

The background is a detailed, aged map of the Pacific Ocean, showing a grid of latitude and longitude lines. The map is covered with numerous small, colored dots (red, yellow, green, and black) and lines, suggesting a scientific or historical data collection. The text "Longus" is overlaid on the top left, and "Daphnis and Chloe" is overlaid on the bottom in a large, white, serif font.

Longus

*Daphnis  
and Chloe*



**Longus**

# **Daphnis and Chloe**



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# A Summary of the First Book

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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.

# The First Book

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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 Mæanders 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 Discursions, 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 Nymphæum, 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 Mœdiana, 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 amusing 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 prays 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