combs, and a new Scrip of Stag-skin: but durst not break her mind to him, because she could easily

conjecture at that dear love he bore to Chloe. For she saw him wholly addicted to the girle: which indeed she might well perceive before, by the winking, nodding, laughing and tittering that was between them: but one morning she made Chromis believe that she was to go to a womans labour, and followed softly behind them two at some distance, and then slipt away into a thicket and hid herself, and so could hear all that they said, and see too all that they did; and the lamenting untaught Daphnis was perfectly within her reach. Wherefore she began to condole the condition of the wretched Lovers, and finding that she had light upon a double opportunity; this, to the preservation of' them; that, to satisfie her own wanton desire, she projected to accomplish both by this device. The next day making as if she were to go a Gossipping again, she came up openly to the Oak where Daphnis and Chloe were sitting together; and when she had skilfully counterfeited that she was feared, Help (Daphnis) help me, (quoth she), An Eagle has carried away from me the goodliest Goose of twenty in a flock, which yet, by reason of the great weight, she was not able to carry to the top of that her wonted high crag, but is fallen down with her into yonder Cops. For the Nymph's sake, and this Pan's, do thou Daphnis go in to the Wood, and rescue my Goose. For I dare not go in my self alone. Let me not thus lose the Tale of my Geese. And it may be thou mayest kill the Eagle too, and then she will scarce come hither any more to prey upon the Kids and Lambs. Chloe for so long will look to the flock; the Goats know her as thy perpetuall Companion in the fields. Now Daphnis suspecting nothing of that that was intended, gets up quickly, and taking his aaff followed LycÃ¦nium, who lead him a great way off from Chloe. But when they were come to the thickest part of the wood, and she had bid him sit down by a Fountain: Daphnis (quoth she) Thou dost love Chloe, and that I learned last night of the Nymphs. Those tears which yesterday thou didst pour down, were shewn to me in a dream by them, and they commanded me, that I should save thee, and teach thee the secret practices of Love. But those are not Kisses, nor embracing, nor yet such things as thou seest the Rams, and the

he-goats do. There are other leaps, there are other friskins than those, and far sweeter than them. For unto these there appertains a much longer duration of pleasure. If then thou wouldst be rid of thy misery, and make an Experiment of that pleasure, and sweetnesse which you have sought, and mist so long, come on, deliver thy self to me a sweet Schollar, and I, to gratifie the Nymphs, will be thy Mistris. At this Daphnis as being a rustick Goat-herd, a Sanguin Youth, and burning in desire, could not contain himself for meer pleasure, and that Lubency that he had to be taught; but throwes himself at the foot of LycÃ¦nium, and begs of her, That she would teach him quickly that Art, by which he should be able, as he would, to do Chloe; and he should not only accept it as a rare and brave thing sent from the gods, but for her kindnesse he would give her too a young Kid, some of the finest new-milk Cheeses; nay, besides, he promised her the dam her self. Wherefor LycÃ¦nium now she had found the Goat-herd so willing and forward beyond her expectation, began to instruct the Lad thus--She bid him sit down as near to her as possibly he could, and that he should kisse her as close and as often as he used to kisse Chloe; and while he kist her to clip her in his arms and hugg her to him, and lye down with her upon the ground. As now he was sitting, and kissing, and lay down with her; She, when she saw him itching to be at her, lifted him up from the reclination on his side, and slipping under, not without art, directed him to her Fancie, the place so long desired and sought. Of that which happened after this, there was nothing done that was strange, nothing that was insolent: the Lady Nature and Lycenium shewed him how to do the rest. This wanton Information being over, Daphnis, who had ftill a Childish Pastorall mind, would presently be gone, and run up to Chloe, to have an experiment with her, how much he had profited by that magistery, as if indeed he had bin afraid lest staying but a little longer, he could forget to do his trick. But: Lycenium intercepted him thus: Thou art yet Daphnis, to learn this besides: I who am a woman, have suffered nothing in this close with thee, but what I am well acquainted withall. For heretofore another Youth taught me to

play at this sport, and for his pains, he had my maidenhead. But if thou strive with Chloe in this list, she will squeak, and cry out, and bleed as if she were stickt. But be not thou afraid of her bleeding; but when thou hast persuaded her to thy pleasure, bring her hither into this place, that although she should cry and roar, no body can hear; and if she bleed, here's a clear Fountain, she may wash; and do thou, Daphnis, never forget it, that I before Chloe made thee a man. These advertisements given, Lycenium kist him, and went away through another glade of the Wood, as if still she would look for her Goose. But Daphnis considering with himself what had been said, remitted much of that impetuous heat he had to Chloe. For he durst not venture to presse her beyond his former kissing and embracing: because he could not endure that she should make an outcry, as against an Enemy, or shed tears for any grief or anguish from him, and much lesse that she should bleed, as if she had bin slain by Daphnis. For he himself not long before had had some experience of that when he was beaten by the MethymnÃ¦ans; and therefore he abhorred blood, and thought verily that no blood could follow but onely from a wound. His resolution therefore was, to do with her as he had done before, and imagine pleasure on this side the traverse; and so he comes out of the Wood up to the place where Chloe sate platting a Garland of Violets, and tells her he had rescued the Goose and kill'd the Eagle; then flinging his arms about her, and clasping her to him, kist her as he did Lycenium in that sweet sport that he was lately at: For that he might do, because that seemed to have no danger in it. But Chloe fits the chaplet to his head, and then kisses his locks as fairer and sweeter then the Violets, and out of her Scrip she gave him of her Cakes and Simnels to eat, and snatcht it by stealth from his mouth again as he was eating, and fed like a wanton, harmlesse bird. While thus they eat and take more kisses than bits, they saw a Fisher-mans boat come by. The wind was down, the Sea was smooth, and there was a great Calm. Wherefore when they saw there was need of rowing, they fell to ply the Oars stoutly. For they made haste to bring in a delicate sort of fish newly-salted, to fit the palates of the richer Citizens of

Mitylene. That therefore which other Marriners use to do to elude the tediousnesse of labour, these began, and held on, as they rowed along. There was one amongst them, that was the Celeustes, or the hortator to ply, and he had certain nautic-odes, or Sea-songs: the rest like a Chorus all together strained their throats to a loud hollÃ , and catcht his voice at certain intervals. While they did thus in the open Sea, the clamor vanisht, as being diffused in the vast ayr. But when they came under any Promontore, or into a flexuous, horned, hollow bay, there as the voice was heard stronger, so the Songs of the Celeusmata, or hortaments to the answering Marriners, fell clearer to the Land. The hollow valley below received into it self, that shrill sound as into an Organ, and by an imitating voice rendered from it self all that was said, all that was done, and everything distinctly by it self; by it self the clattering of the Oars: by it self the whooping of the Sea-men: and certainly it was a most pleasant hearing. The Sound coming first from the Sea, the Sound from the Land ended so much the later, by how much it was slower to begin. Daphnis therefore taking special notice of the Musick attended wholly to the Sea, and was sweetly affected, endeavouring while the Pinnace glided by like a bird in the ayr, to preserve to himself some of those tones to play afterwards upon his Pipe. But Chloe having then had her firstt experience of that which is called Echo, now cast her eyes towards the Sea, minding the loud Celeusmata of the Marriners; now to the Woods, seeking for those who answer'd from thence with such a clamor, and when, because the Pinnace was past away, there was a deep silence in the valley, she askt of Daphnis, Whether there was another Sea beyond the Promontore, and another Ship did passe by there? And whether there were other Mariners that sung the same Songs, and all were whisht and kept silence together? Daphnis laught sweetly at this, and giving her a sweeter kisse, put the violet chaplet upon her head, and began to tell her the Tale of Echo, requiring first, that when he had taught her that, he should have of her for his wages, ten kisses more: There are of the Nymphs, (my dear Girle) more kinds than one. There are the MelicÅ, there are the Dryades, there are the

EliÅ; all are beautiful, all are musical. To one of these Echo was daughter; and she mortal, because she came of a mortall Father; but a rare beauty, deriving from a beauteous mother. She was educated by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to sing, to play on the Pipe, to strike the Lyre, to touch the Lute; and in summe, all musick. And therefore when she was grown up, and in the flower of her Virgin beauty, she danc'd together with the Nymphs, and sung in consort with the Muses; but fled from all males whether Men or gods; because she loved Virginity. Pan sees that, and takes occasion to be angry at the maid, and to envy her musick, because he could not come at her beauty. Therefore he sends a madnesse amongst the Shepherds and Goatherds; and they in a desperate fury like so many Doggs and Wolves, tore her all to pieces, and flung about them all over the Earth, her yet Singing Limbs. The Earth in observance of the Nymphs, buried them all, preserving to them still their musick-property: and they by an everlasting Sentence and decree of the Muses breathe out a voice, and they imitate all things now, as she did then before a Maid, the gods, Men, Organs, Beasts: Pan himself she imitates too, when he plays on the Pipe, which when he hears, he bounces out, and begins to follow her over the Mountains, not so much to catch her, and hold her, as to know what clandestin Schollar that is that he has got. When Daphnis thus had told his Tale, Chloe gave him not onely ten, but innumerable kisses. For Echo said almost the same, and bore him witnesse that he did not lie. But now when the Sun was grown more burning, the Spring going out, and Summer coming in, they were invited to new, and Summer pleasure. Daphnis, he swome in the Rivers; Chloe, she bathed in the Springs: he with his Pipe contended with the Pines; she with her voice strove with the Nightingales. Sometimes they hunted the pratling Locusts; sometimes they catcht the chirping Grasshoppers, they gather'd flowers, they shak't the Trees for mellow Fruits--And now and then they lay together naked on a Goat-skin, That still they took along with them. And Chloe undoubtedly had lost her maidenhead, but that Daphnis was terrified with the thought of blood. And therefore, fearing lest one

time or another his Reason should be master'd by his Love, he seldom bid Chloe turn herself naked to dally with him; which Chloe wondered at; but her bashfulnesse would not let her ask him the reason of it. That Summer Chloe had many Suitors, and many came from many places to Dryas to get his good will to have her. Some brought their gifts along with them; others promised great matters. Nape was tempted by her hope, and began to perswade that the Girle should be bestowed, and to urge that a maid of her age, should not longer be kept at home; for who knows whether one time or other, she may not lose her maidenhead for an apple, or a rose as she keeps the field, and make some unworthy Shepherd a man, and her husband; and therefore it was better she should now be made the Dame of the house, and when they had got sufficiently by her, it should be laid up for their Son; for of late they had born a jolly boy. But Dryas was variously affected with what was said; sometimes he was pleas'd: for greater gifts were named to him by every one, then suited a rural Girle, a Shepherdesse: Sometimes again, he thought the Maid deserved better, then to be married to a Clown, and that, if ever she should find her true Parents, she might make him and his Family happy: then he defers his answer to the Wooers, and puts them on from day to day, and in the interim has many Presents. When Chloe came to the knowledge of this, she was very sad, and yet she hid it long from Daphnis, because she would not give him a cause of grief. But when he was importunate, and urged her to tell him what the matter was, and seemed to be more troubled when he knew it not, than he should be when he knew it: then, poor Girle, she told him all the words, by which Nape incited Dryas to marry her speedily; and how Dryas had not denyed it, but onely had put it off to the Vintage. Daphnis with this is at his wits end, and sitting down he wept bitterly, and said, that, if Chloe were taken from him, he would die and not onely he, but all the flocks that lost so sweet a Shepherdesse. After this passion Daphnis came to himself again, and took courage, thinking he should perswade Dryas in his own behalf, and resolved to put himself among the Wooers, with hope that his desert would say for him, Room for your

Betters. There was one thing troubled him worst of all; and that was, his Father Lamo was not rich; that disheartened him, that allayed his hope much. Neverthelesse, it seem'd best that he should come in for a Suitor, and that Chloe's sentence too. To Lamo he durst not venture to speak, but put on a good face, and spoke to Myrtale, and did not onely shew her his Love, but talk't to her of marrying the Girle and in the night, when they were in bed, she acquainted Lamo with it. But Lamo entertaining what she said in that case very harshly, and chiding her that she should offer to make a match between a Shepherds daughter, and such a Youth as he, whose monuments did declare him a great Fortune, and of high extraction; and one, that if his true Parents were found, would not only make them free, but possessors of larger Lands: Myrtale considering the power of Love, and therefore fearing, if he should altogether despair the marriage, lest he should attempt something upon his life' return'd him other causes then Lamo had' to contradict it: My Son, we are but poor' and have more need to take a Bride that does bring us something, then one that will have much from us. They on the other side are rich; and such as look for rich husbands. Go thou and perswade Chloe, and let her perswade her Father, that he shall ask no great matter, and give you his consent to marry; for on my life she loves thee dearly, and had rather a thousand times lye with a poor and handsome man, then a rich Monkey. And now Myrtale, who never hoped that Dryas would consent to these things, because there were so many rich Wooers, thought she had finely excused to him, their refusing of the marriage. Daphnis knew not what to say against this, and so finding himself far enough off from what he desired; that which is usual with Lovers who are beggars, that he did. With tears he lamented his condition, and again implored the help of the Nymphs. They appeared to him in the night in his sleep, in the same form and habit as before; and she that was eldest spoke again: Some other of the gods takes the care about the marrying of Chloe: but we shall furnish thee with gifts, which will easily make her Father Dryas. That Ship of the MethymnÃ¦ans, when thy Goats had eaten her cable, that very day

was carried off by the winds far from the shore. That night there rose a tempestuous Sea--wind that blew to the Land, and dasht her against the rocks; there she perisht with all that was in her. But the waves cast up a purse, in which there are three thousand Drachma's, and that thou shalt find cover'd with Ouse hard by a dead Dolphin, near which no passenger comes, but turns another way as fast as he can, detesting the stench of the rotting fish. But do thou make haste thither, take it, and give it to Dryas. And let it suffice that now thou art not poor, and hereafter in time thou shalt be rich. This spoken, they past away together for the night. It was now day, and Daphnis leapt out of bed as full of joy as his heart could hold, and hurried his Goats before him to the field; and after he had kist Chloe, and adored the Nymphs, to the Sea he goes, making as if that morning he had a mind to bedew himself with Sea-water. And walking there upon the gravell near the line of the excursion and breaking of the waves, he lookt for his three thousand Drachma's. But soon he found he should not be put to much labour. For the stench of the Dolphin had reacht him, as he lay cast up, and was rotting upon the flabby sand. When he had got that sent for his guide, he came up presently to the place, and removing the ouse, found the purse full of silver. He took it up, and put it into his Scrip, yet went not away till with joyfull devotion he had blest the Nymphs and the Sea. For though he was a keeper of Goats, yet he was now obliged to the Sea: and had a sweeter sense of that, then the Land, because it had promoted him to marry Chloe. Thus having got his three thousand Drachma's, he made no longer stay; but, as if now, he were not onely richer than any of the Colones that dwelt there, but then any man that trod on the ground, he hastens to Chloe, tells her his dream, shews her the purse, and bids her look to his flocks till he comes again. Then stretching and stritting along, he bustles in like a Lord upon Dryas, whom he then found with Nape at the threshing-floor, and on a suddain talkt very boldly about the marrying of Chloe: Give me Chloe to my wife. For I can play finely on the Pipe, I can cut the Vines, and I can plant them. Nor am I ignorant how and when the ground is to be ploughed, or

how the corn is to be winnowed and fanned by the wind. But how I keep and govern flocks, Chloe can tell. Fifty She-goats I had of my Father Lamo; I have made them as many more, and doubled the number. Besides, I have brought up goodly, proper, He-goats; whereas before we went for leaps to other men's. Moreover, I am a young man, your neighbour too, and one that you cannot twit in the teeth with anything. And further, I had a Goat to my Nurse, as your Chloe had a Sheep. Since in these I have got the start, and outgone others, neither in gifts shall I be anny whit behind them. They may give you the scrag-end of a small flock of Sheep and Goats, a rascal pair of Oxen, and so much. Corn as scant will serve to keep the Hens But from me, look you here, three Thousand Drachma's. Onely let no body know of this, no not so much as my Father Lamo. With that he gave it into his hand, embraced Dryas, and kist him. They when they saw such an unexpected lump of money, without delay, promised him Chloe, and to procure Lamo's consent. Nape therefore stayed there, with Daphnis, and drove her Oxen about the floor, to break the ears very small, and flip out the grain, with her hurdle set with sharp stones. But Dryas having carefully laid up his purse of Silver in that place where the monuments of Chloe were kept, makes away presently to Lamo and Myrtale, to wooe them for the new Bridegroom. Them he found a measuring barley newly fanned, and much dejected, because that year the ground had scarcely restored them their feed. Dryas put in to comfort them concerning that, affirming it was a Common Cause, and that every where he met the same cry; and then asks their good will that Daphnis by all means should marry Chloe, and told them withall, that although others did offer him great matters, yet of them he would take nothing; nay, rather he would give them somewhat for him. For they had bin bred up together, and by keeping their flocks together in the fields, were grown to so dear a Love, as was not easie to be dissolved: and now, they were of such an age, as sayes they may go to bed together. Thus said Dryas, and much more, because for the fee of his oratory to the marriage, he had at home three Thousand Drachma's. And now Lamo could no longer obtend poverty: for they did

not disdain his lownesse, nor yet Daphnis his age; for he was come to his flowery youth. That indeed which troubled him, and yet he would not say so, was this, namely, that Daphnis was of higher merit then such a match could suit withall. But after a short silence, he return'd him this answer: You do well to prefer your neighbours to strangers, and not to esteem riches better than honesty and poverty. Pan, and the Nymphs be good to you for this. And I for my part do not at all hinder the marriage. It were madnesse in me, who am now ancient, and want many hands to my daily work, if I should not joyn to me the friendship and alliance of your family. Oh how great and desirable a Good is that! Besides, Chloe is sought after by very many, a fair Maid, and altogether of honest manners and behaviour. But because I am onely a Servant, and not the Lord of anything I have: it is necessary my Lord and Master should be acquainted with this, that he may give his consent to it. Go to then, let us agree, to put off the Wedding till the next Autumne. Those that use to Come from the City to us, tell us that he will then be here. Then they shall be man and Wife, and in the mean time let them love like Sister and Brother. Yet know this Dryas: The young man thou art in such haste and earnest about, is far better than us. And Lamo having thus spoke, embraced Dryas, and kist him, and made him sit and drink with him, when now it was hot at high noon, and going along with him part of his way, treated him altogether kindly. But Dryas had not heard the last words of Lamo only as chat, and therefore as he walkt along, he anxiously enquired of himself who Daphnis could be. He was suckled indeed and nurst up by a Goat, as if the providence of the gods had appointed it so. But he's of a sweet, and beautiful aspect, and no whit like either that flat-nosed old fellow, or the musty old woman. He had besides three thousand drachma's, and one would scarcely believe that a Goat-herd should have so many Pears in his possession. And has somebody exposed him too, as well as Chloe? And was it Lamo's fortune to find him, as it was mine to find her? And was he trimm'd up with such like monuments, as were found by me? If this be so, O mighty Pan, O ye beloved Nymphs; it may be that he having found

his own parents, may find out something of Chloe's too, who are so utterly unknown! These moping thoughts he had in his mind, and was in a dream up to the floar. When he came there, he found Daphnis expecting, and pricking up his ears for Lamo's answer; Hail Son (quoth he) be Chloe's husband: and promised him they should be married in the Autumne; then giving him his right hand, assured him on his faith, That Chloe should be Wife to no body but Daphnis. Therefore without eating or drinking, swifter then thought he flyes to Chloe, and full of joy brings her the annunciation of the Marriage, and presently began to kisse her, not as before by stealth in a corner of the twilight, but as his Wife, and took upon him part of her labour. He kept her about the milking-paile; he put her Cheeses into the presse; suckled the Lamkbins, and the Kids. And when all was done, they washt themselves, eat and drank, and went to look for mellow fruits. And at that time there was huge plenty, because it was the season for almost all. There were abundance of Pears, abundance of Apples. Some were now fallen to the ground, some were hanging on the Trees. Those on the ground had a sweeter sent; those on the boughs a sweeeter blush. Those had the fragrancy of wine; these had the flagrancy of Gold. There stood one Apple-tree that had all its apples pull'd, all the boughes were now bare, and they had neither fruit, nor leaves, but onely there was one Apple that hang'd as if it were poised upon the very top of the Spire of the Tree; a great one it was, and very beautifull, and such as by its rare, and rich Smell, would alone out-do many together. It should seem, that he that gather'd the rest was afraid to climb so high, and therefore left it. And peradventure that excellent apple was reserved for a Shepherd that was in Love. When Daphnis saw it, he mantled to be at it, and was even wild to climb the tree; nor would he hear Chloe forbidding him: but she perceiving her interdictions neglected, scutled away towards the flocks. Daphnis got up into the tree, and coming to the place, pulled it in Chloe's name, for Chloe; to whom, as she shewed her anger againft that adventure, he thus spoke: Sweet Maid, The fair Houres planted this Apple, and a Goodly tree brought it up; it was ripened

by the beams of the Sun, and preserved by the care and kindnesse of Fortune. Nor might I let it alone, so long as I had these eyes, lest if it should fall to the ground, some of the Cattell as they feed, should tread upon it, or some poisonous Serpent should touch it, or time should spoil it as it lay, when I had seen it, ripe and fair! Venus for the Victory of her beauty, carried away no other prize; I give Thee This the palmary of Thyne. For thou hast a well as she, such witnesses to thy beauty. Paris was but a Shepherd upon Ida; and I am a Goat-herd in the happy fields of Mitylene. With that, he put it into her bosome, and Chloe pulling him to her, kist him. And so Daphnis repented him not of that boldnesse to climb so high a tree. For he received a Kisse from her more precious than a Golden Apple.

The end of the Third Book

A Summary of the Fourth Book

A fellow-servant of Lamo's brings word, that their Lord would be there speedily. A pleasant Garden is pleasantly described. Lamo, Daphnis, and Chloe make all things fine. Lampis the Herdsman spoils the Garden, to provoke the Lord against Lamo, who had denyed him Chloe in Marriage. Lamo laments it the next day. Eudromus teaches him how he may escape the anger. Astylus their young Master comes first, with Gnatho his Parasite. Astylus promises to excuse them for the Garden, and procure their pardon from his Father. Gnatho falls in love with Daphnis, offers to force him, but in vain. Dionysophanes the Lord, with his Wife Clearista comes. Amongst other things, sees the Goats. Where he heares Daphnis his Musick, and all admire his Art of piping. Gnatho out of his PÃ¦derastic begs of Astylus, that he may carry Daphnis along with him to the City, and obtains it. Eudromus heares it and tells Daphnis. Lamo thinking it was now time, tells Dionysophanes the whole story, how Daphnis was found, how brought up. He and Clearista considering the thing carefully, they find that Daphnis is their Sonne. Therefore they receive him with great joy, and Dionysophanes tells the reason why he exposed him. The Countrey

fellowes come in to gratulate. Chloe in the interim complains that Daphnis has forgot her. She's stolen and carried away by Lampis. Daphnis laments by himself. Gnatho hears him, rescues Chloe, and is received to favour. Dryas then tells Chloe's story. Her they take to the City too. There at a banquet, Megacles of Mitylene ownes her for his Daughter. And the Wedding is kept in the Countrey.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

The Fourth Book

THE FOURTH BOOK.

And now one of Lamo's fellow-servants brought word from Mitylene, that their Lord would come towards the Vintage, to see whether that irruption of the MethymnÃ¦ans had made any waste in those fields. When therefore the Summer was now parting away, and the Autumne approaching, Lamo bestirred himself to fit a mansion for his Lord, that should present him with pleasure every where. He scoured the Fountains, that the water might be clear and transparent. He muckt the Cottage, lest the dung should offend him with the smell. The Garden he trimmed with great care and diligence, that all might be pleasant, fresh, and fair. And that Garden indeed was a most beautifull and goodly thing, and such as might become even a Royal Family; for it lay extended in length a whole Stadium. It was situate on a high ground, and had to its breadth, four Acres. To a spacious field one would easily have likened it. Trees it had of all kinds the Apple, the Pear, the Myrtle, the Orange, the Pomgranate, the Figg, and the Olive: and to these, on the other side, there grew a rare, and taller sort of Vines, that bended over, and reclin'd their bunches of grapes among the Apples, and Pomgranats, as if they would vie and contend for beauty and worth of fruits with them. So many kinds there were of Satives; or of such as are planted, grafted, or set. To these were not wanting the

Cypresse, the Laurel, the Platan, and the Pine. And towards them, instead of the Vine, the Ivie lean'd; and with the Errantry of her boughes, and her scatter'd black berries, did imitate the Vines, and, shadowed beauty of the ripened grapes. Within, as in a Garrison, Trees of lower growth bore fruit; thickets of various shrubs, with their delicate and fragrant berries, were kept. Without, stood the barren Trees, enfolding all, much like a Fort, or some strong Vall, that had bin built by the hand of Art. And these were encompassed with a spruce, thin hedge. By alleyes, and glades, there was every where a just determination of things from things, an orderly discretion of Tree from Tree. But on the Tops the boughes met, to interweave their limbs and leaves with one anothers. And a man would have thought, that all this had not bin, as indeed it was, the wild of Nature, but rather the work of curious Art. Nor were there wanting to these borders and banks of various flowers; some the Earth's own Voluntiers; some the structure of the Artist's hand. The Roses, Hyacinths, and Lillies, were set, and planted by the hand: The Violet, the Daffodill, and Anagall the Earth gave up of her own good will. In the Summer there was shade; in the Spring, the beauty and fragrancy of flowers; in the Autumne, the pleasantnesse of the grapes; and every season had its fruits. Besides from the high ground there was a fair and pleasing prospect to the fields, the Herdsmen, the Shepherds, and the Cattell feeding; the same too lookt to the Sea, and saw all the Boats and Pinnaces a sailing by: insomuch, that that was no small addition to the pleasure of this most sweet and florid place. In the midst of this Paradise to the positure of the length and breadth of the ground, stood a Phane and an Altar sacred to Bacchus, the Lord and Genius of the place. About the Bomos, of Altar, grew the wandring, encircling, clinging Ivie; about the Phane, the palmits of the Vines did spread themselves. And in the more inward part of the Phane, were certain pictures that told the story of Bacchus, and his miracles: Semele bringing forth her babe: The fair Ariadne laid fast asleep: Lycuraus bound in chains: wretched Pentheus torn limb from limb: The Indians conquer'd: The Tyrrhenian Marriners, transform'd: Satyrs, and dancing BacchÃ¦, all

about. Nor was Pan neglected in this place of pleasure, for he was set up upon the top of a crag playing upon his pipes, and striking up a common Jig, to those that trod the grapes in the presse, and the women that danc't about it. Therefore in such a Garden as this that all might be fine, Lamo was now very busie, cutting and pruning what was wither'd, and dry, and propping up the Palmits with his forks. Bacchus he had crown'd with flowery chaplets; and then brought down, with curious art, rills of water from the Fountains, amongst the borders and the knots. There was a spring, one that Daphnis first discovered, and that served rarely to this purpose of watering the flowers, and in favour to him, it was alwayes called Daphnis his Fountain. But Lamo besides commanded Daphnis to use his best skill to have his Goats as fat as might be; for their Lord would be sure to see them too, who now would come into the Countrey after he had bin so long away. And Daphnis had a good mind to it, because he thought he should be lookt upon, and praised for them. For he had doubled the number he had received of Lamo, nor had the Wolf raven'd away so much as one, and they were all more twadding fat then the very sheep. And because he would win upon the Lord to be more forward to approve and confirm the match, he did his businesse with great diligence, and great alacrity; he drove out his Goats betimes in the mornings; and late in the evening brought them home; twice a day he water'd them, and culled out for them the best pacture ground; he took care too to have the dairy-vessels new, good store of milking pales and piggins, and fairer Crates, or presses for the Cheese. He was so far from being negligent in any thing, that he tryed to make their horns to shine with vernich, and comb'd their very shag to make them sleek. Insomuch, as, if you had seen this, you had said it was Pan's own sacred flock. Chloe her self too would take her share in this labour for the Goats; and Daphnis thought 'twas Chloe's hand, and Chloe's eyes that made his flock appear so fair. While both of them are thus busied, there came another Messenger from the City, and brought a command, that the grapes should be gather'd with all speed: and told them withall, he was to tarry with them there till the Must was made, and then

return to the Town to wait upon his Lord thither, the Vintage of that Autumne now done. This Eudromus (for that was his name, because he was a Foot-Page) they all received and entertain'd with great kindness, and presently began the vintage; the grapes were gathered, cast into the presse; the Must made, and tunned into the Vessels, some of the fairest bunches of the grapes, together with their branches were cut, that to those who came from the City, a shew of the vintage and the pleasure of it, might still remain. And now Eudromus made haste to begone, and return to the Town, and Daphnis gave him great variety of pretty gifts, but specially what ever could be had from his flock of Goats: Cheeses that were close prest: a kid of the late fall, with a Goat-skin white, and thick shagg'd to fling about him when he ran in the winter. With this, Eudromus was very pleasantly affected, and kist Daphnis, and told him that he would speak a good word for him to his Master; and so went away with a benevolent mind to them. But Daphnis then soon after was full of anxious thoughts, and Chloe too not free from fear: namely, that a Lad that had bin used to see nothing but Goats, Mountains, Ploughmen, and Chloe, should then first be brought into the presence of his Lord, of whom before he had heard nothing but onely his name. For Daphnis therefore she was very sollicitous, how he would come before his Master, how he would behave himself, how the bashfull Youth would salute him. About the marriage too she was much troubled, fearing lest they might but only dream of a meer chance, or nothing at all. Therefore kisses past between them without number, and such embracings of one another, as if both of them were grown into one piece: but those kisses were full of fear; those embraces very pensive, as of them that fear'd their Lord as then there, or kist, and clipt, in hugger-mugger to him. Moreover, then there arose to them such a distraction as this: There was one Lampis, an untoward, blustering, fierce Herdsman. And he amongst the rest had wooed Dryas for Chloe, and given him many gifts too to bring on and dispatch the marriage. But perceiving, that if their Lord did not dislike it, Daphnis was to have the Girle; he sets himself to find, and practise a cunning trick, to enrage

and alienate their Lord. And knowing that he was wonderfully pleas'd and delighted with that Garden, he thought it best to spoyl that as much as he could, and devest it of all its beauty. To cut the Trees he durst not attempt, left so he should be taken by the noyse. Wherefore he thinks to ruine the flowers; and when 'twas night, gets over the hedge, and some he pull'd up by the roots, of some he grasp't and tore the stems, the rest he trod down like a Boare, and so escap't unheard, unseen. Lamo the next morning went into the Garden to water the flowers. But when he saw what the mischievous rogue his enemy had done, and all the place now made a waste, he rent his clothes, and call'd so loud upon the gods, that Myrtale left all, and ran up thither; and Daphnis too, who now had driven out his Goats, ran back again. When they saw it, they cryed out, lamented, and wept. To grieve for the flowers it was in vain; but alas, their Lord they fear'd. And indeed, a meer stranger had he come there, might very well have wept with them. For all the Venus of the place was gone, and nothing remain'd but a lutulent soil: If any flower had escap't, it had yet, as it was then, a half-hid floridnesse, and its glance; and still was fair, although it was laid. And still the Bees sate thick upon them, and all along in a mourning murmur, sang the Funerall of the flowers. But Lamo out of his great consternation broke forth into these words: Alas, alas, the Rosaries, how are they broken down and torn! Woe is me, the Violaries, how are they spurned and trodden down! Ah me, the Hyacinths and Daffodills, which Some Villain has pulled up, the wickedest of all mortals! The Spring will come, but these will not grow green again: it will be Summer, and these will not blow: the Autumne will come, but these will give no Chaplets for our heads. And didst not thou Bacchus, Lord of the Garden, pity the suffering of these flowers, among which thou dwellest, upon which thou lookest, and with which I have crown'd thee so often. How shall I now shew this Garden to my Lord? What a Look will he give it? how will he take it? He will hang me up for an old Rogue, like Marsyas upon a Pine! And perchance, poor Daphnis too, thinking his Goats has done the deed. With these there fell more scalding tears, for now they wept, not for

the flowers, but Themselves. And Chloe bewail'd poor Daphnis his case, and wisht their Lord might never come, spending her dayes in misery, as if even then she lookt upon her sweet Daphnis under the whip. But towards night, Eudromus came and brought them word, that their Lord would come within three dayes, and that their young Master would be there to-morrow. Therefore about what had befallen them, they fell to deliberate, and took in good Eudromus into their Council. This Eudromus was altogether Daphnis his friend, and he advised, they should first open the chance to their young Lord, and promised himself an Assistant too, as one of some accompt with him; for Astylus was nurst with his milk, and he lookt upon as a foster-brother; and so they did, the next day. Astylus came on horseback, his Parasite with him, and he on horseback too. Astylus was now of the first doune, but his Gnatho, that was his name, had sometimes tryed the Barbers tooles. But Lamo taking Myrtale and Daphnis with him, and flinging himself at the feet of Astylus, humbly beseecht him to have mercy on an unfortunate old man, and save him from his fathers anger, one that was not in the fault, one that had done nothing amisse: and then told him what had befallen them. Aftylus had pity on the wretched suppliant, and went with him to the Garden, and having seen the destruction of it as to the flowers, he promised to procure them his Fathers pardon, and lay the fault on the fiery horses that were tyed thereabouts, boggled at something, and broke their bridles; and so it happened, that almost all the flowers every where were trodden down, broken, and torn, and flunder'd up. Lamo return'd him the benedictions of wretched men relieved, and Myrtale prayed the gods would prosper him in every thing. Soon after young Daphnis presented him with things made ready to that purpose, young Kids, Cream-Cheeses, a numerous brood of Henand-Chickens, bunches of Grapes hanging still upon their palmits, and apples on the boughes. And amongst them, a Crater of the Lesbian wine, fragrant wine, and the most excellent of drinks. Astylus commended their oblation, and entertainment, and went a hunting, for he was rich, and given to pleasure, and therefore came to take it abroad in those

fields. But Gnatho, a man that had learnt onely to guttle, and drink till he was drunk, and minded nothing but his belly, and his lasciviousnesse under that, he had taken a more curious view of Daphnis then others had, when he presented the gifts. And because from the beginning he was struck with PÅderastic (the Love of boys) by the Terreftriall gods, observing him to be such a beauty as all Mitylene could not shew, he resolved to tempt Daphnis to the purpose, and thought he had not much to do, because the Lad was but a Goat-herd. When he had now thus deliberated with himself, he went not with Astylus a hunting: but going down into the field where Daphnis kept, he said he came to see the Goats, but came indeed Spectator of the Youth. He began to palpe him with soft words, praised his Goats, call'd fondly on him for a Pastoral Tune, and said withall he would speedily impetrate his Liberty for him, as being able to do what he would with his Lord. And when he had found the harmlesse boy observant to him, when it was now grown somewhat dark, and Daphnis was to drive home, he watcht his time, and anon he ran at him, and lolled upon him; and when he had kist him o're and o're, he shuffled himself odlybehind him, as if he meant to attempt something like the he-goats with the she's. But Daphnis at length perceiving it, and saying: That the he-goats rid the shees, That was very right indeed: but that a he-goat rid a he, that was never yet seen; nor the Rams, instead of the Ewes, to rid Rams; nor Cocks tread Cocks instead of Hens: Gnatho then laid hands on him, and offer'd to force him. But Daphnis flung off this drunken Sott, who scarce could stand upon his legs, and laid him on the ground, then whipt away, and left him to some sturdy Porter, as fitter to lead, or carry him, then a boy. Nor would Daphnis endure it he should near him ever after, and therefore still removed his flocks, avoiding him, and keeping Chloe carefully. And indeed Gnatho did not proceed to trouble him further, for he had found him already, not onely a fair, but a stout boy. But he waited an occasion to speak concerning him to Astylus, hoping to beg him of the Gallant, as one that would bestow upon him many, and better gifts then that. But it was not a time to talk of it now. For Dionysophanes was

come with his Wife Clearista, and all about was a busie noise, tumultuous pudder of carriages, and a long retinue of menservants and Maids. After that he thought with himself to make a Speech concerning Daphnis, sufficient for Love, sufficient for Length.--Dionysophanes was now half gray, but very tall and well limb'd, and able at any Exercise to grapple in the younger list; for his Riches few came near him; for honest Life, Justice, and excellent manners, scant such another to be found. He when he was come, offer'd the first day to the president gods of rurall businesse, to Ceres, Bacchus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and set up a common Crater for all that were present. The other dayes he walkt abroad to take a view of Lamo's Works, and seeing how the ground was ploughed, how swell'd with palmits, and how trim the Vineyard was, how fair and flourishing the Viridarie, (for as for the flowers, Astylus had taken the fault upon himself) he was wonderfully pleased and delighted with all, and when he had praised Lamo much, he promised besides to make him free. Afterwards he went into the other fields to see the Goats, and him that kept them. But Chloe fled into the Wood, for she could not bear so strong a presence, and was afraid of so great a company. But Daphnis stood girt with a Zone from a thick shagg'd Goat, a new Scrip about his shoulders, in one hand holding green Cheeses, with the other leading sucking Kids. If ever Apollo would be hired to serve Laomedon, and tend on herds, just so he lookt, as Daphnis then. He spoke not a word, but all on a blush, casting his eyes upon the ground, presented the rural gifts to his Lord.--But Lamo spoke--Sir (quoth he) This is the keeper of those Goats. To me you committed fifty shee's and two hee's; of them he has made you an hundred now, and ten he-goats. Do you see how plump and fat they are, how shaggy and rough their hair is, how intire and unshatter'd their horns? Besides, he has made them musicall. For if they do but hear his Pipe, they are ready to do whatsoever he will. Clearista heard him what he said, and being struck with a longing to have it presently tryed whether it were so indeed or not, she bids Daphnis to play to his Goats as he wonted to do, promising to give him for his piping a Coat, a Mantle, and

new shooes.

Daphnis when all the Company was sate as a Theater, went to his Beech, and standing under it, drew his Pipe out of his Scrip. And first he blowed something that was lowe, and smart: and presently the Goats rose up, and held their heads bolt upright. Then he play'd the Nomion, the Pastorall, or the grazing Tune: and the Goats cast their heads downwards to graze. Then again he breathed a note that was soft and sweet: and all lay down together to rest. Anon he struck up a sharp, violent, tumultuous Sound, (the warning of the Wolf) and they all rusht into the wood, as if the Wolf had come upon them. After a while he pip't aloud the Anacletic, or Recall: and they wheel'd out of the Wood again, and came up to his very feet: never was there any Master of a house that had his servants more obsequious to his Commands.--All the Spectators admired his Art, but especially Clearista, insomuch that she could not but swear she would give him the things she promised, who was so fair a Goat-herd, and skill'd in Musick, even to wonder. From this pleasure they returned to the Village to dine, and sent Daphnis some of their choiser fare to the fields; where he feasted himself with Chloe, and was sweetly affested with those delicates and confections from the City, and hoped he had pleased his Lord and Lady so, that now he should not misse the Maid. But Gnatho now was more inflam'd with those things about the Goat, and counting his life no life at all, unlesse he had Daphnis at his will, he catcht Astylus walking in the Garden, and leading him with him into Bacchus his Phane, he fell to kisse his hands and his feet. But he enquiring why he did so; and bidding him tell what was the matter with him; and swearing withall, to hear and help him in anything: Master, thy Gnatho is undone (quoth he:) for I who heretofore was in Love with nothing but a plenteous Table; and swore nothing was more desireable, nothing of a more pretious Tang then good old wine; I that have often affirmed, That thy Confections and Cooks, were sweeter then the boyes of Mitylene; I shall now hereafter for ever think, that nothing is fair and sweet but Daphnis; and giving over to feed high, as thou art furnisht every day with flesh,

with fish, with banquetting; nothing could be more pleasant to me, then to be turned into a Goat, to eat grasse, and green leaves, hear Daphnis his pipe, and be fed at his hand. But do thou preserve thy Gnatho, and be to him the victor of victorious Love. Unlesse it be done, I swear to thee by my god, that when I have fill'd my paunch with meat, I'le take this dagger, and kill myself at Daphnis his door. And then you may go look for your pretty little Gnatho, as thou usest daily to call me. Astylus a generous Youth, and one that was not to learn that Love was a tormentous fire, could not endure to see him weep in such a manner, and kisse his feet again and again; but promised to beg Daphnis of his Father, to wait upon him at Mitylene, and so to become Gnatho's Pathic-boy. But to please himself, and hearten up Gnatho, he smiled upon him, and askt him, Whether he were not asham'd to be in love with Lamo's Son, nay, to be made to lye with a boy that kept Goats? Besides, he thought the strong perfume of Goats was somewhat abominable. Gnatho on the other side, like one that had learnt the wanton discourse among good fellowes in the drinking Schooles, was ready to answer him better then ex tempore, concerning himself and Daphnis--thus: We Lovers (Sir) are never curious about such things as those, but wheresoever we meet with beauty, there undoubtedly we are catcht, and fall upon it. And hence it is that some have fallen in Love with a Tree, some with a River, some with a Beast. And who would not pity that miserable Lover, whom we know fatally bound, to live in fear of that that's loved? But I, as I love the body of a servant, so in that, the beauty of the most Ingenuous. Do you not see his locks are like the Hyacinths! and his eyes under the browes, like Diamonds burning, in their golden Sockets! How sweetly ruddy are his cheeks, his lips rosie, and his mouth rowed with Elephant-pearl! And what Lover would not be fond to take from thence, the sweetest red and white kisses? But if I love a keeper of flocks, in that I imitate the gods! Auchises was a Herdsman, and Venus had him. Branchius was a Goat-herd, and Apollo loved him. Ganymedes was but a Shepherd; and yet he was Jupiter's rape. We ought not then to contemn the youth because he is a keeper of Goats, to whom,

we see even the Goats, for very love of one so fair, every way obedient; nay rather, that They let such a beauty as that, continue here upon the Earth, we owe our thanks to Jupiter's Eagles. At that word Astylus had a sweet laugh, and saying, Oh what mighty Sophisters this Love can make, began to cast about for a fit time to speak to his Father about Daphnis. Eudromus hearken'd what was said, and catcht the Secret; and detesting in himself that such a flower of beauty should be put into the hands of a filthy fellow, he told both Daphnis and Lamo all that happen'd. Daphnis was struck to the heart with this, and soon resolv'd either to run away, and Chloe with him, or else to die, and take her with him to the Elysian fields.--But Lamo getting Myrtale out of doores, What shall we do, (quoth he) we are all undone? Now or never is our time to open all that hitherto has bin concealed; namely, the lone, forsaken place; the Goat, and all the other Things. For, by Pan, and all the Nymphs, though I should be left alone to my self, like an Ox forgotten in a stall, I will not longer hide his story; but declare I found him an Exposed Child, make it known how he was nurst, and shew the Significations found exposed together with him. And let that rotten rascal Gnatho know himself, and what it is he dares to love. Only make ready the monuments for me! This agreed, they went again into the house. But Astylus, his father being at leisure, went to him, and askt his leave to take Daphnis from the Countrey to serve him at Mitylene; for he was a fine boy, far above the clownish Life, and one that Gnatho soon could teach the City-garbe. His Father grants it willingly, and presently sending for Lamo and Myrtale, lets them know that Daphnis should hereafter wait upon Astylus in the City, and leave his keeping Goats. But then instead of him, he promised to give them two Goat-herds. And now when Lamo saw the Servants running together, and hugge one another for joy they were to have so sweet a fellow-servant in the house, he askt leave to speak to his Lord and thus began:

Hear me, Sir, a true story, that an old man is about to tell you. And I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not lie a jott. I am not the Father of Daphnis, nor was

Myrtale so happy as to be the Mother of so sweet a Youth. Other Parents exposed that Child, having (perchance) enow before. But I found him where he was laid, and suckled by a Goat of mine; which Goat when she died, I buried in yonder skirt of the Garden, to use her kindly, because she had plaid the part of a Mother. Together with him I found habiliments exposed, and signs (methought) of what he was. I confesse them to you (Sir) and have kept them to this day. For they make him of higher fortune, than ours has any Symbol to: Wherefore I think not much he should become the Servant of the noble Astylus, a good Servant of a good and honest Lord. But I cannot endure to have him now exposed to be injuriously and basely used by the drunken Glutton, Gnatho; and, as it were, be made a slave to such a drivell. Who now would have him to Mitylene, there to make a Wench of him. Lamo when he had thus said, held his peace, and wept amain. But Gnatho being enraged by this, and threatening to cudgell Lamo, Dionysophanes was wholly amazed at what was said, and commanded him silence, bending his browes, and looking stern and grim upon him; then again question'd Lamo, charging him to speak the Truth, and tell him no such Tales as those, to keep his Son at home by him. But when he stood to what he said, and swore to it by all the gods, and would submit to any Torture, if he did lie but in the least; he examin'd every passage over again, Clearista sitting apart. What cause is there that Lamo should lie, when for One, he is to have two Goat-herds? And how should a simple Countrey-fellow feign and forge such things as these? No sure; besides it is incredible that of such an old Churle, and such an Urchin as his Wife, there should come a child so fair! And now it seem best to insist no longer upon conjectures, but to view the monumentals, and try if they reported any thing of a more noble splendid fortune.

Myrtale therefore went and brought them all to him, laid up safe in an old Scrip. Dionysophanes lookt first, and seeing there the Purple Mantle, the Gold-button, the Dagger with the Ivory heft, he cryed out loud, Great Jupiter the Governour! and call'd his Wife that she might see. She too, when she saw them, cryed out amain, O

dear, dear Fates! Are not these those very Things we exposed with our Son? Did we not send Sophrosyne to lay him here in these fields? They are no other, but the very same, my dear! This is our Child without doubt. Daphnis is thy Son, and he has kept his Fathers Goats. While Clearista was yet speaking, and Dionysophanes was kissing those sweet revelations of his Child, and weeping over them for joy, Astylus hearing it was his Brother, flings off his Cloak, and o're the Green away he flies, in an earnest desire to be the first to entertain him with a kisse. Daphnis seeing him make towards him so fast with such a Company, and hearing his own name in the noise, thinking they came to apprehend him, flung away his Scrip and his Pipe, and in the scare set a running towards the Sea to cast himself from a high Crag. And peradventure the new-found Daphnis had then bin lost, but that Astylus perceiving it, cryed out to him more clearly: Stay Daphnis; Be not afraid, I am thy Brother, and They thy Parents, that were hitherto thy Lords. Now Lamo has told us all concerning the Goat, and shewed the monuments thou hadst about thee. Turn thee, and see with what a rejoycing, cheerful face they come along. But do thou kisse me first of all. By the Nymphs I do not lie. After that Oath he ventured to stand, and staid till Astylus came at him, and then offer'd him a kisse. While they were kissing and embracing, the rest of the company came in, the Men-servants, the Maids, the Father, and after him, the Mother. Every one kist him and hugg'd him in their arms, rejoycing, and weeping. But Daphnis embraced his Father and his Mother the most familiarly of all the rest, and cling'd to them as if he had known them long before, and would not part out of their arms. So quickly comes belief to joyn with nature. An oblivion of Chloe had now begun by little and little to steal upon him. And when they got back to the Village, they turned him out of his old clothes, and put him in a gallant habit, and placing him near his own Father, they heard him speak to this purpose:

I married a Wife (my dear Sons) when I was yet very young, and after a while, as I conjectured I should, it was my happiness to be a Father. For first I had a Son born,

the second a daughter, and then Astylus the third. I thought there was enow of the breed, and therefore I exposed this boy, who was born after the rest, and set him out with those Toyes, not for the monuments of his Stock, but for Sepulchral ornaments. But fortune had other thoughts and Counsels about him. For so it was, that my eldest son, and my daughter dyed on the same disease upon one and the same day. But Thou by the providence of the gods art kept alive and saved for Us, in design to make us happy by more helps and manudostors to our Age. Yet do not thou, when it comes to thy mind that thou wast Expos'd, take it unkindly, or think evill of me; for it was not with a willing mind. Neither do Thou good Astylus, take it ill, that now thou art to have but a part for the whole Inheritance. For to any man that's wise, there is no possession more pretious then a brother is. Therefore esteem and love one another, and for your riches, compare and vie yourselves with Kings. For I shall leave you large Lands, Servants, Industrious and True, Gold and Silver, all that the fortunate possesse. Onely in Special I give to Daphnis this Mannour, with Lamo, and Myrtale, and the Goats that he has kept. While he was still going on in his Speech, Daphnis starting, 'Tis well remembered, Father (quoth he) 'Tis time to go and lead my Goats to watering; They are now dry, and now expecting my Pipe; and I am loytering and lolling here. They all laught sweetly at this, to see him that was now a Lord turning into a Goat-herd again; and so another was sent away to rid his mind of that care. And now when they had sacrificed to Jupiter Soter, the saviour of the re-posed Child, they had a jovial rejoycing Feast, and only Gnatho was not there; for he was in a mighty feare, and took sanctuarie in Bacchus his Phane, and there he was a sneaking suppliant night and day: But the fame flying abroad that Dionysophanes had found a Son, and that Daphnis the Goat-herd proved the Lord of those fields: the ruralls came in with the early day, some from one place, some another, there to congratulate the Youth, and bring their presents to his Father. And amongst these, Dryas was first; Dryas, to whom Chloe was nursling. And Dionysophanes accepting their expressions of Joy and exultation, made them stay to

celebrate the great feast of the Invention of Daphnis. Therefore great store of Wine, and the finest Bread, was furnisht out; water-fowl of all sorts; sucking pigs; various curiosities of sweet cakes, Wafers, Simnels, and Pies. And many victims that day were slain and offer'd to the Gods of Lesbos. Daphnis then, having got all his pastorall furniture about him, cast it into severall Anathema's, his thankfull Donaries to the Gods. To Bacchus, he dedicates his Scrip, and Mantle; to Pan, his Whistle and his oblique Pipe: his Goat-hook to the holy Nymphs; and Milking-pailes, that he had made. But so it is, that those things we have long been acquainted withall, and used ourselves to, are more acceptable and pleasing to us, then a new and insolent felicity; and therefore teares fell from his eyes at every valediction to this and that; nor did he offer the pailes to the Nymphs, till he had milkt into them first; nor his Mantle till he had lapt himself in it, nor his Pipe till he had pip't a tune or two. But he look't wistly upon all the things, and would not let them goe without a Kisse. Then he spoke to the She-goats, and call'd the He-goats by their names. Out of the Fountain too he needs must drink before he goes, because he had drank there many a time, and with his sweetest, dearest Chloe. But as yet he did not openly professe his Love; because he waited a season to it. And therefore in the meane time, while he was keeping holy-day, it was thus with poore Chloe. By her flocks she sate, and wept; and complained to her self, and them (as it was like) in this manner: Daphnis has forgot me. Now he thinks of a Great fortune. To what purpose is it now, that after we had sworn by the Nymphs, I would make him sweare to me by the Goates? He has forsaken them and me! And when the other day, he sacrificed to Pan, and the Nymphs he would not so much as see Chloe. Perchance he has found a prettyer Wench then I amongst his Mothers Maids. Fare him well! But I must die; and will not live. While thus she was maundering and afflicting her self, Lampis the Herdsman coming upon her with a band of rusticks, ravisht her away, presuming Daphnis had cast off all thoughts of Chloe, and Dryas too to gape on Daphnis. And so she was carried away, crying out most piteously. But one that saw it told it Nape,

she Dryas, and Dryas Daphnis.

This put Daphnis almost quite out of his witts; and to his Father he durst not speak, nor was he able to endure in that condition, and therefore slinking away into the circuit walkes of the Garden, broke forth into lamentations. Oh the bitter Invention of Daphnis! How much better was it for me to keep a flock? And how much happyer was I when I was a Servant? Then I fed my eyes with Chloe. But now she is the rape of Lampis, and with him she lyes to night. And I stay here, and melt my selfe away in wine and soft delights, and so in vain have sworn to her by the Nymphs, by Pan, and by the Goats. These heavy complaints of Daphnis, it was Gnathos fortune to heare as he was sculking in the Garden; and presently apprehending the happie houre to appease Daphnis, and make him propitious; he takes some of Astylus his Servants, makes after Dryas; bids him shew him to Lampis his Cottage, and plucks up his heeles to get thither. And lighting on him in the nick as he was halling Chloe in, he took her from him, and bang'd his band of Clowns. And Lampis himself he endeavour'd to take, and bring him bound, as a captive from some Warre, but he prevented that by flight. This undertaking happily perform'd, he return'd with the night; and found Dionysophanes at his rest; but Daphnis watching, weeping, and waiting in the Walks. There he presents his Chloe to him, gives her into his hands, and tells them the story of the action; then beseeches him to think no more of that injurious attempt upon him, but take him as a Servant not altogether unusefull, and not interdict him the Table, to make him die for want. Daphnis seeing Chloe, and having her now in his own hands, was reconciled by that service, and received him into favour; then excused himself to Chloe, for his seeming to neglect her. And now advising together about their intended wedding, it was, they thought, the best way, still to conceale it, and to hide Chloe in some hole or other, then to acquaint his Mother only with their Love. But Dryas was not of that opinion. He would have the Father know the whole businesse as it was, and undertakes to bring him on. In the Morning betimes, with Chloe's monuments in his Scrip, he goes to Dionysophanes

and Clearista, who were sitting in the Garden. And Astylus was there present, and Daphnis himself. And, silence made, the old Goatherd thus began.

Such a necessity as Lamo had, compells me now to speak those things that hitherto have bin concealed. This Chloe I neither begot, nor had anything to do in her nursing up. But some others were her Parents, and a Sheep gave her suck in the NymphÃ¦um where she lay. I my self saw it done, and wonder'd at it; wond'ring at it, took her home, and brought her up. And the excessive Sweetnesse of her face, bears me witnesse to what I say. For she is nothing like to Us. The fine accoutrements she had about her make it more apparent too. For they are richer then becomes a Shepherds Coate. Here they are, view them well, seek out her kin, and so trie whether at length she may not be found, not unworthy to marrie Daphnis.

These words as they were not unadvisedly cast in by Dryas, so neither were they heard by Dionysophanes without regard. But casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing him look pale upon it, and his teares stealing down his face, presently deprehended it was Love. Then as one that was bound to be more sollicitous about his own, then another man's Child, he falls with all accuratenesse to reprehend what Dryas had said. But when he saw the monitorie Ornaments; her mitre; and her mantle wrought with Gold; her curious blankets, and her gilded shoos, he cal'd her to him, bid her be of good chear as one that had now a husband, and erelong should find her Father and her Mother.

Clearista took her to her care, and from that time trickt her up and made her fine, as even then her Son's Wife. But Dionyso-phanes taking Daphnis aside, askt him, if Chloe were a Maid; And he swearing, that nothing had past betwixt them, but only kissing, embracing, and oathes; his Father was much delighted to heare of that prettie Conjuration by which they had bound themselves to one another, and made them sit down together to a banquet brought in. And then one might presently see what beautie was, when it had got its proper dresse. For Chloe being so clothed,

drest in her hair, and washt in Clearista's wash; did so outshine even all beautie, that her own Daphnis now could scarce know her. And any man, without the faith of monuments might now have sworne, that Dryas was not the Father of so fair a maid. But he was there, and Nape, and Lamo, and Myrtale, feasting at a private Table. And again, upon this invention of Chloe, were immolations to the Gods, and Chloe consecrated her Trinkets; that skin she used to weare; her Scrip; her Pipe; her Milking-pailes. She mingled Wine too with that Fountain in the Cave, because close by it she was nurst; and had often washt in it. The Grave of her Nurse shown to her by Dryas, she adorned with many Garlands; and to her flock, plaid a little on her Pipe. Then she prayes to the Goddesses that she might find them that exposed her to be such, as would not mis-become her marriage with Daphnis. And now they had enough of feasting and holy-dayes, in the fields; and would returne to Mitylene; look out Chloe's parents there, and speedily have a wedding on't. In the morning betime when they were readie to goe, to Dryas they gave the other three thousand drachma's: To Lamo halfe of that Land, to sow, and moe, and find him Wine, and Goats, together with the Goatherd; four paire of Oxen for the Plough; Winter Clothes; and made his Wife free. Then anon with a great Pompe and a brave show of Horses and Waggons, on they moved towards Mitylene. And because it was night before they could come in, they escaped the Citizens gapeing upon them then; but the next day; there was a throng of men and Women at the door. These to give joyes, and rejoyce with Dionysophanes who had found a Son; and their joy was much augmented when they saw the excessive sweetnesse of the Youth. Those to exult with Clearista, who had brought home not only a Son, but a Bride too. For Chloe's beautie had struck the eyes of them, a beautie for its lustre beyond estimation, beyond excesse by any other. In fine, the whole Cittie was moved about the young man and the maide, and now with loud ingeminations, cryed, A happie marriage, a blessed Marriage. They prayed too the maid might find her birth as Great, as she was Faire; and many of the richer Ladyes prayed the Gods, they might be taken for

Mothers of so sweet a Girl. But Dionysophanes after many sollicitous thoughts, fell into a deep sleep, and in that, had this Vision. He thought he saw the Nymphs petition Cupid, to grant them at length a licence for the wedding. Then, that Love himself, his bow unbent, and by his quiver laid; commanded him to invite the whole nobility of Mitylene to a feast, and when he had sett the last crater, there to show the Monuments to every one; and from that point, commence and sing the HymenÃ¦us. When he had seen, and heard This, up he getts as sone as day, and gave order that a splendid supper should be provided of all varietyes from the land, from the Sea, from the Marshes, from the rivers; and at night had to his guests all the best of the MitylenÃ¦ans. And when the last Crater was filled, and out of it a Libation poured to Mercury the god of sleep; one of the servants came in with Chloe's Trinkets upon a Silver plate; and carrying them about in his right hand, presented them to every eye. Of others there was none that knew them. Onely one Megacles, who for his age sate uppermost, when he saw them, knowing presently what they were, cryed out amain with a youthful, strong voyce: Blesse me! What is it that I see? What is become of thee, my little daughter? Art Thou yet indeed alive? or has some Shepherd brought these hither, lighting on them by meer chance? Tell me, for gods sake, Dionysophanes, How came you by the dresse of my Child? Envy not me the finding something after Daphnis. But Dionysophanes bidding him first relate the Exposing of the Child; he remitted nothing of his former tone, but thus went on:

Some yeares ago I had but a scanty livelyhood. For I spent what I had, on Playes, and Shews, and the public Galleys. In this condition I had a daughter born. And despairing because of my want of an honourable education for her, I exposed her with These monumentall Toyes, knowing that even by that way, many are glad to be made fathers. In the NymphÃ¦um she was laid, and left to the trust of the Resident Goddesses. After that I began to be rich, and grow richer every day, yet had no heir; nor was I afterwards so fortunate, as to be Father but to a daughter. But the gods, as if they mockt me for what I had done, sent me a dream, which signified, That a

Sheep should make me a Father. Dionysophanes upon that burst out louder than Megacles; and sprung away into a near with-drawing room, and brought in Chloe finely drest as curiosity could do it. And in haste to Megacles, This (quoth he) is that same daughter of Thine that thou didst expose: This Girle, a Sheep, by the providence of the gods, did nurse for thee, as a Goat did my Daphnis. Take her monuments, Take thy daughter; then by all meanes give her Daphnis for a Bride. We exposed both of them, and have now found them both: Pan, the Nymphs, and Love himself took care of both. Megacles highly approved the motion, and commanded his Wife Rhode should be sent for thither, first to see her sweet Girle, then to have her sleep that night in her lap. For Daphnis had sworne by all the Gods, he would not trust her with any body else, no not with his own Father. When it was day, into the fields they turned again. For Daphnis and Chloe had impetrated that, by reason of the strangenesse and insolence of Cittie conversation to them. Besides, for them it was thought the best to make it a kind of Pastorall Wedding. Therefore coming to Lamo's house to Megacles was Dryas joyn'd assistant, Nape to Rhode. And by them all things were finely disposed and furnisht to the rurall celebration.

Then before the statues of the Nymphs her Father gave Chloe to Daphnis, and with other more pretious things, suspended her Monuments for Anathemas in the Cave. Then in recognition of Dryas his care, they made up his number ten-thousand dracma's. But Dionysophanes (for his share) the day being serene, open, and fair, commanded there should be Arbors of green boughes set up under the very Cave, and there disposed the Villagers to their high feasting jollitie. Lamo was there, and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kindred and friends, Philetas and his Lads, Chromis and his Lycenium. Nor was even Lampis absent; for he was pardon'd by that Beautie that he had loved. Therefore then, as usually when rurall revellers are met together at a Feast: nothing but Georgics, nothing but what was rustical was there. Here one sang like the Reapers, There another prattled it, and flung about the Epilenion flirts and scoffs, as in the Autumne from the presse. Philetas played upon

his Pipes, Lampis upon the Hoboy. Dryas and Lamo danced to them. Daphnis and Chloe clipt and kist. The Goats too were feeding by, as part of that celebritie.

And this manner of entertainment of those from the Cittie, was pleasing to them beyond measure. Daphnis now calls up some of the Goats by their names, and from the Arbors gives them boughs to browze upon from his hand, and catching them fast by the hornes, took kisses thence. And thus they did not only then for that day; but for the most part of their time, held on still the Pastoral mode; serving the Gods, the Nymphs, Cupid, and Pan; and nothing for food more pleasant to them then Apples, and Milk. But now for the ceremonyes of giving them their new names, it was appointed, Daphnis should lie down under a Coat, and take the dugge; Chloe then, under a sheep: him they called PhilopÅmen, her they named, the fair AgÃ©le.

And so with them those names grew old. The Cave they adorn'd with curious work, set up Statues, built an Altar of Cupid the Shepherd, and to Pan, a phane to dwell in stead of a pine, and called him, Pan Stratiotes, Pan the Lovers Souldier.

But this adorning of the Cave, building an Altar, and a Phane, and giving them their names, was afterwards at their opportunity. Then when it was night, and Venus rising up the horizon, they all lead the Bride and Bridegroom to their Chamber, some playing upon Whistles and Hoboyes, some upon the oblique Pipes, some holding great Torches.

And when they came near to the door, they chang'd their tone, and gave a grating harsh sound, nothing like the HymenÃ¦us, but as if the Virgin Earth had bin torn with many Tridents.

But Daphnis and Chloe lying naked together, began to clip, and kisse, and twine, and strive with one another, sleeping no more then birds of the night; and Daphnis now did the Trick that his Mistris LycÃ¦nium had taught him in the thicket. And Chloe then first knew, that those things that were done in the Wood, were only the sweetest Sports of Shepherds.

FINIS.

Daphnis and Chloe