

Great Lives
from Ancient Greece/Rome & Italy

MONTH FOUR

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Libraries of Hope

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Great Lives Series: Month Four

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
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Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

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America

Mary Washington
Martha Washington

Lycurgus
The Hardy Men of Sparta
800 – 730 B.C.

The men in the fortress on the hill were so surrounded by their foes that Sous, their leader, advised them to yield, and they agreed. He spoke to the enemy from the wall:

"We will own you masters if you will agree to one condition. For days we have been without water, and we are dying of thirst. Let every man of my army drink of the spring which runs by your camp, and then all our land shall be yours."

This was allowed. But Sous first called his fighting-men together, and asked if any one of them would forbear from drinking. None would go without the water he longed for. They marched out of the castle and eagerly drank—all except Sous. His throat was dry like desert sand, but he would not drink. He simply sprinkled water over his hot face. Then he summoned his men and marched off, saying to the enemy:

"This land is still mine and not yours, for we have not all drunk. Not a drop of water has touched my lips."

Of course, this was cunning and dishonest, according to our ideas today; but the ancient Greeks and other people thought such tricks quite right, especially if the deceit was done for the sake of one's country; and you see Sous wished to save his country from the hands of strangers.

This chieftain Sous was a Spartan, and Sparta was a rocky and mountainous land in the south of Greece, the cliffs along its shore standing over the blue depths of the Mediterranean Sea. Round its main city, Sparta, no walls were built, the bravery of the citizens being its true defence. Sous was the first

man who thought of seizing the men of a certain seaside town of Sparta, and making slaves of them. They were called Helots (Hel-ots), and any other captives taken in sieges or in battles on the sea were also called Helots. You could know these slaves in the street by their dress. They wore caps of dogskin and coats of sheepskin, but no other clothes, and each day (so it is said) they bared their backs and were beaten by their masters, in order to keep their spirit humble. Sometimes the Spartans would give the slaves strong drink till they were drunken, and then lead them out before the young men so as to show how wretched and unmanly a drunkard appeared. Yet the Spartans would have fared ill without the help of their slaves, for the Helots were cooks, ploughmen, carriers, and general servants. I am glad to say, however, that no Helot could be sold, and, after paying so much barley, oil, or wine to his lord, he might keep the rest of the fruits of the field on which he worked.

Among the children's children's children (or descendants) of Sous was the famous man Lycurgus (Ly-kur-gus), about 825 B.C., who was teacher and lawgiver to the Spartans as Moses was to the Jews. Now, Lycurgus had made up his mind to give the best laws he could plan to the people of Sparta; but, as he knew it was harder to rule men than to rule sheep, or even wolves or lions, he first went about the world to learn all he could concerning people and their manners. Thus he travelled to Spain, Egypt, and (some say) as far as India.

On his return to Sparta, he was made lawgiver; and one of the first things he did was to divide the land into forty thousand small portions, or lots, each being just large enough to keep a family supplied with barley, wine, or olive-oil. And when he passed at harvest-time among the fields, divided into lots, and saw the shocks of yellow corn standing, he smiled to think that the land of Sparta was fairly shared among the citizens, and that each man had neither too little nor too

much. No gold or silver money was used; all the money was simply pieces of iron, and thirty pounds' worth of iron would fill a room and need two strong oxen to carry it in a cart; and so it was not easy to hoard up much money, or for a man to become very rich.

Their couches, tables, and beds were all carved in wood in a very plain way, without costly cushions or gilding; and the doors and ceilings of the houses were made of wood roughly sawn, but never polished. Lycurgus would not let the people sit at home to eat dainty meals; all were obliged to come to public tables, and take their dinners and suppers in company. At each table about fifteen persons would sit, and each would bring to the public store every month a certain load of barley-meal, wine, cheese, and figs, and a little iron money to buy flesh or fish. Their favorite food was a kind of black broth. At the tables the children sat with their elders, and folk might talk as much as they would and make jokes, so long as the jokes were not nasty and silly. And if the joke went against any particular man, he was expected to take it in good part, for the Spartans considered that a brave fellow should not only be stout in fight, but should cheerfully stand being laughed at.

The boys had their hair cut short, and went barefoot, and wore very little clothing. They slept together in companies, or brigades, their beds being made of reeds, which their own hands had pulled up on the banks of the river. In winter, they were permitted to spread warm thistle-down on the top of the reeds. When the boys ran races, or boxed, or wrestled, the old men would stand by and watch the sports. At supper they might sing and talk, but that lad was thought most of who could say the best things in the fewest words. The Spartan style of talking was called "laconic," and it was short and shrewd.

Thus a Spartan was asked by a foolish man the question, "Who is the best man in Sparta?" The answer was, "He that

is least like you."

Another was asked how many men there were in the Spartan country, and he replied: "Enough to keep bad men at a distance."

So hardy were the Spartan lads that they were proud to bear pain without uttering a cry. On one occasion a boy had caught a young fox and placed it inside his coat. While he sat at the supper table, the young fox began biting him very severely, but he would not make a single sound; and not until his companions saw the blood drawn by the creature's claws did they know how much the brave lad suffered. The girls also would join together in sports, running, wrestling, and throwing quoits and darts; for they took delight in rendering their bodies healthy and strong, so that they might be happier mothers. When their sons went forth to war, the Spartan mothers would give each young man his shield, and say: "Return with this shield, or upon it," meaning, "You must either carry back your shield as a warrior who has fought well, or be carried on it as a dead warrior, who would not allow himself to be taken prisoner by the enemy."

So anxious were the Spartans that all the citizens should be strong and well-made that they carried weak and sickly babies to a deep cave in a mountain, and there let them die. When quite little, the children were often taken into dark places, so that they might be used to the gloom and walk through it without fear. Thus it came to pass that the Spartans were heroic in the day of battle; and, when the question arose whether a wall should be built about the city, the people were pleased with the man who said: "That city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of bricks." Yet, powerful and warlike as the young men were, they always treated the aged with respect, and, if a weak old man came into a place of meeting, they would instantly rise and offer him a convenient seat.

Some of the richer sort of people disliked the stern way in

which Lycurgus made them live, and one day an angry crowd attacked him, and he fled for refuge to a temple. A young man named Alcander joined in the riot, and thought it a fine thing to help in putting down the tyrant. He struck the lawgiver on the eye with a stick. Then Lycurgus stopped and showed his bleeding face to the people, and they were ashamed, and, seizing Alcander, brought him to Lycurgus, and bade him punish the young man as he willed.

The lawgiver took Alcander to his house, and the young man expected a very rough chastisement for his wrong-doing. But Lycurgus merely ordered him to act as his servant, and fetch things for him and wait upon him at his work or his meals; and for several days this went on, the master of Sparta saying no unkind word to Alcander, and in no way showing that he owed a grudge. When Alcander at length went home, he told his friends how generously he had been served, and how noble a man he thought Lycurgus was; and thus Lycurgus turned an enemy into a friend.

When Lycurgus felt himself advancing in years, he made up his mind not to dwell any longer in Sparta. He called the people together and said to them:

"My friends, I am going to the temple of the great god Apollo, to speak with him and hear what he has to say to me. Before I leave, I wish you all to promise me—princes and citizens alike—that you will faithfully keep all the laws I have made, and alter none of them until I return."

The people said: "We promise."

Then Lycurgus bade farewell to his friends and to his son, and set out for the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the god told him that the laws which he had established for Sparta were good and useful. The lawgiver thought that, if he never returned to his native land, the citizens would never alter the laws. Therefore, for the sake of the country which he loved, he died beyond its borders. Some say he died in one place, some in another. Some say he died in the island of Crete, and,

as the old lawgiver lay sick, he bade those about him burn his body and throw the ashes into the sea. When they did this, his remains were borne by the waves this way and that, and so it was not possible he could ever return to Sparta.

Romulus and Remus
The Twins
circa 750 B.C.

The cattle were feeding on the pasture, but the master was not there. He was going toward the river, and he was carrying a burden in his arms. When he reached the edge of the stream he paused. The water ran toward the Mediterranean Sea, rough and noisy.

"I shall not put them straight into the water," he said to himself; "I will leave them here, and perhaps the river will rise and carry them away."

It did. As the flood crept round the wooden trough or cradle, it rocked and then floated. Inside the trough lay two lovely and chubby boy-babes—twins—princes. Their uncle had taken their father's land and theirs, and had bidden the herdsman drown the twins.

The flood of the river Tiber carried the cradle to a green spot, where grew a wild fig-tree. The box lay on the grass, and when the flood went down it still stayed on land. And behold (or you will behold these things if you believe the ancient tale!), a big she-wolf came and gazed at the babes with her fierce and shifty eyes, and she seemed to think they were little cubs that needed her milk, and so she fed them. As they grew older, and were able to toddle about, and were too old for wolf's milk, they got food from a friendly woodpecker. I cannot say whether the woodpecker, with his long beak and tongue, brought the boys food such as he ate himself (that would be insects and grubs), or whether he was good enough to bring berries and other fruits. After a while, however, the

herdsman took charge of the boys altogether, and saved the woodpecker any further trouble.

The twins became stout, tall, and strong young fellows, who minded cattle for the chieftain Amulius. One day a loud cry was heard.

"Our cattle have been stolen!"

"Who has taken them?"

"The herdsmen of the chieftain Numitor."

"Follow us!" shouted the tall twins; "we will get them back again!"

A furious fight took place. The twins won. The cattle were brought back in triumph. Then the brothers knew that more war would follow. They joined company with runaway slaves and other people who had no settled homes. These people looked upon the twins—Romulus and Remus—as captains. But Remus was captured, and taken to the house of Numitor.

The herdsman went to Romulus and said:

"Your brother is in danger of death. He will perhaps be killed by his grandfather Numitor."

"I never knew Numitor was our grandfather," replied Romulus.

"Yet it is so. Your mother was his daughter. But Amulius took the power, and wanted to get rid of you two boys, and bade me leave you in the cradle on the river Tiber, where you would soon have been drowned. But it happened otherwise, and I brought you up after a wolf and a woodpecker had fed you."

"I can hardly believe you."

"Well, here is the box you and Remus sailed in. Take it at once to Numitor. Tell him who you are. Perhaps he will spare Remus's life."

Romulus ran straightway to the house of the chief, burst into the room where he was questioning poor Remus, showed the cradle, and told all the strange story. And Numitor,

looking at the faces of the young men, saw a likeness to his daughter, and felt sure the tale was true. The two brothers went off with a band of armed men to punish their great-uncle Amulius. Before the little army walked several standard-bearers, carrying poles, on the tops of which were fastened bunches of grass and shrubs. An attack was made on the tyrant's house, and Amulius was slain.

The two young chiefs—for such they now were—made up their minds to build a city of their own. They ploughed with a share or blade drawn by an ox, and ploughed a furrow in a sort of circle. This circle was the line on which the walls were built. But Remus never builded. He had told Romulus that the city ought to be built in another and safer spot.

"If you build here," he said, "the enemy will easily enter—as easily as this."

So saying, he jumped over the ploughed line in a mocking manner.

In anger Romulus and his friends fell upon Remus and struck him, and he died. When his passion cooled, great was the sorrow of Romulus; but it was too late; his brother was dead. The city that was being built would now be called after the brother who was left alive—Rome.

On a hill near Rome you could see huts, in which dwelt the men who had joined Romulus, because they had nowhere else to go—slaves who had escaped from their lords, men who had slain neighbors and dreaded being punished by their tribe. After a time you could notice that the folk were divided into classes. First came Romulus the chieftain; he sat on a chair of state; his coat was of purple, and a purple cloak hung over his shoulders. As he walked through the new city, the lictors marched before him, bearing bundles of rods and thongs of leather. If Romulus ordered any man to be beaten, the lictors beat the offender with the rods. If he said "Bind that man prisoner," they bound the person with the leather thongs or straps.

A hundred older men, called the Fathers, or Patricians (Pat-rish'-ans), sat together in a council or senate.

The young men who were strong and quick were chosen for soldiers—on foot or horseback.

Certain men would watch birds flying, and if the birds flew in a particular manner they would say:

"It is not the right time to begin a war"—or whatever the purpose might be.

If the birds flew in what they thought a better way, the watchers would say:

"The time is good. The war may begin," or "The house may be built," etc.

These men were called Augurs, and were a kind of priests. Thus we see the classes—the King, the Fathers, the Soldiers, the Priests. The rest were known as the People.

A great feast was held one day. Romulus sat on a throne, dressed in purple. The Romans had asked another tribe, called Sabines (Sab-ins), to come to the merry-making, and the Sabines had come, with many maidens, who were ready to dance with the young men of Rome. Suddenly Romulus stood up, and folded his cloak about him.

A shout arose. The Roman young men rushed among the Sabines, and each seized hold of a maiden, and dragged her away to the city, while the Sabine men were held back from interfering. I almost think the young ladies had been told beforehand what would be done, and perhaps they had agreed to be carried away. The story goes on to tell that the Roman young men married the Sabine young women. Romulus had made this plan for the capture, for he thought it was of little use to have a city with so few women in it. For without the women, how could there be true homes?

Wars went on between Romans and Sabines for some years. At last a day came when each side had fiercely attacked the other; each had fled; each had begun the fight again. A crowd of women ran in between the armies. Their hair was

disordered; they uttered loud cries. Some carried their babies. Some knelt on the ground, and wept over the bodies of the dead. And one woman spoke for the rest:

"O men, do you wish to hurt us women still more? We were carried away from our fathers and brothers. And now what do we see? Our fathers and brothers are in deadly quarrel with our husbands. Whoever is killed is a lost friend to us. This war robs us of our husbands and our brothers and fathers. We beseech you to stop."

And the Romans and Sabines heard the prayer of the women and made peace, and became one people. How happy it would be if all the tribes of the earth today did likewise! And you girls who read this page must help in the making of peace all over the world.

But one woman was not so noble. Before the peace-making of which I have just told you, the Sabines once laid siege to Rome, and a Roman woman named Tarpeia (Tar-pee-a) told the enemy she would open the gate to them by night, if they would give her the bracelets of gold which they wore on their left hands. They agreed. She opened the gate, the Sabines ran in. But they did not respect the traitor. The Sabine chief threw at her his bracelet and his shield (which was on his left arm). All the others did likewise, and the false woman sank under a heavy pile of shields and bracelets, and died. And, after all, the Sabines did not win.

Romulus ruled his city for a long time. One day, when he stood among the people in an assembly, the sky became dark, thunder rolled, and all was tempest. Then the sky cleared to brightness. But Romulus could nowhere be seen. People said the gods had taken him away. Of course, this is only a legend.

Not long after that, when the people were gathered together at the place where the senate sat, a senator walked in, and cried:

"O people, I have seen Romulus!"

"Tell us where and how?"

He then told the following story.

He had met Romulus, dressed in bright armor, on the road near the city.

"Why, O King, did you leave the people who loved you?"

"My good friend, I dwelt on earth and built a city, and did my work, and now the gods have called me to heaven. Farewell. Go and tell the Romans that by the exercise of temperance and courage they shall become the greatest people in the world."

Numa
What the Forest Lady Said
753–673 B.C.

Up the path among the trees climbed the King. On each side of him, and overhead, the trees spread a thick shade. There was scarce a sound in the mountain forest except the sigh of the wind and the murmur of the brook.

The King's name was Numa. He sat down on a boulder of rock, beside a big pool of water. From one point in the pool the stream ran out and splashed down the hill.

The water trembled. Numa watched it very closely. A lady, clad in forest green, rose up from the pool, and smiled at the King, and sat on one of the rocks. This was not the first time he had met her. Often he visited this spot, and sat talking with the nymph (nimf) of the forest.

"Well, Numa," she said, "did you catch the two goblins?"

"Yes; I went to the fountain you told me of, and poured wine into it. When the two goblins came to drink—"

"What did they look like, Numa?"

"One looked like a funny little old man of the woods, with a goat's beard, and the other looked like a woodpecker. They drank of the water, and the wine got into their heads, and made them go to sleep. Then I crept up and caught them both, one in each hand."

"Did they get away?"

"Not till they had told me the charm against thunder, and also the magic way to see into the future, and know what is about to happen."

"What was the charm?"

"They said I was to mix up three strange things into a sort of paste—onions, hair, and the heads of sprats; and if I ate some of it, I should be shielded from the harm of lightning and thunder, and be able to tell the future."

"Very good, Numa; and have the Pontiffs mended the bridge over the river Tiber?"

"Yes; they have set men to work, and had new beams of wood fixed in the bridge to make it strong against the rush of the water. And the Romans are not now afraid to cross the bridge."

"Do the people obey the Pontiffs?"

"Yes; the other day the Pontiffs said the Romans were to hold a holiday, and do no work at all; and every workman in the city stopped his hammer, saw, and other tools. And when they said it was time to sow seed in the corn-fields the people did so."

"That is right. And do the four Fire-Maidens attend to their duty?"

"They do. I have had them dressed in white, as you told me, and they keep the fire burning on the altar day and night, so that the Roman folk may always feel safe. And whenever the Fire-Maidens pass through the streets of the city, the officers carry the bundles of rods in front of them. And last week one of them was being carried in her chair through the city, and there passed by a man who was to be put to death for evil-doing. We spared the man's life because he had met the Vestal maiden."

"That is what I told you to do. And have you built the house for the twenty Heralds?"

"Yes, Lady. If we have any quarrel with any tribe, we shall not think of going to war unless the Heralds give us leave."

"Have you made the eleven shields?"

"I have had them made by a clever smith. He copied very carefully the one which fell from the sky, and which the gods sent us. They look so alike, you could not tell which was the

gift of the gods and which are copied. Well, I have chosen twelve lively young men to wear them, and to perform the dance. What did you tell me they were to do?"

"This is the manner of the dancing, Numa. You know it can only be done in one particular month—"

"Yes, the month of March, in honor of the great Mars, the lord of war."

"That is so, Numa. The twelve young men must wear purple jackets and shiny brass belts and brass helmets. They must carry short swords, and, as they leap along the street, they must keep time by beating the shields with short swords."

"The show will please the Romans."

"Yes, Numa, and it will cause them to remember that the city is strong, not by its walls, but by its brave men, who carry shield and sword for the defence of Rome, and are ready to lay down their lives for their brethren."

"And now, Lady, I want to ask you how to stop the people from going on one another's lands, because they often—"

"Not today, Numa. I have talked with you enough this time. It is good to talk. It is also good not to talk. And you must now go and see the forest-maiden who puts her finger on her lip. You will find her under yonder fig-tree."

So Numa walked to the fig-tree, and sat under its shady boughs. A lady sat there with her finger on her lips, to show that no one must speak in her presence. She looked into the depths of the forest, as if she was very deeply thinking. Numa did as she did. He kept still, and thought of all the advice which the nymph of the pool had given him; and of the city of Rome; and of the Pontiffs, and the Heralds, and the Fire-Maidens, and the Leapers; and of the people in the many houses of the city, and of the best rules for keeping order, so that all men might be content and do their daily work in peace.

The woodpecker pecked at the trees, but Numa did not hear. And the squirrel jumped from bough to bough, but the

sound it made did not reach Numa. At last the Lady of Silence rose up and went away, and the King of Rome also rose, and went down the hill and home to his royal house.

Again Numa went to the pleasant nook in the forest, and again he met the Lady of the Fountain.

"You asked me last time, Numa, how to stay the people from going on each other's lands—from trespassing. Now I will tell you."

"I thank you, nymph of the forest."

"On the border-line between two farms or gardens a hole must be dug. In the hole let the folk pour the blood of an animal that has been slain for the gods. Sprinkle the hole with wine, and honey, and the seeds of plants, and sweet-smelling powders. Then let a big stone be dressed with ribbons and flowers. The stone must be placed in the hole so that it stands upright above the soil. Other stones are to be set at other points in the boundary."

"We will obey your command, Lady."

"And if, O Numa, any man tries to deceive his neighbor, and pulls up the landmark out of the earth, and moves it to another spot, so as to make his own plot of land larger, then a curse shall be uttered upon the man and upon his cattle."

"Yes, he shall be cursed."

"And whoso finds the man may slay him, and to kill the false person shall not be counted murder."

"It is dreadful, but it shall be done."

"And every year, in the month of February, a feast shall be held. The neighbors on each side of the boundary shall come together, with their wives, their children, and their slaves, and shall lay flowers on the stones, and offer cakes to the god Terminus. It shall be a good thing for the folk to meet in peace, and pay respect to the landmarks, and bear in mind that no man ought to take his neighbor's property."

"There is another matter I wish to ask about. The Romans and the Sabines dwell in the same city, but are not always

friends."

"Do this, Numa. Tell all the shoemakers to live in the same part of the town, whether they are Romans or Sabines. They will have a company or society of their own, and meet in a hall to make rules for the trade of the shoemakers. And likewise shall the musicians do, and the tanners, the goldsmiths, the masons, the dyers, the brass-workers, the potters, and all the others."

"I will do so. Besides this, Lady, I want to make a better reckoning of the days and months."

"How many months are there in a year, Numa?"

"Ten."

"Yes, but now you must have twelve. Up till now you began the year with March—the month of the Leapers; and the tenth month, or December, was the last."

"That is so."

"Well, Numa, tell the Romans to reckon this way: First month, January; second, February; third, March; fourth, April; fifth, May; sixth, June; then the seventh and eighth; ninth, September; tenth, October; eleventh, November; and last, December."

"All this I will explain to the people of Rome."

"And now, Numa, go again to the Lady of Silence, and think of what I have told you. Farewell."

What I have related to you is only a myth or legend. Perhaps there never was such a man as King Numa, although tradition calls him the second King of Rome, 715–672 B.C., and certainly there never was such a nymph as Egeria, the Lady of the Fountain in the Forest. But for many, many years the Romans believed that Numa was a King of Rome in very early times, and that he had learned wisdom from a nymph by the fountain. It does, indeed, need wisdom to govern cities and countries, for men have strong wills and are hard to rule. You know that persons who study how to rule are called politicians, and the rulers are called statesmen. The Romans

were a great and wise people in many ways, and we may learn lessons from the history of their city and republic. Statesmen learn their business by reading history, and by listening to the words of other sage men, and by altering old laws and customs that are not now useful, and making new ones. We should respect the names of good statesmen, such as Pericles, the Greek; Cæsar, the Roman; William the Silent, the Dutchman; Oliver Cromwell, the Englishman; George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Solon
The Wise Man of Athens
638 – 558 B.C.

A buzz of many voices was heard in the market-place of Athens. "Is he really mad?" asked one.

"Yes, you can see he is. Look at him now; he is leaping on to the herald's stone; and he wears a cap! Poor Solon; what a pity his brain should give way like this! Hark, he is beginning to speak."

The citizens of Athens crowded round the herald's stone, and listened to Solon. It was the custom for only sick people to wear caps, and Solon's strange appearance made the people readily believe the report that he was out of his mind. He recited a poem which he had composed beginning with the words:

Hear and attend!
From Salamis I came,
To show your error.

Solon was born about 638 B.C., and died about 558 B.C.

Salamis was an island whose mountains rose above the sea on the west of Athens. It was held by the Megarian people, who had taken it by force; and Solon so stirred up the spirit of Athens that the citizens made him commander of the men who should recapture the island. Solon played the following trick: He bade a number of young men dress in long, loose garments that made them appear like women; and he sent word to the Megarian warriors in Salamis that now they might

have a good chance of seizing some of the principal ladies of Athens! The Megarians, not knowing the message was a trap laid by Solon, hurried into a ship, landed on the Athenian coast, and saw what seemed to be a crowd of women dancing at a festival. With a shout they rushed forward, but were much surprised when the supposed matrons drew swords and made a fierce defence. In the end all the Megarians were slain, and Solon afterward took possession of Salamis. You will meet many such tales of trickery in the history of war in ancient times; and I fear that in our own days also men do not hesitate to deceive their enemies, and they think it quite right to do so.

In another case of trickery the Athenian people were not so well pleased. The city had been troubled by quarrels between two parties who disagreed as to the best way of governing the State; and a number of men were beaten in the conflict and fled to the temple of the goddess Athene (Ath-ee-nee) for refuge. According to the custom of the time, no man might touch them while they remained under the care of the goddess. Some of the opposite party came to the gate, and said:

"Come out, like honest men, and go before the city magistrates, and let them judge if you are guilty or innocent."

"We dare not come out. You would slay us."

"No, not while you are under the protection of Athene; and we will give you a long thread, long enough to reach from here to the court of justice, and while you hold that we shall consider you as under the guardianship of the goddess."

So the men who had taken refuge in the temple tied the thread to the altar of Athene, and, while holding it, walked forth toward the place of the magistrates. But presently—perhaps by accident, perhaps by the act of some treacherous hand—the thread snapped. Then their foes fell upon them and killed them. But the people of Athens regarded this deed as a most wicked murder, and later on, when Solon was made

chief ruler and lawgiver of the city, all the persons who took part in this action were sent into exile.

Many of the citizens wished Solon to take the crown. They thought he was a wise and just man, and would act as a wise and just king. Solon, however, had no mind for kingship; he was pleased to do his best to govern Athens, but had no wish for the glory of a crown or the splendor of a palace. He found the people of the Athenian country divided. There were, first, the Peasants of the Mountains, poor and hard-working, and always in debt to money-lenders; second, the Dwellers on the Coast, who were neither very rich nor very poor; and third, the Nobles of the Plain, who owned fruitful fields and orchards, and had much power. The poorest folk expected great help from Solon. They hoped he would wipe away all their debts, and they hoped he would take away the greater part of the land of the nobles and share it out among the people generally, as was done in Sparta. Solon did indeed wipe out their debts. He declared that all debts should be forgiven, so that the peasants might make a fresh start in life. Nor, even after that, would he allow any debtor to be seized and put into prison. For such had been the custom till then, every debtor being treated as if he were a wicked person. Solon heard of Athenians who had fled away into strange lands for fear of being cast into prison on account of money they owed, and he sent and brought them back; and all debtors who were in jail he set at liberty. You may be sure the poor and needy folk were filled with joy, and they now waited for him to divide the lands. But this Solon would not do, for he thought it would only upset the whole country; and, for that reason, some who had once praised him began to speak ill of him. Yet most of the citizens held him in great esteem, for they saw that in all he did he sought to do good to the people. Many laws he swept away. Before his days a lawgiver named Draco had ruled Athens so severely that he put to death men who only stole a few herbs from a garden; so that

it was said that his laws were written not in ink, but in blood. I will set down a little list of some of Solon's laws:

He divided the people (leaving out the slaves) into four classes: The first class were men who had a yearly income of five hundred measures of corn; they must serve as horse-soldiers in the army, and they could vote at elections.

The second class were men who had a yearly income of three hundred measures of corn; they also must serve as horse-soldiers in the army, and they could vote at elections.

The third class were men who had a yearly income of one hundred and fifty measures of corn; they must serve as foot-soldiers in the army, and they could vote at elections.

The fourth class were men who worked for wages; they could serve as foot-soldiers, and, if so, they would be paid, whereas the first three classes had no pay; and they had no vote, but they could assemble at a big public meeting and shout "Yes" or "No" when the rulers proposed that anything special should be done.

Solon set up a Council of Four Hundred men who would govern the city of Athens, today we should call it a Parliament.

He made a law that after a person was dead no one should say anything evil against him.

He made a law to keep the people from spending too much money on funerals. For instance, they must not sacrifice an ox at a funeral, nor must they bury with the dead body more than three garments.

He made a law that no man was bound to support his aged father unless the father had taught him a useful trade. Solon thought this would lead fathers to be more careful in teaching useful trades to their sons.

He made a law that no one should plant a tree less than five feet from his neighbor's garden, lest the tree should spread its roots so far as to draw the goodness away from the soil in the neighbor's plot.

He made a law that no man should keep bees nearer than three hundred feet from his neighbor's beehives.

He made a law that a dog which bit a man should be chained to a heavy log of wood.

For some years he travelled in many lands, learning all he could from the people whom he met. Among other things he heard tales of a wonderful land far away in the western seas. It was called Atlantis, and it had beautiful fields, and its palaces were entered by grand gates, and its people were very happy. Solon made a poem about this happy land in order to amuse his countrymen in Athens. He lived to a great age, and was mourned deeply by the people at his death. I will close this account by a story of Solon's visit to the court of the richest man in the world—Crœsus (Kree-sus), King of Lydia.

Solon had always lived in a humble house, and dressed in a simple manner. When he arrived at the palace of Crœsus, he saw noblemen passing in and out, and so richly attired that he imagined each or any of them might be the king; and each nobleman was followed by a train of servants. When at length the Athenian came into the royal chamber, he beheld the king seated on a magnificent throne, and the place was glittering with jewels, and fine carpets lay on the floors, and valuable marble pillars held up the roof, and ornaments of gold and silver were observed on all sides. Solon showed no joy at these sights. To him they were gaudy and showy, and not at all deserving of praise. Then the king tried to dazzle Solon by opening to him his treasure-houses, where were gathered the most precious articles in the world.

"Have you ever seen a happier man than I am?" asked the king.

"Yes."

"Who was that?"

"A plain man in Athens, named Tellus. He dwelt in a modest cottage with the wife and children who loved him. Though poor, he always had enough for his wants. He died

fighting for his country, and his neighbors loved his memory."

"Well, is there anyone else happier than I am?"

"Yes!"

"Another? Who was that, I pray you?"

"Two brothers who died after showing kindness to their old mother. She had set her heart on attending a feast at the village temple, and was ready to start when it was found that the oxen who were to draw her in a cart were away in a distant field, ploughing, and could not be brought in time. Her sons, in order she should not be disappointed, harnessed themselves like oxen to the cart, and drew her, amid the cheers of the village folk, to the doors of the temple. They sat at the feast, merry and friendly, and that night they died; and all men loved their memory. You see, O king, that I cannot speak of a man as happy till I know all his life."

Some time afterward the armies of Persia invaded the land. Crœsus was taken prisoner, and Cyrus, the King of Persia, ordered that he should be burned on a high pile of wood.

As the unhappy king was lying on the pile he shrieked, "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

King Cyrus commanded his men to stay their hands from setting the pile alight, and he asked Crœsus to tell why he called on Solon; and Crœsus told the story. Cyrus thought for a while, and then bade that Crœsus should be set at liberty, not to be king again (for that would not make him happier), but so that he might live an honorable life.

Aristides
The Just Man
530 – 468 B.C.

The judges sat in the court of justice, and before them stood two men, one of whom was accusing the other of a wrong done to him. The name of the accuser was Aristides (Ar-is-ty-deez).

"We have heard what you say, Aristides," said one of the judges, "and we believe your story, and we shall punish this man—"

"No, no, not yet," cried Aristides.

"Why not?"

"You have not heard what he has to say for himself. Even though he is my enemy, I wish him to have fair play."

And because he was always so honest and fair to others, the people of Athens called him Aristides the Just.

When the Persians came over to Greece with a very great army, the men of Athens went out to meet them at Marathon, 490 B.C. Only ten thousand against twelve times that number of Persians! But the men of Athens had more than swords and spears and daggers—they had stout hearts to fight for their homes and their fatherland against the tyrant forces of Persia. The Greeks chose several generals, each taking command for one day. When it came to the turn of Aristides to command, he gave way to a better captain than himself, for he thought more of the good of Athens than of his own glory; and under this other captain the Greeks gained the victory.

After the battle, when the Persians fled in haste and terror, and much spoil was left behind tents, clothes, gold, silver,

etc.—the Greeks left Aristides to look after all these treasures while they pursued the foe; for they knew his honesty, and they knew he would touch nothing, but keep the booty to be shared by all. How differently he acted from the Athenian who was known as the Torch-bearer. A Persian, who lay hiding in a lonely place after the battle, saw the Torch-bearer approach, his long hair being fastened by a band. Seeing this band round his head, the Persian supposed him to be a prince, and he knelt before him in homage; and then he rose and offered to show the Greek a concealed treasure. It was a heap of gold which he had put down a well. Now, the Torch-bearer knew he ought to acquaint Aristides of this store; but, instead of doing so, he slew the Persian, and kept the gold for himself. The Torch-bearer thought of his own pleasure more than of doing his duty to Athens.

Once a year the people of Athens were asked if there were any persons whom they wished to banish, so that the country might be set free from any men that were disliked and dangerous. Each citizen voted by writing on a shell or bit of broken pottery the name of the man he wished to send into exile. As Aristides passed along the street he met a man who held out a shell.

"Sir," said the stranger, "can you write?"

"Yes."

"Well, I cannot; and I should be glad if you would write a name for me on this shell—the name of a man whom I would like to banish."

"Yes; what is the name?"

"Aristides."

"Has he ever done you any harm?"

"No; but it vexes me to hear people always calling him the Just. I think he must be a vain and stuck-up person."

Aristides wrote his own name on the shell, and walked away. The man took the shell, and threw it into a part of the market-place railed round for the purpose. The shells and

potsherds were counted, and I am sorry to say that more than six thousand bore the name of Aristides. For while many Athenians admired him, many others thought he was too strict and old-fashioned. But three years afterward, when an immense fleet of Persian ships was coming against the coasts of Greece, the Athenians sent for Aristides to come back; and he returned in time to take part in the battle on sea, in which the Persians were utterly beaten.

During this war the city of Athens had been almost deserted by its people, who had fled to safer places; and the Persians had blackened its houses by fire, and made its walls into broken heaps. After the sea-fight the Persian general of the land forces sent a letter to the Athenians, promising to build their city again, and to give them much money, and to make Athens the leading town in Greece, if only they would agree not to oppose him anymore. He sent the letter by messengers, who waited some days for an answer. When the Spartans heard of the letter coming to Athens, they also sent messengers to Athens. They said they hoped the Athenians would not yield; they would take care of the women and children of Athens, if the men would fight on against the Persians. Aristides was in the city, and the people agreed to give answers thus:

To the messengers from Sparta he said:

"We do not wonder at the Persians expecting us to yield up our liberty in return for gold and silver. But the Spartans are Greeks like ourselves. We wonder that they should be afraid lest we should sell ourselves for the gifts of the Persians. No, the people of Athens will not give up their freedom for all the gold above ground or underground."

He replied to the Persian messengers, as he lifted his hand and pointed to the sun:

"As long as that sun flames in the sky, so long will we carry on war with the Persians, who have laid waste our land and burned our holy temples."

On another occasion one of the chief captains of Athens spoke to the people of Athens at a public meeting, and said:

"I have thought of a most useful thing which might be done for the good of this city; but it cannot be told to you all, as that would hinder its being done."

"Then," cried the people, "tell it only to Aristides, for he is a just man."

The captain came to Aristides, and whispered to him in such a way that no one else could hear:

"This is my plan. The other tribes of Greece have brought their ships into our harbor. If we set fire to these ships, Athens alone will have a fleet, and Athens will then be leader of all Greece."

Aristides went to the people, and spoke thus:

"My friends, the plan which has been told me would, perhaps, be useful to the city of Athens; but it would be wicked."

"Then," exclaimed the people, "whatever it is, it shall not be carried out."

So you see that, though they had once banished Aristides, the citizens now thought very well of him, and followed his advice.

You remember the Torch-bearer who was so eager to get the gold from the well. He was a kinsman of Aristides, and was the richest man in Athens. When, one day, certain enemies accused him of some offence, they tried to make out before the judges what a bad, cruel character he had. So they said:

"This Torch-bearer is a kinsman of the good man Aristides. He is very rich, and Aristides is very poor. Look at Aristides; how poor are his clothes; he is not warmly clad in cold weather like his kinsman; his wife and children have but a poor dwelling. And here is this hard-hearted Torch-bearer; he has plenty of money, and he will not help his friend."

Aristides was called to the court.

"Is this true?" the judges asked, after these tales had been told over again to him.

"No," said Aristides. "It is not the fault of my kinsman that I am poor. It is my own choice. I have few things belonging to me; I want no more. It is very easy to be good when a man is rich. I would sooner try to be honest and just when I am poor; and therefore I glory in my poverty."

The persons in the court thought to themselves: "We would sooner be the poor man Aristides than the rich Torch-bearer."

When Aristides died, he was still so poor that there was not enough money in the house to pay for a proper funeral. Though he had been a captain in the army of Athens, a leader of ships in the great sea-fight, and a magistrate over the people, yet he had never taken pains to pile up riches. Therefore, the Athenians buried him at the public cost, and also paid for the building of a monument, so that all who passed by might see it and keep the noble Aristides in memory. And so well did the folk of Athens love the remembrance of this Just Man that they gave large gifts of money to each of his daughters at their marriage, and to his son they gave a sum of silver and a plot of land well planted with trees. And for years afterward persons who belonged to his family received kind treatment from the city.

In this way the good deeds of a man remain after he is dead, and make the world happier.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Themistocles
The Savior of Athens
524 – 459 B.C.

"Look, my son," said an old Greek, as he and his boy walked along the sea-shore, "you see those old galleys? Once they were strong ships that carried fighting-men across the ocean, and now they are worn out; they lie half covered with sand in this lonely place; no one cares anything about them. And so it is with men who serve Athens. After they have done their best, and become old in the service of the city, they are laid aside and thought no more of."

The boy, whose name was Themistocles (Them-is-to-cleez), gazed earnestly at the old ships. But he made up his mind, all the same, that if he ever could serve Athens, he would.

And he did. In the year 481 B.C. the King of Persia brought his vast army against the Greeks. So many were his soldiers that two rivers (so it is said) were drunk dry by the army. More than fifty different nations took part in the invasion. From one country came warriors who wore trousers, and tunics covered with iron scales, and carried spears, bows, and daggers; from another country, warriors with helmets and iron-headed clubs; from another country, warriors clad in cotton coats; from another country, warriors clad in the skins of lions and leopards, their bodies being painted half-red; from another country, warriors in fox-skins; and from another, warriors in jackets of leather.

The Persian army drew nigh to the city of Athens, and the people were in great fear. They sent to ask the god Apollo

what they had better do; and the priestess who spoke the message of the god replied:

"Trust in your wooden walls."

"What can Apollo mean by the wooden walls?" the people asked one of the other.

"I can tell you," cried Themistocles, who was master of the Athenian fleet. "It means our wooden ships. Let us leave the city, send the women and children across the bay to a friendly city, and there let them stay till we have driven the Persians from Greek waters and Greek coasts. And let all the young men go on board the galleys of war and fight for Athens."

This was done in haste, for in the distance could be seen the blaze of burning villages which had fallen into the power of the foe. Women and children hurriedly scrambled into vessels, and were rowed across the broad bay which stretched before the city of Athens. It is told of a faithful dog that he would not be left behind, and when he saw his master departing he leaped into the waves and swam beside the ship until he reached the coast of the island of Salamis. And there he died, and his master buried him and wept for sorrow; and for hundreds of years afterward the spot on the beach was called "The Dog's Grave."

The sea-captains held a council to decide on the exact place where they should meet the enemy's fleet. One of them was angry because his plan was not agreed to, and he raised his stick to hit the Athenian leader. Themistocles looked at him steadily, and said:

"Strike, if you please; but hear me."

The angry man did not strike after all. The calm answer had turned away his wrath. It was arranged to await the Persian forces in the strait or narrow passage between the island of Salamis and the mainland. The city of Athens was in flames, and its walls thrown down; and a huge fleet of Persian ships, with lofty decks, was forming a terrible half-

circle around the Greeks. The Greek vessels were flat-bottomed, and much lower in build than those of the enemy. Each ship was manned by rowers, perhaps fifty; and each carried eighteen warriors on the top deck, four being archers and the others spearmen.

One morning, in the year 480 B.C., the fleets were fronting each other, and the sun shone upon the thousands of flapping sails and on the bright weapons of the Greeks and Persians. Upon a tall cliff that overlooked the sea sat the King of Persia on a throne of gold. About him stood his princes, and men with pen and ink were at hand ready to write down the brave deeds of the Persians in the naval battle which was just opening. The Persian admiral's vessel was very high, and from this floating castle he flung darts and arrows at the Athenians. Many were the Persian ships, and they often jostled one another in the narrow channel. All day long the fight continued. One by one, amid the cheers of the Greeks, the ships of the foreigner were broken, captured, or sunk; and the Greeks fancied they saw lights on the land and heard voices in the air that assured them of the favor of the gods. At sunset the battle of Salamis was ended, and the Persian King and his secretaries with their ink-pots and all his proud princes fled from the shore, leaving the throne of gold behind in their haste. Not long afterward the king was hurrying with part of his army across the bridge of boats that joined the shore of Europe to the shore of Asia Minor. The Persians who remained in Greece were beaten in the battle of Platæea. The walls of Athens were rebuilt. Thus was Themistocles the savior of the famous city.

You will remember the old galleys which lay on the shore. The time came when the people of Athens turned their hearts against Themistocles, and drove him into exile. Some say he made plots against the very city which he had saved by his skill at the battle of Salamis. It is very hard to find out the truth from the ancient books of history, and so we must leave

the question alone. Anyhow, we hear that the famous captain wandered from place to place until at last he went over to Asia. This was a daring thing to do. He was in the empire of his old enemies the Persians. At one town, where he was visiting a Persian friend, it became known that he was within the walls. A noise was made, and angry men were searching for him. His friend thrust him hastily into a carriage such as was used by ladies. This carriage was like the sedan-chairs of which you may have seen pictures. Bearers carried the chair by means of poles, and the windows were closed up tight. If anybody asked the question, "Whom have you there?" the bearers would say, "We are carrying a Greek lady to the royal court."

Well, Themistocles really did go to the court of the King of Persia. He had first found out that the king was willing to receive him in a friendly manner. In fact, the king hoped to make use of the celebrated general and persuade him to fight against his own countrymen. So glad was the lord of Persia that he called out in his sleep three times over, "I have got Themistocles the Athenian!"

Next morning the Athenian arrived at the palace gates, and the soldiers on guard, hearing who he was, looked upon him with evil eyes, and an officer whispered as he passed:

"Ah, you Grecian snake, it is a fortunate thing for Persia that you have arrived!"

However, the king was much more polite to the visitor than the soldiers were, and talked to him about another war with Greece.

"What plan do you propose for invading Greece?" he asked.

Themistocles looked very thoughtful, and said:

"Sir, a piece of tapestry such as you have on the wall of your chamber has many pictures on it, and these can be seen plainly enough when the cloth is spread open. When the tapestry is folded up the pictures are hid. Now, sir, I have

many pictures and ideas in my mind, but I do not want to spread them out yet. Please give me time to think."

"Very well," said the king; "fold up your tapestry for a year."

During this time the Athenian was generously dealt with. The citizens of one city sent him his daily bread; of another, his wine; and of a third, his meat. Often he kept company with the king in the hunting of deer, wild boars, or lions.

No doubt his thoughts many a time stole back to the dear city of Athens, and he longed to be among his fellow-countrymen once more. When walking through a certain city in Asia he saw a brass statue, the figure of a woman bearing a pot of water on her head. This very figure had been made and set up by his own orders in a public place of Athens. His eyes lit up at the sight of it, and he begged the governor of the city to let him have the statue to send back to Greece. The governor refused.

Yes, I feel sure that the heart of the brave victor of Salamis still beat warmly for his native land. The Persians had assembled a mighty army, and they had gathered a fleet in order to descend upon the coasts of Greece. Then the king sent word to Themistocles that all was prepared, and he would expect him to lead the mighty force from Asia to Europe.

This was his temptation. If he led the Persians and gained a victory, he would receive great reward. But he would never feel happy after he had brought fire and death upon the people of his own land. He spoke to a few friends, and with a sigh he told them that he dared not raise his hand against Athens. And then he slew himself, sooner than do a deed of dishonor.

The news caused deep sorrow in the city of Athens, and the King of Persia also felt sad, for though Themistocles had refused to aid the Persians, he did so for a most honorable reason.

He was a witty man, and I think I must tell you one last brief story. Two citizens of Athens asked Themistocles if they might marry his daughter, one being a rich man who had a poor character, and the other had no wealth, but was an honest and just person. Themistocles showed favor to the poor man, saying:

"I would rather my daughter should have a man without money than have money without a man."

And if any young ladies read this story I hope they will think about it.

Brutus and Mutius
Why the Romans Bore Pain

circa 510 B.C.

A Roman slave went into a dark room in search of something that was needed by his master. The room was a place for lumber. Pieces of old furniture stood here and there.

The slave was about to leave the chamber when he heard soft footsteps and voices that whispered. A group of young men, whom he could only just see in the dim light, entered the room, looking behind them as if to make sure that no eye saw them.

"No one will see us here," said one of the young men.

The slave hid himself at the back of a large chest. He held his breath as he peeped at the men and watched their deeds.

"Have you brought the blood?" asked one voice. "It is here in a cup," replied another.

"Are we all here?"

"We are—Titus, the son of Brutus; Tiberius, his brother; and the rest."

"We are all ready to fight for Tarquin?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He is our rightful king, and we want him back in Rome."

"Yes."

"The hard-hearted consul, Brutus, must be slain!"

"He must."

"Even though he is father to our friends here—Titus and Tiberius?"

"Yes."

"We will loyally stand by one another in this noble work

for the sake of Rome."

"We will."

"Shall we all drink?"

"Yes."

The slave behind the chest shook with horror. He saw the young men, one by one, sip the red liquor in the cup. By this sign they swore to be true to one another in the plot against the life of Brutus. This was about 510 B.C.

"We will write letters to Tarquin the King," said one, as he wiped his lips. "We will tell him that we mean to kill Brutus and the other consul, and that soon we shall expect to see him in the city to rule over us once more as king."

The letter was written on a scrap of sheepskin, and folded up.

"You, sir," said one of the plotters to a person at his side, "are a friend of Tarquin. You will take him this letter."

"I will do so. I am staying at the house of the Aquilii, and in a few hours I shall leave the city, and take this joyful message to my lord."

"Let us go."

They all went quietly away, like thieves escaping from a back door.

The slave came from his hiding-place, and said to himself:

"What shall I do? The consuls are in danger. How dare I tell the father, Brutus, that his sons think to kill him? It is dreadful. But if I do nothing our consuls will die, and the city will fall into the hands of the bad King Tarquin, whose conduct has caused the Romans to hate him."

He made up his mind to go to Valerius, a very just and honest citizen, and to him he told all that he had heard and seen.

"Stay here in this room," said Valerius, "till I send for you. I shall run to the house of the Aquilii, and see if the letter is there."

To his wife he said: "Watch the door of the room. This

slave must not stir from here till I return."

He ran off with a crowd of his friends and slaves, all carrying weapons. They came to the house of the Aquilii, forced their way in, searched the place from top to bottom, and found the letter. Just then a noise was heard at the gate of the house. A number of the plotters had taken the alarm, and they had hurried to seize the terrible letter of death. It was too late. They were captured, and taken off to the meeting-place of the senate—an open space surrounded by pillars. It was called the "Forum." The two consuls were fetched from their homes. They took their seats in the forum. Near them stood the lictors, bearing each a bundle of rods, with an axe tied to the bundle. Many senators sat in the hall also, and a crowd of Romans gathered round. The sky overhead was calm and blue, but the hearts of the plotters were moved with fear.

The slave was brought forward. He told his tale. The letter was produced, and was read out aloud. It was clear that these young men were traitors to the city of Rome, and false to its liberty. The worst plotters were Titus and Tiberius, the sons of the consul who sat in the forum.

For a short time there was a deep silence. The consul who sat next to Brutus had tears in his eyes—to think that his friend Brutus should have such sons! What would Brutus do?

"He had better send his sons to a far country," whispered a man in the crowd; and those who stood about murmured: "Yes; that would be better than sending his own children to death."

Then Brutus looked sternly at his sons, and spoke:

"You, Titus, and you, Tiberius, why do you not make your defence against the charge?"

No answer.

"You, Titus, and you, Tiberius, why do you not make your defence against the charge?"

No answer.

"You, Titus, and you, Tiberius, why do you not make your

defence against the charge?"

To this third question, no answer.

Brutus turned to the officers.

"Lictors," he said, "the rest of the business is left to you."

Then the lictors laid hold of the youths, and stripped off their coats, and tied their hands behind them, and placed them on the ground, and flogged them with the rods.

Brutus said nothing. He looked neither to the right hand nor to the left.

At last the lictors took their axes, and cut off the heads of the sons of Brutus.

Then the father who had lost his sons rose up amid a great silence of the people, and went to his house.

"Oh," cried some, "how cruel a man is Brutus, to condemn his own sons to death!"

"Nay," said others, "he loved them all the time as his sons; but he is Consul of Rome, and it was his duty to defend Rome against her enemies."

The rest of the traitors were put to death, and the freedom of the city was given to the slave. Henceforward he was a Roman citizen, and not a bondsman. He was the first slave in Rome to be enfranchised, or made free. The suffrage also was allowed to him; that is, he was able to vote at meetings, the same as other Romans.

Who can tell the pain that Brutus bore when he saw his own sons die? Why did he bear this pain? Because he loved justice more than he loved his own flesh and blood.

I will tell you of another Roman who lived at the same time, and who bore pain for the sake of the city of Rome, though it was pain of another kind.

Tarquin, the king, who is believed to have reigned from 534–510 B.C., had a friend named Porsenna, who was king of the Etruscan people. Porsenna laid siege to the city of Rome. The Romans were in deep distress. Food ran short, and the foes without the gates were strong.

One day King Porsenna sat in his camp with his nobles about him. They were talking of the best manner in which to attack the city. From the camp they could see the river Tiber, and the wooden bridge over the yellow stream, and the high walls of Rome, and the roof of the temple, and the hill of the Capitol.

A shout was heard. One of the king's officers had been struck down by a stranger with a sword. A scuffle took place. The stranger was seized, and brought before the king. The sword had been snatched from his hand.

A small bronze altar stood near the king. On the top of the altar flickered a fire, in which the king was going to burn a sacrifice to the gods of the Etruscan people.

"Who are you?" asked the king of the stranger.

"I am a Roman."

"What is your name?"

"Mutius."

"Why did you kill my officer?"

"I thought it was you, sir. I meant to kill you."

As he spoke Mutius held out his right hand and thrust it into the flames of the fire on the altar. The flesh of his hand was scorched, but he did not flinch. He gazed steadily into the face of the king.

"Take your hand away from the fire!" cried the king. "Brave man, here is your sword."

Mutius took the sword in his left hand, and his right hand dropped at his side. He would never again have the proper use of his right hand.

"King," he said, "you see we Romans do not fear pain when we do service to our city. For the sake of Rome we are ready to sacrifice our hands, our hearts, our lives. I am not the only one who is willing to suffer. There are in the city three hundred young men who have sworn to slay you if I did not succeed. At any moment any of them may fall upon you and rob the Etruscans of their king."

The king admired the valor of Mutius and the spirit of the Roman people. He let him go free, and made peace with the city of Rome, and retired to his own country.

Brutus, for the sake of justice and of the city of Rome, bore pain in his heart and soul. Mutius, for the sake of Rome, bore pain in his body. Neither of them thought of his own comfort. Each of them lived for others.

Cimon
The Admiral of the Fleet
510 – 450 B.C.

"They are coming! The enemies are coming! We shall be taken by the Persians; our houses burned; our husbands slain!"

So screamed the women in the streets of Athens; and the children added their shrill cries.

"We will mount our horses and go out to meet the Persians before they reach the city," shouted an Athenian.

"No," cried a young man, who pushed his way among the crowd.

Tall and handsome was Cimon (Ky-mon), and the hair fell in thick locks over his shoulders.

"No," he said, as he held up a horse's bridle in his hand. "Come with me, friends, to yonder temple; and after we have offered our prayers there we will do as the wise Themistocles (Them-is-to-kleez) has advised. We will go into our ships."

The sound of his strong voice and the brave look on his face seemed to put heart into the folk of Athens and many men, women, and children went at his heels as he made his way to a temple. There he laid upon the altar his horse's bridle, saying that Athens had no need of horses and horsemen just now. She must be saved by the wooden walls—that is, the ships. Then he took a shield down from the wall of the temple, and walked along the street to the harbor. A large number of galleys were anchored there. Soon the vessels were crammed with families carrying such articles as they had been able to snatch in haste from their homes. The women and

children sailed across the bay. And that evening Cimon fought among the Greeks at the famous sea-fight of Salamis, about which I told you a few pages back.

Some time afterward the Athenian fleet needed a new captain.

"The man we want," said the people, "is Cimon, for when we were stricken with fear he made a stout show, and gave us fresh courage; and for an admiral of the fleet we want a man that will encourage his countrymen besides knowing all about the handling of ships."

So Cimon was elected admiral, and, in the service of the city, he did many great deeds. He gained much treasure in the wars, and his house was well furnished, and his estate was large. Cimon, however, had no desire to keep his goods all to himself, and he did not write the word "PRIVATE" at his gate. He ordered all the fences round his fields and gardens to be thrown down, so that every passer-by who cared might go in and rest or partake of the fruit. I believe that is quite the right thing for rich men to do, if only they could be sure that strangers would behave with care, and pay respect to the beauty of the garden, and refrain from injuring tree or shrub. Perhaps the Athenian people were more polite in their conduct than many American people. Well, besides this, he bade his servants lay out a supper-table every evening, the dishes being laden with plain but wholesome food, and any poor man might enter and eat as he pleased.

Sometimes you could see Cimon walking in the street in the company of well-dressed young men who formed his guard. An old and meanly attired citizen would pass by.

"You see that old gentleman?" Cimon would say, turning to one of his young men. "Change clothes with him."

Then the young man would take off his handsome cloak and tunic and hand them to the aged Athenian, who, in his turn, would give up his patched and worn garments. And sometimes, by order of the admiral, his companions would slip

money quietly into the pocket of a needy man, and not perhaps until he reached home did the poor fellow discover that he was richer than he knew!

"Ah," said certain people, who loved to sneer, "why does Cimon bestow so many gifts upon the citizens? It is only in order that they may elect him to some office or make him a mighty man in the State of Athens."

But that was not the case; for, when the common folk had a dispute with the nobles, Cimon took the side of the nobles. He neither flattered the poor people nor bowed humbly to the rich. When a Persian gentleman rebelled against his king, and came to Athens for refuge, he was followed by spies who sought to arrest him and carry him back to Persia. He thought he could not do better than seek the protection of the admiral of the fleet. So one day he called at Cimon's house and asked to see him. As soon as he was admitted to the antechamber (the chamber joining the room where Cimon sat) he placed two cups, easy to be seen, one full of silver coins and the other full of gold. This was what we should call a bribe. He did not think it would be enough just to beg for Cimon's aid; he made sure Cimon would do nothing unless he was paid for it.

While Cimon was talking with the Persian his eyes fell on the cups, and he smiled.

"Sir, would you rather have me for your hired servant or your friend?"

"My friend, of course," eagerly answered the Persian.

"Go, then," said the admiral, "and take these things away. I am willing to be your friend, and no doubt, if ever I need money, you will always be ready to give some to your friend when he asks."

Thus you see Cimon would not stoop to take bribes. He loved Athens, and he loved his fellow-men, and if he did a service to any he did it because it was a just and generous thing to do, and not because he wanted a commission (or payment) for it.

In the year 466 B.C. he sailed along the coast of Asia Minor with two hundred galleys, and met a Persian fleet of over three hundred ships at the mouth of a river. A battle followed; arrows flew; sails were torn; ships sunk; men drowned; and the Greeks captured two hundred of the enemy's vessels. That very same day the Athenians landed and attacked a Persian army on the shore, and captured many tents that were full of spoil. The treasures thus obtained were taken to Athens, and helped to pay for the building of new walls round the city. Cimon had no wish to keep his share of the spoil, and he spent it in draining the muddy water off from a marsh near Athens; also in planting trees in a place called the Academy, so that people might walk up and down in shady avenues. He thus used his wealth for the public good; and that is what every rich man ought to do.

You may remember what I told you about the hardy men of Sparta; and you know Sparta was a Greek State (or country) not far from Athens. Perhaps, too, you may remember that the Spartans kept slaves called Helots (Hel-ots). Now, these Helots were not content to be slaves, and now and then plotted to gain their freedom; and no doubt we today should think they had a right to do so; but, you see, in those times the Greeks and Romans and all nations considered it quite a proper thing to keep slaves. Well, the Helots of Sparta were waiting for a chance to gather together and slay their masters. And one day this chance seemed to have come.

Hundreds of Spartan young men and boys were leaping, running, boxing, and performing other exercises in a large building known as the Portico. A shout was suddenly raised.

"Hi! look at that hare!"

The timid creature was scampering past the Portico as hard as it could run. With a great halloo the young men followed after it, laughing and joking. Just then an earthquake happened. The ground trembled; the rocks on the mountain near the city were loosened, and the Portico fell with a crash,

burying the boys in the ruins. People were in terror lest their houses should come down upon their heads, and ran hither and thither for safety. In the midst of the terror the slaves were quietly assembling. They had no houses to lose; they wanted their liberty; and they thought now was the moment to strike. When one of the Spartan rulers saw the danger he bade men blow trumpets of alarm, and, at the sound, the Spartan citizens seized swords, spears, and shields, and rushed to the usual meeting-place of the warriors; and then they were told of the peril of the slaves. Even as it was the Helots would not give up hope, but retired to the country, so as to form an army for the assault on the city of Sparta.

In the hour of distress the Spartans sent word to Athens, and begged for help. The messenger was clad in a red cloak, and when he stood among the crowd of Athenians who gathered round him they noticed the strange contrast between the redness of his robe and the ashen paleness of his cheeks.

"No," cried one speaker; "let the Spartans fight their own battles. It is not our business. Sparta has always been proud and jealous toward Athens. Let the slaves make themselves lords, and Sparta will learn a lesson and be humble."

Then stood up the admiral of the fleet, and the faces of the people were turned toward him earnestly.

"It may be true," he said, "that Sparta has been proud and jealous; and that was wrong. But, after all, my friends, Sparta is a Greek State, and the city of Sparta is a companion to Athens. We ought not to take pleasure in seeing the limbs of our friends crippled; and we ought not to take pleasure in seeing the companions of Athens injured."

At that the people raised a great shout, and asked Cimon to lead them to the aid of Sparta; and he did so, and Sparta was delivered from the fear of the Helots.

Years afterward Cimon commanded the fleet of Athens in an expedition against the Persians, and he arrived off the shores of Egypt, in sight of the enemy's ships; but there he fell

sick and died. As he lay dying he said to the sailors about him:

"Conceal my death. If the Persians know I am dead, they will attack you with the more boldness. Sail away before they learn the fact."

And the sails were spread, and the Athenian fleet made its way toward Greece as the sun was setting; and the sun went down, and the admiral died. His last thought was for the city which he loved.

Pericles
The Man Who Made Athens Beautiful
495 – 429 B.C.

"Your head is like an onion!"

No answer.

"You brute, you scamp, your head is too big for your body."

No answer.

The man who did not answer was Pericles (Per-i-kleez), ruler of the State of Athens. Why the fellow was shouting at him along the street in this way I do not know. Pericles quietly kept on his road till he reached the door of his house. It was getting dusk, but through the darkness the voice behind still bawled. Pericles called to one of his servants:

"Bring a lighted torch," he said, "and show this person the way home."

That was all the reply that Pericles gave to the rude Athenian. You see, he was a man of self-command. He did not break into a fury when he was insulted. This was not because he was weak or timid. When Athens was at war, Pericles joined the army, or sailed with the fleet.

He was a great favorite with the people; and you will not wonder at it when I tell you what he did for them. Any poor Athenian was allowed money to pay for admission to the open-air theatre. Soldiers were paid wages; and every year sixty galleys cruised about the sea for eight months, and the men who were trained in these ships as sailors were paid all the time. Corn was sold to poor persons very cheap. And parties of two hundred and fifty, and even one thousand,

persons were sent across the water to settle in foreign cities where they would still be protected by the power of Athens. And if you had walked about the city in the days of Pericles, you would have seen large numbers of men at work building walls, archways, and temples, and using vast loads of stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony-wood, cypress-wood, and so on. You would have seen carpenters, masons, braziers (or brass-workers), goldsmiths, painters, rope-makers, leather-cutters, paviors (those who laid pavement down in the roads), wagoners, and porters. Handsome statues of gods and goddesses were set up in the temples and streets. One statue was that of the lady Athene (Ath-ee-nee), made of shining gold and polished white ivory; she wore a tunic that reached down to her feet; a spear was in her hand, a dragon lay on the ground before her, and two sharp-beaked griffins grew out of her helmet. Where did the money come from to pay for these things? Well, I am afraid it mostly came from taxes (or tribute), which the city of Athens forced out of other people in the lands and islands round about. So, though the galleys sailed proudly, and the statues looked splendid, and the people enjoyed the plays at the free theatres, the glory could not last, because it was got by spoil from other people. Pericles had the rule for forty years.

The heart of Pericles was generous, and he was ever ready to aid a man who was in want. An old philosopher (or teacher of wisdom) had become so poor that he wished to die, and he lay down in despair, and covered up his head. Some people ran to the ruler.

"Sir," they cried, "your old friend, the philosopher, has covered up his head!"

Pericles knew at once what that meant. In ancient Greece it was a sign that a man would put an end to his life. The old philosopher meant to starve himself.

In great haste Pericles went to the house where his friend lay.

"My dear friend," he cried, "do not die like this. We cannot lose you; you are a man whom we love."

"Ah," groaned the old man, who was a wit in his way. "Ah, Pericles! those who want a lamp to burn always take care to keep it filled with oil."

He meant that if people cared for him they ought to keep him supplied with the food, etc., which he needed; and you may be sure that Pericles did not let his friend die.

Two years before his death a war broke out between Athens on the one side and Sparta and her allies (friends) on the other, and this war lasted thirty years; but Pericles only saw the beginning of it. Sad indeed he would have felt if he could have looked on to the close of the war and seen his beloved city defeated and its walls thrown down. He had fitted out a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships, and had just gone on board his own galley when the sky became dull and the earth took on a strange, gray color. Can you guess what had happened? The moon was passing between the sun and the earth, and so casting a shadow. It was an eclipse (or hiding) of the sun. The Greeks were in much fear, and the pilot of the commander's ship trembled exceedingly. Then Pericles took off his cloak, and placed it over the man's eyes, and said:

"Are you frightened at my cloak eclipsing you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, why are you frightened at the eclipse of the sun, which happens to be caused by something bigger than my cloak?"

The pilot regained his nerve, and the story was told from mouth to mouth, and there was no more terror in the fleet.

However, the ships returned to Athens without having done anything very remarkable, and the citizens were angry, and made Pericles pay a heavy fine of money. Before long they changed their minds, restored him his money, and chose him again for leader of the State. But the days of Pericles were soon to end. At this time a dire plague began in the city, and

many thousands of the folk died. Some say it was caused by so many people flocking into Athens to escape from the Spartan foe, and these strangers were mostly country persons who were used to the pure air of the fields, and who fell ill when they breathed the close air of the crowded houses of Athens. The sons of Pericles died, and one of these was specially beloved, and as the father laid a garland of flowers on the head of his dead son he burst into tears.

And not long afterward he took the fever himself, and lay dying.

One day his friends were standing about his bed, and he was so still they thought him asleep or in a faint, and they spoke one to another of his life and deeds.

"How beautiful a city he has made Athens; and men from foreign lands come to admire it."

"The temple on the hill—how fine a piece of work is that; and we should never have had it if Pericles had not carried out the plan."

"And how the people took delight in going to the theatres free."

"The isles of the sea paid tribute to Athens because they feared the power of our ruler."

"Ah, my dear fellows," said Pericles, who had been listening, "other men have done such deeds as these. You have left out the one thing of which I am proud."

"What is that, sir?"

"It is the fact that no Athenian has ever put on mourning because of me, for I have caused the death of no dweller in this city."

And thus Pericles died.

Just a few words about the Maiden's Chamber before I finish. This was the temple on the hill that was mentioned by one of the friends of the dying ruler. In the Greek tongue the Maiden's Chamber was called the Parthenon (Parth-e-non).

It was built of marble, and was about twice as long as it

was broad. Instead of walls all round it there were tall pillars, eight at each end and fifteen at each side, so that whichever way you entered you would pass in between marble pillars. Inside the first rows of pillars was a second row, all the way round. And over the tops of the pillars, and all round the temple, were pictures in stone—I mean carvings. These carvings showed the battles of the gods and the wicked giants; the battle of the Athenian warriors with the fierce women of the North, called Amazons; and a procession of men on horses. If ever you would like to see any of these sculptured horses and men and women soldiers, you need not go to Greece. You can find plaster casts of them in the art museums of New York, Chicago, and other cities, though I am sorry to say they show that the originals, now in the British Museum, are very much battered and broken.

When the power of the Greeks had passed the temple was used as a church, and was named after the Virgin Mary. This was in what we called the Middle Ages (from about the year 400 to 1300 or 1400). Afterward the Turks were its masters, and made it into a mosque (mosk). In the year 1587 a war took place between the Turks and the people of Venice. And one day—what was that?

Boom!

A store of gunpowder which had been placed in the temple by the Turkish soldiers had exploded, and the building was almost destroyed.

War is a hateful thing. It brings to ruin the lovely carvings of the Maiden's Chamber, and it slays men who were once pretty babes nestling at the breasts of their mothers.

Lysander, Gylippus, and Euripides
Three Powers
5th century B.C.

The conqueror who marched with his Greek soldiers right from the shores of Asia Minor to India, the land of elephants, was Alexander the Great (356 B.C. to 323 B.C.). The god of strength who slew lions and fought wild bulls was Hercules. The prince of the city of Troy, who in valiant combat killed thirty-one chiefs, was Hector. The Spartan general who captured the city of Athens was Lysander (Ly-san-der).

Lysander had the glory of ending a war which lasted twenty-eight years—a war between Greeks and Greeks, between the warriors of Athens and the hardy men of Sparta. The war went on from the year 431 B.C. to 404 B.C. On land Greek had spilled the blood of Greek; and on sea, among the fair and fruitful islands, the galleys had sailed to and fro and crashed against each other in the shock of battle. At last the Spartans, led by Lysander, suddenly attacked the Athenian fleet at a time when one hundred and twenty ships lay off the shore with scarce a man in them. The Athenian admiral gave the alarm, and hurried on board with all the men he could find. Others came running from the camp on the beach, where they had been cooking dinner, or taking their ease. Only nine galleys escaped, and a number of Athenians were slain and three thousand were made prisoners. Lysander sailed homeward in triumph, his men singing songs of joy, and the musicians playing flutes. Then the Spartan general turned upon Athens, the beautiful city by the sea. Many people had crowded for refuge into the city, hoping its long walls would

protect them from the Spartans. But after three months the place surrendered. Lysander caused many players to sound their instruments—wind and string and drum—and, while the music sounded, the Spartans flung down the long walls and burned the Athenian ships. Such was the POWER OF THE SWORD.

Nine years afterward Lysander laid siege to a town, and one evening at sunset he approached the gates, when the garrison suddenly rushed out and fell upon him and his companions, and he died. Thus Lysander, who became great by the power of the sword, died by the sword.

During the celebrated war of which I have just been telling you, Lysander had gained an immense spoil, crowns of gold, vessels of gold, and much coin of gold and silver; and he sent the treasure to Sparta in the keeping of an officer named Gylippus (Gy-lip-pus). The treasure was fastened in a large number of bags, in each of which Lysander had placed a note to say how much the bag contained, such as one thousand silver coins and two silver cups, and so on. Each bag was sealed with wax. Now, Gylippus was a man who was brave in war, and a very famous captain, but his heart was touched with the passion of greed. He faced the swords and darts of the Athenians without dread, but the sight of money made him weak as water, and he coveted the treasure which belonged to his city. On his way to Sparta he cut open every bag at the bottom, took out some of the silver and gold, sewed up the rents, and handed the bags to the magistrates of the city. Since the seals were unbroken, he thought all was well, and that he should not be found out. He did not know Lysander had put a note in each bag. And what do you think he did with the stolen money? He hid the coins under the straw thatch of the roof of his house. And I must tell you that the coins bore the image of an owl, which was a sacred bird to the Athenians, and was therefore pictured on their money. When the magistrates opened the bags and counted the treasure,

and examined the figures on the notes, they were surprised to find that no bag contained the right amount.

"How is this, Gylippus?" asked the magistrates.

The officer turned red, and tried to stammer out a reason for the shortness of the money.

Just at this moment the servant of Gylippus stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said to the magistrates, "a good many owls are roosting under the thatch of my master's house."

No doubt you understood what he meant. The money was found, and Gylippus was so ashamed that he left the country altogether. Thus you see how this brave man was disgraced because he fell under the POWER OF MONEY.

The people of Sparta even passed a resolution that the money in the bags should not be shared out at all, but kept as a public treasure—that is, kept for the use of all the people, as in paying for statues, buildings, etc. And I think that was a good plan. The treasure or wealth in a nation should be used for the good of all the folk in that nation, and not just for a few.

Again, we read in the life of Lysander that he was rather vain—that is, he thought too much of himself, and was too fond of praise. After he had, as I have related, thrown down the long walls and burned the galleys of Athens, a poet brought to him a paper of verses written in his honor. And the Spartan general was so pleased that he gave the poet a hat full of silver. We sometimes read in the newspapers of a minister or teacher receiving a purse of gold from the people who admire him, but we should not think of handing the gift in a hat. I supposed the Greek poet did not mind the hat so long as he got the silver. Perhaps, indeed, he only wrote his verses in order to secure the pay. If so, I am afraid that would show the power of money over the poet and his poetry.

But I have a better tale to tell you about the POWER OF POETRY.

Not long before the fall of Athens the citizens had sent an army in many ships to attack the seaport town of Syracuse (Sy-ra-kuze), in the island of Sicily. The people of this seaport were Greeks, and spoke the same tongue as the Athenians and read the same books, and enjoyed the same plays at the theatres, and sang the same hymns at the temples. The Athenians quite failed in their purpose. Their commander was slain, their ships taken, and the whole army was made prisoners. Many of the Athenians were sent to toil in the quarries, getting up stone; and their daily food was but a pint of barley and a half pint of water. Many others were employed as slaves in the households of the richer citizens of Syracuse. Now the people of the city took great pleasure in hearing the poems of a certain writer named Euripides (U-rip-id-eez). The Athenian prisoners knew many of his lines by heart, and could sing some of the verses which he had composed not long before, and which were not yet known to the people of Syracuse. With much delight they would gather round the slave who was about to recite or sing, and they listened with silent attention till he had done, and then broke into loud applause.

"Friend," the owner of the slave would then say, "in return for your song I give you your freedom. You may go."

A number of Athenians who were thus released from bondage went back to Athens and called on the old poet.

"We have come to thank you for giving us our liberty," they said.

"How? I have done nothing for you."

"Oh yes, you have, sir. We sang your verses to our masters when we were slaves in Syracuse, and they showed their thanks by setting us free."

It is also related that a ship from Athens was once pursued by sea-robbers, and tried to enter a harbor on the coast of Sicily. The people at the harbor-mouth shouted out:

"You are Athenians; we cannot let you enter."

"But the pirates are following us. Let us take shelter here, we pray you!"

"Can you repeat to us any of the poems of Euripides?"

"Yes."

"Then come in, and welcome!"

The ship sailed into the harbor; the pirates lost their prize, and a crowd of people were soon gathered about the sailors, listening to lines from their favorite poet.

The power of the sword is cruel. It takes life, and works ruin.

The power of money is mean. It tempts brave men to do low and base deeds.

The power of poetry is noble. It fills the heart with tender feelings; it writes high thoughts in our memory; it makes the eye sparkle with desire to do things that are fair and just. The poet is a friend who teaches us concerning all beautiful things —sunsets, sea, blue sky, and the dreams in the minds of heroes. The poet is the man

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Alcibiades
The Man with Many Faces
450–404 B.C.

Two boys were wrestling in the streets of Athens, each trying to fling the other to the ground. One of them was just on the point of falling when he bit the hands of his rival, and made him let go his hold.

"Ho!" cried the other wrestler, "you are biting like a woman!"

"No," he replied, "I bite like a lion."

Well, lions may bite if they please; but it does not appear to me to be manly for lads to bite, even in sport.

The boy who bit had a long Greek name—Alcibiades (Al-ki-by-a-deez). He lived from about 450 B.C. to 404 B.C.

One day he was playing at dice with other Athenian lads in the street. Just as he was about to throw the little square blocks of bone a wagon rumbled along, and Alcibiades called out to the driver to stop. The man took no notice of the boy's call, and came on. Thereupon Alcibiades laid himself across the narrow road, and dared the driver to run over him. This, of course, the driver would not do, and he was obliged to come to a halt, and the boy laughed at having got his own way.

When he grew to be a young man he was the talk of the city. He was rich, his house was splendid, his clothes costly; and many persons followed him and courted him in the hope of getting favors and gifts. As a man, he did strange freaks just the same as in his earlier years, and the Athenian folk would tell each other, with smiles, stories of his jests and peculiar deeds. He would not play the flute because he said it made

the player twist his mouth into ugly shapes, but he would rather play the stringed instrument called the lyre. And the young men of Athens followed his fashion, and none of them would buy or touch a flute.

A certain man invited Alcibiades to a feast at his house, and prepared a grand meal, setting gold and silver vessels on his table. Many guests were entering the banqueting-hall, when Alcibiades suddenly strode in, attended by several of his serving-men, and he bade them snatch up half the precious cups and carry them away. And they did so. The guests expected the master of the house to rush after Alcibiades and angrily demand his cups back again. The foolish man, however, only said:

"No, let him go. After all, he has only taken half, and if he had liked he might have taken all."

The fact was he was so stupidly fond of Alcibiades that he was ready to give him his richest ornaments. And all the time Alcibiades did not feel respect for these people who were so eager to make his acquaintance. He seemed (at any rate, sometimes) to care much for the company of Socrates. Now, Socrates was an ugly-looking man, who would sit in the market-place of Athens, or in the house of a friend, and talk to the people who gathered about his chair. He was the best and wisest of the citizens, and young men would listen to his speech with great eagerness. I fear, however, that Alcibiades loved many other things quite as much as he loved Socrates, and these things were not always good or useful. He seemed to be a man with many faces. One day he would wear the face of a student, fond of learning. The next day he would wear the face of a clown, taking delight in jokes. He was very changeable.

Having met a well-known and honorable man, Alcibiades went up to him and gave him a box on the ears for no reason whatever, except that he had told his companions he would do so, and they would not believe it. The next morning he

called at the house of the old citizen whom he had thus insulted and begged his pardon, and even offered to take any beating which the gentleman might care to give him. But the Athenian bore no ill-will, and freely forgave the daring young man; and I suppose the people passed the story round as a merry jest. He knew the citizens talked about him. He would have been rather miserable if they had not, for he was of a vain and conceited temper. Having bought a very fine dog for a considerable sum of money, he actually cut off the creature's beautiful bushy tail.

"Everybody in the town is talking about the odd way in which you treated your dog," a friend told him.

"This," he replied, "is just what I wanted, for I would rather have the Athenians talk of this action, lest they might find something worse to say about me!"

You will be amused to hear that he, like many Athenians, was fond of breeding a sort of bird called quails. If you look in your book of natural history and examine a picture of a quail, you may not think it a very handsome bird; but it was the fancy of the young men in Athens to make pets of these quails, and Alcibiades used often to carry one under his robe. When he walked in the streets once his quail got loose, and a whole crowd of people went scampering after it to see which should have the honor of restoring it to the owner! They thought Alcibiades a very jolly fellow, and especially when he once sent seven chariots to the Olympic games to take part in the races. Loud were the shouts as he dashed by in one race after another, raising an immense dust about the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of his chariots. He won three prizes, and was so pleased at the result that at his own expense he gave a feast to all the thousands of people who had witnessed the races. When he passed along public places, dressed in a long purple cloak, he was gazed at with much admiration.

"Here is a noble leader for us," some people would say. "See how handsome a man he is; how well he would lead us

in war!"

You may remember how I told you of the long, long war (it lasted twenty-eight years) between Athens and Sparta. This struggle was now going on, and the man in the purple cloak—the man with many faces—thought he could be a mighty warrior as well as a flute-player, a quail-breeder, a chariot-racer, and a friend of Socrates. He would make speeches to the crowds, and tell them what a great city Athens was, and what victories she would win. One shrewd man, named Timon, called out to him once:

"Go on, my brave boy, and prosper; for your prosperity will bring ruin on all this crowd."

He meant that, if the people put their faith in Alcibiades, it would do no good to the city.

But for a while Alcibiades made himself a famous name in the wars, and won several battles; and when the Athenians (as I have related) set sail to conquer Sicily he was captain of one hundred and forty galleys, fifty-one hundred soldiers in heavy armor, and thirteen hundred archers and slingers. But he did nothing of much note in Sicily, and was called back to Athens to answer a charge. It was brought against him that, one night, in a mad trick, he and his friends had gone round the streets breaking the images of Hermes (Her-mees), which stood at the doors of all houses in Athens. These images were guardians of the homes, and it was thought a very dreadful thing to interfere with them. Whether Alcibiades had really done this I do not know, but people knew his character, and thought he was quite likely to have insulted the images; and he was condemned to lose his property, and to be sent into exile. Where do you think he went to? He went to Sparta, the city which hated Athens, and was making war against his own native place. In Sparta he acted as he did in Athens. He tried to set everybody admiring him. All his fine clothes were hidden away; he was now dressed in coarse garments; his curls were clipped, his hair close-shaven; he ate the Spartan black

bread, and drank the black broth, and sat on rough wooden seats, and would have neither carpets nor pictures in his house. This pleased the people of Sparta, and that was all Alcibiades cared for. He pleased them yet more when he joined their armies, and took part in the war against his own countrymen. When, at length, the King of Sparta grew suspicious of him, and thought he was not to be trusted, the man with many faces went over to Asia Minor, and took refuge with a Persian grandee, or nobleman; and the Persians, as you have heard, were bitter foes to the Athenians, but it was all the same to Alcibiades. With the Persians he drank and ate, and sang and hunted; and they also regarded him as a fine fellow. Later on he changed again, and took the side of Athens, and helped in a sea-battle against the Spartans, and won a victory. Other battles were won, and the citizens welcomed him back, gave him his lands again, and crowned him with crowns of gold.

But this glory did not last. The Spartans were masters at the end of the war, and the walls of Athens lay in ruin.

And where was Alcibiades? He had fled to Asia again, and there the Persians slew him, in order to please the powerful Spartans. They had set fire to his house one night. He sallied out, sword in hand, and died fighting.

Certainly, he was clever; and he was witty; and he was handsome; and he was brave; and he was popular—that is, people thought a great deal of him. And do you consider he was good? No. And why not? His aim was always to make the folk admire him, wonder at him, and talk about him. From one thing to another he changed; in one respect only he was forever the same—he never seemed to care for anyone but himself. Socrates was ugly; but we honor his memory. Alcibiades was handsome; his cloak was rich purple; his house filled with treasures; but we do not honor his memory. He could not teach even a dog to love him; neither could any man trust him.

Camillus
The Second Founder of Rome
446 – 365 B.C.

The general of the Roman army stood on a high tower, and looked over the walls. Thence he saw the streets of a city. Men ran up and down the streets with shouts. Houses blazed with fire. Roman soldiers were carrying bundles of spoil. The city had belonged to the Etruscan people, and had fallen into the hands of the Romans after a siege of ten years.

"This is a grand success, sir," said some of the general's friends.

Then the general, whose name was Camillus, lifted up his hands toward heaven and spoke this prayer: "If, O ye gods, you think Rome must not have too much glory; and if you think that, after this victory, we must suffer some trouble to keep us from being too proud, oh, I pray you, let the trouble fall, not upon Rome, but upon me."

Thus did Camillus love his country more than he loved himself.

He laid siege to another town. The huts of his army were built in a ring about the fortress, but between the Roman camp and the city walls was an open space of meadows. A schoolmaster now and then brought his boys out of the city and let them play in this open space. At first they sported near the walls. Little by little he drew them nearer the Roman camp. One day he led his troop of lads to the guards of the camp and said:

"I surrender to you, and also place these boys in your charge."

The schoolmaster and his scholars were led before Camillus. He expected the Roman general to be greatly pleased at getting the sons of so many of the besieged citizens into his hands. But Camillus had no such thoughts. He looked sternly upon the traitor, and said:

"War is a savage thing, and many cruel acts are done in war. But there are laws even in war, and men of honor will obey those laws. Surely it would be dishonorable of me to make captives of these boys whom you have brought to my camp by a mean trick."

He turned to the lictors, and bade them seize the schoolmaster. They tied his hands behind him, and gave rods to the lads.

"Boys," said Camillus, "drive him back to the city. He is a traitor."

Fathers and mothers and friends had gathered on the walls, in great grief for the loss of the boys. Presently, to their surprise, they beheld the lads returning, and the biggest scholars were laying the rods smartly upon the traitor's back.

Soon afterward the city yielded to the Romans.

Camillus was a man of the upper or richer classes. The poorer classes, or plebeians (ple-bee-ans), often quarrelled with their richer neighbors; and I am sorry to say the quarrel of the rich and poor lasts even to our own day. Camillus, quiet as he was, was obliged to fly from Rome because his deeds and his ideas did not please the mass of the people. As he left the city he paused, looked back at its walls and towers, and stretched out his hands and said:

"Through no fault of mine, I am forced to leave Rome. Some day Rome will regret having driven me out."

Much trouble then happened to the Romans and to Italy. The Gauls from the north had crossed the rock and snows of the Alps, and entered the fruitful land of Italy. Their numbers were large, their shields and helmets glittered with a brightness that made them terrible. The Romans lost a battle, and

their city was in danger. The fire-maidens carried the burning coals in a vessel, snatched up the images of the gods, and fled from Rome. Crowds of city folk were hurrying away, some carrying furniture on their backs, some riding on horses or in wagons. One good Roman, who was escaping with his wife and children, saw the vestal virgins (or fire-maidens) wearily trudging along by the river Tiber. He invited them to ride in his wagon, and they were glad to accept his aid.

The third day after the battle the Gauls arrived at Rome, and saw the gates open, and the streets deserted by the people. Brennus, their captain, led his men into the city. At length they came to the forum. There sat the elders or senators, and all sat silent. They would not leave Rome in the hour of need.

The Gauls crowded round, and gazed in wonder at the old rulers. At last one of them went forward and touched the beard of one of the senators. The bearded Roman struck the Gaul with his staff and wounded him. The Gaul slew the senator with his sword. Then the rest of the elders were slain. Think of these noble Romans lying dead on the floor of the forum! They were faithful to the end.

Camillus stayed in the country some distance from Rome. He had felt bitter against the city which he had loved, and still loved in the bottom of his heart. One day he led some of the people out of a small town toward a camp where a party of Gauls were intrenched. At midnight the trumpets sounded. Camillus and his followers fell upon the camp and gained a victory.

When this news came to the ears of the Romans who had fled from Rome, many of them held a meeting and sent a messenger to beg him to take the lead once more.

"I will come," said he, "if I am invited by the people in the Capitol."

Ah, the Capitol was a hill inside the walls of Rome, and on it stood a fortress, and in this fortress was a body of citizens

who would not yield to Brennus and his Gauls. But how was word to be carried to the Capitol? Who would go?

A young man dressed himself in rough clothes, so as to appear like a common peasant, and he hid large pieces of cork under his clothes. Having travelled to the river Tiber, which runs by Rome, he made his garments into a bundle and placed the bundle on his head and fastened the corks together for a float, and as he held the float he swam across the river by night. Then he crept through back streets till he came to the Capitol. Up the rugged cliff he climbed in the darkness, and gained the top in safety. Some senators were among the garrison of the Capitol. They heard the young man's story.

"Go," they said, "and bid Camillus march to the help of Rome."

The young hero climbed down the cliff again, crossed the river unseen, and gave the order to Camillus.

But before Camillus could rescue Rome the Gauls tried to seize the Capitol. One night they began to scale the cliff as the young messenger had done. A few of them actually reached the top, and others were climbing behind. The Roman guards were asleep.

A temple of Juno, the goddess, stood on the Capitol. In this building were kept a flock of geese. The birds heard the slight noise made by the Gauls, and they hissed! The sound woke the Romans. All was alarm! The clash of spears and shields resounded. The Gauls were driven back, some being flung headlong down the precipice. Ever afterward the story ran that Juno's geese had saved the Capitol.

Camillus had not come yet. The hearts of the Romans were faint. Food was almost gone. At length they sent to Brennus.

"Will you retire from the city if we give you a thousand pounds' weight of gold?"

"I will."

Scales were brought to weigh the gold. Shining pieces

were piled up in one scale so as to balance the weights on the other. One of the Gauls held down the scale that contained the weights.

"You are unjust!" cried the Roman.

Brennus laughed. He threw his belt and the sword tied to it into the scale, making it drop lower.

"Woe to the conquered!" he cried.

The Romans were obliged to pile up more gold, so as to balance the extra weight of the captain's belt and sword.

The Gauls did at last leave the Romans in peace, though I am not sure if they were driven out by Camillus, or went because they loved their own land better. You see, the Romans had been beaten by the Gauls, and felt too proud to own their defeat, and the writers of old histories do not tell us very clearly what happened at this time.

As I told you, Camillus belonged to the upper class, or richer class, who were called "patricians." Quarrels still went on between the people of wealth and the people who were poor, and at one time a number of the poorer citizens threatened to leave Rome altogether and set up a city somewhere else. They said that it was not right that the two magistrates who were chosen to govern Rome every year should always be men of the upper class. One ought to be a commoner, or plebeian. Camillus thought it was wise to grant this, and each year one consul was elected by the votes of the patricians and one by the votes of the commoners. This is what happens in politics. One class want one thing, and one class want another; and the wisest heads among the people have to plan a way to please as many of the citizens as possible. When the city was at peace again, the people built a new temple, called the temple of Concord, or Friendship. It stood by the forum. I wish such a temple could be built in every city and every land, and that the hearts of all men were joined together in peace and goodwill. And because Camillus made the city strong again after all its troubles with the Gauls and the

quarrels of the citizens, the people called him "the second founder of Rome." He died 365 B.C.

Artaxerxes III
In Olden Persia

Reigned from 405 to 359 B.C.

The prince and his grandly-dressed nobles walked in procession into the temple, and there a priest stepped forward to meet them.

"Eat this cake of figs," said the priest; and the prince ate the sweetmeat. He was about to become king of the plains and mountains of Persia, and some of his life would be sweet and happy.

"Chew this resin," said the priest; and the prince made a wry face as he ate a piece of turpentine-gum from a pine-tree. Some parts of a king's life are very bitter.

"Drink this sour milk," said the priest; and the prince drank the unpleasant draught. Sweet milk turns sour, and things and people that once were charming may become hateful and disagreeable.

"Put on this old coat," said the priest; and the prince donned a coat which had once been worn by a mighty lord of Persia, named Cyrus. When he wore the coat of the dead lord the new king hoped he would be as great and powerful as Cyrus himself.

A cry rang loudly through the aisles (or passages) of the temple.

"Treason, treason, O king, your life is in danger! In yonder chamber is hiding your brother Cyrus, with intent to kill you."

Guards and nobles rushed to the chamber and dragged out the king's younger brother. Swords were raised to slay him, when the queen-mother flung herself upon the neck of

Cyrus (whom she loved better than his brother the king), and twisted the long tresses of her hair about his shoulders; and when he was thus shielded by the queen's hair the soldiers dared not strike. Cyrus was forgiven, but was ordered to proceed to the province of Lydia by the sea, and rule the cities on the coast.

I wish the king had had an easier name for you to read. It was Artaxerxes (Ar-tags-erk-seez). He reigned from 405 B.C. to 359 B.C.

Cyrus had his eye on the throne. He meant to be king. To any Greeks who would help him he promised large sums of gold. Before long he had more than twelve thousand Greeks in brazen armor ready to march against his royal brother, and besides these he had one hundred thousand Persians and other folk of Asia.

The king was well liked by many of his people. He had a generous and liberal manner which pleased them. For instance, when he was travelling various gifts were brought to him. One man had nothing to offer, so he ran to a river and filled his hands with water, and held out this very cheap present to the king, who was much pleased, and ordered the man to be rewarded with one thousand darics (a daric was a gold coin).

Prince Cyrus advanced with his army of rebels toward the famous river Euphrates. Across the plain the king had a deep ditch cut, so that an army with horses and baggage could not pass. But the trench or ditch, though it extended for fifty miles, did not quite reach to the river. There was a passage twenty feet wide between the end of the ditch and the river; and the royal army did not think this narrow place was worth guarding. But the army of Cyrus marched that way, and came in face of the immense host led by the king. Then was heard the clash of war. Cyrus, at the head of a troop of horsemen, dashed into the midst of the Persians, killed a nobleman who had aimed a javelin at him, and threw the king from his horse.

The king was wounded in the breast, and retreated. Then the rebel prince spurred hotly onward, shouting to the Persians:

"Make way, you slaves, make way."

But a spear pierced his forehead, and he fell from his steed, and soon afterward one of the enemy gave him a death-blow. It was dark when the news came to the king, and he sent thirty men with flaring torches to find the body of Cyrus. Meanwhile, he was glad enough to refresh himself with a drink of muddy water. So thirsty was he that he declared he had never drunk wine that was so delicious; and he gave a heap of treasure to the person who supplied him with the muddy drink. Of course, it is nice and proper to show our gratitude to those who do us a kindness; but it seems to me that the Persian king was intemperate in his gifts. I mean that he gave too much.

Well, you will wonder what became of the Greeks. They would not surrender to the Persians, and marched away, for hundreds of miles, over flat lands, through the mountains, burned by the sun, bitten by the frost, worried by the natives who attacked them by night and day, until at last they came to a certain hill. Those who led the way to the hilltop raised their hands and shouted:

"Thalatta! thalatta! thalatta!"

At this sound the Greeks who lagged behind hurried up, and all cried, as they reached the summit:

"Thalatta! thalatta! thalatta!"

The word "thalatta" is the Greek word for sea; they were looking at the Black Sea, and they knew that along its shores were cities inhabited by Greeks, and they would find friends to help them and ships to carry them back to their wives and children in Greece. This march of the Greeks from Persia to the Black Sea is called the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and the story of it was written in a book called The Anabasis, by one of the captains, named Xenophon (Zen-o-fon), who was born about 430 B.C. and died about 357 B.C. Some Greeks

were usually to be found at the Persian Court, but I fancy they could never feel quite at home there, for the Greeks were a free people, and the Persians were ready to obey the king in all that he willed. The Persian kings were despots, and their servants bowed to them as if to gods. A certain Greek who was visiting the court was so ashamed of bowing low before the king that he purposely dropped a ring, and stooped to pick it up; and thus he appeared to be bending in a proper manner, and yet he could tell his friends he was merely picking up his ring. What do you think you would have done if you had been in his place?

I have told you how generous the king was in his gifts, and will give you another instance. A Greek friend of his fell ill, and the doctors ordered him plenty of milk; and the king commanded that eighty cows might always be kept for his use, and follow him about if he travelled!

While the king was thus lavish in his gifts to other people, he was willing, when need arose, to live a very hard life himself. He once led an army against some rebel tribes who dwelt in a rugged land, where fogs often made the air dark, and where corn did not grow, and where the folk lived on wild pears, apples, etc. The Persian troops were half-starved; they killed their camels and asses for food, and an ass's head was sold at a very high price. A good example was set by the king. Clad as he was in gold, purple, and shining jewels, he would not shirk the toils of the march. On his back he carried a quiver of arrows, on his arm a buckler, or shield; and, if the army arrived at a rocky path where it was troublesome to climb, he would leap from his horse, and go on foot with hard breathing and heavy labor. And the soldiers stepped out with more spirit when they saw their master share in their hardships. At length they came to a fair place, well set with trees. It was one of the royal parks, kept for the king's pleasure in hunting.

Cold and shivering, the soldiers said to one another:

"If only we might cut down some of those pine-trees or cypress-trees, how we should warm ourselves at the roaring camp-fires."

The king gave order that the timber in the park should be hewn down for firewood. When he saw the men shrink from felling some of the forest trees, he seized an axe, and himself struck the first blow. So the soldiers went to work with a will, and made huge fires, and were happy that night.

In such countries as Persia the life of a king, however worthy he might be, was seldom safe from attack. The king was warned that plotters were coming to put him to death. So he had a door made in the wall of his bedroom, and covered with wall-hangings (or tapestry). In the night, the plotters crept into the royal bedchamber, and advanced with naked swords toward the bed. Then the king rose, slipped behind the tapestry, and through the secret door, and so escaped; and the baffled plotters were caught and punished. The king lived to the age of ninety-four, which was a very remarkable thing for an Eastern despot.

In our own country, as in France, England, Australia, and other countries, the people speak their mind, and meet in open assembly, and elect such men as they will to their Congress or House of Parliament. This is freedom. In Persia there is despotism. We want all the people of the world to be free:

> O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
> We heard you beat from far!
> We bring the light that saves;
> We bring the morning star;
> And freedom's good we bring you,
> Whence all good things are.

Agesilaus
A Lame King
444 – 360 B.C.

"Who is that lame man?"

"The King of Sparta."

"But I thought the Spartans were so proud of their strength, and yet they have a lame king!"

"He is lame, but he is brave: and he is as ready to go to battle as any man with the finest limbs."

The king was Agesilaus (A-jes-si-lay-us), who succeeded to the throne 398 B.C., and died about 360 B.C. He spent most of his time in warring with the Persians; so, of course, he had to take his Greeks across the sea in galleys. Once the Persian general proposed to have a talk, or conference, and he fixed a certain place and hour for meeting the Spartan king. The place was a grove of trees in a meadow; and Agesilaus, arriving there first with some of his friends, sat down on the long grass in the shade. Simple as the couch was, it was fair and easy enough for Spartans. When the Persian general reached the spot, his slaves laid soft rugs and cushions on the ground for their master to sit on during the conversation. But when he caught sight of the Spartans on the grass, the general felt ashamed to appear so fond of delicate cushions, and he also seated himself on the ground.

Enemies closer to Sparta than the Persians were now threatening, and Agesilaus recrossed the sea, and led his soldiers back to his native land, through rocky passes, across mountain streams, and past many a foeman's town. He had

tried to stretch his empire far and wide, instead of staying in his own country and resting content with the kingdom he was born in. At length he fought his way back to the city of Sparta, and once more dwelt in his humble palace. Plain was his house, plain his furniture, and plain the dress of his daughters. The very doors told how little the Spartan kings cared for show, for the doors at the entrance of the royal abode were said to be about seven hundred years old.

The king had no love for display and glitter, either in houses or people. He was asked to go and hear a clever fellow who could whistle so exactly like a nightingale that you could fancy you heard the lovely bird singing in the forest. The king, however, said, "Thank you, no; I prefer to hear the nightingale itself."

Again, there was a doctor who was very vain of a name which the people gave him. They called him Jupiter, because he had (so they said) cured quite a number of folk of their ailments. You know that Jupiter was the master of all the gods. One day the foolish man was writing a letter to King Agesilaus, and he began thus: "Doctor Jupiter wishes the king health." To this the monarch replied: "King Agesilaus wishes Doctor Jupiter more common sense!"

In his manners in the house he was very homely, and he often played with his children. A nobleman, calling to see him, opened the door of the royal nursery, and stood still in astonishment when he beheld the mighty lord of Sparta galloping round with a walking-stick between his legs for a horse!

"Are you a father?" asked Agesilaus.

"No, sir."

"Well, wait till you are, and have children of your own, and then you will understand."

In the wars that followed between Sparta and other Greek States, Agesilaus was helped by some of his neighbors; but they complained of having more than their fair share of the

fighting. This was said at a big meeting of the Spartans and their allies (friends). So the king asked them all to sit down, and then he bade his crier or herald summon the men of any trade to stand up:

"Potters, arise!"

And they arose up.

"Braziers, arise!"

And they arose up.

"Carpenters, arise!"

And they arose up; and then the masons, and so on. But not a single Spartan stood; for the Spartans did no handwork, but left such labor to their slaves, or helots.

Then the king smiled, and said:

"You see, my people do nothing but fight, while you others work at various crafts, and therefore I think Sparta takes its fair share of war."

Yes, that was right, as an answer to the persons who complained. But I think it was a pity that so fine a nation as the Spartans should have no industry but the art of war. Potters, braziers, carpenters, masons, etc.—the more we have of these, and the fewer soldiers, the better.

So proud were the Spartans of their skill and courage in battle that they even despised the man who brought news of a defeat. Indeed, such news seldom arrived. Those who fled away from the enemy were called "tremblers," and the tremblers had to wear coats of patchwork colors, and to shave only one half of their beards!

A fierce battle took place with the Thebans, and the Spartans were beaten. Just as the news came to the city the people were engaged in sports, racing, and wrestling in the open-air theatre. The magistrates who sat in the theatre would not allow the games to stop. Each race was run; each exercise was finished, as if there was nothing to do but make merry. Next day, after the names of the men slain in the battle had been learned, all who had lost any sons, brothers, or

friends went about the streets looking gay and cheerful; and those who had lost no friends shut themselves in their houses as if in mourning. You see, the Spartans were proud to give their sons to the service of their fatherland, and thought it quite an honor for a man to be killed in the wars. But so many "tremblers" had fled from the battle I have spoken of that the magistrates did not dare to dress them in the patchwork coats. Ere long the enemy appeared before the walls of Sparta, and set fire to houses outside the city. It is said that no foe had trodden the soil of Sparta for six hundred years. The women looked from the walls, and saw with terror the smoke that rose from the burning villages outside. Agesilaus was most cautious. He kept his men inside the walls, and would not be tempted into sallying forth; and at last the Thebans withdrew. At one moment the king was threatened with a danger in his own fortress. A party of two hundred of his own followers gathered at a temple, as if to begin a rebellion. What was to be done? Was Agesilaus to fight his own citizens? He used his wits, and thought of a plan. Advancing with only one attendant to the gate of the temple, he called out:

"You have made a mistake. I did not order you all to assemble here. Some of you are to march to that position" (pointing to a certain place on his right), "and others there" (pointing to a place on his left), "and others yonder."

So quiet and firm was his manner that they obeyed, and so the force was broken up. He took care, however, to arrest fifteen of the ringleaders, and they were put to death the next night. After a while the Thebans made an assault upon the town, but were hurled back, and they retreated, and, their captain being slain in a fresh battle, a peace was concluded.

Even when Agesilaus grew old—even more than eighty years old—he still took a joy in war; and, at the request of a prince of Egypt, he sailed to that country with an army, and prepared to fight the prince's enemies. This he did for pay, and not because he cared which side was in the right. A vast

crowd of Egyptians waited on the shore for the coming of the Spartan fleet. Agesilaus landed, and sat down on some grass. When the Egyptians beheld the little lame old king, they could scarcely believe this man was the famous leader of whose exploits (deeds) they had heard so many stirring tales. They offered him presents of rich food. He took the solid part of it, such as the veal and geese, but would not taste the pastry and sweetmeats.

"You can take those things to my helots" (slaves), he said.

I am rather ashamed to tell you that, after all, he did not assist the prince who had invited him across the seas; but he went over to the enemy, and the war soon ended. But a new peril happened. A host of rebels appeared, and marched toward the city occupied by Agesilaus and his Egyptian allies. They dug a ditch, or trench, nearly all round. Agesilaus watched their work, but did not interfere till the trench was almost a circle. Then he sallied forth and attacked, marching straight onward; he had no need to guard the flanks or sides of his army, for the very ditch which the rebels had dug protected him from their onrush. And thus he easily won a victory.

At the close of the war he took away much money, and sailed for Sparta. But a wintry storm drove his vessels back to the African coast, and the old king, worn out with many hardships, died in a harbor of a strange land. His body was embalmed, or covered with wax, and carried to Sparta.

We cannot help admiring the boldness and sturdiness of the Spartans; but, for all that, we have to remember that they have given us no books, no poems, no pictures, and no beautiful buildings such as the Greeks of Athens produced. They loved only the glory of war.

Volumnia
How a Woman Saved Rome

5th century B.C.

"Comrades, let us leave the city!"

"We will go at once!"

"There is plenty of air and water in Italy. We have no need to stay in Rome!"

"And we can die and be buried outside Rome!"

"Forward!"

And so the common folk, or plebeians, of Rome shouted to one another as they marched through the streets with their wives and children. They thought they were wrongly treated by the richer people, who were called patricians. They did the hard work of Rome—hewed the wood, drew the water, built the houses, tilled the land; and yet they were not allowed their fair share of the government of the city.

The old men of the senate were alarmed.

"We cannot do without the working-men," they said. "We must fetch them back, or else they will found a new city."

Several senators were chosen to follow after the plebeians, and persuade them to come back. The chief among these messengers was Agrippa, and he spoke very earnestly to the people:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen: The senate desires you to return. You shall be justly treated. You shall elect some of your number to sit with the senators. We need you, and you need us."

"Ah, but do we need you patricians?" murmured the

people.

"Let me tell you a fable, Romans. Once there was a man whose legs, arms, fingers, feet, and mouth made a great rebellion against his stomach. They said the stomach did nothing, while the mouth talked, the legs walked, the arms pulled, the fingers worked, the feet stamped. So the stomach refused to do anything, as they accused it of being idle. Then the body of this man pined away till it was mere skin and bone. All the parts of the body, Romans, need one another. The patricians need you working-men, and you need the patricians to lead you and advise you, in peace and war. Come back to Rome, and we will agree that you shall choose five people's men, or tribunes, who shall sit with the senate, and take a share in the ruling of the city."

The plebeians went back, and the five tribunes had seats at the door of the senate hall. Whenever the senators made a law that seemed unjust to the people, the tribunes rose from their seats and cried aloud:

"Veto!"

This word means, "I forbid."

Among the patricians at this time was a man of noble spirit named Marcius. Very brave was his conduct at the siege of Corioli, the capital of the Volscian country. He was in the thick of the fight, and was covered with blood and sweat. The soldiers agreed to give him a new name after the town which he took, and therefore he was called Coriolanus. Much plunder was captured—gold, silver, etc. The plunder was piled in a heap before the army, and the consul of Rome told Coriolanus that he might have a beautiful horse for himself, and also a tenth part of the spoil.

"No," said he, "I will indeed accept the horse, but let the spoil be divided among the men, and I will take my share—nothing more—the same as the rest. But I will ask for one favor, sir."

"What is that?"

"Among the Volscian prisoners is a friend of mine, who will, in the usual course, be sold as a slave. Grant me his freedom, for he has been kind to me, and is a man of virtue."

All the army praised his goodness of heart, and the consul granted his desire.

For seventeen years Coriolanus, who lived in the first half of the fifth century B.C., served the city in war and in the work of governing, and at last he was made consul. But then came troubles. He had never liked the tribunes. He thought too much had been given to the common people. In his ideas he was an aristocrat—that is, he thought the superior class of men should hold the sway over the less worthy and more ignorant class. But then, you see, the plebeians would not consider themselves less worthy or more ignorant. When a large stock of corn was brought into Rome, as a present from the King of Syracuse, the people saw the loaded wagons and mules, and hoped that they might all receive shares of it gratis, or free.

"No," said the consul to the senate, "we must not yield to the people, and flatter them, and give them all they demand. If we do so, there will be no end to their requests, and the city will be filled with disorder."

The tribunes, hearing this, ran into the streets, and called the citizens together. The senate broke up in confusion.

Next morning the senators met again in the forum, and talked of the best way to deal with the corn. Some wished to sell it cheap to the people. Coriolanus said "No," and he defied the people in angry words and with haughty looks.

"He shall die!" shouted the tribunes.

They were about to carry him to the top of the Tarpeian rock, and hurl him down the precipice. His friends defended him. At length it was agreed that he should stand trial in a great assembly of the Romans on a certain market-day. The trial was held. The majority of votes were against him. What should be his punishment? Banishment for life. Never must

he set foot in Rome again. His friends were deeply grieved. He alone kept a cool mind and a face unmoved. First, he went to his house and kissed his mother and wife. Then, amid a crowd of patricians, he walked firmly to one of the city gates, and there they bade him good-bye. With three or four companions he travelled into the country, staying at farm-houses. Then he went on alone.

He had dressed himself in mean garments like a rustic laborer. Where was he going? He had made up his mind to join the enemies of Rome—the very Volscians against whom he had so boldly fought.

One evening he reached the town of Antium, and walked through the streets. No one knew him. He stopped at the door of Tullus, a nobleman. Having entered, he sat down by the fire-side, close to the shelf where stood the little images of the household gods. Whoever sat by the household gods was looked upon as under their care; he must not be hurt. The people of the house were much surprised at the stranger's entrance. They hurried into the room where Tullus sat at supper, and told him.

"Who are you?" asked Tullus. "And what is your business here?"

The Roman drew the cloak away from his face, and said:

"Do you not know me, Tullus? I am he who was the foe of the Volscians. The city which I captured gave me my name, Coriolanus. But I have received an evil reward for all my service. The mob of common people insulted me. The patricians were too cowardly to assist me. I mean to take my revenge on Rome. I have come to join the Volscians. I shall fight much better for you than I have fought against you."

"Welcome," cried Tullus. "We shall be glad of your friendship, and grateful for your aid in the war against Rome."

They sat down to table, and talked long and earnestly on the best modes of carrying on the struggle.

One day Tullus called a meeting of the Volscians, and

told them of the new ally, or comrade, who had come from Rome. Coriolanus then appeared before the people and addressed them. They were charmed by his speech, and declared themselves ready to follow him anywhere.

With the Volscian troops he marched toward his native city, setting fire to farm-houses and villages, and capturing fortresses, and beating back bodies of Romans who were sent out to check his progress. The city was in alarm. Women ran up and down the streets, and old men knelt praying before the altars of the gods.

Some of the senators, who had once been friends of Coriolanus, offered to go and confer with him in his camp.

"I will make peace," he replied to these messengers, "if the Romans give back all the land they have taken from the Volscians. You may have thirty days to think about it."

They returned to his camp in thirty days, and said the Romans would yield a part of the land if the Volscians would lay down their arms.

"No," he answered, "and you can now have but three more days before I resume the war."

A third party came. This consisted of priests bearing their wands and staves. To these he spoke as sternly as to the senators.

A wise lady named Valeria thought of a plan. She took a number of Roman matrons with her, and they called at the house where lived Volumnia, the aged mother of Coriolanus. They found her sitting with her daughter-in-law, the wife of Coriolanus; and his children were with the mother and grandmother.

"We come to you," said the visitors, "as women to women, not being sent by the senate or the consuls. We come to beg your help. Go along with us to Coriolanus. Tell him that, though you are his mother, the Romans have done you no harm, in spite of his joining the enemies of our city. You will bring him to a better mind."

To this Volumnia agreed. She took with her her daughter-in-law and the children, and a number of the Roman ladies accompanied her to the camp. The general sat in his chair of state, and when he saw a party approaching he at first supposed it must be the senators. As they drew nearer, to his surprise he beheld women. He saw his mother, his wife, his children. Rising from his chair, he ran to meet them and kiss them, and the tears fell from his eyes.

"My son," then said his mother, "you see how unhappy we all appear. The women in Rome are also unhappy. How else should we feel when we see a Roman encamped against Rome? A battle will be fought. Whoever wins, we shall be miserable. Your wife will see Rome beaten, or you. If you win, and if you march into Rome as a victor, you shall pass over the dead body of your mother; for I will not live to see Rome conquered by my son. Make peace, I beg of you. The Volscians are strong, and it will be to their honor to make peace; and Rome will thank you. Your mother has done much for you. What have you done for her?"

So saying, the old matron knelt at his feet, as did also his wife and children.

"Oh, mother!" cried Coriolanus, as he raised her up, "what have you done? You have gained a victory, and saved Rome, but ruined me."

He sent the women back to Rome, and the next morning he drew off the army and marched it back to the Volscian country. The Volscians let him do so, for they felt that only Coriolanus was able enough a leader to conduct the war against Rome. Without him there could be little worth doing. The Romans rejoiced, and the citizens crowded to the temples to place garlands of flowers on the altars of the gods. All the men praised the work of the women who had gone with such courage to the camp and prayed for mercy.

The elders of the senate met, and made a decree that the women might have whatever reward they chose.

"We desire only one thing," said the Roman ladies. "Let a new temple be built for the Good-Fortune of Women. We will subscribe the money for the building."

The senate said the temple should be set up at the public expense.

Nevertheless, the Roman ladies each paid what they were able to the fund; and when the temple was built, about four miles outside the city, on the spot where the tent of Coriolanus had rested, the first priestess to take charge of it was the aged mother who had saved Rome.

Not long afterward Coriolanus was killed by the daggers of the Volscians, who were angry because he had spared Rome.

I am not sure what you will think of the conduct of Coriolanus. But I am sure you will admire the action of Volumnia and the matrons. And you girls who read this story will, I hope, see that you have a part to play for your city and your country.

Archimedes and Euclid

287 B.C.-212 B.C., circa 300 B.C.

I

Hiero, the king of Syracuse, had given his jeweler a certain weight of gold to be fashioned into a crown. When the crown was finished, the suspicion arose in Hiero's mind that his jeweler had stolen part of the gold and replaced it with an equal quantity of silver. Accordingly he commissioned his court scientist, Archimedes, to detect the fraud if possible.

After many days of fruitless research, Archimedes was about to abandon the task. But one morning, as he stepped into his tub at the public bathhouse of Syracuse, he noticed the overflow of the water. The sight of this overflow set his imagination aflame. Forgetting his naked condition, he leaped out of his bathtub and ran home through the streets of Syracuse crying,

"Eureka! Eureka! — I have found it! I have found it!"

What he had found was a simple solution to his problem about Hiero's crown. He would procure two masses of metal, one of gold and one of silver, and each of equal weight with the crown. Then he would in turn submerge each of the three masses — the gold, the silver and the crown — in a vessel filled with water and measure the Overflow of the water in each of the three cases.

As soon as possible he put this idea to the test and discovered that the amount of water displaced by the crown was more than the amount of water displaced by the gold, and less than the amount of water displaced by the silver. And in this way he knew that the crown consisted neither entirely of gold

nor entirely of silver, but that it was a mixture of both.

This simple method of comparing the weights of solids with the weights of equal quantities of water supplied Hiero with the solution to the mystery of the crown. But it supplied the rest of mankind with a far greater gift — the key to the solution of one of the profound mysteries of nature, the so-called "specific gravity" of the various substances which go into the making of the world. This law of specific gravity, known to the present day as the Principle of Archimedes, may be briefly stated as follows: "A body immersed in a fluid loses as much in weight as the weight of an equal volume of the fluid."

Thus it was in the simple process of bathing that Archimedes discovered one of the great secrets of nature. Yet bathing to Archimedes, it is interesting to note, was not an ordinary process. Rather it was an extraordinary event. So absorbed was he in his scientific experiments that, to quote Plutarch, "his servants with the greatest difficulty, and against his will, got him to the baths to wash and anoint him." And when finally they succeeded in luring him to the baths, continues Plutarch, "he would ever draw all sorts of geometrical figures with his fingers upon his naked body."

Geometry was his greatest passion. "Intoxicated and ravished with the sweet enticements of this siren, which as it were lay continually with him, he often forgot his meat and his drink." He lived in the springtime of the mathematical sciences — an era in which the manipulations of numbers and the measurements of triangles and circles were amongst the most exciting of adventures in the academies and the colleges of the Greek world. The magic of Euclid, the "Father of Geometry," still lay like a bloom over an enchanted age. This professor of mathematics at the University of Alexandria had transformed the earth and the heavens into a vast design of intricate configurations. And with the deft fingers of his amazing intellect he had taken this design apart and analyzed

it into its simple components — points, lines, angles, curves, surfaces, solids — a map of the infinite translated into the finite language of elementary mathematics. Euclid made the impossible possible by the simplest of methods. When his fellow professors at Alexandria told him that there was no human way to measure the height of the Great Pyramid, he proceeded to measure it as follows: He waited for that hour of the day when the length of his shadow was exactly equal to the height of his person, and then he measured the length of the pyramid's shadow. "This, gentlemen," he said, "is the exact height of the Great Pyramid."

Though he simplified his geometry, Euclid insisted upon a thorough study of its principles in order that his students might fully understand them. The story is told that Ptolemy, the king of Alexandria, once expressed his impatience at Euclid's elaborate manner of explaining his theorems. "Isn't there," asked the king, "a shorter way of learning geometry than through your method?"

"Sire," replied Euclid, "in the country there are two kinds of roads — the hard road for the common people and the easy road for the royal family. But in geometry all must go the same way. There is no royal road to learning."

As to the details of Euclid's life, very little is known about them. One legend has it that the last — and best —section of his famous Elements of Geometry was thrown into the fire by his wife in a fit of temper. If this story is true, the probability is that his wife lost her temper through no provocation on Euclid's part. For he was, the ancient writers tell us, "a gentle and kindly old man." His students idolized him. For he "guided them like a father." Yet on occasion he could tame the more impertinent of his "children" with the lash of a biting sarcasm. "Can you tell me," asked one of his students after he had learned the first theorem, "just what practical advantage there is in studying geometry?" Whereupon Euclid turned to his servant. "Grumio," he said, "give this gentleman

a dollar; he can't learn without money."

Euclid himself, like most of the ancient Greek scholars, cared little for the "practical" values of his scientific investigations. He loved learning for learning's sake. Shy, modest and aloof, he "lived peaceably in his habitation" and allowed the world of petty politics and of military glory to clatter by in its noisy and vulgar parade. "These things," he said, "shall pass. But the designs of the heavenly stars shall remain eternally fixed."

II

Quite different from this dispassionate life of quiet contemplation was the career of Archimedes, the "spiritual grandson" of Euclid. (Archimedes was the pupil of Conon, who was the pupil of Euclid.) As a young man he desired, like his great predecessor, to devote himself exclusively to mathematics. He continued the study of geometry from the point where Euclid had left off. He calculated the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter; he devised a plan for counting the sand on the seashore; he formulated a method for measuring the areas and the volumes of circular and of spherical objects; and he discovered the relation between the volume of a cylinder and that of an inscribed ball. This last discovery was as simple as it was ingenious. He constructed a cylindrical cup whose height was equal to its diameter, and a sphere that fitted snugly into this cup. He then filled the cup with water, immersed the sphere in the water, and compared the amount of the overflow with the original amount of the water in the cylinder. He thus found that the volume of an inscribed sphere is equal to exactly two-thirds of the volume of its enclosing cylinder. So proud was he of this discovery that he ordered the figure of a sphere within a cylinder to be carved upon his tombstone.

For Archimedes, like Euclid, was anxious to be remembered only as a philosophical mathematician. He wanted to

be left alone to his geometrical studies. But the insistent demands of his environment compelled him to become an inventor as well as a philosopher. Archimedes thoroughly disliked his compulsory role as "a maker of the vile and beggarly and mercenary machines of commerce and war." But he was related to Hiero and therefore felt constrained by a double obligation — as a subject and as a kinsman — to obey the orders of the king.

Working under these orders, Archimedes produced no less than forty inventions — some of them for commercial use but most of them for military purposes. Perhaps the most interesting of his commercial inventions was the so-called Screw of Archimedes. This hollow corkscrew, placed upon an inclined surface with the lower end immersed in a pool of water and with the spirals turning constantly from left to right, scoops up the water at the bottom and spills it out at the top — thus compelling the water to perform the apparently impossible "miracle" of flowing uphill.

This commercial invention — employed even today for the draining of swampy areas in the Netherlands — was to the contemporaries of Archimedes an object of profound amazement. But more amazing than his "utensils of peace" were his engines of war. His native city of Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, and King Hiero called upon Archimedes to devise weapons of defense against this siege. A Roman fleet, under the leadership of Marcellus, had set sail against Syracuse. "I believe I can destroy that fleet," said Archimedes.

"By what means?" asked Hiero.

"By means of burning mirrors."

Hiero said nothing, but shook his head. His poor kinsman had apparently lost his reason through overstudy.

Yet Archimedes made good his boast. For, "as soon as the ships of the enemy came within bowshot of Syracuse," he trained upon them the battery of his mirrors which he had

constructed especially for the purpose. These mirrors were "huge concave plates of metal" so designed as to focus the blazing light of the sun upon the oncoming fleet.

In connection with this story it is interesting to note that Sir Isaac Newton, after a series of experiments with concave mirrors, expressed his opinion that such an invention on the part of Archimedes was not beyond the realm of scientific possibility. Most of the historians, however, reject the incident as fictitious, since no account of it is found either in Plutarch or in Polybius, the two leading authorities on the life of Archimedes.

But there seems to be little disagreement among the leading historians as to the authenticity of his other military inventions. When the blockade around Syracuse had become a serious threat to the further existence of the city, Hiero again called his kinsman to his aid. "Is it possible," he asked, "to remove the enemy's ships?"

"Yes," replied Archimedes. "It is possible even to remove the earth."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Merely this — that if I had a place in another world in which to plant my feet, I could wrench the earth out of its course." He then went on to explain his theory of levers and pulleys — a discovery of his own — by means of which he could move a maximum of weight with minimum of effort.

When Hiero expressed his doubt as to the efficacy of this plan, Archimedes proceeded to put it to the test. He constructed a multiple pulley, attached the chain at one end of the pulley to a large and heavily laden Syracusan ship, and handed the rope at the other end of the pulley to Hiero. "Pull the rope, Sire, and see what happens."

The king pulled the rope, and a cry of astonishment escaped from his lips. For the feeble effort of his two small hands had lifted the ship as if by magic out of the water and dangled it into the air.

It was not long before Marcellus, too, was to marvel at the "magic" of Archimedes. The Roman commander had arrived before the walls of Syracuse equipped with "a fleet of sixty vessels filled with all sorts of arms and missiles." Moreover, he had erected "an engine of artillery on a huge platform supported by eight galleys fastened together." But all this stupendous armada was merely a handful of toys in the enormous iron grappling hooks that were attached to the pulleys of Archimedes. Descending upon the Roman ships like birds of prey, these "iron claws" of Archimedes drew them "straight up into the air, and then plunged them stern foremost into the depths." At times, to vary his defensive strategy, Archimedes carried the enemy's galleys "high over the cliffs that jutted out beneath the walls of the city, and then whirled them around and around and finally dashed them with all their merchandise and men — a dreadful spectacle — upon the jagged rocks below."

When Marcellus saw the devastation visited upon his fleet, he is said to have exclaimed: "Let us stop fighting against this geometrical monster, who uses our ships like cups to ladle water from the sea, and has whipped our most efficient engines and driven them off in disgrace, and with the uncanny jugglery of his mind has outrivaled the exploits of the hundred-handed giants of mythology." Finally the Roman soldiers had become so fearful, observes Plutarch, that whenever they saw a bit of rope or a stick of timber projecting a little over the wall they cried, "Here comes Archimedes," and turned their backs and fled.

Realizing the impossibility of conquest by assault, Marcellus decided to overcome the Syracusans by means of a blockade. Yet in spite of this blockade the ingenuity of Archimedes held off the surrender of his city for three years. And even then it was only through the carelessness of the Syracusans that their city fell. It was on the night of the festival held in honor of Artemis, the goddess of the moon.

The people of the beleaguered city had yielded themselves up too freely to their wine and their sport. Shortly before dawn, "when their senses were befuddled and their bodies worn out," a number of Roman soldiers succeeded in climbing over the walls and in opening the gates of the city from within. When the Syracusans awoke the next morning, they found their city in the hands of the enemy.

As Marcellus looked down upon the city from the heights just outside the walls, he is said "to have wept much in commiseration of its impending fate." For he knew that his soldiers, having been held so long at the leash, could not now be restrained from "their harvest of plunder." Indeed, even among his officers many were in favor of razing the city to the ground and putting all the inhabitants to the sword. To this riotous fury of revenge Marcellus vigorously objected. For he admired the courage of the Syracusans who had so long and so brilliantly held out against him. He especially admired his "geometrical" opponent. "Let no one," he commanded, "dare to lay a violent hand upon Archimedes. This man shall be our personal guest."

III

As for Archimedes, he was sitting quietly in the market place drawing a circle in the sand and calculating some abstruse mathematical problem. So wrapped up was he in his thought that he was surprised to see a drunken Roman soldier rush upon him with his sword. "Before you kill me, my friend," said Archimedes, "pray let me finish my circle."

But the soldier paid no heed to him and transfixed him with his sword.

"Ah well," whispered the gentle old scientist as he lay dying upon the ground, "they've taken away my body, but I shall take away my mind."

King Agis
A Martyr King

Reigned from 244 to 240 B.C.

"That young man's cloak is a very plain one, and yet he walks along the street with a step that is stately, as if he were not a common person. Who is he?"

"He is the king."

"Why does he wear so plain a dress? Why does he not show gay colors and adorn his body with gold, as other kings do?"

"I believe he wants us all to live in a simple way, like our fathers in olden times."

So spake two citizens of Sparta.

Yes, that was the aim of King Agis (A-jis). He reigned 244–240 B.C. As I have often told you, the Spartan folk had once clothed themselves in the roughest garb, lain on hard beds, eaten coarse food, and spent much of their time in exercise in sport or war. But now the ancient ways had almost died out. A few people were very rich, and possessed most of the land; and the great bulk of the people were poor, ragged, ill-fed, and in debt. When the young king saw the misery of Sparta, he thought of the days of old, and he longed to bring about a change or reform. One day he sat talking with his mother and grandmother.

"You are both rich," he said to them, "and if you will do as I ask you will set a noble example to other rich persons, and they will follow it."

"What is that?"

"I want you to give up a large share of your estates, and I will do the same; and if many of the richer class do likewise there will be an immense amount of land to spare for a purpose which I have set my heart on. I will divide it into small allotments for the people, so that each Spartan may then be a landholder, and have soil on which to grow corn and fruit for himself and his family. The unemployed will then have work to do, and the folk who are now idle and careless will become industrious and sober."

The royal ladies listened eagerly, and their hearts were warmed with the same desire as filled the young king's heart. They called a meeting of other Spartan ladies, and said to them:

"We shall give up much of our wealth for the good of the people. Ask your husbands to do as we do, and our ancient nation will have peace and contentment once more."

When the news of the king's plan spread among the poor folk there was much joy; but among the rich there was anger, for they thought they should now lose land, money, and comfort. The Spartans had the custom of choosing two kings instead of only one. Agis was the younger king; the elder was Leonidas, and Leonidas took the side of the wealthy class; and thus the country was divided. For a time the party of Agis gained the upper hand. Leonidas fled away, and his son-in-law, a prince, was made king in his place. As the son-in-law had a troublesome Greek name, I will simply call him the prince.

One day a vast crowd of Spartans had come together in the market-place to see the burning of the bonds. A bond is a paper which is held for a debt. If you owed me a sum of money, and you had agreed by putting your name on a certain paper to repay me the money, the paper would be called a bond; and if I destroyed the bond I should do away with the debt, and you would no longer be bound to pay. The king had ordered all persons who held bonds to bring them to the bonfire that

was lit in the market-place. The bonds were cast into the flames, and the people shouted with gladness as they saw the papers crackle and smoke. But the money-lenders and bond-holders walked away with sorrow in their faces and bitter feelings in their hearts. King Agis had given up for the people's use his ploughed land and his cattle pastures, as well as an immense sum of money. His mother and grandmother and some of their friends had also yielded up their possessions. But most of the rich folk were still waiting. They had no will to strip themselves of their goods.

It happened that a war was taking place in another part of Greece, and King Agis had promised to help one side with his troops. So he led an army of young Spartans to the field of war. On the march he was most strict in forbidding his warriors to hurt any man or any person's property in the villages they passed through. While he was thus absent, however, the rich class had made rebellion, and brought back Leonidas to the throne. This was done before Agis had time to return and prevent it. It was the hour of danger to the prince and to his friend Agis. Each of them fled to a different temple. Bands of enemies surrounded the buildings and watched. No Greek might be slain inside a holy temple, but if he issued forth then his life might be taken.

First, I will tell you what happened to the prince. His wife heard of his peril, and she took her two children and hurried to the temple and sat beside her husband. The guards told Leonidas, and he came and saw his daughter; her hair was fallen on her shoulders, and her dress was the dress of a mourning woman.

"Father," she cried, "when you went into exile I followed you, and tried to console you in your trouble. But now it is my husband who suffers. So I am bound to be wretched, first as a daughter and then as a wife. But I declare to you I will not see my husband die, for I will slay myself before you can touch him."

Having said this, the lady rested her head on her husband's shoulder, while the little children wept for their father's sake. And Leonidas was much moved, and he whispered with his friends, and then he gave command to the prince to go right out of Sparta, taking his wife and children with him. So the lady gave one child to her husband and carried one herself, and they four passed out into exile.

Next I will tell you of the end of Agis. For a while the king, Leonidas, had sent fair messages to him, and told him he hoped he would come out and take his part again in the governing of the country. Agis put little trust in these fine words; but he did at least believe Leonidas when the elder king said he might safely leave the temple each day to go to the bath at the end of the street. Several times Agis had visited the bath and returned to the temple unhurt, and so he came to think all was well. Three of his friends would meet him on the road and talk words of good cheer. But they had treason in their souls. In order to gain the favor of Leonidas, they had prepared a plot for the capture of the young king.

One evening, as the sky was getting dusky, they met Agis as usual walking from the bath, and they chatted with him until they reached the corner of a street that led to the prison. Suddenly one of them flung a cloak over the king's head, while the others held his arms. Other persons rushed up, and the party dragged Agis to the jail. The strong gates opened and soon closed again. A number of soldiers were posted about the building lest the citizens should seek to release the imprisoned king.

Before long, five magistrates sat in a chamber of the jail. By the light of lamps they tried the royal captive. The trial was very short. The questions they asked were few. The last question was this:

"Do you not repent of what you have done in Sparta?"

"No, indeed," answered the heroic king. "I shall never repent of so glorious a plan, even though I see death before

my eyes."

The five judges gave sentence that Agis should die. The officers carried him into a small room, from which he should never come out alive. Meanwhile, crowds of people had come to the prison, and were waving lanterns and torches in the darkness outside, wanting to know what was being done with the king. Alas! Agis lay dead. He had been strangled. Just before he died he saw one of the officers weeping.

"My friend," he said, "weep not for me. I have done no evil, and I am happier than those men who treat me unjustly."

The gates were opened for a moment to let in the king's mother and grandmother. The ladies hastened in, hoping to be in time to save their dear one's life. First of all the old grandmother was allowed to go into the inner chamber.

Then the mother. But when she entered she beheld her son's dead body, and she also beheld the dead body of her aged mother. When she saw this she knelt and kissed Agis, and said:

"My son, you were too honest and too generous a king for this country."

"If you approve your son's conduct," cried one of the three traitors who had seized the king on his way from the bath, "you shall share his reward."

"May all this be for the good of Sparta," sighed the queen.

Presently she herself was slain, and the three bodies were carried from the prison in the sight of the people, and the people were struck with terror, and they went to their homes.

Agis had died while trying to reform the condition of Sparta. He sought the good of his country, and he was put to death. Therefore we call him a martyr. He died in the year 240 B.C., more than two thousand years ago. Yet, you see, the world has not forgotten the young king and the Spartan ladies, and their noble purpose of helping their native land. They pointed to a goal for the people to go to, though they never lived to reach the happier place themselves. As we

remember Agis and the brave women, we seem to see a light shine about us—the light of their good deeds:

> Say not they die, those martyr souls
> Whose life is winged with purpose fine;
> Who leave us, pointing to the goals,
> Who learn to conquer and resign.
> Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
> And fill the world with growing light,
> Making the human life sublime
> With memories of their sacred might.
> (Malcolm Quin.)

Pelopidas
A Valiant Helper
Died 364 B.C.

"You don't look after yourself enough. You are not doing your duty."

"Why do you say so? I take care of my wife and children, and I serve my fatherland."

"Yes, but you do not get all the money you can."

"Money? Oh, well, I can do without much money. Yonder man needs money. He is both lame and blind."

The person who thus spoke lightly of money was a famous soldier, Pelopidas (Pel-op-id-as), who lived in the Greek city of Thebes (Theebz). Strong was he in body, and he loved to try his strength with others in the wrestling-ring, and in hunting boars and deer in the forests. Noble was he in soul, for he was ever ready to go to the help of people who were ill-used or in any kind of distress.

In the year 379 B.C. a band of Spartans suddenly marched into the city and made themselves masters of the castle. This they did by the wish of certain noblemen, who hoped to rule the city themselves, under the power of the Spartans. Pelopidas was then quite a young man. He and a number of his friends were obliged to fly from Thebes, for they were on the side of the people, and the unjust noblemen sought to take their lives. The heart of Pelopidas burned with a desire to set his city free, and often he said to his companions in exile:

"We ought not to rest here while our beloved land is in

the hands of evil rulers. It would be glorious to win back freedom for Thebes. Will you not join with me in saving our native city?"

They said they would. First they sent a secret message to a citizen named Charon (Kar-on), who promised to take them into his house in Thebes, and there they would prepare for an attack on the tyrants. A band of young Thebans set out for the city. But as it would not be wise for so large a body to show themselves at once, twelve of them went on in front dressed in the plain garments of country folk, and taking with them dogs and hunting-poles as if they were engaged in the chase. Their comrade, Charon, was expecting them. But one of the Thebans, who knew of the plot, felt afraid, and bade a particular friend ride quickly to the young men and warn them not to come any farther, for the peril was too great. This messenger hurried home to saddle a horse. He could not find the bridle.

"Hi! hi!" he cried to his wife. "Where is the bridle? Fetch it instantly."

"I don't know where your bridle is," she replied.

"You ought to know! I am waiting for it, and I must be off at once. Where is it, I say?"

The woman answered him angrily, and he shouted rudely in return. Then out came her sisters and serving-maids, and they all screamed in chorus:

"You bad man, you! How dare you talk so rudely to your wife, and all about a stupid bridle!"

Thus the time passed, and the message was never taken.

Meanwhile, the twelve hunters (one of whom was Pelopidas) had entered the town without being specially noticed, for there had been a fall of snow, and most folk were glad to stay indoors. And before long the hunters and their comrades were assembled in Charon's dwelling, forty-eight in all. In the evening they had put on their breast-plates, and buckled their swords to their sides, when a loud knocking was

heard at Charon's door.

"Who is there?"

"The rulers of Thebes have sent me," said a voice, "to command you, O Charon, to attend before them immediately."

At once they supposed the plot was found out. Some of the young men looked in doubt at Charon. Could they trust him? Would he betray them? When Charon read their thoughts by the expression of their faces, he took his little son, and gave the child to Pelopidas.

"Here," he said, "is my son, and, if you find I am a traitor, you may slay my child."

Some of them shed tears, and cried:

"No, no! Put your son in a place of safety, lest the tyrants kill both him and you."

"I could not," he answered, "wish any better fate for my boy than to die with his father and so many friends for the sake of Thebes."

Now, a letter had been brought all the way from Athens to the leader of the tyrants, to warn him of the doings of Pelopidas. But the chief tyrant was deep in his wine, and the enjoyment of feast and music, and, on receiving the letter, he would not read it, but said:

"Business tomorrow!"

Ah, business tomorrow! So he put off till the morrow what might have been done that day, and when Charon came he had no clear questions to ask him. All he could say was that a rumor had reached him that certain plotters had come to Charon's house. When Charon replied that it was not wise to believe every tale that went about the city, the tyrant let him go. Presently a noise was heard at the gates, a noise of laughing and singing, and a crowd of people rushed in clad in women's gowns, and with thick wreaths of pine and poplar leaves about their heads. The company at the tables clapped their hands, expecting sport. But the pretended women cast

aside their gowns, and fell upon the guests with deadly weapons, and the banquet was turned into mourning and bloodshed. And people ran wildly through the streets, carrying torches in the dark, and wondering what had come to pass.

In the castle fifteen hundred Spartans stood to arms, but dared not issue forth; and next day, being surrounded by the Thebans, they agreed to yield up the fortress if they were allowed to march home to Sparta. And this being promised, the Spartans left the city, and all the citizens gave honor to the valiant Pelopidas and his friends who had restored liberty to Thebes. Thereafter Pelopidas led many an assault on Spartan cities and Spartan troops, and the tribes round about, who had lived in fear of the Spartan warriors, now looked to Pelopidas as their helper and savior.

Among these tribes were the Thessalians, who lived in dread of a tyrant named Alexander. This brutal prince would bury alive men that had offended him; or he would clothe them in the skins of bears and wild boars and set dogs to worry them to death. The Thessalians begged the brave Pelopidas to go to their help. Then, swift and dauntless, went forth the Theban captain with a band of warriors, and when he appeared the tyrant was smit with terror, and made no resistance, but bowed humbly and said he would do the bidding of Pelopidas. But, not long afterward, Alexander sought again to oppress the people, and Pelopidas, almost alone, went to warn the tyrant to cease his evil conduct. Seeing him unguarded, Alexander caused the noble Theban to be arrested and flung into a prison. Yet he did not dare to slay him. As Pelopidas sat in his cell one day a lady entered, and gazed at his pale face and his disordered hair. In a kind tone she said:

"I pity your wife."

"And who are you that pity my wife?"

"The queen."

"I pity the queen," said he, "for being the wife of a cruel tyrant."

And soon he found that she was ashamed of her husband's evil deeds, and longed to see the end of his wickedness.

The friends of Pelopidas came to his rescue, and at the approach of their army Alexander gave up his prisoner and craved for peace.

At that time the Greek States were sending ambassadors to the King of Persia, and Pelopidas was chosen to go in the name of the city of Thebes. The King of Persia took more pleasure in meeting the valiant Theban than any of the others. To the ambassadors he usually gave gifts. For instance, to one—an Athenian—he gave gold and silver, a grand bed and servants to make it, eighty cows and herdsmen to tend them, and a litter or travelling-chair to carry him about! But when the Persian king asked Pelopidas what gift he desired, the reply was:

"I desire that you will treat all the Greeks as free and independent."

Thus Pelopidas sought the good of the people, and not presents for himself.

In the year 364 B.C. a message again came from the Thessalians asking for help against Alexander. Pelopidas was about to march when darkness fell on the earth during an eclipse of the sun. He would not delay for that, but hurried on to meet the foe. Alexander awaited him in a valley at the base of some steep hills. Theban horsemen drove the enemy back. Then Alexander's men tried to mount the heights; the Thebans followed; among the rocks and cliffs the warriors scrambled and fought. When Pelopidas caught sight of the tyrant he rushed in front of his troops to attack Alexander. A shower of javelins flew through the air, and Pelopidas fell dead. After his men had gained the victory, the Thessalians came and asked for the honor of burying their noble friend. Soldiers and citizens gathered about the dead chief, and mourned with heavy hearts. The people cut off their own hair and the manes of the war-horses in token of their sorrow for

the generous Theban who would nevermore aid the oppressed.

And now for the end of Alexander. One night he slept in his royal bed, guarded by a fierce dog, who would fly at anybody except his master and mistress and the slave that fed him. The queen told the slave to take the dog away. Then she covered the stairs with wool to soften the sound of footsteps. Taking her husband's sword from his pillow, she showed it to her three brothers, and then bade them ascend. They climbed the stairs, and then they paused in fear. The queen, holding a lamp, sternly ordered them to enter. And they went in and slew him. Ah, yes! it is sad that death should have to be dealt out to evil-doers. But cruelty is a hateful thing, and justice is a glorious thing, and the poor and needy must be delivered.

Dion

430-367 B.C.

"Your beard is growing again, sir. Will you have it shaved?"

"No, certainly not. Bring the red-hot coal, as before."

"Yes, sir."

The servant fetched a live coal, and singed the hair of the king's chin. The king was afraid lest his foes might tempt the barber to kill him with the razor; therefore, he would not allow a razor to be used. Very few persons loved this king, whose name was Dionysius (Dy-on-y-si-us) the Elder, born 430 B.C., died 367 B.C. Once he had been a clerk. Step by step he had climbed to power, and now he dwelt in a royal house, overlooking the blue waters of the harbor of Syracuse (Sy-ra-kuze) in the island of Sicily. Men who thus obtained power without the wish of the people were known by the Greeks as tyrants.

"Your brother is at the gate, sir, and desires to see you," said the attendant.

"Strip off his clothes," replied the king. The visitor's clothes were stripped off by the guards, and searched for daggers or other weapons which might have been used to injure the king; and a new suit was then given to the prince, and he was allowed to enter the royal chamber. You see that the tyrant was very suspicious.

One day a brother of the king was talking to him about the plan of a certain place, and he thought he would trace it on the floor of the room, just as you might draw a plan of a house with pencil on paper.

"Lend me your spear," said the king's brother to a soldier who stood by. He then marked out some lines on the floor. But the tyrant sat fidgeting in terror lest the spear should be aimed at his own heart. When his brother had left he caused the soldier to be put to death.

Sometimes, instead of slaying the persons he hated, he ordered them to be taken below. The prisoners were led down some dark stairs, through many narrow passages cut out of the solid rock, and then locked up in cells, where no sunlight gleamed, and no sound of the voices of earth was heard.

The tyrant had two wives; and the brother of one of them was Dion, a wise and brave man, who did his best to check the evil deeds of the king. Often would he speak to him, and seek to turn his heart to kinder ways. At last he said to the king:

"There is a learned man in Athens by whom I have been taught many useful lessons, and I believe it would interest you to hear him. Shall I send for him to come and see you? He is a philosopher of whom all the world has heard. I mean Plato" (Play-to).

"Send for him, if you will," answered the king.

Plato agreed to visit the city of Syracuse, and made the voyage in a galley across the Mediterranean Sea. The king received him in his marble palace, and Plato lectured to a richly-dressed company. He spoke of the manner in which men should labor, whether kings or working folk. And at the end of his lecture he said:

"Thus we see, O king, that they who act justly have peace in their hearts, but they who act unjustly are unhappy."

"Good! quite true," cried some of the audience (that is, the people listening).

"I do not admire your teaching," said the king. "What is the use of such talk? Why did you come to Sicily?"

"To find an honest man," replied Plato.

"I suppose you think you have come for nothing, then?"

sneered the king.

Not long afterward word was sent to Plato that the tyrant no longer desired his presence on the island, and that it would be well for him to return to Athens. A ship's captain—a Spartan sailor—approached Plato, and said he had the royal orders to carry the philosopher back to Greece; and Plato embarked in the Spartan vessel. The king had secretly bidden the captain to sell Plato for a slave. "For," said he, "it must be all the same to him whether he is a free man or a slave, since he told me that the just man, whether free or slave, is always happy."

At a seaport in Greece Plato was sold in the market-place for one hundred dollars. However, a friend of his happened to be there at the time, bought him again, and sent him in safety to Athens. So Dion's plan to change his royal master's character came to naught. In the year 367 B.C. the tyrant lay ill, and asked his physicians for a sleeping-draught—that is, a medicine which would soothe his nerves and send him to sleep. They gave him a very strong dose. He drank it, and never woke again.

The king's son, Dionysius the younger, came to the throne. When a youth he had been kept very much at home by his father, who feared lest he should become a favorite with the people and try to gain the crown. The young prince amused himself at carpentry, and made little chariots, candlesticks, chairs, and tables. On the death of the old king the prince's friends filled the palace with the noise of their feasts and music. For ninety days the revel went on. Wine was freely drunk from morning to night, and tipsy courtiers, crowned with roses, staggered along the lovely marble pavements of the royal house. Now and then a quiet, grave man looked on at the rowdy scene, and went away with a sigh. It was Dion.

Dion again thought of Plato, and, finding the young king in a sober humor, he persuaded him to invite the wise man of Athens to the Sicilian island once more. Again Plato came,

and he was borne from the harbor to the palace in the king's own chariot. In conversation with the king Plato tried to lift up his thoughts to nobler things than wine and dainty eating and low-minded companions. The king and some of his friends resolved to change their lives. They would now study science, they would learn geometry (or the science of measurement), and con the lessons of Euclid, such as boys still con at school and college. So eager were the young men in their new study that groups of them were to be seen in various rooms of the palace holding sticks in their hands, and scratching the figures of Euclid in the dust which was spread on the marble floors. Wherever you went you would see squares, circles, and triangles; and you would hear the young nobles cry, "This line is parallel to that," or, "This angle is equal to those two angles," and so on.

The fancy for schooling and learning did not last long. Dion became hateful in the sight of the king, and was banished from the land of Sicily. Plato stayed on for a while, but the king regarded him less and less, and, at length, hinted that it was time for him to depart. Just before Plato left he was sitting at a banquet with Dionysius, and the king said:

"I suppose, Plato, when you return to Athens, you will pick my character to pieces before your friends, and tell them all my faults."

"I hope, sir," was Plato's reply, "that we shall have enough to talk about without talking of you!"

Soon afterward he sailed for Greece. Meanwhile Dion brooded over the troubles of his country, and longed to be able to set aside the tyrant, and give a free government to the citizens of Syracuse. He told his thoughts to his friends who had also been banished. Eight hundred of them assembled on a Grecian island, and prepared to travel to Sicily and deliver their country from the oppressor.

It was now midsummer, and the moon was at the full, and the eastern wind was blowing, day by day, and they would

need this wind to carry them quickly across the sea. The eight hundred patriots—lovers of their fatherland—put on their bright armor, and marched to the temple of Apollo, and asked the God of the sun to bless them in their great adventure. The next night the moon was eclipsed, and the warriors were uneasy at the black shadow. One of Dion's friends explained the meaning of this sign, or omen. The bright moon, he said, was the tyrant of Syracuse, and Dion was the black shadow which would creep over the tyrant's glory and hide it! And when they heard that, in Syracuse, some little pigs had been born without ears, Dion's friends declared that the dwellers in that city would no longer have any ears for the commands or laws of the tyrant!

Dion's fleet made for the open sea. The vessels carried, besides the weapons of the eight hundred, piles of shields, javelins, and darts for the use of new recruits who would join at the landing of the army. The cliffs of Sicily came in sight. Then arose a violent storm of thunder and lightning, the north wind blew the ships toward Africa, and a pelting rain drenched the patriots to the skin. At one point the fleet nearly perished on rocks, at another it only just escaped running upon a huge sand-bank. Calmer weather followed, and, under a fair sky, Dion's ships again appeared off the coast of the Sicilian isle. The eight hundred landed, and Dion told them they might now take a rest after the hardships of the voyage.

"No, no!" they cried; "lead us at once to Syracuse."

Dion took them at their word. They put aside all luggage which was not immediately wanted, and they began the march in high spirits. Before long crowds of Sicilians had flocked to Dion's support, and he had five thousand men.

"Liberty, liberty!" they shouted as they marched.

"Liberty, liberty!" was the cry when they saw the tall towers of Syracuse, and the strong citadel (a fortress), and the ships in the harbor.

The joyful citizens came forth from the gates, clothed in white, and gave a loud welcome to the army of Dion.

Dion, dressed in splendid armor, entered the city of Syracuse; a friend on each side wore a garland of flowers; a hundred foreign soldiers followed as his body-guard, and the rest of the army marched joyously behind. The citizens raised loud shouts of "Liberty!" They had suffered the hard rule of the tyrants for forty-eight years.

At the sound of a trumpet silence was made, and a herald cried to the people, and said Syracuse would now enjoy a free government. Then Dion climbed to the top of the Tower of the Sundial—a sundial, as you know, being a slab of wood or stone, with a piece projecting (or sticking out) and throwing a shadow by which to tell the time. The multitude stood below and listened while he begged them to stand firm when the tyrant Dionysius returned from Italy, and when the tyrant's soldiers sallied out from the citadel. This citadel was a strong-walled fortress in the town, and it was guarded by men who were in the pay of the bad king.

Round the citadel Dion built a fence, from behind which his people could shoot arrows and stones at the garrison. Suddenly the garrison sallied out. Many of the citizens fled. Dion was in the thick of the fray, and his head was gashed by a lance. Then he retired from the battle, but rode about the streets, though his head was bleeding, and besought all the men to hurry to the aid of those who were fighting. Many of the enemy lay dead; and, next day, the people of Syracuse crowned Dion with a crown of gold.

Yet Dion was not the only leader. A fleet of galleys lay in the harbor, and it was under the command of a bold admiral, whom many of the citizens liked better than Dion. The admiral tried to gain the love of the folk by fair words and promises. He even said that all the lands ought to be equally divided, and many of the poorer men were pleased at the idea, and resolved to support the admiral rather than Dion.

Meanwhile the King Dionysius had come back from Italy, stayed awhile in the citadel, and then, fearing lest the fort should be captured, he stole secretly away with his treasures, and returned no more.

The folk met together to choose twenty-five men for the city council. While they were preparing for the election, a most dreadful thunderstorm had broken over the town, and scarce any one dared stir out-of-doors. When at last the people assembled, a new fright seized them. An ox, which had been standing quietly in the highway, broke loose, and ran madly through the crowd; and the citizens counted this a bad omen—that is, a sign of evil things about to happen. They did not choose Dion for the council, but they chose the admiral. Dion saw that trouble was overshadowing Syracuse, and he and his faithful followers began to leave the city. Some of the Syracusans attacked him. Dion had no heart to fight his own countrymen. Pointing to the dark citadel, on the ramparts of which the foes of liberty were watching, he said:

"Yonder are our enemies. Do you wish them to see us at war with each other?"

The mob would not listen. Then Dion bade his warriors advance with a clash of weapons and stern faces, but not to strike; and the people fled, and even the women, looking from the windows, laughed at their sudden flight. Dion and his troops encamped some way out of the city, and ill did it fare with Syracuse after his going. The tyrant sent a fleet of ships, filled with provisions, to the help of the garrison of the fort. Four of these ships were taken by the citizens, and, in their joy, the people made high festival, and sang songs of victory, and rolled drunken in the streets. The captain of the tyrant's fleet saw the disorder of the city, landed his soldiers, killed many of the men, and dragged a crowd of shrieking children and women to the gates of the citadel and made them captives. Then the Syracusans met in great grief, and looked at one another in silence and in despair. Presently a voice cried:

"Send for Dion!"

Ah, send for Dion! They had ill-used the patriot leader, and now they longed for his strong arm to fight the foe, and once more give liberty to Syracuse. Seven men were sent to Dion's camp. It was sunset as they reached the spot, and by the light of the camp-fires the unhappy messengers told Dion and his friends what a plight the city was in. Dion arose to reply, but at first the tears rolled down his cheeks and he could not utter a word. Then at last he said:

"Comrades, I cannot hesitate. My beloved city is perishing. If I cannot save it, I will at least hasten thither and fall beneath the ruins of my country."

The whole army shouted that they were ready to march.

"Go to your tents," said the commander, "and refresh yourselves, and then meet again, each warrior with his armor, for this very night we shall go to Syracuse."

Before Dion reached the city the tyrant's garrison had again broken out. More citizens were slain in the streets; more houses were aflame. When the news came to Dion he and his men no longer marched—they ran through the streets amid the smoke of the burning dwellings. Oh, then were heard the glad cries of citizens welcoming the deliverer, and they rejoiced to see once again the man whom they had driven from their midst! The enemy hastened to retreat into the citadel, and Dion was again master of Syracuse.

"Now," said some of his friends—"now is the time to punish the evil men who rebelled against your rule."

"Not so," replied Dion; "it is not enough to be kind to men of virtue—we should forgive those who work us injury."

Ere long the broken fence round the citadel was repaired, and the place was besieged. The garrison were being starved out. Their captain offered to surrender if he and part of the defenders might sail away in five galleys. This request was granted, and one day all the citizens assembled on the shores of the harbor and watched the five galleys pass out and leave

the fair island of Sicily in peace. Syracuse was free.

I wish I could close the story here. But I must tell dark incidents as well as bright. The admiral was still jealous of Dion's power, and still drew a portion of the people away from their obedience to the government of the man who had saved the city. One day a band of men broke into the admiral's house and slew him. It is said that Dion knew of their purpose, and allowed it. He certainly felt uneasy in his mind about the deed. His conscience told him he might have prevented it, and did not. When he walked outside his mansion one evening his mind was disturbed, and he fancied he saw a terrible Fury coming toward him with a broom in her hand. The Greeks used to think of the Furies as three awful giantesses whose bodies were black, whose eyes dripped drops of blood, and in whose hair were snakes entwined; and they flew on great wings, and bore daggers or whips in their hands to punish evil-doers. This story reminds us of Shakespeare's tale of Macbeth, the Scottish nobleman who murdered the king and other men, and then could not sleep for fear of their ghosts.

And perhaps some of the citizens feared that Dion would now in turn become a tyrant. A number of men resolved to take his life. They broke into his house, and Dion fell by the stroke of a short sword 354 B.C. Yet the memory of the patriot who had done and suffered so much for Syracuse was dear to thousands of the people. The leader of the plot by which he lost his life was unable to stay in Syracuse, nor would any city in the whole island receive him. At length he was killed by two of his companions. And the story went round among the Sicilian folk that he was slain by the very same short sword which had caused the death of the noble Dion.

Timoleon
The Man Who Saved Sicily
411–337 B.C.

The beautiful island of Sicily had been so wasted by war and burning in the third century B.C. that the orchards and vineyards yielded little fruit, the towns were dull, and the trading-ships no longer passed in large numbers round the coast. Then came men from Carthage in Africa, and they landed on the island, thinking to take possession. These Punic warriors (as the men of Carthage were called) were so strong and cunning that the people of Sicily were in great fear, and sent messengers to the seaside town of Corinth, in Greece, to ask for help; for the Greeks in Sicily had first come from Corinth. The citizens of Corinth chose a man named Timoleon (Tim-o'-le-on) to go to the help of Sicily.

By night Timoleon set sail with ten ships. The wind blew fair toward the west; on a sudden the heavens seemed torn in two, and a flame leaped down and lit up the vessel in which Timoleon rode, and all his followers were much cheered at this happy sign. At least, so the story goes; but you need not believe all the marvels in old histories. You would think all the Sicilians would welcome the saviors from Greece; but it was not so, and a party of them barred the road by which Timoleon, after landing on the island, was marching to Syracuse, the capital. Near the place of battle stood a temple to the God of War, guarded by a hundred dogs. I dare say you have heard speak of "letting loose the dogs of war," for the dog was thought to be an animal beloved by the Battle-god.

Timoleon put the foe to flight, he himself heading the Corinthians, and running forward with his buckler on his arm. To him, as he approached the temple after the victory, came many people, who declared that during the fight the doors of the holy building had opened of themselves, and the spear in the hand of the god's statue shook, and the face of the god dripped with sweat.

Not long afterward the Corinthians pressed their way into the city of Syracuse and made themselves masters of the strong-walled fortress or citadel. Timoleon, however, stayed in camp some distance away.

Two men were sent to put him to death. These assassins had daggers under their coats, and mingled with the crowd of people who filled the approach to the temple, waiting to see Timoleon come to offer sacrifice to the War-god. They edged themselves nearer and nearer. They were ready to strike. One of them suddenly fell to the ground. He had been killed by a blow from behind, and the man who struck him fled for his life through the crowd, and up to the top of a high rock. The other assassin in much fear ran to the altar, held on to it, and shrieked out to Timoleon:

"Sir, have mercy on me, in the name of this holy altar!"

The man on the top of the rock was fetched down.

"Why did you slay yonder Sicilian?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "this Sicilian slew my father; and there are people here who know what I say is true."

Yes, it was true. Strange, indeed, that he should have chosen just that moment to avenge his father's death, for he was thus the means of saving Timoleon's life. He was allowed to go free, and received a gift of gold. The second assassin confessed the plot, and was forgiven.

And now the party of Sicilians who had resisted the advance of Timoleon were so far enraged that they invited the Punic invaders to enter Syracuse. Into the harbor sailed four hundred and fifty ships under the command of Mago, and

sixty thousand men of Carthage were landed in the unhappy city. The citadel was still held by Timoleon's men, and he managed to smuggle supplies of corn into the fortress by the hands of brave fellows who, in small fishing-boats, passed through the Punic fleet on a stormy day. But it was perilous to stay in the citadel. The garrison sallied forth, and made themselves secure in a certain quarter of the city, throwing up a strong fence behind which to fight. Soon, with a roar and a rush, the men of Corinth poured into the city, and, without the loss of a single man, Timoleon gained the citadel. For many years the tyrants of Syracuse had used the citadel as a place of strength to awe and cow the citizens.

"Let all the people come hither," was the order of Timoleon, "and lend a hand in overthrowing the walls of this castle of tyrants."

With right good-will did the folk ply pickaxe and crowbar and shovel, and, amid much dust and shouting, the fort was razed to the ground. Afterward, on the self-same spot, they reared a nobler building—a court of justice.

It was time, indeed, for Timoleon to help poor Sicily. The market-place of Syracuse was overgrown with grass, so little trade had been done lately; and in other towns in the islands the wild deer and boars from the forests were roaming unchecked, the people having fled to wild places to hide themselves. At Timoleon's invitation, there came over ten thousand more men from Corinth, to settle in Sicily, and to till the soil and make it yield corn and fruit again.

But the foes from Africa did not readily yield. They sent over a large army in twelve hundred vessels, and some seventy thousand men, with engines to batter city walls, were preparing to conquer the island. Terror seized many Sicilians. Only about five thousand footmen and about one thousand horsemen remained steadfast. Timoleon was not daunted. He led his small army toward a river where he heard the Punic foes were encamped. As he climbed a hill with his troops, he

met some mules loaded with parsley.

"A bad sign," murmured the men; "for do we not place parsley on the tombs of the dead?"

"A good sign," cried their leader; "for do we not place crowns of parsley on the heads of those who win races and wrestling-matches?"

Thereupon he made himself a chaplet or wreath of parsley, and crowned his own head.

The river and the marshes that lay about it were at first clad in a thick mist. As the Corinthians paused to take breath on the hilltop after their hard climb, the sun came out and cleared the mist. The enemy were crossing the river. First were seen chariots, each drawn by four horses. Then marched ten thousand warriors carrying white shields, and their helmets were of brass and their breastplates of iron. The Corinthian horsemen darted in and out among the chariots. Timoleon caused his foot-soldiers to draw close together, holding their bucklers in front, so as to make a kind of moving wall.

"Be of good courage!" he cried, in a very loud voice; and the little force descended to the plain.

A tempest burst over the hills and the marshes. Hail beat furiously upon the faces of the Punic foe, and half blinded them while they staggered under the charge of Timoleon's warriors. The victory was to the Corinthians; and more than five thousand prisoners were taken, and heaps of shields and breastplates, captured from the enemy, glittered among the tents of Timoleon's army.

What he did in this battle he did in other places. The invaders were got rid of; the desolate cities were busy with people again; the peasants labored in peace in the field; justice was meted out by the magistrates; and the island of Sicily had cause to bless the name of Timoleon.

He sent for his wife and children from Corinth, and they all dwelt in a country house, where he enjoyed the sweet air

of the hills and the sight of harvests and flocks; but his chief happiness was to behold the safety and comfort of the Sicilians.

One day, indeed, at a large public meeting, two noisy talkers made complaints against Timoleon. The people loved the man who had saved the island, and would have risen up in anger and ill-treated the accusers. But Timoleon cried:

"Stay! there is no need for me to answer these men; for what I have done is the best answer. The poorest man in Syracuse can obtain justice, and the citizens enjoy free speech, and each man may speak his mind as he wills."

Alas for Timoleon! He had given liberty to Sicily; but, in his old age, blindness came upon him, and he could no longer take regular part in public affairs. Yet the people still felt deep respect for the blind old man, and many a visitor to Syracuse would ask the way to Timoleon's house if haply he might chance to see the deliverer of Sicily. Sometimes, when the citizens had assembled in the theatre and were unable to decide some troublesome question of government, they would send for Timoleon; and the aged general was borne on a litter through the streets amid the greetings of the crowd.

He died 337 B.C. Great was his funeral. The bier upon which his body lay was grandly adorned, and it was carried by chosen young men across the place where once stood the dreadful citadel of the tyrants. It was followed by a multitude of men and women, who were crowned with flowers and wore white dresses. Many tears were shed by the mourning citizens, and a herald cried with a loud voice:

"The people of Syracuse will bury Timoleon the Corinthian at the public cost; and each year, through all time, they will hold in his honor games at racing and wrestling, while music is played; for he put down tyrants, conquered the foreign invaders, gave welfare to cities that had been laid waste, and restored law and peace to Sicily."

In the market-place was built a pleasant house, in the

courts of which the young men of Syracuse might take exercise and engage in sport. It was called the Timoleonteum, or House of Timoleon. And thus, in joyous games, the people remembered the noble soul who gained freedom for a suffering land.

Phocion
A Servant of the City
402 – circa 318 B.C.

"I believe," said one soldier to another, "that we are going to have a sharp winter."

"What makes you think so?"

"The general has his cloak on."

"That is nothing unusual, is it?"

"Yes, for Phocion (Fose-yon) is a hardy man, and never wears more clothes than he really needs. And he always goes barefoot."

If you had looked at Phocion, the Athenian general, you would have thought him harsh and stern. But his heart was kind and just. One day a speaker was addressing a crowd of Athenians, and he pointed to the general, and made a joke about his frowning forehead.

"My friends," said Phocion, "this brow of mine never gave you one hour of sorrow, while the men who have smiled as they spoke to you have brought Athens to tears."

Poor Athens! this fair city by the sea had many a trouble to bear at this time. It was the time when the Greeks of the north—the stout warriors of Macedonia—were becoming masters of the neighboring lands; the time of King Philip and of Alexander the Great. Phocion did not think the men of Athens were strong enough and wise enough to keep free; he thought it would be better for them to own the Macedonians as their leaders and lords. The Athenians loved to gather in the streets, and shout as they listened to orators who pleased them; but they were not ready to work hard in the defence of

the State. Once, when the citizens cried out for war against another Greek State, Phocion said: "Let us rather settle the quarrel by peaceable means."

"No, no," yelled the mob; "to arms! to arms!"

"My good people," replied the general, "you had better keep to the style you understand most, and that is talking, not fighting."

He himself, though he talked only in short and quiet sentences, was not backward in war. As a young man he had taken part in a naval battle, and did much to gain victory for the ships of Athens. And so great faith had the citizens in his courage and good sense that, during his long life, 402–317 B.C., he was chosen general forty-five times; and yet he never asked to be elected.

When he was sent to certain islands to ask the people to pay their share to the expenses of the city of Athens, he was advised to take twenty war-vessels with him, so as to make him seem a man of power.

"If," said Phocion, "I am to cow these folk, I ought to take more ships. If I go to them as to friends, one galley is enough."

He sailed, therefore, with but one ship. So respectfully did he talk with the people of the islands that they, in their turn, showed him honor, and gave him the money which he asked for in the name of Athens. Thus did he prove himself to be a good statesman; for, though he would fight when he saw reason to do so, he sought rather to gain people by a courteous manner.

News came to Athens that King Philip was dead, and some of the citizens wanted to hold a holiday in token of their pleasure, for they hated Philip.

"No," said Phocion, "it is a mean thing to show joy at the death of an enemy."

Of course, if Philip was an enemy to Athens, you could not expect the citizens to show sorrow at his death. But it was not meet to break out into mirth and cheer because a brave

foe had passed away.

After Philip came Alexander; and the young king, knowing that Phocion was friendly to Macedonia, thought to please him with a gift of money. Messengers came to Phocion's house, bearing a hundred talents ($100,000). Everything about the place was simple and plain. The wife was baking bread.

"Phocion," she said, "I want some water."

The Athenian general took a bucket and drew water from the well. When he had done this and other tasks, he sat down and wiped the dust from his bare feet. This was unusual. Men who were in high position such as he was in would bid slaves wash their feet for them.

"Sir," said one of the Macedonians, "you are Alexander's friend, and the friend of a king ought not to live in so shabby a style."

Just then a poor old man, in patched garments, passed by the door.

"Do you think I am worse off than that old man?" asked Phocion.

"No, sir."

"Well, but he lives on much less than I do, and is content. I should feel no happier if I had Alexander's money."

The messengers carried the talents back to Macedonia.

I have told you that Phocion was forty-five times chosen general of the Athenian army. Just when he had been elected on the twentieth occasion, a lady called to see his wife, and showed to the simple woman her necklaces and bracelets.

"And now let me see your jewels," said the visitor.

"Phocion is my ornament," answered Phocion's wife; "he has just been chosen for the twentieth time for the command of the Athenian army."

The son of the general, however, was not so fine in spirit as his father and mother. Phocus (Fokus) was the young man's name. He had given way to drinking, and his father

persuaded him to take part in the sports, especially the foot-races. Phocus trained himself, and ran in a race and won; and one of his friends made a great feast in his honor. Phocion came to the house where the feast was going on, and was much vexed to see the waste, for the guests that entered sat down and had their feet bathed in spiced wine. The general called his son to him, and thus reproached him:

"My son, why do you let your friends spoil the honor of your victory? You won the race by being temperate, and now you are wasting your strength in riotous living."

Not even when he was aged would Phocion resign his service. A stir was made in Athens against the people of a neighboring State, and the crowd shouted for war. So Phocion bade a herald proclaim in the streets:

"All citizens who are under the age of sixty are to enroll themselves in the army, and take with them food to last five days, and follow me at once to the camp."

But many of the elder men did not relish the order, and, instead of following the herald, began to move homeward.

"Why are you troubled?" cried Phocion. "Do you think you are too old for the wars? I myself, though I am eighty years old, will be your leader."

Thereupon the elder men, who dared not say they were not young enough, put on their armor and followed Phocion, and a victory was gained.

But the power of Athens was becoming less. Though King Alexander was dead, the Macedonians were, step by step, stretching their lordship over the Greek States; and the people of Athens watched the new masters come nearer and nearer; and, though they bragged loudly, they did not feel bold enough to withstand the men of the north. One day a priest was kneeling by the edge of the harbor washing a pig, and suddenly a shark rushed forward and bit off a part of the pig's body.

"Alas!" said the seers, or fortune-tellers, "this means that

a part of Athens will be lost."

Shortly afterward a band of Macedonian soldiers entered Athens and took possession of the lower portion of the city near the sea. There was no fighting. The new garrison said they came as friends; but the Athenian folk knew in their hearts that the freedom of the city was gone. And then they turned in anger upon the good old general, who had for so many years served the city and fought for it and helped to govern it. Phocion was arrested as an enemy of the State—a traitor.

Phocion and some of his friends were placed in an open-air theatre, where a vast crowd of people had gathered, and they voted, with a loud shout, that Phocion and his companions must die. And some persons even placed garlands of flowers upon their heads, as if they were doing a happy deed. Then was Phocion led away to the jail; and as he went certain men abused him with evil words, and one even spat upon him. He showed no anger, but turned to the magistrates, and said:

"Will none of you chide this fellow for his rudeness?"

At the prison they found the jailer mixing the hemlock poison in a bowl for the condemned men to drink. One of the party begged Phocion to let him drink first. "For," said he, "I do not want to see you die."

"It is a hard request," replied Phocion; "but as I have always tried to oblige you in life, I will also do so in death. Drink before me."

And thus Phocion, the patriot, died with his friends. A sound of trampling steeds was heard. It was a train of horsemen that passed by the prison. They were keeping holiday, and their heads were crowned with flowers. But many shed quiet tears as they went by, for they thought of the good general whose voice they would hear no more.

And afterward the people were sorry for the deed they had done, and they raised up a statue of brass in his memory.

But the city of Athens was never again free.

Demosthenes
The Orator
384 – 322 B.C.

"The sword-maker is dead," said one citizen of Athens to another.

"Has he not left a young son?"

"Yes, the poor child is only seven years of age, and he has no mother."

"Who will look after him?"

"His father chose certain guardians to look after the boy and take charge of the money (for he had gained a big fortune by sword-making), and see to his education."

But I am sorry to say the guardians kept much of the money for themselves, and did not send him to good schools or pay for his being taught at home. So when the lad, whose name was Demosthenes (Dee-mos-then-eez), about 384–322 B.C., grew to manhood, he found himself a good deal less learned than other young fellows of his age. He longed to be a speaker to the people—an orator. But his lungs were weak, and so his voice was not strong. Also he had trouble in saying words plainly. He stammered; that is, instead of saying easily such a sentence as, "My dear friends, allow me to remind you," he would say, "My dear friends—ah—my dear friends—hm!—allow me to—ah—ah—ah—to—ah—remind you!" And he could not readily pronounce the letter R, just as some persons in England today say "weddy" instead of "ready," and for "blackberries" they say "blackbewies." He made up his mind to improve his style of speech. In an underground cave

he fitted up a room where he could read aloud and practise himself in the art of addressing a crowd of people. Perhaps he would eat, drink, and sleep in this strange dwelling for two or three months; and he would shave the hair off one side of his head so that he might not like to go out and show himself to the citizens, and thus he forced himself to stay indoors and study. Sometimes he would watch his reflection in a mirror of polished copper or silver, so that he might note his face and limbs and make sure that his actions were graceful as he spoke. You know some speakers are not graceful, and while they are talking they will scratch their heads, roll their eyes about, or swing their arms.

At other times he would put stones in his mouth and then speak; and, of course, it was a great struggle to pronounce distinctly. If you were to put several pebbles in your mouth and say, "Please, mother, may I have some more marmalade?" your mother would smile at the sounds you made. Though, indeed, some persons that I know speak their words with so little care that you might suppose they always carried pebbles in their mouths. Well, this exercise obliged Demosthenes to utter each syllable with much pains, so that when the stones were taken out he could speak both readily and plainly. Also he would now and then walk along the seashore near Athens, and, on a windy day, when the water rolled noisily on the shingle, he would make a speech as if he were addressing a disorderly mob of city folk. Another amusing plan was to run up a hill while uttering sentences, so that you might have seen this young man hastening up a mountain-side while he cried aloud: "O, Athenians, it is your duty to defend the temples of the gods; you will be covered with shame if you do not"; and now and then he would sit on a rock to take breath again! Often, when he was about to address the citizens, he would sit up at night, by the glimmer of an oil lamp, writing out and repeating what he meant to say at the meeting; and a man who was jealous of him once sneered:

"Demosthenes, your speeches smell of the lamp!"

In the days of Demosthenes a danger hung over the lovely land of Greece. The danger was in the north, in the kingdom of Macedonia (Mas-se-do-nia), which was ruled by King Philip. Bold and strong were the soldiers of Philip, and especially to be feared was their manner of fighting in the phalanx (fal-anks). In a phalanx the men formed sixteen ranks, and each held a lance eighteen feet long, pointing it toward the enemy, so that the sixteen rows of warriors, with their great lances, made a dreadful wall for footmen or horsemen to dash against.

Now, it was in the heart of Philip to conquer all the States of Greece—Sparta, Athens, and the rest; and the Greeks were not so willing to fight for their land as their fathers had been. They rather wanted other men to fight for them in return for wages; but these paid armies would not fight so bravely as men who, out of love for their country or city, took up arms and went forth to war. When the troops of King Philip took various towns on the borders of Greece, and were little by little approaching nearer to Athens, Demosthenes tried to waken his countrymen by such words as these:

"The fortune of King Philip has been very great. But the fortune of Athens will be greater still, and she will deserve the help of the kind gods, if only you, Athenians, will do your duty. Yet here you are, sitting still, doing nothing. A sluggard cannot get his friends to work for him, and neither will the gods work for him. I do not wonder that Philip is stronger than you, for he is always in the field, always in movement, doing everything for himself, never letting a chance slip; while you talk, and argue, and vote, but do no soldier-like deeds."

One evening, while the chief magistrates of Athens were at supper together, a messenger ran in from the north to say that King Philip had captured a town on the road to Thebes. All the city were alarmed at the news, for Thebes was a strong town, and its people were known to favor Philip, and if

Thebes cast in its lot with the foe, the way of Philip to Athens would be easy. A meeting was held in the market-place as soon as the sun rose the next morning. A herald asked, in a loud voice:

"Who wishes to speak?"

No answer from the vast crowd.

"Who wishes to speak?"

No answer.

At length up rose Demosthenes; and he advised that men be sent to Thebes to persuade the people of that city to join Athens in withstanding the northern king and his terrible phalanxes. Several messengers were sent, and among them was Demosthenes. Messengers from Philip also arrived in Thebes. To which side would the Thebans turn? Philip's messengers spoke of his power, and the strong friendship he would show to such as aided him; and the Thebans cheered loudly at the words. Then Demosthenes spoke, and begged the Thebans to remember they were Greeks, of the same race as the Athenians, and speaking the same noble Greek language, and worshipping the same gods. The Thebans were touched by his pleading; they voted to side with Athens.

Alas! a battle followed, and the power of the phalanx won the victory. A thousand Athenians lay dead, and two thousand were taken captive; and the Thebans lost as many. Demosthenes himself was in this battle, and he had to join in the retreat. When the news came to Athens, the terror was great, and old men, women, and children went up and down in the streets with much outcry.

The walls were made stronger; trees were hastily felled to make new defences; and the fleet was prepared for action. Philip, however, made peace with Athens, and gave up the two thousand prisoners; only he forced Athens to agree that he should be called the Chief of Greece. When Philip died, his famous son, Alexander, took the lordship of Greece and Macedonia.

Demosthenes was fairly rich, and, at his own expense, he rebuilt the walls of Athens, and the people showed their esteem for him by giving him a crown of gold. It was said by certain of his enemies that he would take the part of any one who would give him gold—that is, bribe him. And once, when Harpalus, the treasure-keeper, fled from Alexander, and came with his bags of money to Athens, some persons whispered that he had bribed Demosthenes to defend his character by the gift of a cup full of golden coins.

Next day, when Demosthenes was asked to come to the public assembly and state what he thought of the dishonest treasurer, he came with woollen wraps about his neck, saying he had a very bad cold, and could not use his voice! Such is the story related in some books; but you must not believe all you read in the books of history; and I think this account of Demosthenes and the cup of gold is not true.

In the year 322, some time after the death of Alexander, the orator returned to Athens from exile, for he had been banished for a while because of the tale of the bribery. The Athenians met the galley that bore him with shouts of joy. But when the Macedonian generals heard of the return of Demosthenes, they sent to arrest him. He fled across the water to an island on which stood a temple to the Sea-god. In this building he hoped to remain in safety. But his enemies came in boats, and demanded to speak with him. They said his life should be spared if he surrendered. He did not trust their promise. Retiring to a chamber of the temple in order to write a letter, he seemed to be biting the pen while he was thinking how to compose. He was, in fact, sucking poison from the hollow of the pen. Presently he rose up as if to walk from the temple, but he fell near the altar and died. In his memory the Athenians set up a statue of brass.

Orators serve their fatherland by speech, as other men serve it by the sword, or, far better, by their daily labor. Demosthenes was the chief orator of Greece; Cicero was an

orator in Rome. In England two great orators were the Earl of Chatham and Mr. Gladstone. In America we think readily of Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster.

Alexander the Great
The Conqueror
356 –323 B.C.

"You will run in the races, of course?"

"Yes," said the young Prince Alexander; "I will run if I can run with kings."

Alexander had a very high spirit. He showed it also in the affair of the mettlesome horse which had been offered to King Philip for thirteen talents ($12,500). The animal turned fiercely upon the grooms who came near him, and would let no one get astride on his back. King Philip bade the owner take the horse away.

"What a fine creature you are losing," said the young prince, "simply because they have not the skill and spirit to manage him."

"My son," replied his father, "it is easy to find fault, but do you think you could manage him any better yourself?"

"Yes."

"And suppose you failed?"

"I would pay the thirteen talents."

The bystanders laughed. Alexander, by his father's leave, made the trial. He first turned the horse's head toward the sun, so that the steed should not see his own shadow dancing on the ground. Then he stroked him, and spoke gently, and at length leaped on his back, using neither whip nor spur. The horse ran at a great pace, and then Alexander shouted and spurred, and the animal flew. King and onlookers all stood silent until the prince returned in safety. Philip kissed the

youth, and cried:

"Seek another kingdom, my son, for Macedonia is too small for thee!"

He did seek another kingdom, for in a few years' time Alexander, who was born 356 B.C., had made himself master of all the known world. In war he showed the same courage and will-power that he had shown in taming the horse. Often did he read the poem of Homer, called the "Iliad" (Il-i-ad), which told of the siege of the city of Troy, and of the battles of Greeks and Trojans:

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armor armor, lance to lance opposed,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.

This poem of war Alexander used to put under his pillow, along with a sword, before he slept.

After Philip died Alexander set out to conquer Asia. Already the people of Greece and Macedonia looked upon him as a man of power, for already he had done great deeds in battle. He visited the city of Corinth, where a meeting of Greek captains and statesmen was held. Many men of renown came to see him and say pleasant things. But not Diogenes (Dy-oj-en-eez), who was a stern and wise teacher, though he was strange in his manners. So Alexander went to see the philosopher, who often used to lie in a large tub for shelter. I suppose he did that to show folk how small and simple a dwelling a man could live in without any real need of rich furniture and things like that. Diogenes was lying on the ground, enjoying the sunshine.

"Sir," said King Alexander, "I have heard of you as a sage, and have often wished to see you. In what way can I serve you?"

"Only stand a little out of my sunshine," said the philosopher.

"Brute!" said one courtier.

"Wretched rude fellow!" exclaimed another.

Alexander's thoughts were different. He admired the brave man who would not bend the knee to kings.

"If I were not Alexander," he remarked, "I should like to be Diogenes."

Before he left his native land the young king gave away almost all his lands and goods to various friends. Someone said to him:

"You are very free in giving. What have you left for yourself?"

"Hope," said Alexander.

With hope in his heart, Alexander crossed the narrow sea between Europe and Asia, taking with him horses, chariots, and about thirty-five thousand men.

A rapid stream barred the road. On the rocky bank on the opposite side the Persians crowded in thick masses, armed with bow and spear. Through the splash of the river Alexander made his way, and his friends kept close to their leader. On his left arm was strapped a buckler; on his head rested a large helmet, on each side of which waved a white feather. The arrows of the Persians rattled on the shields of the invaders. Persian horsemen rushed down the steep slopes and charged the cavalry of Alexander, and the king's helmet was split by a battle-axe. Just then an officer named Clitus slew the holder of the battle-axe with his spear. Later on in the fight Alexander's horse (not the proud creature of whom I have just told you) was killed under him. The victory lay with the Greeks (for the Macedonians were a kind of Greeks).

In his march toward Persia, Alexander came to the town of Gordium, which he captured. A temple stood there, and in it was kept a chariot, round the pole of which was fastened a rope, very cunningly tied with many knots. The citizens had a saying that "The man who untied the Gordian Knot should have the empire of the world." Alexander pulled at the tangled rope for some time, until he got out of patience. Then

he drew his sword and cut the Gordian Knot.

And now Darius (Da-ry-us), the sultan, or king, of Persia, had come forth with a host of half a million warriors to meet the Greek foe; and he hoped to deal Alexander a deadly blow when he met him in the mountains of Cilicia (Sy-lis-ia). One army was so large, the other so small, it was like an elephant, at war with a lion. Not long before these two armies clashed together in horrid war, Alexander bathed in a cold stream and took a chill, and lay abed in sore pain, and the soldiers in his camp felt great fear lest their master should die. Nor were any of the medical men in the army able to heal his sickness. They were afraid to give him drugs which might not cure, and then the wrath of the army would fall upon them. But one physician, whose name was Philip, held Alexander in much love, and he also desired, for the sake of the people, to save the king's life. Therefore, he said he would prepare a drink which would send the king to sleep, and on waking he would feel much relief from his illness. The king agreed.

While the potion (or drink) was being mixed by the careful hands of Philip, the sick king received a letter from one of his friends. It read thus:

Sir, beware of the man Philip. The King of Persia has promised to give him much gold, and also a princess for wife, if he will poison you.

Alexander smiled as he read this note. He did not believe it was true, and he thrust it under his pillow. Presently the physician gave him the cup. The king handed the letter to Philip and began to drink. As the king sipped the potion he watched the face of Philip. The physician read the cruel words. He looked angry, and then:

"Oh, sir," he cried, as he knelt by the royal bedside, "you surely do not think I would be so base as to do you this harm?"

Alexander shook his head, and went to sleep. It was a long, long sleep, and the officers of the army came in from time to time to gaze at the kingly sleeper's pale features.

Perhaps the writer of the letter came and glanced darkly at Philip. But the king awoke; his fever had waned, his blood was cooler, and the camp was filled with joy.

The battle took place soon afterward, and the huge forces of Darius melted away before the onset of the phalanxes of Alexander. We may say that already was Alexander master of Persia. Darius fled in a chariot, leaving behind him his wife and daughters and his treasures. The Macedonians took of the spoil, each man for himself; but they kept the tent of the Persian king for their leader. It was a large and splendid tent, hung with curtains, and containing gold and silver boxes, and vases, and dishes, and other precious things. Alexander stood for a while gazing silently at the glittering heap, and then he said:

"And so this is being a king!"

He smiled as he spoke the words, for well he knew that kingship did not lie in having piles of jewels and rare objects, but in wise thoughts and valiant deeds. And it is the same with men who are not kings. A man's worth is not to be reckoned by the valuable coat he wears or the rich villa he dwells in. We may dress an ape in cloth of gold, and he will still be an ape.

The unhappy ladies left by the King of Persia wondered what evil fate would now come upon them. They were much comforted by a message from Alexander saying that they were not to fear, for he would bid his soldiers pay all respect to them. Placed in a tent by themselves, with women to serve them as in the brighter days now past, the Persian queen and princesses were treated with honor. Alexander was a man of noble temper. When he behaved so fairly and courteously to the women he was chivalrous, and all boys and men ought to be like him. To be chivalrous means to act with respect toward women, and especially toward women who are weak and need help.

Early one morning the army of King Alexander was astir.

Chariot-horses were being harnessed; footmen strapping their armor on; cavalrymen were mounting.

"Fire!" cried a soldier.

A fire was burning near the king's tent, but when the men ran up no one was allowed to throw water. The flames leaped in and out of a large heap of clothes, boxes, all sorts of valuable goods. It was the baggage of the king and his friends.

"Why is the king burning the luggage?" was the question asked by everyone.

The king replied:

"Because we are going to India. The march will be a heavy one. We shall need all our strength to meet the dangers and hindrances of the journey. We do not want to be burdened with this spoil."

The army thought the king was right. Each man brought to the fire whatever he did not really need, and so the Macedonians set out for India with a very light baggage.

On the way they attacked a castle which stood on the top of a steep hill. Among the band of Greeks who were to lead the onset was a young fellow named Alexander. King Alexander said to the young soldier Alexander:

"You must bear yourself bravely, my friend, in order to do justice to your name."

And he did; and the king heard with much pleasure that the young warrior had behaved as a man named Alexander should.

All you girls and boys who read this page have the names of your parents—Taylor, Smith, Johnson, Wood, and so on. And all these names are good names; and so you must act in a way that is worthy of the name borne by your mother and your father.

Another fortress which the army lay siege to was protected by a river.

"What a wretch am I," cried Alexander, "that I did not learn to swim!"

Not a wretch, indeed; but the king had the sense to confess that he had left undone a thing which he ought to have done.

Well, before the assault had gone far a group of men came out of the fort and asked to see the Greek king, for they wished to make an offer to surrender the place. A meeting was arranged, and servants brought the king a couch. He at once invited the oldest of the visitors to take a seat, while he himself stood—a good example of the thoughtful manner in which younger people should treat the aged.

Dreadful was the battle which Alexander fought with the Indian Prince Porus. This Indian was very tall, and he rode on the back of a very large elephant. Many of his followers were also mounted on these huge beasts. Greek courage did not flinch before the Indian elephants or the Indian arrows. The elephant on which Porus was carried fought with a most determined spirit, as if it knew that India and the prince were in danger. At length it knelt, for the prince was sore wounded, and must needs dismount, and yield himself prisoner to the foe.

"How do you wish me to treat you?" asked Alexander.

"As a king," replied Porus.

"But have you nothing more to ask?"

"No, it is all summed up in the word king."

Alexander, who was brave himself, admired other men who were brave. Pleased with the Indian's answer, he gave him back all his land, which he was to rule as governor under the chief kingship of Alexander. In the midst, however, of this great triumph, a sadness came upon the Greek king. The faithful horse, of whose taming I have told you the story, died at the age of thirty, and was buried with great respect.

Many of the Macedonians died in India. The army would not march farther into that far land. Alexander at first shut himself up in his tent, and would speak to no man, so deep was his grief. At last he gave way to the will of the soldiers,

and began the return journey to the West. For seven months he and his followers sailed down the big river Indus, stopping here and there to fight with the natives on the banks. Then the Greek warriors tramped a weary march along the shore of the Persian gulf; over sand, dust, stones; under the hot sun; in a region where little food could be got. For sixty days the distress lasted. When the army passed from this dry and hopeless land they rested awhile, and then, for seven days, went forward by easy marches in a kind of procession, as if on a holiday. The king was drawn in his chariot by eight horses. So large was the royal chariot that it was covered with a broad wooden platform, on which tables could be placed; and here Alexander and his friends, crowned with flowers, sat eating and drinking (especially drinking). Many other chariots came in the train of the king's, some being adorned with purple hangings, others with branches of trees. The soldiers tripped along to the sound of flutes and clarionets. They sang loud songs; and often they stayed to dip their cups in open tubs of wine which the king had provided.

And so they danced, and so they drank, and so they sang. But Alexander had a different feeling in his heart when, on coming back to Persia, he arrived at the grave of the famous King Cyrus. On a slab of stone over the tomb were cut these words, which the King of Macedon read: "O man, whoever you are, and no matter where you come from, I who lie here am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire. Do not envy me the little earth that covers my body."

A long time did Alexander stand still, after reading these words; for they made him think how soon the great power of kings may vanish away.

Alexander had a dear friend named Hephæstion (Hef-eest-yon), who fell sick of a fever. The doctor bade the sick man keep from rich food. But, while the medical man was away enjoying a play at the theatre, the patient ate a roast fowl and drank a large jug of cold wine. A few days after this

foolish act he died. Alexander was thrown into a dreadful sorrow. All the horses and mules in the army had their hair shorn in token of mourning, and the doctor was nailed to a cross and crucified. Not a sound of music was allowed in the camp for a long time; and, in his mad grief, the king bade that all prisoners taken in the wars should be slain. I fear, indeed, that the mind of this wonderful king and conqueror was touched with strange disorder. He had led the Greeks from Greece to India. He had made the people of the East bow before the might of the people of the West. He had broken the rule of the proud kings of Persia, who had so often marched armies to the West, and tried to make slaves of the Greeks. And where the Greeks went they took their books and poetry and music, and so gave new ideas and new manners to the folk who were less learned than themselves. But these deeds had puffed up Alexander's soul with pride. He became vain, and he became more selfish than he once had been. He had conquered the world, but he could not conquer himself. Soon he would lose his kingship.

One day he had gone to the bath, and, after washing, he clad himself in a light dress, and played at ball with some young men. When he had played all he wanted he bade his comrades fetch his clothes. They entered the throne-chamber, and there they saw a strange man, dressed in Alexander's robes, seated on the throne, wearing the crown, and looking dreamily in front of him, speaking never a word. He was not right in his mind, and was removed and put to death.

Ah, but the king himself would not sit many more times on the throne. He had now reached the city of Babylon. A fever seized him. When he felt the illness coming on he would not take care for his health, but, like the friend of whom I have told you, he swallowed deep draughts of wine. Now and then he seemed much better, and he would lie on his couch and listen to the stories related by the admiral of the fleet.

The king had sent a fleet of ships to sail along the coasts of Persia and Arabia, and the sunburnt sailor had seen the wonders of the Indian Ocean. After Alexander had been sick twenty-five days the soldiers took alarm. They crowded about the house where he lay. They must see him. So they were allowed to enter his chamber, in long lines, walking softly past the bed where the conqueror's pale face turned uneasily on the pillow. One evening, in the month of June, in the year 323 B.C., Alexander the Great died, only thirty-three years of age.

Demetrius
Golden Shoes and Two Crowns
circa 338 – 283 B.C.

Kings dream, just as other people do. A King of Macedon (Mass-e-don) dreamed that he was a sower, and he went forth to sow gold-dust. After a while he went to the field, and found corn growing that had golden ears. After a while again he went, and, alas! he saw the corn cut. Some man had been and cut the shining crop, and left nothing but useless stalks. And he heard a voice say: "Prince Mithridates (Mith-ri-day-teez) has stolen the golden corn and gone away toward the Black Sea."

The king told his son Demetrius (Dee-mee-tri-us), who lived from about 338 B.C. to 283 B.C. "I shall kill Mithridates," he said; "we have let him stay at our palace all this time as a friend, and he has gone hunting with you and enjoyed himself. But now I feel sure, according to my dream, that he means harm to you and me."

Of course, you know the king was wrong. He had no right to hurt the prince because of the bad dream. Dreams cannot give us wise warnings, though I know some foolish books are printed which pretend to tell fortunes by dreams.

The heart of young Demetrius was sad at the thought of the danger that was coming upon his companion. He had, however, promised the king that he would not speak a word on the subject.

"Well," he whispered to himself, "it is true I promised not to speak, but I can tell my friend of the peril without

speaking!"

Soon afterward, while they were out sporting with other youths, Demetrius drew the prince to one side, and wrote on the ground with the end of his spear these two words:

"Fly, Mithridates."

The prince understood at once. As soon as darkness came on he fled, and took passage in a galley across the Black Sea to his native land in Asia Minor.

You see that Demetrius was ready to help a friend in need; but I fear I cannot tell very much that is good of him, for, above all things, he was a man of war. While he was yet a very young man he went to and fro in Asia, waging war against the Arabs, from whom he once captured seven hundred camels; or against various Greek princes. For you must know that after the death of Alexander the Great large lands in Asia, Egypt, etc., were shared among his captains, so that there were Greek rulers over many foreign countries.

He resolved to go to the aid of Athens. The castle at Athens was held by a band of men who, though they were Greeks, were tyrants over the city. Demetrius sailed with a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships. The people did not know he was coming. They saw the fleet, but supposed that it belonged to their masters. No guard was set at the mouth of the harbor, and the galleys of Demetrius entered without a fight. A multitude of people ran to the landing-place, and saw the young prince on board his ship. He made signs to them to keep silence. Then a herald shouted from the prince's ship in a very loud voice:

"O ye people of Athens, be it known to you that the Prince Demetrius has come to give you your freedom, to drive out your foes, and to restore the good old laws and government that your city once possessed."

A great shout went up from the Athenian folk, and Demetrius landed with his men. He laid siege to the fortress, and soon mastered it.

Near Athens was a town which the prince also attacked. His soldiers burst in, and began to plunder the houses. But he remembered that in this town there lived a wise man—a philosopher—named Stilpo—a man who lived a quiet life and studied, and loved knowledge more than he loved money. So Demetrius sent to Stilpo's house, and bade his soldiers fetch the sage to his presence.

"Have my men robbed anything from you?" asked the prince.

"No," answered Stilpo; "none of your men want to steal knowledge, and that is all I have."

It may amuse you to hear how one of the prince's friends took the news of a victory to the old King of Macedon. Demetrius fought with one hundred and eighty ships against one hundred and fifty ships of the King of Egypt (this king was also a Greek). Seventy of the enemy's vessels were captured, many others were sunk, and the King of Egypt escaped with only eight. After the battle, Demetrius behaved nobly. He set all the prisoners free, and he gave decent burial to all the enemy's dead. A messenger was sent to Macedon with the tidings. This messenger ordered the ship that carried him to anchor off the coast, while he went ashore in a small boat. Alone he landed; alone he walked toward the palace of the king. Someone ran up to him from the king.

"What is the news?"

No answer.

Another, and another; but they received no reply. The aged king, in much alarm, came to the door, and the people crowded round. Then the messenger stretched out his hand, and cried:

"Hail to thee, O king! We have totally beaten the King of Egypt at sea; we are masters of the island of Cyprus."

"Hail to thee, also, my good friend," said the king; "but you have kept us waiting a long time, and I shall keep you waiting before I give you any reward for your news."

Demetrius had a great love for making ships. He built galleys that were worked by fifteen or sixteen banks of oars—that is, the men sat in fifteen or sixteen rows, making in all, perhaps, one hundred and twenty oarsmen, all pulling together. Demetrius would stand on the beach watching his galleys sweep by. Another thing he liked to build was a machine for besieging a fortress. It was like a huge cart in the shape of a tower, rolling on four large wheels or rollers, each wheel sixteen feet high. The tower was divided into stages or floors, one above the other. On each of these stages stood armed men, ready to throw stones, darts, etc., at the people on the walls of the besieged fortress. As the tower was pushed toward the fort the wheels creaked, the men shouted, and great was the terror of it!

Of course, after the old king's death Demetrius became King of Macedon. Ships and siege-towers were more interesting to him than giving justice to the people. He wore two crowns on his head, his robe was purple, and his feet were shod with cloth of gold.

One day he walked in the street, and some persons gave him petitions, or rolls of paper on which their requests were written. He put them in a fold of his cloak till he came to a bridge, and then he pitched all the rolls into the river! But an old woman fared better on another occasion. She begged him to listen to her story of trouble. "I have no time," he replied, shortly.

"Then," cried the dame, "you should not be a king!"

These words struck home to his soul. On arriving at his palace, he put aside all other business, and ordered that every person who wished to see him about wrongs they had suffered should be admitted. The old woman was brought to him first, and he listened to her tale, and punished the man who had evil-treated her. And to others also he did justice, sitting in his royal chair day after day for the purpose. But it was only now and then that he acted in this kingly way. Too often his

mind was given to war, to sieges, attacks, and conquests.

His last war was waged among the rocky hills and passes of Syria. Nearly all his warriors deserted him, and went over to the side of his enemy. Demetrius and a few friends took refuge in a forest, and waited till night fell and the stars glittered above the mountains. They crept out of the forest and across the rocks, but saw the camp-fires of the foe on every hand. All hope was gone. Demetrius gave himself up as a prisoner of war. For three years he was confined in a Syrian castle, and was allowed to go hunting in a large park, to walk in the gardens, and to feast royally with his companions. After a time he lost his fiery spirit and cared naught for the pleasures of the chase. He drank deep from the wine-cup, and gambled with his money and worked harm to his health, and died at the age of fifty-four, in the year 283 B.C.

His body having been burned after the manner of the Greeks, the ashes that remained were put into an urn of gold. The urn was set on a raised part of the deck of a galley, and armed men sat in the ship. Slowly the vessel was rowed across the sea, while a skilful flute-player sounded a sweet and solemn air. The oars kept time to the notes of the flute. The son of Demetrius came to meet the funeral-galley with a fleet of many ships; and thus the urn of gold was taken to the port of Corinth, and thence it was carried to a tomb.

Pyrrhus
A Fighting King
318 – 272 B.C.

The river ran by with a roar. Gray twilight covered the earth. "There are some men on the other side of the river," said one of the women; "talk to them."

"Ho-o-o-o-o!" shouted the young man. "Help us across the water. We have the little prince Pyrrhus (Pir-rus) with us. The enemy are pursuing us!"

"Hi-i-i-i-i!" came back the answer from the farther bank. But neither party could hear the words of the other.

At length one of the young men tore a strip of bark from a tree, and, with a sharp piece of iron, he scratched a few words on the bark, saying that he and his friends were guarding the nurses of the infant prince, whom they had rescued from a tyrant. He tied the bark to a stone, and flung it across the stream. One of the people on the opposite side read it to his comrades. When they understood what was the matter, they made haste to cut down trees and tie the logs together to make a raft—there being no bridge in that place—and soon the nurses, the prince, and their guards were safe over, and were lodged in the town. Thence they travelled to the royal palace in a neighboring country. They found the king and queen sitting among the courtiers, and at the feet of the queen (who was a kinswoman of the infant prince) they laid the child. Young Pyrrhus, who was born about 318 B.C., did not know he had been in danger; he looked up and saw the king's face, and caught hold of his robe, and smiled. The king

had been pondering whether he should assist little Pyrrhus or not, for he might bring trouble on himself by doing so. The child's smile touched his heart.

"Yes," he said, "I will take care of the prince of Epirus" (Ep-py-rus). Epirus was a hilly land, north of Greece and bordering on the sea by Italy. When he was twelve years old his friends made him king. He was only seventeen years of age when he was again driven from the throne, and he spent some time in fighting battles in Asia. Then he returned to his fatherland. The one thing he seemed to live for was war. He longed to be a mighty captain. As soon as one war was done, he began another; and though he was often beaten, he never shrank from fighting again. His soldiers called him the Eagle, because he moved so swiftly and attacked so boldly.

"If I am an eagle," he replied to them, "you have made me one; for by the help of your spears and swords, and on your wings, have I risen so high."

You see he was quick in his wit. And I will give you an instance of his good-humor.

Some young men were brought before him to explain why they had spoken ill of the king while they sat drinking at a supper.

"Did you really say these bad things about me?" asked Pyrrhus.

"We did, sir," answered one, "and we should have said worse things about you if we had had more wine."

The king laughed and let them go, for he liked the frank and open reply.

He set his mind on pitting his strength against the Romans, for at this time (about 280 B.C.) the men of Rome were becoming very powerful through Italy, and they had it in their minds to conquer the island of Sicily, and many another broad land beyond.

Just before they went aboard the fleet a friend said to him:

"The Romans are excellent soldiers. But suppose, sir, that

we beat them, what shall we do then?"

"We shall go up and down Italy, and every town will surrender to us."

"And what next, sir?"

"Next we shall make ourselves masters of the fruitful isle of Sicily."

"Will that be the end?"

"No, for we shall then be ready to cross the sea and capture the famous city of Carthage, in Africa."

"Very good, sir; and what after that?"

"I shall march against Macedonia, a country which I have long wished to add to my domain."

"Yes, sir, and what then?"

"Then I will conquer Greece."

"And after that, sir?"

"Oh, after that we shall take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

"Well, sir, but had we not better take our ease, eat, drink, and be merry now, instead of going through all these battles and hardships by land and water?"

No, King Pyrrhus loved the joy of battle (though it was a bad joy), and he was too restless to stay in his own home and look after the comfort of his own people. So he sailed for Italy in many galleys with twenty thousand foot-soldiers, three thousand cavalry, two thousand archers, five hundred slingers, and twenty elephants. A fierce storm smote the fleet on its way, and many a battleship went down with all on board. The king, thinking his army was lost, flung himself into the waves. Several of his friends plunged in after him, and rescued him from the foaming waters, and he lay all night, sick and faint, on the deck of his galley. The day broke; the coast of Italy was in sight; the soldiers landed with the horses and elephants, and the heart of Pyrrhus beat with hope once more.

At first the Romans were defeated. Brave though they

were, they were struck with a new fear at the sight of the elephants, who carried little towers on their backs, and waved their trunks and snorted. Such animals had never been seen in Italy. The King of Epirus pressed on, and came within forty miles of the gates of Rome. He sent a messenger to summon the Romans to yield. The messenger entered the senate-house, where, on benches, sat two or three hundred elder men in council. It was the senate which governed Rome. An old Latin motto was: *Senatus populusque Romanus,* which means, "The Senate and the Roman People."

Some of the senators said it would be better to make peace with Pyrrhus, and most of them began to think this was wise advice. A bustle was heard at the door. An old man was carried in on a chair. His name was Appius, and he was blind.

"Gentlemen," he cried, as he raised his hands, "I have often felt sad because I was blind; but now I wish I was deaf as well as blind; for then I should not be able to hear Romans talk of bowing down before the enemies of their country."

The old man's spirit set all hearts aglow, and the senate voted that the war should be kept going. The messenger went back to Pyrrhus, and told him the Roman senate was an assemblage of kings.

A Roman general named Fabricius (Fab-ris'-yus) was sent to the enemy's camp to arrange for the exchange of prisoners —that is, for every hundred prisoners set free by the enemy the Romans would set free a hundred men of Epirus, and so on. King Pyrrhus had a long talk with this Roman captain, and was pleased with the conversation, and offered him a large sum of gold, which was refused. Next day the king thought to strike terror into the Roman's soul. He ordered that the largest of the elephants should be placed behind a curtain of the room where he and Fabricius were to consult. A signal was given, the curtain fell, the elephant lifted its trunk and made a fearful trumpeting noise. The Roman looked up without flinching, and then, turning with a smile

to the king, he said:

"Neither your gold yesterday nor your beast today has power to move me."

Such was the manliness of Romans.

Some time later, when Fabricius was consul (or chief magistrate) of Rome, a letter came to him from the physician of Pyrrhus, offering for money to poison the king, and so rid the Romans of a troublesome foe. Fabricius had too noble a temper to take part in so mean a plot, and he sent the letter to Pyrrhus. When the king had read it he punished the traitor, and then, to show his admiration of the generous act of the consul, he set free all his Roman prisoners. Well, that was excellent; but what a pity it is men cannot see that when warriors do noble things it is the noble spirit that is good, and not the fighting; and when wars have come to an end forever, men will still know how to act fairly and honorably toward each other.

The battles began again. In one engagement, which lasted all day till sunset, each side lost heavily. The friends of Pyrrhus said he had gained a great victory. But he looked at the heaps of the dead, and answered:

"If we gain another victory such as this, we shall be lost."

And that is why we call a battle by which little is gained a Pyrrhic victory.

At last he was forced to leave Italy, and then to leave Sicily, and so he took ship and carried his beaten army—what there was left of it—to Epirus. But he could not rest. He made war on the city of Sparta. Round the city he drew his army, and the citizens prepared to resist to the death. The Spartans had thought of sending the women to a place of safety miles away. But one lady entered the council-chamber with a sword in her hand, and declared that the women would stay in the city and share the lot of the men. When the Spartans built up mounds of earth to prevent the foes from coming in, the women worked hard in piling up the new wall, and I am glad

to say the city was not taken, and Pyrrhus retired.

His last campaign was against the Greek city of Argos. One night the gate of Argos was left open by a traitor, and Pyrrhus entered with a crowd of soldiers and a number of elephants, and got as far as the market-place. In the darkness, however, he could do little, for the citizens and their enemies could hardly see who was who in the narrow streets. Morning broke, and many a struggle took place in different parts of the town. The king was in the hottest of the fight. He was wounded by a javelin (a short spear), and was about to strike back at the man who injured him, when a large tile fell upon his neck and severely stunned him. The tile was thrown by an old woman. She had seen from a housetop that her son was in danger (for it was he who wounded Pyrrhus), and she hastened to save her son's life. Some men ran up and cut off the king's head. This was 272 B.C. So he never was able to "take his ease, eat, drink, and be merry." And if he had spent as much labor in useful work (say building, or ploughing, or sandal-making), what a good workman he might have become!

Aratus
Up the Scaling-Ladders
271 – 213 B.C.

"Child! where did you come from?" asked a woman of a seven-year-old boy whom she found in her house.

"Lady, take pity on me. If I am seen in the street, the soldiers of the tyrant may slay me. They have killed my father. I fled from the horrid noise and the sight of blood, and I wandered here and there till I saw your open door, and I entered."

"Do not tremble. I will take care of you till dark, and then one of my friends shall guide you to the city of Argos, where many people have gone so as to escape the tyrant's wrath."

The name of the lad was Aratus (A-ray'-tus), and the city where he was born, 271 B.C., was called Sikyon, and the city had fallen into the power of a tyrant.

A tyrant is a ruler who does what he wills, and takes no heed of the wishes of the people.

At Argos the boy was brought up by kinsmen of his dead father. In his heart there burned a deep hatred of tyrants. If ever he grew to be a man, he would fight against the cruel lord of Sikyon, and any other ruler in any other city who robbed the people of their freedom.

One day Aratus met a man who had escaped from the jail in Sikyon, where he had been shut up for rebelling against the tyrant's rule. He told Aratus how he had come over the wall of the castle and down the cliff and through a garden, and so out on the country road to Argos. It would be possible for a party of men to scale the wall by means of ladders, and so

make their way into the fort. But in the garden at the foot of the cliff was the gardener's house, and in it were kept a number of watch-dogs who barked at the least sound. Aratus resolved to climb the wall and capture the fort. A carpenter who had once dwelt in Sikyon made several scaling-ladders, and Aratus collected about a hundred men to attack the castle.

The moon was shining when he and his party started out, but it had set by the time they reached the garden. A few of his followers had gone in front and made the gardener prisoner, but they could not seize the dogs. The ladders were placed against the rocky wall. Men climbed to a ledge, and then drew up the ladders and climbed again. Meanwhile the gardener's dogs yelped very loudly. The ladders shook, and some hearts feared; but Aratus would not go back. With about fifty men he arrived at the top of the rock. It was now near dawn. A flash of light was seen. It was the company of the guard who were coming off duty. They carried torches, and talked as they passed along the broad path along the battlements. Little did they think that Aratus and his men were hanging silently on to the rocks on the other side of the wall. The new guard also marched past, but did not notice anything unusual. Then Aratus got over the wall, followed by his friends, and they ran across the castle-yard to the tyrant's palace, and surprised the soldiers there, and took them all prisoners without any bloodshed. One of his men ran to several houses where lived persons who would be glad to know that Aratus had come. Soon a crowd had gathered from all sides, and they swarmed into the open-air theatre just as the sun was rising. A herald mounted a high place and cried aloud: "Aratus calls the people to liberty!"

Then they raised a mighty cheer, and rushed to the tyrant's palace and set it on fire. The tyrant fled through underground passages, and so got away. Aratus ordered the fire to be put out. Not one person had been slain in this assault.

More than five hundred citizens who had been obliged to leave because of the tyrant's conduct came back to Sikyon. Some had been absent fifty years, and they found their lands in possession of new owners; and it was no easy matter for Aratus to do justice and render them back their property, and yet not do wrong to the new holders of the lands. He formed a court of judges; he himself and fifteen other citizens sitting there to judge the questions and restore the lands to the rightful owners, and paying money to the persons who were turned out. But not having money enough, he thought he would go across to the King of Egypt. This king was friendly to Aratus, and Aratus had sent him many fine paintings done by Greek artists. On the voyage the ship was driven into a Greek port, held by a prince who was a foe to him. He hastened from the vessel and took shelter in a thick wood near the city. The governor of the port seized the ship and its crew, and kept a sharp lookout for Aratus, who concealed himself for several days. By good hap a Roman ship sailed that way, and put in for a while at a cove near the wood. Aratus begged the captain to let him go on board; and in this ship he voyaged to the south coast of Asia Minor, and thence he made passage in another vessel to Egypt. The King of Egypt gave Aratus much gold, and with this he returned to his native city of Sikyon. A number of Greek cities had now joined together to help each other, and they called their union the Achæan (A-kee-an) League; and Aratus was chosen general of the League; and many a time did he take part in the wars as leader of these cities.

The famous town of Corinth, a seaside place, was also delivered from a tyrant by the noble Aratus. With four hundred men he marched one night toward Corinth. The moon glittered on their armor, and had it not been for clouds rising and darkening the sky, the Achæans might have been observed. With the aid of the scaling-ladders they mounted the wall, and dropped over into the city. Then they marched

quietly, spear in hand. A party of four watchmen met them; three were cut down; the fourth was wounded in the head, but he got free, and cried: "The enemy! the enemy is in the city!" Trumpets were blown. People hurried from their houses with flaming torches. A band of three hundred Achæans had entered Corinth by one of the gates, and had put to flight a troop of the defenders. Meantime Aratus had climbed the rough road that led up to the inner keep or citadel, which was held by the tyrant's men. The three hundred joined him. The moon shone out again, and the walls were stormed amid shouts and the hurling of darts. By the hour of sunrise the keep was captured. The citizens assembled in the theatre; and when Aratus appeared on the stage, and stood silent, leaning on his spear, they applauded their deliverer again and again. The governor had fled.

Aratus also tried to set free the city of Argos, which had yielded to the enemy. Having climbed the ramparts by the help of his ladders, he fought valiantly, and was stabbed in the thigh, and was obliged to retire unsuccessful.

He could bear defeat without losing heart. He also knew how to wait. An army of foes having invaded the land of the League, Aratus would not at once pursue them, but he watched them go by. His men urged him to pursue, but he made no move till he heard that the enemy had taken the city of Pellene (Pel-ee-nee). Great was the distress of this city. Houses had been plundered, poor women were dragged shrieking along the streets. One lady was seized by an officer and placed in a temple; and so that all who passed might know she was now his slave, he clapped his helmet on her head. It was a helmet which bore three waving plumes. And now came Aratus with his eager Achæans, and a battle raged in the city streets. The captive lady, hearing the fresh noise, came to the porch of the temple; and as she stood there, handsome and stately, and wearing the feathered helmet, the enemy were struck with terror, for they took her for a goddess

who had come to threaten them with ruin; and they gave way in disorder, and Aratus had saved yet another city.

Aratus judged that the League would be stronger if they joined their power with Philip, King of Macedon (not the Philip who was the father to Alexander the Great). But Philip was a mean man and a pretender, and though he seemed friendly to Aratus, really desired to insure his death. He gained his purpose. One of his friends poisoned the food of the brave general, and Aratus died, 213 B.C.

The people of Sikyon were allowed to bury their beloved citizens inside their walls. In his memory they decided to hold two holidays every year. One was on the date when he saved the city from the tyrant, and they called it Salvation Day; and the other was on his birthday. On each occasion a sacrifice was offered to the gods. The folk walked in procession—first boys and young men; then the elders of the senate; then a crowd of citizens; and, to the sound of harps, hymns were sung by a choir. For very many years these festivals were kept up by the grateful people of Sikyon.

And, girls and boys, if ever you see wrong done in the world by rich men, or by statesmen, or governments, you will, I hope, resist the evil thing with hearts as bold as that of Aratus, who scaled the cliffs and feared no tyrant on the face of the earth.

Fabius
The Man Who Waited

circa 280 – 203 B.C.

"Have you heard that drops of blood came out on the shields of the soldiers?"

"Indeed! And in the corn-fields, so I am told, corn has been cut that ran with blood!"

"Yes, neighbors, and I hear that red-hot stones have been seen to fall from the air!"

"These things are terrible! What do they mean?"

"I fear that the Romans will be beaten by the foe from Africa. This man Hannibal is a mighty man of war. He has crossed the Alps; he has marched through Tuscany; nothing seems to stay his course."

So talked a group of people in Rome. Not long afterward a battle was fought, and it is said that fifteen thousand Romans were slain by Hannibal's army, and as many again were taken prisoners.

The awful tidings came to Rome. A magistrate called the people together, and said:

"Romans! we have lost a great battle. Our army is cut to pieces. The consul is killed. Think, therefore, what is to be done to save Rome."

A sad murmur was heard through the vast crowd. Then voices were heard:

"Fabius! Let Fabius lead us! Let Fabius be made dictator! Fabius shall be our war-lord!"

So Fabius was chosen general of a new Roman army. Do

you suppose he went all at once to attack Hannibal? No. He was a man who was willing to wait. Hannibal was too strong to be beaten yet. Fabius kept his troops on the hills, always watching the enemy in the valleys, but not coming down in full force. Now and then a body of the Romans would rush down a mountain-side and seize Hannibal's cattle, or slay some of his soldiers, and then quickly return to the rocky heights. By this means Fabius thought he should wear the enemy out.

Some of the Romans did not like this slow style of war. A captain named Minucius said, with a sneer:

"Well, I wonder whether Fabius means to carry the army up to the sky, as he is so fond of camping on the hilltops."

Hannibal's host nearly got caught once. They found themselves among the mountains. The only road out was narrow, and it was blocked by four thousand men from the army of Fabius. Night was coming on, and fear took hold of the men of Carthage (for Hannibal came from Carthage in Africa). Their leader did not fear. He told his men to tie bunches of dry bushwood to the horns of two thousand cattle, and set light to the torches, and drive the oxen forward. This was done. In the darkness of the night the Romans saw the strange lights dancing and flashing in the valley, and supposed a mass of the enemy were approaching, and they fled up the hills. Then Hannibal hastily pressed on with his army, and escaped into a more open country.

Fabius followed slowly, as before. He had exchanged prisoners with Hannibal—that is, for every hundred prisoners given up by the Romans a hundred were given up by Hannibal. But two hundred and forty Romans were still left in the camp of the African. The senate at Rome would not send Fabius the money to buy these prisoners off. Fabius had compassion on his captive countrymen. He sent his son to Rome to sell some of his land. With the money thus gained, Fabius redeemed the rest of the prisoners. Thus he helped his

fellow-soldiers at his own cost. Some of them offered to pay him back their ransom, but he would take nothing.

At length the senate of Rome elected Minucius as a second general. They thought he would act more rapidly, and win battles sooner. Fabius did not think it wise for two generals to lead one army; so he divided the Roman host, and each part encamped in a separate spot. The sharp-eyed Hannibal noted all that went on. He decided to fight Minucius. He placed a number of his men in hiding in ditches and hollows around about a hill. A small body of his army appeared on a low hill. Minucius saw them.

"Oh," he said to his captains, "we can easily drive Hannibal's troops from that hill."

The Romans hurried to the attack. From many a ditch and hollow the Africans rose up with a shout, and soon the legions of Minucius were flying in disorder.

From his camp Fabius had watched these events. He slapped his hand upon his thigh in token of grief, and said:

"How soon has Minucius done what I feared he would! He acted rashly, and punished himself."

Fabius then moved his part of the army to the aid of his comrade, and checked the advance of Hannibal.

After the battle Minucius called his men round him, and thus addressed them:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers: Every man makes mistakes; and when a mistake is made, we should do our best to correct it. I have been in the wrong in not following the advice of Fabius. Come with me, and I will tell him there shall be but one army, and he shall be the one leader."

The ensigns who carried the wooden eagles then advanced, and Minucius came after them with all his troops. He visited Fabius in his tent. They talked together a few minutes, and came out. Then Minucius spoke with a loud voice:

"Father!"

As he said this he bowed to Fabius. Then the soldiers of

Minucius shouted: "Patrons!"

As they cried "patrons" (which means friends and masters) they saluted the soldiers of Fabius. Then Minucius said:

"Fabius, you have today gained two victories—one over the enemy from Africa by your courage, the other over me by your prudence and kindness, for to you we owe our lives. And I call you 'father,' since I know no better name."

So saying, he embraced Fabius, and the two divisions of the army came together in friendship. Thus did Romans know how to keep down jealous feelings for the sake of Rome.

Alas! more sufferings were to be borne by Rome. In the battle of Cannæ about fifty thousand Romans fell. At the close of this awful scene Hannibal's friends gathered round him.

"Go on, general!" they cried. "In five days you will reach Rome, and eat supper on the Capitol."

Hannibal did not take their advice.

Meanwhile the consul Varro, who had commanded the defeated army, had come to the city. The whole senate and people went to meet him at the gate. Varro looked sad and grave, but he did not tremble as a coward.

"Romans," he said, "all is not lost, in spite of so many having died. I have returned to do what I can to help the city."

Fabius was among the crowd. And he and the other rulers said:

"Varro, we praise you because you do not despair of the fortunes of Rome."

No, whatever happened, the people of this proud city did not altogether lose heart. And much of their confidence was due to Fabius. He was seen in the streets, walking in a quiet and easy manner as if nothing dreadful had happened. His face was calm, his voice had no trembling in it. At the gates he placed guards who should prevent citizens from fleeing away in sudden panic. When he took the field again he kept up the same tactics (or plan) by avoiding any big battle and

hanging at the rear and sides of Hannibal's army. And he succeeded in winning back several strong cities that had been captured by the Africans.

When Fabius was old he was pleased at his son being chosen consul.

One day the consul was at a public assembly. Old Fabius, riding on a horse, came near to speak to his son. But, according to the laws of Rome, no mounted men might come near a consul. When the consul saw his father on horseback, he called to him one of his lictors. You remember, a lictor was an officer who carried a bundle of rods and an axe.

"Lictor," he said, "bid Fabius dismount and come on foot to me if he has any business with me."

The lictor did as he was ordered. Silence fell upon the people. They looked angrily at the consul; they looked with pity at the old general.

"How wrong," they said, "for a son to treat a father with such disrespect. And Fabius has spent his life in the service of Rome."

But Fabius did not think as they did. He alighted from his horse at once, and hastened to his son, and put his arms about him.

"My son," he said, "I am glad you understand your office. It is in this way that we and our forefathers have made Rome a great city. We have not sought to put our own feelings first. We have placed the honor of Rome above our love for father or son."

Fabius died in the year 203 B.C. He had been five times consul; and twice he had ridden through the streets of Rome in a triumph or procession of joy after victory. He died poor. You remember how he paid out of his own purse the ransoms of many Roman prisoners. The people of Rome resolved that he should be buried in a way that showed how much they loved his memory. Every citizen gave a small piece of money toward the expenses of the funeral.

Marcellus
A Roman Undismayed

circa 270 – 208 B.C.

Ten thousand Gauls, horsemen and footmen, waited on the plain for the onset of the Romans. The king was a very tall man. As he sat on his horse he seemed a giant. His armor, spangled with silver and gold, shone brightly in the sun. The Romans were led by the consul, Marcellus. They were advancing in a long, thin line.

The consul pressed his horse to a gallop, and pierced the breastplate of the Gaul with his spear. When he had slain the king, Marcellus leaped from his steed, took from the dead man some of his armor, and held it toward heaven, saying:

"O Jupiter, who seest how men bear themselves in battle, to thee I consecrate these spoils. Do thou grant us equal success in the rest of this war."

The armies then attacked each other, and the Romans won.

Not long afterward a terrible host of men from Africa—the men of Carthage, led by Hannibal—made its way through the passes of the Alps, and swept across North Italy toward Rome. It was sixteen years before the Romans defeated this general. At the battle of Cannæ the armies of Rome were beaten, and thousands of Romans fled to the city.

The elders of the senate resolved that these men who fled should not stay in Rome. They were all banished to the island of Sicily, with orders never to set foot on Italian soil again so long as Hannibal remained at war with Rome.

These Romans met Marcellus when he landed in Sicily with an army, on his way to the siege of Syracuse. That seaside town had taken sides against the Romans.

"Oh, sir," said the runaway Romans to the general, "we did indeed fly from the slaughter of Cannæ, but we still long to serve Rome, and we are ready to die for our fatherland. Take us into your service."

They knelt before him as they spoke.

Marcellus looked at them with pity. He was willing to try their courage. He had faith in them. So he wrote a letter to the senate at Rome, asking if he might add these men to his forces.

"Yes," replied the senate; "but however well they fight, you must give them no rewards."

They entered his army, and acted as brave men.

The siege of the large and beautiful city of Syracuse lasted about three years. Marcellus had a fleet in the harbor, as well as soldiers on land. The fleet consisted of sixty galleys, full of slings and stones, and other weapons of attack. Eight warships were fastened together so as to make a broad platform, on which were set up high scaling-ladders. As this vast engine reached the walls at the water-side, the Romans would climb up the ladders and leap on to the battlements of the walls.

The King of Syracuse saw with alarm the preparation of this machine. He called for his wisest man.

"My friend," he said, "you are the only man in Syracuse who can help me. Leave your drawings and your diagrams, your triangles, your cubes, your circles, your cones, your cylinders, your polygons, and all the rest. The city is in peril."

So the wisest man in the city busied himself for some days in ordering workmen to set up engines for slinging stones, and other objects of large size. These were not the only machines the engineer made, as you will see.

The Roman ships were rowed toward the town walls.

The engines began to act. Masses of stone and lumps of

lead were hurled at the galleys of the besiegers, smashing the rigging and crushing the fighting-men and sailors.

Some of the Roman ships managed to reach the walls. Then huge beams of wood were lifted by machines, and their ends fell with tremendous force upon the galleys, beating down masts and men in their descent.

Other machines were yet more frightful. They thrust out enormous iron hooks over the walls, which gripped hold of a galley, lifted the ship half out of the water, and then quickly let it go, so that it heeled over and sank. The soldiers who tried to storm the walls on the land side of the city were baffled by engines of the same awful power. The Romans became at last so nervous that if they only saw a stick pushed over the top of the wall, they thought the mysterious engineer was about to work some mischief, and they retired in confusion.

Marcellus could not help smiling.

"This engineer," he said, "has a hundred hands."

The name of the clever engineer was Archimedes (Ar-ki-mee-deez). He was a great geometer—that is, he had a mighty mind for studying the measurements of things, and the forces by which they moved. Or, if you will pardon my using another long word, he was a great mathematician. Yet you see he did not keep his science for his own pleasure, in his own chamber, in his own house. He used his skill, or genius, to help his native country.

Marcellus, however, was undismayed. Never did he lose heart, no matter what dangers he had to withstand. He left off the attacks by sea and land. The city must be starved. After a long while the king sent word to ask Marcellus to parley, or treat, with him, and the Roman general went ashore to talk over terms of surrender. He went several times. Each time he took particular notice of a certain tower near the water, which he thought was easier to scale and capture than other towers of the city. One night, when the people in the

city were drinking wine freely at the festival of the goddess Diana, the Romans climbed and captured the tower, and sounded their trumpets, and woke the whole city to surprise and terror. But months passed before the besiegers were able to take Syracuse from end to end. Then the city was sacked.

In the midst of the tumult a soldier ran into the house where Archimedes lived, and found the geometer tracing lines on the floor, and thinking deeply of some problem he was at work upon.

"Hold! hold!" cried the man of science, "don't disturb me. I am very much engaged!"

The soldier raised his sword and killed Archimedes. Marcellus was deeply grieved to hear of this deed.

After the taking of Syracuse, Marcellus again fought Hannibal in Italy. In one battle he was defeated. The Roman soldiers struggled back to their camp, dull and downcast. The general ordered that all the troops should be drawn up in array so that he might address them.

"I see before me," he said, sternly, "Roman arms and Roman bodies, but not one Roman man."

"General," called out one of the soldiers, "we regret that we fled."

"I will not pardon you," said he, "until you are victorious. Tomorrow you will face the enemy again, and the news of your victory will reach Rome as soon as the news of your defeat."

Then, turning to the master of the stores, he added:

"Give these runaways barley."

So they had barley for supper, while the rest of the army had wheat.

Early next morning a red cloth was hung over the general's tent. That was the signal for battle. The men who ate barley took the front rank. That was where they wished to be posted.

Hannibal's elephants advanced in a terrible line. A

Roman thrust his spear at one of these beasts. It retreated, and the rest of the elephants followed. The troops of Carthage were thrown into confusion. The Romans—barley first, wheat behind—charged with fury. Hannibal was beaten.

For the fifth time Marcellus was chosen consul of Rome. It was the last time; he was soon to die.

Very eagerly he sought to meet Hannibal again, to win one great and final victory. At length his scouts came in with the news that the general of Carthage was close at hand. The place was near Venusia.

Between the two armies was a hill, covered with copses and clumps of trees, and broken into hollows and rugged places. In these hollows Hannibal had concealed a good number of archers and spearmen. The Romans were anxious to seize this hill, as it overlooked the enemy's camp.

Marcellus, with his fellow-consul, his son, and two hundred and twenty horsemen, set out at a trot toward the hill. A sentinel had been posted on the hilltop to give warning. He saw Marcellus coming; he gave notice to his comrades. When the Romans were on the slope of the hill the men in ambush sprang out. Some of the Roman horsemen fled. Some closed round their general in a hand-to-hand fight. Both consuls were slain. This was in 208 B.C.

When the mighty captain of Carthage heard that Marcellus was dead he came to the fatal spot, and for a long time stood in silence, looking at the body of a man who was never dismayed. Being brave himself, he esteemed bravery in others. Presently he issued an order to his attendants.

"Let the body of Marcellus be dressed in rich robes, and then burned on a funeral pyre. Place the ashes in a silver urn. On the lid of the urn set a crown of gold, and carry it to his son. Marcellus was a noble Roman."

Philopœmen
The Last of the Greeks
253 – 182 B.C.

"Here, you fellow, come and chop this wood for my hearth-fire!"

The Greek lady was speaking to a tall, broad-shouldered man who had just come to the door of her house.

"Yes, madam, certainly," he said, and, throwing off his cloak, he began to cleave the wood which she pointed out to him. When the lady's husband arrived he was much surprised.

"Why, my friend," he cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

"You see, I am so ugly that your wife thought I was a slave, and bade me help her in the kitchen."

The master laughed.

"Well," he said, "come to supper now, for you have earned it."

The mistress felt rather confused when the tall man, whose name was Philopœmen (Fil-o-pe'-men), 253—182 B.C., sat at her table as chief guest. He was General of the Achæan League, of which I have told you in a previous story, and she had mistaken him for one of his own servants!

Not only was he tall; he was also very strong and active. He was so fond of work that he often went out to his estate near the city of Megalopolis (Meg-a-lo-po-lis—Great City), and toiled in the fields for hours with the ploughmen or in the vineyards. Being fond also of horses and of war, he spent much time in training steeds for cavalry, and in buying and testing swords, spears, etc. When he took walks in the country

with his friends, his thoughts were often of battles. He would say:

"Suppose one army was on the hill among those rocks, and suppose another army was posted on the opposite bank of this river, which would be in the better position?"

And so on. Besides this, he was a magistrate, and would sit in a court, hearing cases of quarrel and evil-doing that came before him. And when he rested in his house after the business of the day, he turned over his books, and chatted with his comrades about wisdom (or philosophy) and the poetry of Homer.

He joined his army with that of the King of Macedonia against the Spartans. The king told Philopœmen to wait with his horsemen at a certain spot until he saw a piece of red cloth lifted up on the end of a spear. Then he could charge with all his might. The noise of battle went on for some while, and Philopœmen waited and waited, until a troop of the enemy had pressed forward and caused terror among the Macedonians. Then he could wait no longer, but, with a shout, he led his horsemen to the onset, and they drove off the attacking force. Leaping from his horse, he ran on by himself, so eager was he to come at the foe. The ground was soft and boggy, and he slipped; and a dart from the enemy pierced the flesh of both his legs. He called to a companion to draw out the dart, and then he hobbled on, calling to his side to follow. With a big cheer they rushed, and the foe fled.

The king asked his officers why they had charged before he gave the order?

"We could not help it, for a young man from Megalopolis began the forward movement, and we were obliged to follow."

"That young man," replied the king, smiling, "has behaved like a tried captain. He knew the right moment to strike."

Even when there was no war, Philopœmen did much to practise young Greeks for battle. He persuaded them to wear

suits of armor which covered them from head to foot, and taught them how to manage horses.

"If any of you," he said, "have gold and silver wine-cups and dishes, take them to the armor-makers, and let them use the metal to adorn your shields and breastplates and bridles."

And the young men did so.

In a battle against the Spartans, Philopœmen met the captain of the enemy, a tyrant, trying to cross a ditch on horseback. The steed was just struggling up the bank of the ditch, when Philopœmen thrust his spear into the tyrant's body and slew him. Not long afterward, when many Greeks were assembled at the public games, Philopœmen held a review of his troops, and his young men, marching by in scarlet jackets, were much admired. Just as their leader walked into the theatre, where the sports were being held, a musician was striking the strings of a lyre and singing:

"The palm of liberty for Greece I won."

The people shouted loudly, for they thought the words just fitted the brave Philopœmen. He did his best to keep the different Greek republics friendly with one another, and at the same time friendly with the strong kings of Macedon in the north; for he thought that was the wisest plan for making Greece orderly and happy. At last he got the Spartans also to join the Achæan League, and this saved Sparta from further war—at least, for a time. So the Spartans sent messengers to Philopœmen's house to thank him and to offer him a gift of gold. They came back and said they had not liked to give it him, for he seemed so honest a man that they did not think he would care to accept money for doing his duty to the liberty of Greece.

So another messenger was sent; but, though he dined at Philopœmen's house, he did not dare to mention the gold.

The same man was sent a second time, and still kept silence.

A third time he went, and then spoke: "Sir, I beg your

pardon, but—ah!—well, I beg your pardon for naming the subject, but—would you care to take a—a—a—present from Sparta?"

Philopœmen thanked him, and would take nothing.

When he was seventy years old he was elected general of the League for the eighth time.

He lay at Argos, sick of a fever, when he heard that the city of Messene had broken away from the League. At once he rose from his bed, collected a body of cavalry, and met the enemy on the hills. A troop of five hundred men came to the aid of the foe, and his horsemen retired. Philopœmen was left alone. The enemy rode round and round and shouted and threw darts, but dared not come too near the old warrior. His horse stumbled among the crags, and he lay stunned. When he came to himself they bound his hands behind his back, and led him to the city. The Messenians beheld this famous captain led through their streets like an evil-doer, and some of them pitied him and some shed tears. He was put in a cell that had no light in it, nor had it a door, for it was closed by a huge block of stone.

As Philopœmen lay in this dungeon, covered with a cloak, he could not sleep. His thoughts kept going back to his wars, to Greece, and to his capture.

A light flashed in the dark cell. By the prisoner's bedside stood a man holding a lamp in one hand and a cup in the other. The cup contained poison. Philopœmen quite understood. He knew he must drink. When he had taken the cup, he asked:

"What became of my cavalry? Did they escape?"

"Yes," said the jailer; "they nearly all escaped."

The prisoner nodded his head as if much pleased.

"Thou bringest good tidings," he answered, "and I am not so unhappy as I should have been if I had not had this news."

So saying, he drank the poison, and lay down again. Presently he was dead.

When the news of his death was spread abroad there was a sound of grief in all the land. Many men gathered together in an army, and they marched upon the false city of Messene and entered it, and seized all the men who had had any part in the death of the general of the League.

His body was burned, and the ashes were placed in a pot or urn, and carried in a procession to his native city. First walked foot-soldiers wearing crowns of leaves and flowers, in memory of the victories which the dead patriot had gained. Then came his son carrying the urn, which was adorned with ribbons and garlands. Last appeared the horsemen in grand array. The people of the towns and villages on the way to the Great City crowded to the wayside, and raised mournful cries for the leader whom they had lost.

Soon the land of Greece was to fall into the power of the Romans. And when men thought of the noble general, and how there seemed no one as brave and good as he to stand up for the freedom of the country, they gave him a name which was beautiful and yet sad. They said that Philopœmen was "the last of the Greeks."

Cato the Stern

234 – 149 B.C.

A young fellow, seventeen years old, fought in the front ranks of the Roman army in the wars with Hannibal. His hair was red, his gray eyes flashed, his shout was a roar. Not a man in the host bore himself more boldly than young Cato.

After a battle he would retire to his tent; there he would help his slave prepare the supper of plain food. For drink he seldom had anything but water. If he was tired, he would have a dash of vinegar in the cup. Scarcely ever did he taste wine.

Cato became owner of an estate and a farm-house. Near his own dwelling stood an old cottage, which the country-folk would point to, saying:

"This cottage once belonged to the consul who supped on turnips."

Yes, and this was the story. Manius Curius, the consul, was peeling turnips for his supper one evening as he sat in the chimney-corner a group of men entered in a quiet manner, as if not wishing to be heard by passers-by. They were messengers from the Samnite people, who were at war with Rome, and they brought Manius a large gift of gold in order to gain the favor of so valiant a foe.

"No," he said, "a man who can be satisfied with such a supper as this has no need of gold; and I think it more glorious to conquer the Samnites than to take their gold." The messengers went away looking foolish.

So Cato would look at the ancient cottage and say to himself:

"I should like to live as Manius lived, in a very simple

style; and I should like to be a famous man in Rome, as he was."

His clothes were coarse. He worked with his slaves, ate the same kind of bread as they did, and drank the same kind of drink. Not only could he work; he could talk in a witty, sensible way, and when a neighbor went to law before a judge Cato would often speak on his behalf, so that, after a while, he went to act as a pleader, or speaker, in the law courts of Rome. People would repeat his shrewd sayings, such as:

"Wise men learn more from fools than fools from the wise; for the wise avoid the errors of fools, while fools do not profit by the examples of the wise."

And another:

"I do not like a soldier who moves his hands in marching and his feet in fighting, and who snores louder in bed than he shouts in battle."

Cato was chosen consul, and took command of an army in Spain, where he conquered four hundred cities. Also he waged war with the wild tribes on the banks of the river Danube. Also he fought the King of Syria, who had invaded Greece. In that country the mountains are many. The King of Syria occupied a pass among the hills, and had made his position strong by throwing up walls and mounds. Cato resolved to surprise the king's camp by night, and set out with a strong band of men, with one of his prisoners acting as guide. This guide missed the way. Cato and his companions wandered amid rocks and thickets. He ordered his men to wait while he and a friend climbed the rocky cliff, catching hold of wild olive-trees to help themselves up by; and presently they found a good path. They went down, called the soldiers to follow, and soon all were on the top of the hill. Then they came to a dead stop. A steep precipice fell away below their feet. A gray light began to glimmer in the eastern sky. Day was dawning. A hum of voices was heard below. Cato saw the king's camp some distance off, and the voices

came from an advance-guard. Some of the Romans crept down the cliff and drove the guard off, all except one man, whom they brought to their captain. In answer to Cato's questions, he said the entrance to the pass was kept by only six hundred of the Syrian soldiers.

Sword in hand, Cato led the way, his trumpeters sounding the charge. The rest of the army broke into the camp at another point. A stone was flung which broke the king's teeth. The Syrian army hurried along a narrow road, one side of which was hemmed in by rocks, the other by muddy swamps, and many perished.

Cato was chosen censor by the citizens of Rome. It was his duty to watch the daily actions and manners of the people; and very strictly did he perform this duty. He made a list of the people who were extra rich in furniture and clothes, and he made them pay taxes at a higher rate than those less wealthy. When he found certain greedy citizens who watered their gardens with water which was only intended for public fountains, he cut the pipes. He offended the thieves, but he saved the public money. He disliked all vain show. He loved the ways of the Spartans, of which I have told you in the stories of the Greeks. He would allow no cruelty to pass unpunished, and he used to say that a man who beat his wife and children was cruel to the most sacred things in the world.

Cato would not let his son be taught by a slave, as other Roman fathers often did. He taught the boy himself, and gave him lessons in throwing a dart, riding, boxing, and swimming. Also, he taught him to write Latin in large, bold letters; and the boy wrote and learned tales of the old Roman heroes, such as I have related to you in these pages.

His wealth increased; he had more land, more slaves. So thrifty was he with his money that he saved enough to buy fish-ponds, hot baths, yards for fulling (or cleaning) cloth, and pasture, all of which he let for rents. He even lent money to his slaves, who bought boys in the slave-markets, and trained

them to do various kinds of work and sold them at a profit to Cato. This will seem a wicked thing to you, but the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and other ancient nations kept slaves, and thought it no crime to do so; and in many cases the slaves were well treated.

As he was stern to the Roman citizens and to slaves, so he was stern to Rome's enemies. In his time Rome was still at war with Carthage, the famous city on the coast of Africa. Cato hated this city, and would finish his speeches in the forum by saying, "And Carthage must be destroyed," no matter what else he was talking about. Thus he might say:

"It is a good thing, O Romans, to teach our sons healthy exercises, to be hardy, to be thrifty, and to serve their fatherland even unto death. And Carthage must be destroyed!"

Or perhaps:

"He who takes what belongs to the public is a thief, even though he is a man of noble birth and dwells in a villa. And Carthage must be destroyed!"

And Carthage was indeed destroyed 146 B.C., but not till after Cato's death, which occurred 149 B.C.

I am sorry to tell you that, when any slave of his was old and useless, he would sell him. The writer Plutarch (Plootark), in whose book I find the tales I tell you, was a kind-hearted man, and he made some wise remarks about justice to servants, and even animals that serve us; and I will copy his words out for you:

A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus the people of Athens, when they had finished building a temple, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed in that work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any further service. It is said that one of them afterward came of its own accord to work, and, putting himself at the head of the laboring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This pleased the people, and they made a decree that

it should be kept at the public expense as long as it lived. The graves of Kimori's mares, with which he thrice won races at the Olympic games, are still to be seen near his own tomb. Many men have shown particular marks of regard in burying the dogs which they had cherished and been fond of. Among the rest was the dog who swam by the side of a galley at the battle of Salamis, and was afterward buried by his master upon a headland by the sea, the place being called "The Dog's Grave" to this day. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods which, when worn out with use, we throw away. And, if it were only to learn kindness to mankind, we should practise mercy to other creatures. For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had toiled for me. Much less would I send away, for the sake of a little money, a man grown old in my service, from his usual place and food. To him, poor man! it would be as bad as exile, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller. But Cato, as if he took a pride in these things, tells us that, when consul, he left his war-horse in Spain, to save the public the expense of carrying him.

You will agree with me, girls and boys, that the spirit of Plutarch was nobler than the spirit of Cato. You will be interested to hear that Plutarch was very proud of his little daughter's goodness of temper. "When she was very young," he says, "and had fed at the nurse's breast, she would often ask the nurse to feed also the other children, and the babies and dolls whom she looked upon as her servants."

Alas! Plutarch's little daughter died while she was still young.

Æmilius Paulus
The Triumph
229 – 160 B.C.

"Why do you weep, my child?" asked a Roman father of his little girl, as he took her in his arms.

"P—P—Per—Perseus is dead!" she sobbed.

"Which Perseus do you mean?"

"The dear little dog, father."

Ah, the dear little dog. But Perseus was the name of the King of Macedonia also, and it was of this Perseus that the Roman father was thinking.

This father was the general Lucius Æmilius Paulus, afterward surnamed Macedonicus, who had fought for Rome during many years. In Spain he had placed the Roman eagle over two hundred and fifty cities. He lived from about 229–160 B.C.

King Perseus expected the coming of the Romans. He had collected an army of his people, and hoped to add more warriors by hiring fighting-men from the banks of the river Danube. Ten thousand horsemen, each with a footman running at his side, arrived at the camp of Perseus, offering to fight for pay. The horsemen were tall, brawny fellows, and ready to give battle to anybody on earth. But their price was high. Each officer from the Danube land demanded one thousand pieces of gold.

Perseus was very fond of money. He often counted his gold, and he sealed it up in bags.

"No," he said to the barbarian horsemen, "I will not pay

the sum you ask. It is too dear."

And the ten thousand cavalry rode back to the Danube, and left the King of Macedonia to meet the Romans as best he could.

Æmilius Paulus had pitched his camp one night, and the Roman army had had supper. The moon was shining at the full. Presently a shadow began to glide slowly over the face of the moon, and, after a while, all its surface was covered with a reddish-gray tint. It was an eclipse, caused by the shadow of the earth being thrown upon the moon. Paulus had known it was coming—an astronomer had told him. And Paulus too warned his army, lest they should be alarmed. The Romans made a great noise by striking brass pans, and they waved lighted torches; for they always acted so, after the manner of their forefathers, when an eclipse took place. The Macedonians were silent and sad.

"This shadow on the moon," they whispered, "foretells the fall of our king."

When the moon was shining again as usual, Paulus had eleven young cows slain and burned as an offering to the gods.

The next day the battle joined. Perseus watched his warriors go forward to meet the Romans. The tall men of Thrace had white shields, black jackets, long pikes. Persians also were among the hired fighters. The young men of Macedon had purple coats, their armor and weapons were glittering, their shields were brass. You have heard of the phalanx (falanks)—how the men of Macedon held their shields close together, so as to form a wall of brass; and over this wall they thrust their long spears. Enemies would charge wildly against the phalanx, but could seldom break through this living and moving fortress. The Romans were not cowed by the phalanx. At three in the afternoon they made the attack, and by sunset the victory was won, and Paulus returned to his tent, which had been covered with ivy and laurel leaves in token of success.

Perseus fled with the horsemen. The foot-soldiers came up with them, and called them cowards, and pulled some from their steeds. The king feared lest he should be treated likewise. He turned his horse off the highroad, rolled up his purple cloak, placed it in a bundle on his saddle, and galloped away wildly. A few friends went with him. None of them felt respect for this timid prince. One stopped to tie his shoe, another to give drink to a horse, a third to take a draught of water himself. One by one they all left him, except a small body-guard of Cretans (men from the Island of Crete), and they only followed him for pay. Perseus had a large treasure with him; and, in terror lest the Cretans should forsake him, he gave them several gold and silver cups. When he reached a place of safety he actually went to the Cretans, and, with tears in his eyes, begged them to return the cups, for which he promised to pay!

The Romans scoured the land in search of the flying king. Perseus took ship, and sailed to an island in the Grecian sea. The Roman galleys pursued him even there. He bargained with a Crete sailor to carry him, his wife, and children, and treasure, in a ship to another land. The Cretan took the gold and silver, but said to Perseus:

"It will not be safe for you to sail by day. My boat will pass the Roman fleet. The Romans will see only me in it, and will not suspect me. Meet me at yonder point tonight, and I will take you and your family on board."

At the time fixed Perseus was there. The Cretan was not there. A passing islander told him the ship had set sail some hours before. In a few days he was a prisoner in the hands of the Romans, and was brought to the general.

Paulus rose from his seat to meet him. Perseus flung himself on the ground, and caught hold, as a slave might, of the general's knees.

"Oh, sir," he groaned, "show mercy on me; oh, show mercy on me, poor wretch that I am!"

"Wretch, indeed," answered Paulus, "to behave thus. We Romans always respect a foe who is brave, and we feel contempt for cowards."

Paulus then conquered Macedonia. Sometimes his soldiers broke loose, and ran riot in the Greek cities, robbing and plundering. But, so far as he was able, the general kept his army in discipline, and he behaved kindly and humanely to the conquered people. At last he sailed back to Rome, where the citizens were waiting to give him a welcome, or Triumph.

In the galley of Perseus the victor was rowed up the river Tiber. The galley was draped in cloth of scarlet and purple, and spears and bucklers taken from the foe shone brightly on its masts and deck. Multitudes of people stood on the river-banks shouting for joy.

On the first day of the welcoming of Æmilius Paulus platforms were set up in the streets of Rome for the people to stand on and watch the procession. The citizens were dressed in white. The gates of all the temples were open, and the temple walls were hung with garlands, and the priests burned sweet incense.

"Here they come!" cried the crowd.

First the lictors, each bearing a bundle of rods. They cleared the way for a long line of chariots, two hundred and fifty in number, conveying images, paintings, and large statues taken from the towns of Macedonia.

On the second day an immense number of wagons filed by, carrying helmets, shields, breast-plates, bucklers, quivers full of arrows, swords, and pikes. After the wagons walked three thousand men in groups of four. Each group of four soldiers bore a box or some such vessel, filled with silver money. There were seven hundred and fifty of these vessels of coin. Other men had bowls, horns, goblets, cups—all of silver.

The last day was the chief day, and all the folk were early astir, clad again in white. Trumpeters sounded a charge. After

them trudged one hundred and twenty fat oxen, their horns being gilded, and their necks gay with flowers. Boys followed with gold and silver vessels in their arms. Next appeared many men who brought seventy-seven chests full of gold coin. A chariot rolled by on which could be seen a man's armor in a heap. It had once belonged to King Perseus.

"Poor children," murmured the people, as they gazed at the next chariot.

In this car were the children of Perseus. They stretched out their hands toward the Roman crowd, begging for mercy. There were two boys and one girl, all young.

King Perseus walked behind this chariot. He was dressed in black, and his feet were shod with sandals. Behind him walked a troop of his courtiers, all looking miserable.

Last, the chariot of Paulus, drawn by four white horses, wreathed with garlands. His tunic was purple; his cloak purple, adorned with golden stars; his shoes gilded. An ivory sceptre was in his left hand, a branch of laurel in his right. A slave stood behind him, holding over his head the golden crown of Jupiter.

The Roman people shouted:

"Yo! yo! yo! Triumph! triumph! triumph! Yo! yo!"

But the slave, every now and then, whispered in the general's ear:

"Ah, but remember you are mortal! Remember you will die!"

Thus the Romans taught themselves to be humble in the midst of their glory.

The soldiers of the army brought up the rear, singing lustily, and shouting, "Yo! Yo! Triumph!"

Alas! the general's heart was sorrowful. Five days before the Triumph his son, aged fourteen, had died.

And another grief was to come. Three days after the Triumph another son, aged twelve, also died.

At a meeting of the citizens Æmilius Paulus spoke.

"Friends," he said, "the winds of Fortune blow soft and fair, and sometimes they blow in dreadful tempest. In fifteen days I conquered Macedonia. I took much spoil, and had princes among my prisoners. Thus did Fortune blow fair. But two of my dear sons are now no more. I have buried them in the days of my triumph. The sons of Perseus, who was conquered, are still alive. The sons of Paulus, who conquered, are dead."

The people listened in deep silence, their hearts touched by the general's grief.

When Æmilius Paulus died the city greatly mourned. His bier (or funeral litter) was carried by young Macedonians and Spaniards. And some old Macedonians and Spaniards went behind, saying:

"He was good to us, even when he conquered us."

Marius
The General Who Ate Dry Bread
155–86 B.C.

"The war in Africa is ended. The Roman eagles have again won great victories."

"Ah," said another Roman to him who had first spoken, "but though the southern foe is beaten, there is a worse foe on the north—beyond the white Alps."

"Who are they?"

"Men like giants, with blue eyes. There are two nations of them: the Cimbri and the Teutons."

"Have we a general who is strong enough to meet them?"

"Yes, we can trust the rough-handed and rough-voiced Marius. He is not a gentleman-soldier who loves to dwell in a tent with soft cushions. He shares with his men. When they have dry bread, he eats the same."

Marius was a man of the people. He lived 155–86 B.C. As a lad he worked in the fields. In the army he acted as a brave fighter, and he rose to be a clever captain, then general. Instead of choosing his warriors from among the land-holders, he chose poor men—men who owned nothing—men who were unemployed. He drilled them; he taught them to bear hardships; they would go anywhere and do anything for Marius.

Near the Alps the Romans had fixed their camp. Two vultures had flown over their heads, and as the birds flapped their wings the Romans shouted for joy. They said it was always a sign of coming victory when the vultures saluted them. The

birds had been caught some time ago, and small brass rings had been fastened round their necks so that they might be known again.

A river ran near the camp. The servants of the army needed water both for themselves and the oxen. They saw some of the Teutons on the banks of the stream. Nevertheless, they went with pitchers to the waterside, taking also their weapons. A skirmish took place on the bank of the river. The enemy quickly gathered their forces. First marched thirty thousand men, all belonging to one tribe, clashing their spears one against the other, and keeping up a roar of voices. Through the river splashed the blue-eyed Teutons. The Romans charged them. The struggle went on till the sun set, and the stars gleamed out over the hills and plains and the two camps.

By night Marius sent a band of three thousand men to steal behind the position of the Teutons, ready to fall upon them by surprise.

At dawn the Roman army began to descend the hill on which they had been encamped. Very slowly they stepped, their front firm as a wall. The fierce giants of the northern forests rushed again and again toward the Roman van, but were thrust back. A shout was heard in the woods behind the Teutons. The three thousand men in ambush issued forth in a rapid run. And now the Teutons broke at last. Thousands and thousands were the prisoners, and all the baggage fell into the hands of the victor Marius. This battle was fought in the year 102 B.C.

Next year (101 B.C.) Marius met the Cimbri in North Italy. Their horsemen were fifteen thousand, and they had helmets shaped like the heads of wild beasts, with nodding plumes; their breast-plates were of glittering iron, their shields of the same metal. From a distance they threw darts, and, when close, they fought with broad and heavy swords. These enemies, also, did the troops of Marius defeat. Strange was

the sight which met the eyes of the Romans as they pursued the retreating Cimbri. The chariots at the rear of the host were filled with women and children. The women aimed arrows at the men that fled, thus slaying, perhaps, their own husbands, or sons, or fathers. They strangled their infants with their own hands; and, last of all, they killed themselves, sooner than fall into the power of the Romans. Such was the courage of the Cimbri women.

No wonder the people of Rome loved Marius, who saved them from the barbarians of the North. He was made consul five years running. And in all his government he showed that he cared rather for the people than for the lordly classes—the rich patricians, or aristocrats. A shrewd man named Sulla formed a strong party of patricians against Marius, and Marius was obliged to fly for his life to the coast and embark in a friendly ship.

You will smile at the way in which his grandson escaped from Sulla. The young man was in a house at night, packing up things which he thought would be useful to Marius in his exile. Time passed; the day dawned; a band of Sulla's horsemen appeared. One of the farmers of the estate saw them coming, and hurriedly hid the young fellow in a cart, which was loaded with beans. The farmer drove his oxen as fast as he could past the horsemen, who saw only the beans in the cart, and not the young Roman, who lay, with a fast-beating heart, underneath!

The ship that carried Marius touched at a point of the coast, and the general, who had been sea-sick, was glad to land. Meeting some countrymen who herded cattle, he asked for refreshment; but they, knowing Marius, said they had nothing to give him, and begged him to leave the district at once, lest Sulla in his wrath should destroy them for sheltering Marius. The ship sailed on. Next day, stopping again, Marius took refuge in a thick wood, sitting with his few companions among the trees, hungry and weary. But he never lost his

spirit.

"Courage, my friends," he said. "When I was, but a child, an eagle's nest, with several young ones, fell into my lap. It was a sign that good-fortune would always come to me sooner or later."

A squadron of horsemen came in sight. Marius and his comrades ran to the beach and plunged into the sea, and it was as much as they could do to reach two ships which happened to be sailing close inshore. The pursuing horsemen shouted:

"You have Marius on board! In the name of Sulla we bid you yield him to us!"

The sailors first thought they would do so; then they thought otherwise. At length they said no. The cavalry departed, cursing as they went. But the sailors dreaded to keep the famous general in their charge. They said the wind was in the wrong quarter, and they must wait. Meanwhile Marius might rest at a grassy spot on shore. They landed him, and sailed away, leaving him all alone.

It was a dreary and desolate country. Marius scrambled over bogs and brooks, and saw a mean cottage in the midst of the fens. Throwing himself at the feet of the cottager, he asked for shelter, for he was trying to escape from foes.

"Come with me," said the good old peasant. Leading Marius to a cave by a riverside, he placed on the ground a bed of dry reeds, and bade the tired general rest there in safety. Soon, however, the noise of pursuers was heard. Marius hastened from the cave, and waded through the muddy marsh, up to his neck in the mire. He was soon discovered; and, soiled and damp, he was carried prisoner to the magistrates of the nearest town.

They resolved he should be put to death, and a man, sword in hand, entered the room where Marius was shut up, intending to slay him. The chamber was dark. Through the dim shadows could just be seen the figure of Marius, his eyes

flashing with scorn as he cried:

"Dost thou dare to kill Marius?"

And such was the majesty of his look and voice that the would-be slayer was terrified, and fled, exclaiming:

"I cannot kill Marius!"

By this time a number of the townspeople had gathered in the hope of saving the general. They swarmed round the prison door.

"Let Marius go," they shouted; "it was he who preserved Italy!"

And he was set free, and the people led him to the seashore, and saw him on board a ship that was provided for him by one of his faithful followers. After a time he landed on the coast of Africa, at the place where broken walls and ruined towns showed that once the proud city of Carthage had stood. He hoped to receive help from the Roman governor of that region. But an officer from the governor came to say that Marius must at once leave the district, or else be treated as an enemy.

Marius sat thinking. He was sad at the idea that he should be driven from place to place like a wild beast. The officer asked what answer he should take.

"Tell your master," said the wanderer, "that you have seen the exile Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage."

I suppose he was reflecting how grand cities may fall, as Carthage did, and how powerful statesmen may also fall from their high estate, as he himself had done.

And so the unhappy general set out on his wanderings once more. Sulla had departed to the East to wage war against the enemies of Rome in Asia. Marius deemed that now his chance was come. He landed on the coast of Tuscany, in northern Italy.

"I proclaim freedom to all slaves who will help me," he said to the people who met him on landing.

Not only slaves, but freemen also, came to his aid—

peasants, shepherds, and other working-men. They thought Marius was the friend of the poor and humble. If he became master of Rome, the needy folk would enjoy good times. Marius soon had a great army. He marched toward Rome, posted his men on a hill overlooking the city, and prepared for the assault.

The senate (that is, the Council of Elders) sent a message to say the city should be surrendered.

And then followed a dreadful scene. A body of blood-thirsty men, specially chosen by Marius, went to and fro in the streets, killing all whom Marius marked out for death. If any man passed by and bowed to Marius, and the old general did not salute in return, it was taken as a signal of doom. The man was at once put to death.

Marius, however, could not forget his own deeds of horror. At night he lay tossing on his bed, thinking of the men he had slain, and thinking how Sulla would come back from Asia; and what then? And a voice seemed always to ring in his ears, saying over and over again the words: "Dread are the slumbers of the distant lion—Dread are the slumbers of the distant lion—Dread are the—"

And thus, feverish in his body and troubled in his mind, he lay sick, and died, aged seventy.

You see what disorder Rome was falling into when one party of the nation fought against the other.

It was a good thing for Rome that a strong will was soon to give order to the land, and give peace to the republic. This strong will was the will of Julius Cæsar.

Tiberius and Caius Gracchus
Two Noble Brothers

circa 163 – 133 B.C. and 154 – 121 B.C.

"Horror! Two snakes on the bed!" shouted a Roman gentleman; and he was about to slay the reptiles.

"Stay, sir!" cried a slave. "Had you not better ask a soothsayer to tell the meaning of the strange sign?"

A soothsayer was fetched. He looked at the wriggling creatures, and, pointing to one and then the other, said:

"If you kill this one, you will soon die. If you kill that one, your wife will die."

The Roman reflected a moment. Then he killed the first one, and the second escaped. And soon afterward (so says the old legend) he died. He loved his wife Cordelia more than he loved his own life.

The good Roman's name was Gracchus (Grakkus), and his two sons were called the Gracchi. One was Tiberius (Ty-beer-ius), born in 168 or 163 B.C., killed 133 B.C., and the other Caius (Ky-us), born about 154 B.C., killed 121 B.C. They died some twenty or thirty years before Julius Cæsar was born. I will tell you a little about each.

Tiberius

He was elected tribune, or the people's man. Any one of the tribunes could stand up in the senate when a law was about to be passed, and cry "Veto!"—"I say no!"—and the law had to drop. Tiberius was a friend of the poorer Romans—the plebs, or commons. In early times, when land was taken

from the foes of the republic, a good deal of it was divided among the people. And none might hold more than two hundred and sixty acres. On such an estate a Roman could live a healthy country life, and the yeomen, or small land-owners, who tilled these farms were stout and honest citizens, who loved the land which they made fruitful. But, little by little, the richer people (patricians) got the land into their own hands, and had it tilled by their slaves; and thus the hard-working freemen were becoming poor and unhappy.

In the forum, or meeting-place, at Rome there was a platform of stone raised eleven feet above the floor of the hall. Along the front of this platform (or rostra) were two rows of bronze beaks of ships captured from enemies in sea-fights. Tiberius would mount the rostra, and look down upon a crowd of the citizens, and say:

"The wild beasts of Italy have caves to crouch in, but the brave men who shed their blood for the fatherland have nothing left them but the air they breathe and the light of heaven. They have no houses, no settled homes; they wander to and fro with their wives and children. When a battle is about to begin, the generals bid their soldiers fight for the hearths which the household gods watch over; but, alas! these men have no hearths. The Romans make war to gain riches for the rich, and yet have no plots of land which they can call their own."

The people in the forum and in the poorer streets listened to such words with great joy.

The wealthy folk frowned, and murmured to one another that Tiberius must be hindered from stirring up the commons. They had secret talks with a tribune named Octavius. He promised to say "Veto" to any law that gave land to the plebs —the masses of the people. And so nothing could be done. Tiberius would step to the platform behind the ships' beaks, and speak of the happy days that would dawn when the plebs were land-owners. But Octavius was always there, ready to

say "Veto."

The people were filled with wrath.

"No longer shall you be the people's man!" they shouted.

Octavius was thrust out of the office of tribune; the law for giving allotments of land to the commons was passed.

When Tiberius Gracchus had acted as tribune for one year he wished to be people's man again, though this was against the Roman rule. The rich patricians resolved that he should not again take office. His life was in danger. The night before the Election Day a crowd of his friends set up tents in front of his house to guard it against attack.

In the morning vast crowds of electors covered the slopes of the Capitol hill. They cheered wildly as Tiberius came in sight. But a band of his opponents forced their way toward him. Clubs and bludgeons were raised in deadly warfare. Men pushed hither and thither. Some hundreds of Romans were done to death. Tiberius was felled by a blow with a stool. A second blow crushed out his life. His body was flung into the river, and the people, cowed and beaten, mourned for their dead leader.

Caius

Now Caius, the younger brother of the brave Roman of whose death I have told you, was of a hotter blood than Tiberius. Indeed, he himself knew his temper was violent and his words oftentimes too strong. So he bade a slave carry a small ivory pipe, which, when blown, gave out a sweet and low note. Perhaps Caius was talking in a loud key.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that, as sure as I stand here—"

Then a gentle "Hoo-oo" would be heard from the ivory pipe, and Caius would drop into a lower tone!

Perhaps some of you girls and boys might talk more nicely if you heard the ivory pipe now and then!

After the death of his brother Caius lived for a while in a quiet manner, wishing to keep clear of brawls and tumults.

But (so the old story goes) the ghost of Tiberius rose up before him in a dream, saying:

"Why do you loiter, Caius? There is but one way to take. Both you and I are fated to go that road. We must die the same death. Both of us have to suffer for the people's sake."

And so it came to pass that he took the side of the plebs, and they gave their votes that he should be a tribune, and for a time he had much power.

The plebs loved him. Once, when a show of gladiators was to be held in a public place in Rome, certain persons were allowed by the magistrates to put up stands round about, in order that seats might be let for hire. Thus the common people who could not afford to pay for admission would be shut out from the exciting scene of the gladiators in combat. Perhaps you will say that it was not right to set men fighting each other in that way. Yes, that is true; but the Romans had different ideas from ours. And if people were to see the show at all, it was not fair to permit only the folks with money to witness it.

Well, in the night the tribune, Caius Gracchus, led a band of workmen to the place, and bade them break down the stands. Next day the plebs found a clear space for them, and they enjoyed the spectacle of the gladiators, and praised the tribune.

You know that the Roman tribes were only part of the people of Italy. The Romans were freemen and citizens. The rest of the Italians had no vote in the ruling of the republic. As we say today, they did not possess the franchise. Caius wished to give the franchise to the Italians. The patricians had no wish to give votes to so many more thousands of the common folk. They hated Caius.

A piece of land was chosen at Carthage, on the African coast, for a number of poor Romans to emigrate to; and Caius went to this spot to help arrange the new colony.

His enemies said he did his work badly, and he was

summoned to a meeting on the Capitol hill to defend himself. Men's hearts foreboded an evil time. The night before the trial the friends of Caius guarded his door. In the morning his wife knelt, and held her son by one hand, her husband by the other, and begged Caius not to go to death. But he went forth like a brave man.

Angry tempers and angry words led to blows, and soon a dreadful massacre began. Caius was left with but three persons—one was his slave, the others were two faithful friends. The little party retreated to a narrow wooden bridge. The two friends defended the passage, and were cut down. Caius and his loyal slave died together in the Temple of the Furies, in the grove of trees just beyond the bridge.

The mother of the two noble brothers lived for some years afterward in peace in a country villa, much revered by all who knew her. A statue of her was set up, and on its base were carved the Latin words: "Cornelia Mater Grac-chor-um"—that is, Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi.

Cornelia
The Mother of the Gracchi
190 – 100 B.C.

Of the many thousands to whom "the mother of the Gracchi" is a familiar phrase, very few comparatively know anything about the Gracchi or their mother. Yet Cornelia may be called the greatest of all Roman matrons, the daughter of the greatest Roman general of his time, the wife of a virtuous and distinguished statesman, and the mother of two sons, who, with one daughter, were all that reached maturity out of a family of twelve children, whose brilliant talents and tragic endings form two of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the later Roman Commonwealth.

The pride of Cornelia in her sons Tiberius Empronius Gracchus and Caius Gracchus was shown by the fact that she accounted her maternal relationship to them her supreme claim to honor and respect. When left a widow in the prime of womanhood, she refused many advantageous offers of a second marriage through the honorable pride she took in her husband's memory and in the education of her children; and when the great King Ptolemy himself, charmed with her virtues, intellect and accomplishments, offered to make her his Queen and the sharer of his kingdom, she refused to exchange Roman widow's weeds for the splendors of a court. When a companion lady, noticing the severe plainness of her apparel, asked her, "Where are your jewels?" Cornelia introduced her sons and said, with a true mother's pride, that they were the only jewels she could boast of possessing. And when

those sons were dead, both of them murdered at the Capitol, though at different times, she bore her grief heroically, and when a friend condoled with her, replied, "The woman who had the Gracchi for her sons cannot be considered unfortunate." No stronger proof can be adduced of her being esteemed the noblest of Roman matrons than the fact that at her death the people erected a brass statue to her memory, bearing on it the legend: "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

Sulla
The Red General
138 – 78 B.C.

"Fire!" shouted the soldiers.

Fire, indeed, not of a burning house, but in the form of huge flames that shot up from a hole in the ground.

The whole army halted to watch the strange sight, and the general, whose name was Sulla, called up the soothsayers to explain the meaning of the fire. They whispered among each other for a while, and then one of them spoke:

"General, just as this flame has shot up suddenly from the earth, so there will arise in Italy a noble man, brave and handsome, who will put an end to the disorders that trouble the Roman Republic."

Sulla smiled.

"That man is myself. As to beauty, my golden locks of hair are proof of that. As to courage, I have been through battles enough to show my mettle."

Perhaps the flames were a kind of volcanic fire.

Other strange omens (or signs) took place, and were supposed to foretell the terrible events that were to happen in Italy. One day, the sky being bright and clear, there came from the heavens the sound of a trumpet, loud and shrill; and yet no trumpet was seen! And on another day, while the Roman senate were sitting, a sparrow flew into the hall where they were assembled, with a grasshopper in its mouth. It bit the grasshopper in two. The diviners (or soothsayers) then declared this to be a sign that the people of Italy would be

divided into two parties. The people were, alas! divided into two parties in war; but you need not believe in the tale of the trumpet. As to the other story, it was not a very wonderful thing that a sparrow should bite an insect into two parts!

The name "Sulla," or Sylla, means "red," and this Roman general was so named because his skin was of a strong red color. His eyes were blue and fierce. His temper was wilful and cruel. And yet he sometimes seemed to care only for mirth and jollity, and he would spend hours and days in the company of clowns and dancers. He lived from about 138 B.C. to 78 B.C.

The King of Pontus (in Asia Minor) was Mithridates (Mith-ri-da-teez), and he had sent his armies into Greece. The Romans sent Sulla to turn them out.

The Red General halted before a Greek city—it opened its gates; before another—it opened its gates; before another—it opened its gates. Everywhere the citizens had the sense to yield to Rome, for they knew Rome would be sure to master the King of Pontus. But the city of Athens would not yield. Sulla laid siege to the city. So resolved was he to take it that he brought up against its walls an immense number of siege-engines; so many that ten thousand mules were employed to draw them. Being very eager to obtain money to carry on the war, he sent a messenger to the famous temple of Apollo the Sun-god at Delphi (Del-fi), bidding the priests give up their treasures.

"Hark!" said the priests to the messenger, "do you not hear the sound of a lyre? It is the Sun-god himself who strikes the strings and makes music in the inner chamber of the temple."

The messenger wrote a letter relating this story to Sulla. The Red General laughed, and replied that the Sun-god was playing a melody to show how pleased he would be to oblige Sulla with his gold! So the poor priests had to surrender their precious store, and even had to hand over a huge silver urn

which they prized very much.

Meanwhile the people of Athens were starving. They had to eat roots, and even gnawed leather. The commander of the garrison at last sent out some men to beg for peace. But they stupidly talked in a boastful manner about the great heroes who fought for Athens in the olden days.

"Go, my noble souls," said Sulla to them, in a sneering tone, "and take back your fine speeches with you. I was not sent to Athens to learn its ancient history, but to chastise its rebellious people."

Soon afterward the city was taken, and many were the slain in its streets.

An army of the King of Pontus held a strong position on a rocky hill. Two Greeks came to Sulla, and offered to lead a band of men to the top, so as to surprise the foe from the rear. Sulla gave them a small troop of Romans. They climbed a narrow path, unobserved by the Asiatics. Sulla attacked in front. The Romans at the summit of the mountain raised a loud yell, and began to descend. The enemy hurried down, springing from rock to rock, only to be met by the spears of Sulla's legions. Fifteen thousand men in the Asiatic army were slaves. They had been promised their freedom if they beat the Romans; but only a few of them escaped with their lives.

Not long afterward a second battle was fought. The foe were posted near a marsh. Sulla ordered his men to cut trenches, so that these ditches should keep the Asiatics from escaping one way, while his horsemen drove them toward the muddy marshes in another direction. But the enemy set furiously upon the diggers, who fled in confusion. Then the Red General seized a wooden eagle from a standard-bearer, and pushed his way through the runners, crying:

"Yonder, Romans, is the bed of honor I am to die in! When you are asked where you deserted your general, mind you say it was here!"

These words roused a sense of shame in his men. They rallied to his support, and the struggle ended in another victory for the soldiers of the republic. Soon Greece was free from the power of Mithridates, and he was fain to make peace.

Sulla suffered from the gout, and he betook himself to a hot spring, the waters of which were said to have a healing effect; and there he bathed his swollen feet, and lived lazily for a while, and sported with his dancers and buffoons.

When on his march to the shores of the Adriatic Sea, on his return to Italy, he passed a place where the grass and trees were of a most beautiful green. And here was brought to the Red General a most peculiar-looking person—a Wild Man of the Woods—who had been found asleep on the ground.

"This is a satyr," said the people, who led the strange creature to Sulla.

A satyr (sat-ir) was often carved by the old Greek sculptors. They made him appear as a mischievous-looking man, with a pug nose, curly hair, ears with pointed tips like goats' ears, and short tail. The satyrs used to play travellers in the woods many tricks, and then laugh at the vexation they caused. According to the story, the satyr who was shown to Sulla could not talk any language. He was asked questions in Latin, in Greek, in Persian, but all to no purpose; he replied in a noise that sounded like the neigh of a horse or the bleat of a goat. Sulla was shocked at the sight, and ordered the so-called satyr to be taken away.

Well, it was indeed sad to see this deformed creature, and hear his harsh voice. But what shall we say to Sulla himself? He had the form of a man; his limbs were well-shapen; his mind was clever; yet his deeds were brutal. When he arrived in Italy he made his way toward Rome. It was his intention to crush down the people's party—the plebeians. He belonged to the upper class, or patricians. All over Italy there were brave and honest men who worked hard in field or trade, or served in the Roman armies, and yet were not allowed to rank

as freemen, and had no vote in public affairs. Many of these men had raised a rebellion, and some had received the title of freemen; but there was still sore discontent over the land, and great was the hatred between the mass of the common folk and the rich patrician class to which Sulla belonged.

A battle took place close to the walls of Rome. Sulla won, and entered the city. There is a dreadful tale that he had six thousand prisoners crowded into a yard and all put to death, and that he made a speech to the Roman senate while the cries of the unhappy prisoners were plainly heard. He had lists of citizens written up in a public place, the lists being the names of "proscribed," or condemned, citizens. All must die, and their property was given to strangers. One day eighty were proscribed; the next day, two hundred and twenty; the third day, two hundred and twenty more. He declared himself dictator, having all power of life and death. The people's party were in deep distress; the patricians were glad.

When he thought he had quite cowed the people's party he gave up his high office, and lived as a common citizen, and walked about the streets without a guard. Then he retired to a villa at the seaside, and died in the year 79 B.C. At his funeral a vast amount of cinnamon and other sweet spices was burned. But his memory was not sweet. Who could love the memory of a man who had caused so much pain and grief?

Rather would we honor the memory of a Roman in a certain city which was doomed by Sulla. An enormous number of captives, whom Sulla called rebels, were ordered to be slain—all except one, at whose house the Red General had once passed some agreeable hours.

"No," said this noble Roman, "I will not live while so many of my fellow-citizens die unjustly."

And he mixed with the people, and his dead body lay with theirs. His name is unknown, but we will salute the nameless hero.

Sertorius
The White Fawn
circa 126 – 72 B.C.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Spaniards who were watching from the walls of a city. "Our brave fellows are coming back! They are waving their swords! They have beaten Sertorius and his Romans!"

"Open the gates!" cried others.

The citizens streamed out, raising joyful cheers. But what was their terror when, all of a sudden, their supposed friends fell upon them, killing and wounding right and left!

The leader, Sertorius, was a most wily man. He had disguised his soldiers in Spanish dress, and thus deceived the citizens. Soon the town was in the hands of the Romans, and many of the inhabitants were sold into slavery.

I said he was wily. But not cowardly. He faced danger without flinching. In one of his battles he lost an eye. He used to speak proudly of his loss.

"Ah," he said, "some warriors have chains and crowns as a reward for their victories. But they cannot always wear the chains and crowns, while I carry my token of battle about with me!"

For a while Sertorius stayed in Rome, hoping to rise to a place of power. But Sulla, the Red General, was his foe, and he deemed it wise to retire to Spain, where he held out against Sulla's rule. The Red General sent armies to subdue him, but Sertorius, as clever as he was brave, succeeded in escaping by sea. A violent storm nearly broke up his fleet of ships. He

landed again in the south of Spain, near the water-passage now known as the Strait of Gibraltar. At this point he met a party of seamen, who had just come back from the western sea.

"Where have you been?" he asked these sailors.

"Sir," they said, "we have been on the great sea, as far as the Fortunate Islands, a thousand miles from here."

"What kind of islands are they?"

"Rain seldom falls there; the breeze blows soft; the air is sweet; the soil is rich. We think these islands must be the Happy Fields of which the poet Homer sings."

"I will go and see this happy land for myself," said Sertorius.

But his plan was never carried out. He crossed to Morocco, and helped the prince of the Moors to regain his lost throne; and while he was in Africa a message came to him from Spain.

"We look to you," was the message, "as our captain, to defend us against the Romans."

So here was a Roman, acting as leader of the Spanish people against his own republic. This was not because he hated his own country, but because he thought Rome had fallen into the power of men who would do no real good.

One day a Spaniard brought to General Sertorius a beautiful young deer. The little creature was white all over, and soon became attached to her Roman master, following him about like a dog, even amid the clash and bustle of the camp. At length the idea occurred to him that he might make great use of the white fawn. He told the Spaniards this creature had been given him by the huntress Diana, goddess of the crescent moon.

One day he brought out the white fawn covered with flowers.

"Victory! victory!" he cried to the Spanish folk who crowded round. "My troops have gained a victory over the

army of Sulla."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"My friend the fawn has told me so."

"Can the creature speak?"

"Yes. The goddess Diana has given it the power to tell me secrets."

The simple Spaniards believed the story. As a matter of fact, news of the battle had been brought to him by a messenger; and he kept the tidings quiet till after he had led out the white fawn. Then the messenger appeared in public, as if he had only just arrived, and gave out the news of the victory! No doubt Sertorius found the fawn useful in making him seem very wise; but he was deceiving the poor Spaniards.

Four Roman generals were in the field against him; but so cunning and quick was Sertorius that he defeated each, though they had one hundred and twenty thousand footmen, six thousand horsemen, and two thousand bowmen and slingers. When the Spaniards were hard pressed by the enemy they took to the mountains, where the heavily armed Romans could not follow. Sertorius, like his Spanish soldiers, could bear much hardship. He could sleep on the bare ground, or even, if need be, could go without sleep several days and nights running; his food was very plain, and he drank no wine. He drilled the Spaniards after the Roman manner, and allowed them to use golden ornaments for their helmets and shields. In one city he set up a fine school, where the sons of Spanish chiefs were taught by Roman teachers to speak and read and write Latin and Greek. The pupils of the school wore coats with purple edging.

Some of his Spanish and Moorish troops did not fall in with his ideas about order and discipline. They wanted to rush into battle in their wild, native way, each fighting for himself, and thinking that the force of blows was sure to win, never troubling about moving at the general's command. One day these disorderly warriors were badly beaten by the steady-eyed

and steady-handed Romans; and at the end of the day they sat round their camp-fires, unhappy and hopeless. A few days afterward Sertorius taught them a lesson. Before his assembled army he had two horses led out, one weak and old, the other strong and big, with a large tail. A small man stood by the big horse, and a tall, burly man stood by the weak horse.

"You two men," said Sertorius, "are each to pull out the tail of the horse you stand by."

The big man tugged at the little horse's tail with all his might, but could do nothing, and the crowd of warriors shrieked with laughter.

Meanwhile the small man was quietly picking out the tail of the big horse, one hair at a time, till the tail was all gone! Then Sertorius spoke:

"My friends, you who dash madly into battle, without heed and without sense, are like the big fellow who tugs and tugs and gains nothing. The other man has used less force of muscle, but he has used more intelligence; he has thought out a wise plan, and stuck to it till it succeeded."

The Spaniards understood, and paid more attention to his directions. They saw that wit was often more valuable than brute strength.

For instance, he led his troops against the hill-tribes who lived by robbing villages and cities. The robbers lived in caves, as some Spanish gypsies do to this day. The soldiers of Sertorius could not climb up the steep paths and capture the robbers, who retired like rabbits to their burrows. The general noticed that the clay in that district was light and crumbling and dusty. He also observed that, at certain times, the north wind blew. So he bade his men heap up clay, and stamp on it, and let the horses trample up and down it, until great clouds of dust arose, which was blown by the north wind into the robbers' caves. The hill-folk could scarcely breathe for the dust, and had to surrender.

Once the white hind was lost (for the fawn was now

grown into a hind), and Sertorius was in much trouble. Some of his soldiers found her, and brought her to the general. He told these men to say nothing about it, and for a few days he kept the animal in hiding.

He called the Spaniards together for a public meeting about the business of the country. He seemed all smiles.

"I feel sure," he said to the Spanish chiefs, "that a great good-fortune will happen to me today. I have been told so in a dream."

Just then a servant let the hind loose. It ran out to its master, and licked his right hand. The Spaniards shouted themselves hoarse in their surprise and pleasure!

These tricks do not show Sertorius in the best light. He did what many clever people have done: he made a profit out of the ignorance of people less intelligent than himself.

But another story will show the nobler side of his nature. Sertorius had made himself so powerful, and he was so respected by the native chiefs, that they resolved to elect him Prince of the Spanish nation. They were about to offer him this honor in an assembly of the tribes. Just then news came to him that his mother had died. His father had died many years before, and the mother had brought him up with much loving care. Sertorius retired to his tent. For seven days he would not come forth. Each day his officers came to the door and begged him to come among the people. But he lay on the ground in sign of deep mourning, and would not appear in the assembly until the week was ended.

He had now a kind of council to assist him in the government, which he called a senate; and such was his fame that the King of Pontus, the great Mithridates, sent and offered him his friendship.

At length, however, his Roman officers and senators became jealous of his high rank and power. As he sat at supper one evening in 72 B.C., he was slain by the hands of assassins.

What happened to the white hind I do not know.

Lucullus
Battle-Fields and Gardens

circa 110 – 57 B.C.

The snow fell fast and thick. Ten cohorts of Roman foot-soldiers (a cohort was about six hundred men) were struggling through the storm. There were also cavalry soldiers, and their horses slipped on the frosted ground. Some men sank in the drifts, overcome by the cold. But the general, Lucullus (Lu-kul-lus), who lived from about 110 B.C. to about 57 B.C., bade the army go on in spite of the tempest. They caught up the enemy—the army of Mithridates, King of Pontus, and killed many, and took fifteen thousand prisoners.

The King of Pontus escaped by water, and sailed with many galleys on the Black Sea. A storm arose. Many of his ships were wrecked, and broken timber and rigging strewed the shores for miles. The royal galley was filling with water. A boat rowed by Black Sea pirates was passing, and the king was glad enough of their help to reach the coast of Pontus.

The Roman general was a man of strong will. You see how he could make a king fly for his life, and his own soldiers would dare snow, hail, wounds, and death at his command.

When the King of Pontus renewed the war he pitched his camp on a plain among the mountains and forests. The Roman camp was not far off. One day some of the king's men ran, with loud shouts, after a deer. A number of Romans rushed from their camp to attack the Asiatics. A skirmish took place. The Romans began to retreat.

Lucullus had watched the fight from the wall of his camp

(for you know the camps were surrounded by walls of earth, with gates in them). Alone he leaped from the wall, and walked toward the place of battle.

"Halt!" he cried to the first men that came up.

They halted; the rest rallied also. They made a firm stand against the enemy, and in the end drove them back to their camp.

But Lucullus was not satisfied. He called together all the army. The men who had fled from the foe were ordered to strip off their coats and girdles, and dig a trench twelve feet long. The rest of the soldiers watched the digging. This digging was counted a great disgrace.

A few days afterward the Romans burst into the Asiatic camp. The king's troops gave way in panic, snatching plunder even from their own friends. One of their own captains was slain for the sake of the purple robe he wore. King Mithridates was swept along in a crowd of soldiers that were pushing through a gateway of the camp. The Romans were close upon him when a mule happened to trot by. On its back was a sack of gold. The pursuers at once seized it, and quarrelled with one another as to who should have the yellow metal. Meanwhile the king escaped.

Step by step, the Romans became masters of all Asia Minor. The King of Pontus fled to his son-in-law, Tigranes (Tig-ra-neez), king of the hilly land of Armenia. A Roman named Appius was sent to the court of the King of Armenia.

This king kept great state. Whenever he rode out four footmen in short jackets ran before him, fleet as horses. These footmen had once been kings themselves.

Tigranes sat on his throne. The four kings stood by with their hands clasped together as a sign of their slavery. A large number of courtiers wore splendid robes.

Appius the Roman glanced round the shining throng without fear.

"I come, sir," he said, "from my chief, Lucullus. He asks

you to give up to him the person of Mithridates, King of Pontus."

"What for?" asked the king, trying to look as if he cared naught for the Roman power.

"To follow in the train of Lucullus when he goes through the streets of Rome in triumph."

"And suppose I will not yield him up?"

"Then, sir, the Romans will declare war against you."

All the hearers wondered. Such bold speaking to the king they had never heard before.

War was declared. Near the Taurus mountains, capped with snow, lay the chief city of Armenia. Tigranes had collected an immense host of horsemen, archers, and slingers. Thirty-five thousand pioneers were employed to level the roads, to build bridges, and to provide wood and water for the warriors.

On the flat land by the river and the city was drawn the small army of Lucullus. Six thousand kept an eye on the city, eleven thousand prepared to attack the vast host of Tigranes.

From the hills the king looked down at the little band of Romans as it moved toward the river. His Armenians laughed at the smallness of the enemy's force.

"The Romans are afraid! They are marching away!" rose the cry.

It seemed so. Only one courtier thought otherwise.

"Sir," he said to the king, "the Romans do not put on their helmets and polish their shields so brightly when they wish to retreat."

Presently the Romans wheeled to the right. They had reached a ford. The foremost man, carrying an eagle, splashed into the river; and the rest followed in order.

"Are these men coming against us?" exclaimed Tigranes; and he hastily arranged his troops to meet the onset.

As Lucullus was about to enter the river, one of his officers said:

"Sir, this is a black day in Roman story. It was on this day—the sixth of October—that the Cimbri from the north once defeated our countrymen in Italy."

"I will make this day a happier one for the Romans," replied Lucullus.

The armies met in the shock of war. Lucullus, with a division of troops, climbed a hill, and called to his men:

"The victory is ours, my fellow-soldiers! The victory is ours!"

It was indeed. An awful mass of dead was left in the valleys; and yet (so it is said) the Romans only had five killed and one hundred wounded. Such was the defeat of the vain king who despised the fewness of the enemy.

Far among the Armenian mountains Lucullus pushed his way. Never had Romans been so far from home. They were toiling up rocky passes, slipping over snow-drifts, tramping through great and lonely forests. At length their patience gave out. There could be no use in conquering more of this wild region. Lucullus heard their murmurs, and ordered a retreat.

Not long afterward he returned to Rome, and his place in Asia Minor was taken by the famous general Pompey.

Grand was the triumph of Lucullus in the city of Rome. In the procession were to be seen ten Asiatic chariots, armed with scythes attached to the wheels; sixty captive nobles; one hundred and ten galleys with brass beaks in front (these, of course, were drawn on wagons); a statue of King Mithridates, all of gold, six feet high; twenty loads of silver vessels; thirty-two loads of gold cups and coins; eight mules carrying gold bedsteads; fifty-six mules carrying lumps of silver, and one hundred and seven mules carrying silver money.

And now, after all these hard campaigns and victories, what do you think Lucullus did?

You have heard of the Bay of Naples—its blue sea, the hills draped with green trees and vines, and the mountain

Vesuvius that rises behind. On this lovely coast the old Roman general had resolved to settle down—to eat, drink, and be merry. Here he raised a splendid villa, or mansion, with many chambers. All about the place you could see marble, gold, silver, rich purple carpets. Many slaves moved from room to room. Fountains shot up sprays of water to make the sitting-rooms cool and musical. At dinner the gentlemen ate while slaves played on sweet flutes. He had another villa near Rome, in which there was more than one great dinner-room, the largest being called Apollo.

One day, being in the forum at Rome, he met his two friends—Cicero, the orator, who lived from 106 B.C. to 43 B.C., and Pompey, the soldier.

"Good-day, Lucullus," said Cicero. "We have not spent an evening with you lately."

"Nothing would please me better than to entertain you tonight to dinner."

"Many thanks; but you are not to prepare a grand reception for us. We want to dine with you just in the ordinary way."

"My dear Cicero, you shall hear my orders to the servant. They will be very plain and simple." Calling a slave, he said:

"My two friends and I will dine in the Apollo this evening."

"Yes, sir."

That was all. But when they reached the villa the Apollo chamber was decked with gold, silver, purple carpets. The dishes on the table were golden. Bands of musicians played. Dancers danced on the polished floor. Roses were scattered. The feast cost many thousands of dollars.

Lucullus had rooms fitted up for books, and scholars (or learned men) might come in and read, or sit under the portico and discuss. He had galleries full of pictures and statues, which cost vast sums of money.

Round his villas he had great gardens laid out, where you

could sit under the shade of cedars; where the palm rose high over myrtles and fig-trees; where flowers formed lovely beds; where fountains glittered; where people could walk along winding paths, under archways of green. And in his gardens at Naples, Lucullus built big ponds, the water coming from the neighboring sea, and in the ponds large numbers of fish were kept.

Such were the villas and gardens of Lucullus. Was it right of him to spend so much wealth on such pleasures?

Perhaps you say the money was his own. He had won it in the wars.

He had certainly fought hard in the wars; but so had his army, and they went home from the battle-fields to hard toil in the fields, and to mean houses. And, besides this, masses of people in Italy were poor and needy. Was it right to feast so grandly while these people were in such different circumstances?

Again, the villas and gardens could not be kept up without slave labor. Behind the splendor of the house there were hid a host of men and women who were not free.

And again, the villas and gardens were the private property of one man. If they had been made beautiful for the whole of the people to enjoy, we might admire them more. Even then I cannot see that life is any more bright and joyous for so much gold and silver.

Do not forget, also, that the wealth of Lucullus was robbed from the folk of Asia. How many of them had to live more wretched lives and pay more taxes because of the gardens of Lucullus!

Pompey
The Conqueror of Pirates
106 – 48 B.C.

"I am a Roman!"

"A Roman, sir? We beg your pardon, sir. O, kind Roman, forgive us for making you prisoner!"

With this cry the pirates fell on their knees, and smote their thighs with the palms of their hands. Some ran to tie his shoe-buckle; others brought him the toga, or gown, that had been dragged off his shoulders.

It was only done in mockery. These wild sea-robbers were at war with Rome and all the world. They had no fear of Romans.

Presently the prisoner was led to a ladder at the side of the big galley.

"Go in peace," said the pirates, with a sneer.

The Roman shrank from stepping down into the water. He was pushed forward, and fell into the sea and was drowned.

These pirates came from Cilicia, a province of Asia Minor, where they had whole villages and towns in their possession, as well as castles on the hilltops. Large numbers of persons who were discontented with Roman rule joined the roving warriors of the sea, and their galleys swarmed all over the Mediterranean. They made sudden attacks on cities on the coast, and at one place seized and carried off two officers (prætors) and their servants. And they plundered the holy temples of Apollo and other gods. Their ships were shaded by

purple awnings, the back parts were gilded, the oars were plated with silver, and bands of musicians played while the pirates drank and danced. So much damage was done by this navy of robbers, who swept the sea from Syria to the Pillars of Hercules (Strait of Gibraltar), that the senate of Rome discussed means of putting an end to the pirate power. They resolved to send Pompey to do this dangerous work. Great was the joy of the citizens when they heard that Pompey was to take command. They had faith in his skill and courage.

In three months he had cleared the sea of these troublesome folk. He had five hundred galleys. He divided the whole Mediterranean Sea into thirteen parts, and placed a lieutenant over each, with a portion of the fleet. Then, sailing and rowing from the west, Pompey advanced, driving the pirates before him—eastward, eastward—fighting and capturing as he went, till the last of the robber ships surrendered. Pompey landed troops in Cilicia, and engaged in battle with the last of the pirate tribes. After his victory the villages, towns, and forts yielded. He had taken ninety ships with beaks of brass. There were twenty thousand prisoners, but instead of slaying them Pompey showed a merciful spirit, and placed them as colonists in various cities in Asia Minor and Greece. This was in 67 B.C.

Great were the wars of Pompey in Asia. He and his valiant Romans carried the eagles of the republic over rocky hills, over rivers, marshes, deserts, through forests, among wild tribes, among the Armenians, the Syrians, the Jews, the Arabs. They took a thousand castles and nine hundred cities.

Perhaps he would think to himself sometimes: "Some day I may be master of all the Roman world, from Spain in the west to the palm-trees of Arabia in the east."

Two other men, Crassus the Rich and Julius Cæsar, were also men of power. There was a senate of noblemen who still sat and talked in the forum at Rome, but they could not manage to govern so large a domain of land and sea, and many of

them only thought how to make themselves and their families wealthy. The three generals, Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, divided the lordship among them—Cæsar commanded the army in Gaul; Pompey had Spain and Africa; Crassus went to the east, where he was slain, as I have already told you.

Pompey gave the people of Rome a grand theatre, and provided splendid shows. Five hundred lions were let out of cages, and fought in the arena, or open space, amid the shouts of the citizens; and eighteen elephants waged battle with armed men. The people cheered Pompey when he passed through the streets. One year he acted as consul. The rich people—the patricians—were on his side. He lifted his head in pride, and dreamed that he would be the highest man in Rome. Some of his friends said to him:

"Beware of Cæsar! He will return from Gaul, and try to make himself master of Rome."

Pompey smiled.

"If," he replied, "I only stamp my foot in Italy an army will appear."

Cæsar felt that Rome needed one strong will to put the State in order, and to give just rule to the far-off provinces—Spain, Africa, Asia, Greece, and the rest. He was ready to take up the task. By rapid marches he brought his army to Rome. Thousands of Pompey's soldiers left him, and went over to Cæsar's side.

The senators ran to Pompey. One of them cried out:

"O Pompey, you have deceived us!"

Another bade him stamp on the ground to make an army appear, as he had once boasted he was able to do.

Before long Pompey had fled from Italy, his troops crossing the sea in five hundred ships to the hill-country north of Greece. He had seven thousand horsemen, all men of rich and noble families, and masses of foot-soldiers.

Among others who joined Pompey was Tidius Sextius, a lame old man, who came limping into the camp. Many of the

soldiers laughed at this crippled warrior. They thought he could be of little use in the war.

But Pompey had a generous spirit. He rose up and ran to meet him, and showed Sextius much courtesy. He considered that a man who would give up the comfort of his home, and come to the wars for the sake of a friend, deserved honor and respect.

Early one August morning, in the year 48 B.C., the red cloak—the signal of battle—was hoisted over Cæsar's tent on the plain of Pharsalia (Far-say'-lia). Pompey's tents were adorned with myrtle leaves; the soldiers' beds were strewn with flowers; wine-cups were set ready on the tables for a feast. The patrician knights made sure of victory over Cæsar's common bowmen and swordsmen. The haughty spirit of Pompey's men was soon to be broken.

Cæsar said to his foot-soldiers:

"Keep your javelins in your hands till Pompey's horsemen are close upon you. Then aim your short spears at their faces. These young gentlemen will not care to let the steel touch their fair cheeks."

And that happened. Pompey's cavalry recoiled from the shower of javelins, and they fled in panic. Before the day was out the army of Cæsar was rushing, like a mighty tide, upon the scattered troops of the man who had been called Pompey the Great.

Hurrying from the dreadful place of defeat, Pompey rode to a far valley, where he was glad to kneel by a brook and quench his thirst. Then he rode on—Cæsar and death were in pursuit. The blue sea came in view. On the shore, in a poor fisherman's cabin, the beaten general slept at night. At gray dawn he set off in a small river-boat, and was rowed along the coast till a friendly galley took him on board.

Cornelia, his wife, heard of his ruin. She lay a long time on the ground, without saying one word. His ship—he had but this one—lay in the harbor. At length she rose and went

down to the sea. Pompey hastened to meet her on the beach. She hung upon his neck, exclaiming:

"Alas, my dear husband, that I should see you reduced to one poor galley. There was a time when you commanded five hundred vessels."

"Cornelia," he answered, "we have fallen from great things to this wretched condition; but we may also rise again to great things."

A number of his ships now sailed to his aid, and some of his followers had rejoined him. They resolved to cross over to Egypt. After a safe voyage, Pompey's small fleet lay at anchor off the Egyptian coast. Messengers were sent ashore to ask the young King of Egypt to grant shelter to Pompey.

One of the king's advisers said:

"If you receive Pompey, you will have Cæsar for your enemy. If you send him away, he may one day have revenge. The best plan is to invite him on shore and kill him. Dead men do not bite."

A small fishing-boat approached Pompey's galley. It contained only four or five men. They asked the general to go with them, and he did so.

They rowed in silence. Cornelia and her friends watched from the deck of the galley. Pompey sat reading a paper which he had written. He presently noticed that one of the rowers was a man who had served with him in the wars.

"I think you were once a fellow-soldier?"

The man only nodded in reply.

The boat touched the shore. Pompey placed his hand on the shoulder of Philip, his slave, and was about to step out. A stab from behind caused him to fall. Other blows followed. Pompey wrapped his cloak over his head, and lay on the sand and died. He was just fifty-nine years old.

A shriek was heard from the galley. Cornelia had seen the murder. A wind was springing up; the fleet set sail. Only a few slaves kept guard over the general's body.

Philip began to make a heap of wood for a funeral pile on which to burn the body of his master. An old Roman soldier, who had fought under Pompey many years before, happened to pass.

"Let me," he said, "assist you to do the last honors to the greatest general Rome has produced."

The next day the people who sailed along that coast saw the flames and smoke of the pile. Philip, the faithful servant, was standing by.

The head was not burned. It was kept till Julius Cæsar arrived. A man brought it to him as soon as he landed, thinking he would be pleased.

But no such thing. He turned his face away in horror.

Another person gave him Pompey's seal, with which the dead general used to stamp his letters and other papers. On the seal was engraved a lion holding a sword in its paws.

As Cæsar took the seal the tears came into his eyes. And in those tears you see the noble spirit of a Roman.

Marcus Tullius "Tully" Cicero

106 – 43 B.C.

"You ought to change your name."

"My name is not a bad one!"

"No, but it is an odd one. Who would like to be called 'Vetch'? Vetch is food for cattle."

"Well," replied the man whose name was Vetch, "I will make my name glorious in the history of Rome, though it has a common sound."

In Latin the word for "vetch" is Cicero (Sis-er-o). It was the Roman Cicero, 106–43 B.C., who thus resolved to give glory to his strange name.

For a short time young Cicero had served in the army of Sulla, the Red General. He was not fitted for war. His form was slender, his stomach delicate. He attended the schools where grammar was taught, and also the art of speaking clearly so as to win the attention of listeners. This beautiful art is called elocution. It is the art of the actor and the orator.

Cicero's tongue charmed the Roman people. He was chosen first to one office, then another, and another, until he became consul. At that time a nobleman named Catiline, who had a fierce and reckless temper, collected twenty thousand men, and hoped to destroy the senate and set up a new government in Rome.

The Romans held a merry festival in the month of December, just as we keep Christmas. Some of Catiline's friends had formed a plot to set fire to Rome during the holiday-making. A hundred fellows had agreed each to take his station at a certain part of the city, and apply a torch to

some wooden building, and so start a hundred blazes at once. And when the streets roared with red flame, and folk ran here and there in fear, the friends of Catiline would clash their arms, and cry aloud that a new power had risen in Rome, and there would be new governors over the vast empire from Spain to Asia.

But Cicero, the consul, was aware of the horrid plan. His spies brought word of all that went on in dark meeting-places. Five leaders were arrested, and a pile of javelins, swords, and daggers was found in a house, and seized in the name of the senate.

What should be done with the five conspirators? The senators met to consider. Nearly all judged that the plotters ought to die. Young Julius Cæsar rose and said:

"No; let us be merciful. Send these men out of Rome. Keep them prisoners, but spare their lives."

In his own heart he felt that Rome really did need new governors, though he did not think Catiline was the right man. The rich patrician families were no longer able to hold the mastery over the Roman world.

But Cicero was not of Cæsar's mind. He had the five rebels brought out, and taken through crowds of people in the Holy Road (Via Sacra) and the forum, and so to the gloomy prison; and there all died at the hands of the executioner. It was now evening, and, as Cicero walked homeward with his lictors, the citizens ran at his side, shouting:

"Tully! Tully! The savior of Rome! The second founder of Rome!"

His full name, you must know, was Marcus Tullius Cicero, and he is often called Tully.

As the darkness deepened lamps and torches were fixed over doorways in all the streets. Many women went to the roofs of the houses and waved lights. Thus Rome was grandly illumined by the lamps of the people, instead of by the fires of Catiline.

The feelings of the citizens of Rome and the folk of Italy were like the ebb and flow of the sea, first rolling this way and then that—first for Cicero, then against him; then for Pompey, then for Cæsar. It was a time of change—a time of war and rumors of war. Cicero was banished from Rome for more. than a year, and his houses were burned to the ground. He dwelt in Greece, but kept looking back to Italy with sadness and love. With much joy the people acclaimed him on his return; and, as a mark of honor, he was made governor of the mountainous land of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. And in that business he did right well. He made peace with the foes of Rome by wise dealings and without the spilling of blood. And he behaved justly toward the people of Cilicia. Unlike some other governors, he did not wish to tax the folk for his own gain. The feasts which he gave were paid for out of his own purse. He kept up no vain show. No pompous footman stood at his gates to warn away the citizens who desired to see him; and he rose betimes in the morning, and was ready to speak with all who called at his house. Nor did he put any Cilicians to shame by causing them to be beaten with rods, or to have their clothes rent as a mark of his anger. Thus, when he left that province to go back to Italy, the people were sorry to say farewell.

You know there was a war between Cæsar and Pompey. It was a conflict of lions. But Cicero was no lion. He scarce knew which side to take.

"Shall I join Pompey?" he said to himself. "He is the better man. But Cæsar is a more clever statesman, and perhaps he will win."

So Tully chose the side of Pompey; and when Pompey was beaten, and soon afterward killed on the shore of Egypt, Cicero made his way back to Italy. Cæsar rode on horseback to meet him, and when he saw him, dismounted and ran to him, and embraced him, and talked to him as a friend.

But Cæsar was slain at the foot of Pompey's statue; and

now what was to happen to Cicero?

Three men became three masters over Rome—Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus. Each had strong enemies, and they agreed to slay each other's enemies, and so rule in peace. Each wrote out a list of two hundred men whom he wished put to death. On one of their lists was the name of Tullius Cicero.

The dire news reached him that he was doomed, or "proscribed." At once he ordered his slaves to carry him in a travelling-chair, or litter, to the sea. He hastened on board. A fair wind blew. Soon he changed his mind, and ordered that the galley should make for the land. Then he walked with his little company of attendants some twelve or thirteen miles toward Rome, as if he hoped to see Augustus and touch his heart to pity. Again he changed his mind, and embarked on a ship, bidding the sailors voyage with all speed to a point of the coast where he had a beautiful villa. A flight of crows wheeled round the vessel, dismally croaking. When Tully was carried into the villa, and laid upon a couch, hoping to rest, the crows flew about the house, still cawing.

"This is a bad omen," whispered the slaves. "It bodes evil to our master."

They approached him as he lay on the couch.

"We fear this dreadful omen of the birds," they said. "We beg you to leave this ill-omened dwelling."

They placed him in the litter, and carried him toward the sea.

A band of soldiers had arrived, and were on the watch to take his life. They came to the house, and heard that he had escaped by the glade which ran through a thick wood. The soldiers ran round another way, and waited at the end of the woodland path.

After a time they saw the litter advancing through the shade of the tall trees. Cicero caught sight of the men in ambush. He knew his hour was come. Silently he put his head out of the litter. The centurion, or captain of the band,

beheaded him with a stroke of the sword.

Cicero wrote noble books.

One was on Friendship. A second was on Old Age. A third was on Duties.

He was a Roman, but his thoughts went over the world, and he said to himself that all the people in it were citizens of one earth. And so, in his writings, he speaks of men as "citizens of the world."

Crassus
The Man Who Loved Gold
105 – 53 B.C.

High and rugged cliffs rose above the sea-beach. Amid the rocks could be seen a dark opening, which was the entrance to a cave. The waves rippled up the sand, and splashed about the rocks near the cave's mouth.

A man, carrying a large basket, came along the beach. He looked round to see if he was watched. At the entrance to the cave he laid the basket down. Then he quickly departed. The sun was setting.

A Roman, dressed as a servant, presently appeared at the cave's mouth, picked up the basket, and went in again. If we could have followed him, we should have seen him pass into a large chamber which the sea had formerly worn in the body of the rock; then into a smaller chamber beyond. Here sat his young master, Crassus, who lived from about 105 B.C. to 53 B.C., with about a dozen other Romans. The basket was opened. Provisions were taken out, and the party ate their supper heartily, leaving some of the food for the morrow.

Each evening for eight months the same thing happened. The party in the cave were hiding from the wrath of Cinna, who was putting to death those who opposed his plans. Crassus and his companions had fled from Rome to Spain, and found refuge in the cave. The owner of the land near the cave was his friend, and sent a steward every day with the food. There was plenty of room in the cave, there being several other recesses, or chambers, besides those I have

mentioned.

At length, when Cinna was dead, it was safe to come forth from the hiding-place. Crassus belonged to a well-known family in Rome, and he rose to be a leader of the people. There were at this time three notable men in Rome—Pompey, 106–48 B.C.; Julius Cæsar, 100–44 B.C., and Crassus.

Of all things in the world Crassus was most fond of riches. He had an immense number of slaves, and many of them were clever men, able to read, write, and teach; and he sold these teacher-slaves for a much higher price than he gave for them, for such teachers were wanted to give lessons to boys in rich families. He owned very many houses in the narrow streets of Rome, and the rent brought him a large income. Every year he gained more wealth.

Crassus led an army against the slaves who rebelled. Some of the rebels were gladiators—that is, prisoners taken in war, and trained to fight in the circus before a vast crowd of onlookers. In these circus fights the gladiators were often slain. The leader was Spartacus (Spar-ta-kus). He also had herdsmen and shepherds among his followers. In more than one battle the slaves had won, and Spartacus had bright hopes of gaining freedom for his army. Before his last battle, in 71 B.C., he drew his sword and killed his horse, saying:

"If I am victor in this fight, I shall have plenty of horses; if I am defeated, I shall have no need of this."

Through a shower of arrows the captain of the gladiators rushed to find Crassus, the Roman general. Two officers sought to stay his valiant course, but he killed them both. Then he was surrounded by foes, and died. Spartacus was a martyr. He died while trying to obtain liberty for the slaves. So I do not think there was glory for Crassus in this victory.

And still his love for gold increased.

Once, indeed, when he and Pompey were elected consuls of the Roman Republic, Crassus gave a feast to the people of

the city. The guests sat at ten thousand tables. You might think from this that he was generous. But his heart was set on getting a great honor, and that honor would lead on to more gain of gold. And he feasted the people in order to win their support.

Cæsar was made governor of the broad land of Gaul for five years. Pompey was put in command of the mountains and fertile fields of Spain. Crassus was chosen chief of the army which was to fight the fierce Parthians on the farther side of the river Euphrates (U-fray-teez), more than a thousand miles from Rome. His heart was glad. This was the honor he had dreamed of. He thought of himself as crowned with victory, and master of the gold and treasure of the East.

"To the East! To the East!" so his heart kept repeating.

A grand army marched with him across Asia Minor. They built a bridge across the stream of the Euphrates. Many castles and towns yielded. One small city closed its gates. The Romans soon captured it. Crassus was overjoyed at winning this little fortress. The soldiers shouted to him:

"Imperator! Imperator!"

This is to say, "Great Commander." And the foolish man was flattered and pleased. He sent his officers into all the cities to make notes of the amount of money in the public treasury or the gold in the temples. Already he was reckoning up his profits.

Crassus was now making his way along the high ground near the river. Boats followed to supply his troops with food and other needs.

One day an Arab chief visited the Roman camp, his eyes black, his hair black, his skin bronzed by the sun, a loose cloak hanging over his head, shoulders, and back.

"Sir," he said to Crassus, "I never saw a more splendid army than yours. Why do you wait? The enemy are losing heart. I have seen them in their camp on yonder plain. Your Roman soldiers are now full of spirit. I advise you to descend

from the hills and strike the great blow at once. You are sure to win."

Ah, he was a traitor. He had been sent by the Parthians.

When the Arab offered to lead the Romans by an easy path to the plain, Crassus eagerly agreed.

At first the road was easy and smooth for the foot-soldiers and horsemen and camp-followers. After a while they found themselves on a wide desert, and they tramped, weary and thirsty, over hillocks of sand. No brooks gave water; no trees gave shelter. The Arab presently left the Romans to look after themselves.

The Parthian commander was a fine, tall man, with curly hair. He led his army in proud calmness. He was sure of winning.

The Romans were arranged in an immense square. Slowly they moved forward. Many of them murmured: "We ought to have stayed on the hills."

The Parthians advanced, beating their drums. These were made with leather, and were hung with small bells, so that the drums thumped and the bells rattled at the same time. All of a sudden the Parthian warriors threw off their coats and capes, and their armor flashed with a terrible light. They came toward the Romans. Presently they appeared terrified, and ran back. The Romans followed. The Parthians turned, and shot poisoned arrows while they fled. That was the custom of the Parthians—to shoot while flying. Their supply of arrows was enormous. They had camels loaded with these weapons, so that they could keep up a rapid discharge.

Young Crassus, son of the general, pursued a body of the flying foe. They halted and faced him, and threw up a cloud of dust and sand, so as to make it difficult to see them. The young leader was slain, and before long the enemy held up his head in sight of the elder Crassus. The old general walked up and down the ranks, begging the Romans to keep up their courage. All through the day the soldiers of the republic did

indeed do their best. They had courage, but they had lost faith in their general.

Night fell. Mournful was the silence in the Roman camp. Crassus had covered his head with a cloak, and lay on the ground without speaking. Some of his captains called a council of war, and determined to break up the camp. Without the signal of trumpets the Romans stole away in the darkness, leaving many of the wounded to their fate.

The sentries at the gates of a city heard in the night a man's voice calling to them in Latin to open. It was the first of the retreating army. The city was held by a Roman garrison. Here for a few days the defeated soldiers rested.

Then they set out again toward the hill-country. A guide led them among bogs, where the Romans and their horses floundered in mud. With much hard labor they struggled through to the rising ground. Soon afterward the Parthians' host came up, and the general invited Crassus to come and talk over terms of peace. Crassus was not willing.

"You must go!" cried his men. "You sent us to fight the Parthians. Are you not ready to meet them when they come to make peace with you?"

He descended the hill, with a few of his attendants. They all went on foot.

"What!" cried the tall leader of the Parthians, "do I see a Roman general on foot? You must have a horse."

A horse with golden harness was led forward, and Crassus mounted, and rode a little way with the Parthians. The army watched from the hillside, and they saw a scuffle begin. Blows were exchanged. The Romans fell. A Parthian presently carried the head of Crassus in his hand.

I need not tell the rest of the sorrowful tale. It is said that in the battle on the plain and during the retreat twenty thousand Romans were killed and ten thousand taken prisoners.

Yes, we should pity the Romans. We should also pity the far larger numbers of people in Asia, Africa, and Europe

whom the Romans slew in their conquests.

Crassus also deserves our pity. How he had set his heart on riches! How he had looked forward to being lord of Parthia, and adding its gold and treasure to his store!

In the history-books he is called Crassus the Rich.

But was he really rich?

Do you know what I mean?

Caesar and His Fortune

100 – 44 B.C.

"Well, well, sir, we have got you now!"

"No doubt," said the young Roman, whom the pirates had just brought a prisoner to their island; "but of course you will let me go if my friends pay a ransom?"

"Certainly."

"How much do you ask?"

"Twenty talents" ($20,000).

"Is that all?" laughed Julius Cæsar. "I will promise you fifty."

He sent various friends to the nearest city where he was known to procure the money.

In the mean time he made himself at home among these fierce Cilician pirates, of whom I have told you in the life of Pompey. For thirty-eight days he dwelt on the island, and he treated the sea-robbers as if he were their lord, not their captive.

"When I am free again," he said to them, "I shall return here and crucify you."

They smiled at his frank talk.

The money arrived. Julius departed, got together a fleet of vessels, sailed back to the pirates' hold, and, true to his dreadful word, put them all to death. Young as he was, you see he had a stern and iron will. And if you think he was cruel toward the pirates, you must bear in mind that men in those old days (as is too often the case now) thought it right to crush enemies without mercy.

In Rome young Cæsar was famous for his ready tongue.

Persons who needed defence against any that accused them were glad to have Cæsar to speak on their behalf.

He found his way to the hearts of the people. They admired Pompey, but they began to love Cæsar more. And one day he was to rise over all others, and stand as master of the Roman world, by sea and land.

You remember Marius, the general who ate dry bread. He was dead; but Cæsar, who was nephew to the wife of Marius, did not wish him to be forgotten. Marius had taken the side of the people against the proud patricians. Cæsar felt sure the Roman world was now too wide for these patricians to govern. He must win the mass of the people to his side, and get the power into his own hands, because he believed he could give order and peace to Italy, and all the other lands of the republic.

One morning some people entered the temple on the Capitol hill.

"See!" cried one, "there are some new statues!"

"And all of burnished gold!" exclaimed another. "Whose figures are they?"

"Oh, I know this face! It is the face of the brave Marius. And here is writing below the statue. It says that the figures represent Marius overcoming the Cimbri of the North."

Before long immense crowds had swarmed up the hill to view the golden statues. The patricians frowned; the plebs (or common people) were joyful. It was soon known that Julius Cæsar had placed the figure of Marius in the Capitol.

Cæsar stepped from office to office—magistrate, chief priest, and then prætor, wearing the cloak with purple trimming. For a while he had a command in Spain. On his way to Spain he crossed the Alps. He and his troops marched by a little town.

"I wonder," said a friend, pointing to the group of houses on the hillside, "if the people there strive for the highest places, as men do in Rome?"

"Why not?" replied Cæsar. "I should do so if I dwelt in that town. I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome."

He carried on the war in Spain with much spirit, forcing the wild tribes to submit to the Roman eagles; and he led his legions as far as the Atlantic Ocean.

On his return to Rome he was elected consul. Then he took over the rule of Gaul—the country which is now the home of the great French nation, with the Belgians as their neighbors; but at that time it was parted among three hundred different tribes. And beyond the sea in the north was the land so often clothed in fog and beaten by contrary winds—the land of the Britons. In the plains and forests of this vast region the Romans—hard as oak, proud as kings, bold as lions—met the tribes, and grappled with them in many a dreadful struggle. It is said that Cæsar took eight hundred cities in Gaul, and engaged in various battles with three million men, a million of whom his armies slew, and a million were taken captive. Of course, we cannot be sure of the numbers, but the fact is clear that Cæsar conquered.

The general was slender in body. His health was not robust; sometimes his head ached painfully, and a fit would seize him. Yet nothing stayed him from his purpose. He set his face like a flint; and his men seemed to worship him, just as the French did with Napoleon long ages afterward.

For instance, in Britain the Romans met the natives in a marshy spot, and a band of Cæsar's men found themselves entrapped among the Britons. One of the Romans took the lead, hewed right and left among the islanders, beat them off, and rescued his comrades. Then he plunged into the stream that ran by, swam it, waded through the mud of the swamp, and reached the place where the general was watching. However, he lost his shield, and, in deep distress, he fell at Cæsar's feet, saying:

"General, I have lost my shield. I ask your pardon!"

As if he had done something disgraceful! Again, one of Cæsar's ships being captured off the coast of Africa, all the crew were put to death except one, to whom quarter (or mercy) was shown. But he was too proud to accept even life from an enemy. Exclaiming, "It is not the custom of Cæsar's soldiers to take quarter, but to give it!" he thrust a sword into his own breast.

Cæsar was not merely a strict commander. He took thought for the comfort of his followers so far as he could. One day he and some friends were on a journey. A storm burst, and, looking round for shelter, they spied a poor man's hut. To this they ran. There was only one room in the dwelling, and only space to take in one of the strangers. I suppose (though the story does not say) that the owner of the hut was himself present.

One of Cæsar's party, named Oppius, was taken ill. To Cæsar, as the person of highest rank, the bed in the hut was given; for the tempest howled, and it was plain that the travellers could fare no farther that night. But Cæsar yielded place to the sick man, and he himself, with the rest of his companions, slept under a shed that stood outside the cottage. Thus did Cæsar show his belief that it is the duty of the strong to help the weak.

When a battle was to be fought Julius Cæsar did not stand in an easy place while his soldiers bore the brunt of war. In his campaign in Gaul he was surprised by a sudden rush of the Helvetian tribes. Very hastily the Roman army drew itself into close array, and faced the foe. A page brought Cæsar's horse, but he would not mount.

"Take it away," he said to the attendant, "until the enemy retire, and until I need my horse for the pursuit."

So saying, the general charged on foot upon the natives; and his men, feeling that their leader was sharing the peril, did not flinch from the sharp conflict.

His hardest won battle was with the Nervii folk, in the

thick forests of Belgium. The Romans were fixing their camp in the wood, digging trenches and stabling the horses, when sixty thousand Nervii, their shaggy hair streaming, raised a shout and attacked. Many Roman officers were slain. Cæsar snatched a buckler from one of his soldiers, and sprang forward to encourage his troops. At one moment it looked as if the whole Roman force would be crushed. The Tenth Legion were on a hill. Seeing the extreme danger, they hurried down, and turned the tide of battle.

Across the broad river Rhine, Cæsar built a large wooden bridge, in spite of the strong current of the water. Over this bridge the Romans marched, and thence made their way into the land of the Germans. The most savage region could not daunt them.

Beyond the sea lay the British Islands. The Romans had often talked about this far-off country.

"We don't believe there is any such place," said some.

"Oh yes," others would answer; "but it is so enormous a continent that it is hopeless to try and conquer it."

Julius Cæsar did not talk about it. He acted.

With a large fleet he crossed the water now called the English Channel. Soon Roman soldiers were seen carrying their eagles along the chalk cliffs of Kent, along the banks of old Father Thames, and in the forests beyond.

At length the time was come to return to Italy. The citizens of Rome were in very frequent tumult and fear. Pompey could not keep the love of the people. The noblemen of Rome —the patricians—had not the great hearts and great minds that were needed to sway so wide an empire.

"Oh, that Cæsar would come!" the folk whispered.

Cæsar led his splendid army through Gaul to the border of Italy, and halted at the little river Rubicon. Should he cross over to Italian soil? Should he declare war against his old friend Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter? Should he spill Roman blood? Dare he, like a player with dice, throw

a die which might mean the loss of the grand game, and be his ruin?

He looked at the water; he looked at his friends. At last he plunged his horse into the stream, crying:

"The die is cast!"

Cæsar marched toward Rome—stern, calm, strong, like the rise of a tide which no man can stay.

In and out of the gates of Rome rushed people, on foot, on horseback, or carried in litters. "We are for Cæsar!" cried some.

"We are for Pompey!" cried others.

"We are for the patricians!" cried some.

"We are for the plebs!" cried others.

Thus the city was divided.

A Roman gentleman went to Pompey and said, with a sneer:

"Stamp with your foot, sir! You said once that, if you only did that, an army would spring up!"

Pompey did not stamp. He fled to the coast, and crossed the sea, and prepared the troops who gathered about him for the last stand against Cæsar. Now that he was master of Italy, Cæsar went over to Spain, and put down all men who sided with Pompey.

And now that he was master also of Spain he returned to Italy, was made consul by the Romans, and then set out to meet Pompey. So fast did he march to the eastern shore of Italy that the main part of his army lagged behind, and they murmured bitterly.

"It is winter," they said. "This man stops for neither wind nor hail. When will our labors be ended? Does he think our bodies are made of stone or iron? Our very shields and breastplates call out for rest!"

But when they reached the sea, and found that their general had already sailed for the opposite coast, they felt ashamed, and anxiously waited for the fleet to return and

fetch them.

Cæsar, on his part, wished to bring his whole army together as soon as possible; for Pompey's legions were swarming on the land, and Pompey's ships sailing on the Adriatic Sea. One night he left his camp, entered a twelve-oared galley on a river, and bade the rowers hasten down to the sea as rapidly as they could. They worked hard. Cæsar, clad in a shabby cloak, sat silent and thoughtful. As the galley neared the mouth of the river the water became extremely rough, and hurrying clouds and darkened air made a terrible scene. The pilot trembled. He did not know Cæsar was on board, for the general wrapped himself close in the cloak.

"It is folly to go farther!" exclaimed the pilot. "We must turn back!"

Cæsar rose up, threw back his cloak, and said:

"Go forward, my friend, and fear nothing. You carry Cæsar and his fortune."

Like giants the oarsmen pulled against the storm. Cæsar's look and voice seemed to double their strength. However, nature is more mighty than man. The galley had to turn back and return to the camp. The troops were transported from Italy later on.

The armies of Pompey and Cæsar were now face to face. So spirited were Cæsar's men that, in spite of their want of food and other comforts, they showed a gay front. They dug up some eatable roots, soaked them in milk, and made a sort of bread—poor fare, but better than nothing. Some of them crept near Pompey's camp, and flung a number of these hard biscuits into the trenches, crying:

"So long as the earth yields roots we will resist Pompey!"

I have already told you of the battle of Pharsalia, 48 B.C., in which Pompey was beaten.

Cæsar's ships bore him to the land of the Nile and the Sphinx (Egypt), over which reigned the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, who lived from 69 to 30 B.C.

The tread of the Romans was next heard in Syria, and Cæsar's eagles were seen on the banks of the Jordan River.

News came that the Roman garrisons in Asia Minor were defeated by the Armenians. Cæsar at once pushed northward, across the Lebanon mountains, where the cedars grow, across the Taurus mountains, and as far as the plains of Pontus. One battle finished the war. When the victory was won, Cæsar sat in his tent and wrote a message to the senate of Rome. It contained (in Latin) but three words:

"Came—Saw—Conquered!"

He had come to Pontus; he had seen the enemy; he had beaten them. Cæsar's speech was terse—that is, he used only just enough words to make his meaning clear. Whenever you take a message, you should try to do likewise. See how few words you can say it in. Only, of course, you must not be too curt, else people will think you rude.

The next scene is in Africa, near the ruins of the city of Carthage. A large army of Numidians—barbaric horsemen who dwelt in the country now known as Algeria—threatened the Romans. So scarce was food for the horses at one time that seaweed had to be mixed with grass for the Roman steeds.

One day Cæsar's cavalry were resting. No enemy appeared in sight. The sound of a flute was heard. It was played by a black-skinned African, who danced to his own tune. The soldiers ran out of their camp, and sat round the African dancer, and laughed as he frisked about and rolled his eyes.

Suddenly a war-cry was heard. The Numidians had rushed out from a hiding-place. Many of the Roman cavalry were killed. The enemy even entered the camp. But Cæsar rushed forward, and the Africans recoiled and fled.

Not long afterward another engagement took place. An eagle-bearer was running away from the Numidians. Cæsar met him, seized him by the neck, turned him right-about-face,

and said, quietly:

"Look on this side for the enemy!"

The final victory was won after a surprise. Cæsar led his men across rocky passes and through dark forests, and fell unawares upon the Numidian camp. King Juba fled in great haste, and Cæsar was lord of North Africa.

So now the time was come when he could go to Rome and enjoy a Triumph, while all the city shouted, "Yo! yo! yo!" In the grand procession through the streets walked the son of Juba, a young prince, who lived a long time in Rome, and became a writer of history and a great favorite of the citizens.

Cæsar entertained the people with feasts so large that the guests sat at twenty-two thousand tables. Combats of gladiators took place in the theatres. Fights between ships also pleased the public, the ships being floated in immense ponds made for the purpose. The people now said to one another: "Pompey is dead, Crassus is dead; who is there able to govern the great Republic but Cæsar? Let us give all power into his hands."

He was made consul for the fourth time. Then he was made dictator, or master—lord of Rome, lord over the senate, lord of the armies, lord of all the Roman provinces. It would have been very easy for him now to take revenge upon his enemies. Their lands, their money, their houses, their lives—he could have taken all away, and none could withstand his will. But Cæsar loved Rome and the republic. He wished to heal her wounds. He wanted all the classes—aristocrats and the plebeians (or common folk)—to dwell in union. When the Roman senate saw how generously he behaved toward his foes, they ordered a new temple to be built to show their admiration of his spirit. The temple was built in honor of the goddess Mercy, or (in Latin) "Clementia."

Another high-minded act of Cæsar's was to raise up the fallen statues of Pompey. These figures had been flung down by his followers, but now they stood upright again for passers-

bys to behold and to salute.

When Cicero, the famous speaker, saw this deed, he said:

"Cæsar has made himself a statue by raising up Pompey's."

Some of the patricians hated the new dictator. They felt that he stood in their way, and prevented them from obtaining riches and command. Cæsar's friends knew of this hatred, and begged him never to go out without a body-guard.

"No," he replied; "it is better to die once than always to walk about in fear of death."

Cæsar would sit alone in his chamber and make great plans. He dreamed dreams of things he would do for Rome and for the world. He said to himself:

"I will march against the Parthians in the East, and against the Germans in the North, and bend them all to my will.

"I will dig through the neck of land by Corinth, so that ships may pass through a sea-canal.

"I will make the river Tiber deeper for big merchant vessels to bring their loads of corn and wine and oil to the gates of Rome.

"I will drain the filthy water out of the great marshes, so that pleasant fields may take the place of deadly swamps.

"I will build a dike along the western coast of Italy, and construct harbors in which hundreds of galleys may ride at anchor."

If he had lived, I believe he would have done all these things. But his life was cut short.

One thing, however, he was able to carry out, which should win our thanks today. The reckoning of days, months, and years had got into disorder. You hear people say that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. So there are; but that is not the whole story. The people of Egypt long ago found out there were three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days in a year. The Romans had not reckoned this extra quarter. Cæsar arranged that, as four-quarters of a day make a complete day, this extra day should be added to the

year each fourth year. Thus we have what we call a leap-year of three hundred and sixty-six days. As Julius Cæsar set the calendar right, we name it the Julian calendar. And we may also note that one of the months—July—is so styled in his memory.

One day shouting and laughter were heard in the streets of Rome. It was the holiday known as the Lupercal (Loo-per-kle). Cæsar sat on a golden chair in the forum, and watched the lively crowds.

Presently his friend Antony came up to Cæsar, and, in view of the people, offered him a crown adorned with laurel leaves.

"O King, wear this crown!" said Antony.

Cæsar shook his head, and the Romans cheered loudly. They were pleased that he refused it.

Again Antony presented it. Again Cæsar declined. Again the Romans cheered. A third time Cæsar put the crown away from him. This incident reminds us how, many centuries later, the noble Cromwell refused the crown of England.

Some of Cæsar's foolish friends put crowns on the statues of Cæsar. Angry patricians tore them off. Cæsar's enemies whispered to one another that the time was come to check the tyranny. He must be slain.

Two of these whisperers were Brutus and Cassius. Often did they talk of the best way to get rid of the dictator. Their dark thoughts made them look pale and anxious. Cæsar noticed it, and (as we read in Shakespeare's play) he remarked to his friend Antony:

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep at nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Some of Cæsar's friends knew there was danger in the air,

as people say. Indeed, tales were afterward told that men made of fire were seen fighting in the sky, and strange lights flashed across the heavens by night. You know how the Romans believed in such signs, or omens, which hinted at good or evil events about to happen. A certain man, said to be wise in omens, resolved to warn Cæsar. This soothsayer said to him one day:

"Beware the Ides of March!"

I must explain that each month of the year had in it a number of days called Ides; and in the month of March the Ides lasted from the eighth day till the end of the fifteenth—one week.

It was now the middle of March, in the year 44 B.C. Cæsar had supper with his friends, and then signed letters which his secretary brought to him. The guests were talking loudly.

"What are you conversing about?" asked Cæsar.

"The best kind of death. Which do you think the best?"

"A sudden one."

His death—a sudden one—came next day.

In the morning Cæsar—"the foremost man of all the world," as Shakespeare calls him—went out to the meeting of the senate. A crowd was in the streets.

"There goes Cæsar!" buzzed many voices.

He saw the soothsayer, and said to him: "The Ides of March are come!"

"Yes, but they are not gone!" replied the soothsayer.

A parchment, folded up, was thrust into Cæsar's hand.

"Sir, pray read it; it is most important," whispered a voice.

"Hail, Cæsar!" shouted the people.

"Make way for the dictator!" cried the officers.

Amid all this noise and movement he had no chance to read the paper in his hand; but on it was written a friendly message, warning him that certain patricians meant to take his life.

He entered the senate-house, and the elders rose to greet

him. A statue of Pompey looked down upon the scene. Cæsar took his seat. Brutus, Cassius, and other senators gathered round. One bowed, and said:

"Sir, I beg of you to allow my exiled brother to come back to Rome."

"It cannot be done. He is an enemy to Rome."

"Oh, sir, I beg of you!"

"No, I am resolved not to—"

A shout—a scuffle—a fall—Cæsar's cloak was dragged off his shoulders! Swords and daggers struck him. Cassius struck him. Brutus struck him.

And when his friend Brutus struck, Cæsar groaned, and lay down and died at the base of Pompey's statue.

Brutus and the other plotters marched, waving swords, to the Capitol, and crying:

"Freedom! freedom for Rome!"

"Freedom!" replied some of the passers-by; but many kept a gloomy silence.

Cæsar had wished to put an end to the power of a small group of men who boasted of their noble birth, and who wished to make themselves rich out of the broad empire which Rome had won. He wished Rome still to be the capital city; but he wanted to make the dwellers in Spain, Gaul, Greece, and other conquered lands, sharers in Rome's glory—to be citizens rather than beaten foes.

The day after the murder the body of Cæsar was carried through the streets of Rome, and through the forum.

The people heard Cæsar's will read to them. In this will he left much of his riches to the citizens. In death, as in life, he thought of others rather than his own enjoyment.

In Shakespeare's play the will is read to the people by Antony, who also shows them the wounds in Cæsar's body:

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me!

The citizens then rushed away in fury to burn the houses of the plotters, and to slay them that had laid cruel hands on Cæsar.

A comet blazed in the sky for seven days after the murder. People gazed at it, and said it was a sign of the wrath of the gods at the evil deed of Brutus and Cassius.

A year or two later Brutus was preparing to fight his last battle against Antony and Augustus, and he lay in his tent, and the light of the lamp burned dim, as if in a fog. Then there stood beside the bed a strange, tall, and terrible figure, and it said:

"Brutus, I am your evil genius; you shall meet me at Philippi."

"I will meet you there," answered Brutus, boldly.

Then the ghost vanished into the night.

This story is, of course, only a legend. But you see it proves to us how the people of that time believed it was a wicked thing to slay Cæsar; and they thought it a just punishment upon Brutus that he should be beaten at Philippi. When Brutus saw the day was lost, he fell upon his own sword and died.

Julius Cæsar

100 – 44 B.C.

Once in a great while a man is born with such a temper of brain and will that he seems like a bright star among other men and can do things easily that are impossible for others to accomplish. One hundred years before the birth of Christ such a man was born in the city of Rome. His name was Julius Cæsar and he came from a long line of Roman noblemen which ran back so far into history that it not only reached beyond the beginning of Rome itself, but was believed to have sprung from the goddess, Venus. Cæsar's father died when he was little more than a boy and his mother was partly responsible for the greatness that he later maintained, for she strove constantly to develop in him those qualities of mind and character that were an inheritance from his family, although they were brought to far greater light in Cæsar himself. Little is known of Cæsar's boyhood. It is probable that it was not very different from that of other young Romans who belonged to the nobility, or, as it was then called, the patrician class. He had a tutor named Gnipho who was not a Roman by birth, but a Gaul—that is a man who came from one of the less civilized tribes that lived to the north of Italy in the country that is now called modern France—and received from him the usual education.

Apparently Cæsar was not a prodigy when a young man, and there seemed little to distinguish him from any other young nobleman who went about the city in dandified apparel with hair oiled and perfumed—but Cæsar had quietly made up his mind to be the first man in Rome and to surpass all

others in greatness. Occasionally he showed this resolution. And once on his birthday, when passing the statue of the great conqueror, Alexander, he wept because he had reached an age when Alexander had conquered the entire world, while he, Cæsar, as yet had done nothing.

Rome, in Cæsar's boyhood, was embroiled in civil war, and the leaders of the Roman armies were constantly fighting among themselves. There had been a great public man named Marius who championed the rights of the common people, or the plebeians, and who was greatly loved by the more humble men of Rome, but Marius had been overthrown by a fierce, cruel nobleman named Sulla, who made himself the head of the Roman State and slew everyone who stood in his way.

Here appeared the first sign that Cæsar possessed the qualities of greatness—for while still a young man, he dared to defy the terrible Sulla. Cæsar had just married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, and was ordered by Sulla to divorce her. But he resolutely refused to allow the word of the dictator to come between him and his wife, and was obliged to leave Rome by night to escape Sulla's vengeance. He fled into Samnium, but was followed there by Sulla's soldiers, taken prisoner and brought back to Rome. And Sulla would certainly have put him to death if some powerful men had not interceded for him and asked for his life. "I will grant this boon," said Sulla, with a glance that made them quail, "but take heed for this young man who wears his belt so loosely," meaning that he saw in Cæsar dangerous qualities that might one day threaten the elaborate machine of Roman government.

As all young Romans were obliged to serve in the army, and as Cæsar was not safe in Rome where Sulla at any time might send assassins to murder him, he went to the far east where a Roman army was waging war against a king named Mithridates. At the siege of a town called Mytelene Cæsar so distinguished himself for bravery that he won the civic crown,

for saving the life of a fellow soldier in the face of the enemy.

When Sulla died, Cæsar returned to Rome, and became one of the leaders of the party that had been against Sulla and his government. And Cæsar did everything that he could think of to win power for himself and damage Sulla's adherents. He became an orator and a lawyer and prosecuted certain men who had misused the money of the people. But although it was clearly proved by Cæsar that these men were no better than common thieves, the Roman senators and judges were so corrupt that it was impossible for Cæsar to have them punished as they deserved.

Cæsar was not discouraged, however. He believed that if he had been a better orator the men would have been brought to justice in spite of all the obstacles that stood in his path; so, on the advice of a friend named Cicero, who was the greatest orator in the world at that time, he started on a journey to Rhodes to study rhetoric under a great teacher of that art named Appollonius Molo. Travel from Rome was as dangerous as going to war, for there were bandits everywhere and the seas swarmed with pirates. And when Cæsar took ship to go to Rhodes, the pirates swarmed about his vessel and took him prisoner. Because he was a nobleman and an important person the pirates did not put him to death but demanded ransom for him. They told Cæsar the sum of money they had asked and he agreed to obtain it for them, and haughtily told them that he was even greater than they had supposed and worth three times the money they had demanded. So the pirates trebled the amount called for, and told Cæsar that if they did not receive it he would be put to a cruel death, but he waited unconcernedly; and while in the hands of the pirates he treated them almost as companions and shared in their games and exercises.

At times he even read to them poems and compositions of his own. But the pirates did not understand the high-flown Roman phrases and did not give Cæsar the applause that he

believed his work had merited.

"By the Gods," he said laughing, "you are ignorant barbarians, unfit to live. When I am freed you had best look to yourselves, for I shall return and nail you to the cross."

The pirates were angered by these words, but they did not slay their bold-tongued captive on account of the money they expected, and when Cæsar's ransom came he was set free. But, true to his word, the first thing he did when set ashore was to gather some men and ships and pursue them. Setting upon them with the swiftness of lightning he killed a great number and took many prisoners. And the pirates then found to their cost that he was a man of his word, for Cæsar had every prisoner crucified, as he had warned them he would do.

He then continued his journey to Rhodes as if nothing had happened and studied rhetoric under Molo; and so apt a pupil was he that in a very short time he became an orator second only to Cicero himself.

Rome was in great turmoil and confusion at this time, and the vice of the men that ruled had weakened her power. There was a great revolt of slaves not only at Rome but throughout Italy, and the slaves formed into an army strong enough to defeat the Roman legions.

The slaves barred the roads from Rome, captured their former masters and made them fight as gladiators in the arena. They set towns afire, killed women and children, plundered, murdered and cruelly ravaged the country, until they were defeated in battle by two military leaders who were sent against them—a rich man named Crassus, who was one of the most powerful men in Rome, and a soldier named Pompey, who was considered by the Romans to be one of the greatest generals that their city had ever seen.

While these things were being accomplished Cæsar had finished his course in rhetoric and returned to Rome, and made his plans to win a glory greater than that of Pompey and Crassus, who were high in public favor through their victory

over the slaves.

To succeed in Rome without money was impossible in those days, for large sums had to be expended in bribery and in gaining the favor of the idle and dissolute Roman people, who refused to work but demanded to be amused at the expense of others, and would always follow the man who treated them with the greatest display of liberality. So Cæsar borrowed huge sums of money which he planned to repay from the sums he could gain when once he was elected to public offices. It is not to be thought that Cæsar always was honest and just, and it has already been shown that sometimes he was heartless and cruel—but in his favor it must be said that he never wantonly injured anybody, as so many others did in the cruel times in which he lived—and that in all things, except where his own power and future were concerned, he was merciful and temperate.

Cæsar became an official known as quæstor, going to Spain in charge of certain affairs pertaining to Roman government, and later on he was made a curule ædile.

In this office his generosity delighted the people. Cæsar, with borrowed riches, made a lavish display to ensure future political favor at their hands, and was more magnificent than any of the ædiles who had preceded him. At one time he displayed in the arena three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators who fought with swords and spears and with the net and trident—and he would have brought in a greater number had not the Senate feared to allow so many armed men in Rome at one time. But Cæsar did something else that delighted the people even more than the show of the gladiators. One morning they beheld the statues of Marius, that had been overthrown by Sulla, set up once more in their old places, bright with gold and ornaments. Marius had been the people's idol, and Cæsar by this bold stroke gained much of the popularity that had formerly been attached to that beloved leader.

Another office that Cæsar attempted to win was that of Pontifex Maximus—that is, the High Priest and leader in all of the religious ceremonies of the Romans, an office with great power and prestige and the stepping stone to greater things by far.

Cæsar staked everything on winning this office and he increased his debts, which were already enormous, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars in our money, to bribe and flatter and make sure of enough votes to win the election. He was so deeply in debt, he told his mother, that in case he did not win the office he would be obliged to leave Rome, never to return. But luck was on his side and he succeeded, making his term as Pontifex Maximus notable by revising the Roman calendar so thoroughly that, with only slight changes, it is used today. Later on he was made Prætor, and by means of these various offices he succeeded in becoming one of the leading men in Rome—although his greatness was not yet as bright as that of Pompey, who had, as he said, only to stamp his foot to fill Italy with soldiers.

Then there befell in Rome what was known as the conspiracy of Catiline, in which Cæsar had a narrow escape from the intrigue and malice of the noblemen who hated him because he was a foe of Sulla's and a champion of the people. Catiline was a nobleman of violent temper and bad reputation. With many companions he strove to win public office in Rome, and plotted, if unsuccessful, to raise an army, set fire to the city and place his party in power by rioting and violence. And under Catiline's government Cæsar, who probably knew nothing of the affair, was to be elected to public office in the new government.

The conspiracy was discovered, chiefly through the vigilance of Cicero, who was Consul at the time. Catiline had fled from Rome and was raising an army, but a number of the other plotters were arrested. The noblemen who hated Cæsar did everything in their power to have his name included in

the list of the conspirators, but Cicero resolutely refused to believe that Cæsar had been in league with them and would not press the charges against him. Through the gifted oratory of Cicero, however, a sentence of death was brought against all the prisoners, who were promptly put to death in Cicero's presence.

Cæsar's wife, Cornelia, had died sometime before these events took place, and Cæsar had then married a relative of Pompey. At the festival of Bona Dea, where only women were admitted, and which was held at Cæsar's house because he was Pontifex Maximus, a great scandal took place owing to the fact that a young man, dressed in woman's clothes was discovered hiding in the house while the festival was going on. This bade fair to injure Cæsar's name in the city, and partly on this account he divorced his wife, Pompeia, saying that while nothing evil had been proved against her, yet Cæsar's wife must be above even the breath of suspicion.

After this Cæsar went to Spain to govern that land for the Romans. While there he had much military experience that helped him to become one of the mightiest generals the world has ever seen, and in his struggles against the wild, hill tribes he laid the seeds of success for his later wars in Gaul—wars in which he was to carry the Roman eagles into lands that had only been known by hearsay and legend.

When Cæsar returned from Spain he did his utmost to cement the bonds of friendship between himself and Pompey and Crassus—with Pompey, because he was the greatest man in Rome and because Cæsar hoped to rise through his patronage—with Crassus because he was possessed of fabulous riches, that Cæsar would have great need of in fulfilling his ambitious designs. To strengthen his friendship with Pompey he forced his own daughter to marry him. The alliance of these three men is called the First Triumvirate.

Cæsar was eager at this time to be elected Consul, an office that would give him great power in the Roman state,

and with his usual success and some luck he succeeded in doing so. With him was elected another Consul named Bibulus, who was put into office by the noblemen to check Cæsar and limit his ambitious designs, which included doing all that he could to better the condition of the common people. But Cæsar soon had the upper hand in all the affairs of the consulship, so that the people said jokingly that the two consuls for the year were Julius and Cæsar, instead of Cæsar and Bibulus.

Among other things that Cæsar accomplished was the passing of a land law that provided land for all of Pompey's old soldiers, and was also designed to give land to the people at Rome who were without occupation and often on the verge of starvation. Naturally this law made Cæsar even more popular with Pompey, as for the people they cheered him lustily and said among themselves that this Julius Cæsar was certainly a most noble and generous leader. Had he not been the follower of Marius and replaced his statues which were overthrown by tyranny? Had he not provided games the like of which the people had never seen before? And now, by his land law, had he not shown that he was devoted to the poor, ready at all times to fight their battles and to provide generously for them?

Such were the means by which Cæsar endeared himself to the Romans. And now was to come the opportunity by which at a single leap he placed himself above all others. The province of Gaul which lay to the northwest of Italy, and included most of what is now modern France, was an extremely rich and fertile country, occupied by wild tribes that were hardly friendly to the Romans. Through his political power, and much scheming, Cæsar had himself made governor of all Gaul for five years. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, for he could not only make himself famous as a conqueror by subduing the Gaulish tribes, but could raise an enormous army, devoted to his interests, by which he could

take by force the entire control of the Roman State as Sulla had done before him.

Naturally Cæsar did not voice these designs, but he entertained them just the same, and began a series of wars in Gaul in which over a million of his enemies are said to have perished on the battlefield.

When Cæsar entered upon his duties in governing Gaul, certain tribes came to him with complaints of a people called the Helvetii, who were leaving their own country, or what is now Switzerland, to enter upon the more fertile and less mountainous lands of their neighbors. Cæsar mustered his soldiers and marched against the Helvetii, meeting them at a place called Bibracte. Here he showed how skilfully he could direct the Roman legions, for in a comparatively short battle the Helvetii were entirely overthrown, and a terrible slaughter followed. Cæsar himself, in writing of this battle, says that out of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand men, women and children, who composed the tribe of the Helvetii, only one hundred and ten thousand were left after the battle. The poor beaten remnant of the tribe he ordered at once to retrace their steps into Switzerland and to enter Gaul no more.

His success in dealing with the Helvetii turned the eyes of all Gaul upon the conqueror. Many tribes then asked his aid against Ariovistus, a German chief who came from across the river Rhine and with his yellow haired followers, clad in the skins of animals, was plundering the Gaulish province. Cæsar, with the quickness that always won him success in battle, advanced against Ariovistus and completely defeated him, driving his men in confusion back across the Rhine to the lands they had come from.

In the following spring there was great danger that all Gaul would revolt to free itself from the control of the Romans. Of all the tribes that were opposed to him, Cæsar considered that the Belgæ, the people who lived in what is now Belgium, were the bravest and the most dangerous

enemies against whom he must fight. So he marched against them and placed his legions behind strong fortifications until he could gain a favorable moment to come forth and attack them. The Belgæ tried all sorts of tricks and ruses to draw Cæsar from his position, but they did not succeed in doing this. Then, perhaps because they had not sufficient food, they commenced a retreat back to their own country, from which they had issued to attack Cæsar. On their heels rode the Roman cavalry, who harassed them constantly, darting in and killing stragglers and attacking the rear guard whenever the opportunity offered.

One night, however, when the Romans were about to encamp in some wooded country on the River Sambre, three tribes of the Belgæ fell upon them in a surprise attack that came so swiftly and so violently that the Roman legions were almost routed. Cæsar's force was not wholly composed of Romans, and all the soldiers under his command except the Romans fled pell mell from the field, but the Roman soldiers, in spite of everything, stood firm, displaying the marvelous discipline that had conquered the world, and soon had victory in their grasp. But the Roman soldiers were seldom merciful and scarcely a foeman escaped the slaughter that followed.

That winter Cæsar returned to northern Italy, leaving his legions in Gaul under the command of his lieutenants. In his winter retreat he enjoyed himself and spent enormous sums of money, listening eagerly to news of everything that had taken place in Rome since his departure.

In the following spring his friend and political partner, Crassus, was killed while engaging in battle with the Parthians in the east, leaving Pompey and Cæsar the only two men of first importance in Roman affairs. In that year also the Roman Senate prolonged Cæsar's rule of Gaul for five years more.

When spring came Cæsar lead his legions from their winter encampments to battle against their enemies once more, and this time the victims of his skill were two German tribes

who had again crossed over the Rhine to invade Gaul.

Cæsar routed them and chased them back across the Rhine, building a bridge to pursue them into Germany. Then he came back to Gaul, destroying his bridge behind him; and made his plans to invade the island of Britain, which is now England, Scotland and Wales.

In Britain there lived tribes that were considered to hold the last extremity of the earth. Beyond them was nothing except mystery and darkness.

Boats were built by the Roman soldiers, who had been trained by Cæsar to turn their hand to any kind of labor, and the Roman army rowed across the English channel to the island where the warlike Britons awaited their coming. The Romans sprang from their boats into water up to their necks and waded ashore to battle, killing and capturing a large number of Britons, many of whom Cæsar took back with him into Gaul to adorn his triumphal entry into Rome when his term as governor of Gaul had come to an end.

The Roman Senate was astonished at Cæsar's success and all Rome rang with his fame. The island of Britain was held to be the last extreme that Roman arms could reach, and hitherto had been nothing but a place of fables and wild sea tales, and the Senate declared a thanksgiving in Cæsar's honor that was to last twenty days.

That winter Cæsar again returned to northern Italy, leaving his army under the command of his lieutenants, for, possessed of a great ambition to become the ruler of Rome, he desired to learn everything that was taking place there. His absence was taken by the Gauls as a sign that his power was weakening, and they considered that they had a splendid chance to revolt successfully and throw off the Roman power. And among them there sprang up a leader named Vercingetorix, who in his way was almost as great a genius as Cæsar himself, possessed of boundless courage and hardihood.

A revolt in Gaul at that time would endanger all Cæsar's chances for success in Rome. Should his army be overcome he would have no means of enforcing his power there, and a defeat would utterly destroy the prestige that he had built up among the Romans at the cost of so much money and labor. So Cæsar hurried across the Alps and after maneuvering his legions in a manner that showed to the world he was a genius in the art of war, he succeeded in surrounding the greater part of the forces of Vercingetorix.

To save his comrades Vercingetorix gave in to Cæsar, and galloped out of his stronghold to give up his sword. He laid his arms at Cæsar's feet and surrendered himself as a captive. Cæsar kept him as a prisoner for a number of years, after which time he was taken to Rome and forced to walk in the triumph of the conqueror. Then he suffered the fate of the captives of Rome. He was shut up in a dungeon and strangled, and his body was thrown upon one of the refuse heaps of the mighty city.

Continued success in Gaul had by this time made Cæsar's name so great in Rome that the Senate had grown to fear him. Pompey too was jealous of his growing power, and Cæsar was finally ordered by the Senate to disband his army. The two officers of the people, called the tribunes, whose names were Antony and Cassius, vetoed this act on the part of the Senate, and were hunted from Rome and fled to Cæsar's camp for refuge.

Then the Senate, wildly afraid that Cæsar would return at the head of his troops and become a tyrant like Sulla, declared war against Cæsar and put in Pompey's hands the task of humbling his former friend. Cæsar had no intention of disbanding his troops. His soldiers loved him deeply and would follow wherever he led them. And Cæsar exhorted his men to stand by him, promising them honor and riches if he should succeed in overcoming his enemies at Rome, and the men with wild cheers swore that they would follow him to the

death.

At the head of a powerful and well disciplined army that was devoted to him, Cæsar advanced on Rome. When he came to a stream called the Rubicon, which marked the limit of his power as governor of Gaul, he hesitated for a brief time, as there was still time for him to draw back from his tremendous venture had he seen fit to do so—but at length he plunged into the stream with the remark, "The die is cast," and advanced upon the city that he intended to win for himself.

Pompey had been through an exceedingly hard time in getting soldiers to follow his banner, for the reputation of Cæsar was very formidable and his army even more so. Finding that it was impossible to make a stand against Cæsar in Italy, Pompey fled across the Mediterranean Sea, leaving Cæsar the master of Rome and Italy as well. Cæsar, however, was not in the habit of leaving an enemy to fly unmolested. He pursued Pompey to Thessaly and there fought a battle against him in which Pompey was utterly defeated and his soldiers scattered and routed. Pompey fled to Egypt, where Cæsar followed him—and the first thing that was brought to Cæsar when he arrived was Pompey's head. The once great Roman had been treacherously murdered by the Egyptians, who believed that in so doing they would curry favor with Cæsar.

In Egypt there was a beautiful queen named Cleopatra, who used all her great art to force Cæsar to fall in love with her. She believed that when he loved her he would place her firmly on the Egyptian throne and send the Roman soldiers against her enemies. So completely did she succeed that Cæsar, who never had been averse to the charms of beautiful women, remained at her court for a considerable time and led his armies against a king named Pharnaces at Cleopatra's bidding. After this he returned to Rome, where he was made dictator, with absolute power, and was as great

as Sulla had ever been.

But there were still a number of Romans who refused to submit to his power, and Cæsar was compelled to go once more to Africa to vanquish Pompey's friends, Scipio and Cato, who were raising a new army against him. With his usual military genius, he overthrew them easily and returned again to Rome.

Nothing in Roman history equalled his welcome there. He was received as a returning king and the honors that were heaped upon him were greater than had been given to any other Roman in all the long centuries that Rome had been a city. He was called "Father of His Country" and had a bodyguard of Roman noblemen to accompany him wherever he went. His person was considered sacred, and the month of Quintilis was called after his name, July, for Julius, the name it has borne from that far time to the present day.

Now, in his hour of triumph and greatness, Cæsar showed himself of far different metal from any Roman who had previously gained power over the state. He did not mar his success by murdering his enemies as Sulla had done, but rather sought to be the friend of all, and busied himself with good deeds and public works that would benefit the people. And while a royal crown was offered to him many times—notably by the same Marc Antony who had fled to his camp as a fugitive when the Senate rose against his power—Cæsar refused to accept it, believing that he could govern wisely and temperately without the name of King, which was bitter in the ears of all true Romans.

However, his kindness did not save him, and his glory was short lived. Certain Romans considered that their state had fallen under the power of a tyrant, and believed that Rome could be brought back to its former freedom by Cæsar's death. A conspiracy was hatched against him among the senators, and one of its leaders was a man named Brutus, to whom Cæsar had shown every kindness. Brutus, with his comrade,

Cassius, and some sixty others held secret meetings at night in which they discussed the best way to murder Cæsar, and it was finally decided that they would fall upon him with swords and daggers when he entered the Senate House.

In connection with this evil plot a strange thing happened. Cæsar was approached by an old man who claimed to be a prophet or a soothsayer. This man warned him that on a certain day, which began what was called the Ides of March, he must not stir out of his house or evil would come to him. Cæsar laughed at this prediction, but on the night before this very day, his wife, Calpurnia, had an evil dream in which she beheld specters walking in the streets of Rome; and she begged Cæsar as he loved her to remain at home. Cæsar was about to give in to her request when Brutus called at his house to take him to the Senate, and, knowing of the conspiracy, of which he was one of the leaders, Brutus ridiculed Cæsar for being frightened by the dream of his wife and persuaded him to go, although Calpurnia wept bitterly when he departed, believing that she would never see him again.

On the way to the Senate Cæsar passed the soothsayer, and remembering his prediction called out to him that the Ides of March were come.

"Aye, Cæsar," replied the strange old man, "but not yet past." And Cæsar entered the Senate.

As he took his place he was surrounded by the conspirators who crowded about him with their weapons ready to hand under their cloaks and robes, and while one of their number presented a petition to Cæsar, and drew his cloak aside, Casca, another conspirator, stabbed him from behind. Then, as Cæsar turned and grasped Casca's arm, the whole murderous pack of them set upon him, crowding and jostling each other to drive their weapons into his body. And when Cæsar saw the hand of Brutus, his best friend, treacherously raised against him, he drew his cloak over his face so that he might keep his dignity in the agony of death, and exclaiming

"You, too, Brutus?" fell at the base of Pompey's statue, which was stained with the life blood of the man who had conquered him.

So died Julius Cæsar, whose name is even brighter after two thousand years than it was in the time when he lived. As to the conspirators they profited nothing by their deed, for the Romans, inspired by an oration made at Cæsar's bier by Marc Antony, set fire to their dwellings and drove them from the city. Within three years not one of them remained alive. Rome soon proved that she could not live without a master, and the power that Cæsar had won passed into other hands that were not so great or worthy as his own.

Cato the Younger
The Man Who Seldom Laughed

95 – 46 B.C.

A Roman soldier held a boy in his arms at a window, threatening to drop him into the road below.

"Will you speak to your uncle for me?"

"No," replied the boy, "I will not."

"Not if I say I will let go unless you promise?"

"No."

The soldier set the boy down in safety inside the chamber, and said:

"This child is the glory of Italy."

He had been visiting the boy Cato's uncle, in order to ask his support. Many people in the Roman Empire who lived out of Rome wished to be made citizens, with a vote in the elections. The officer was acting as their spokesman. Half in fun, half in earnest, he had begged Cato to plead with his uncle on behalf of the would-be citizens.

You see what a fearless spirit the boy had.

When he was fourteen years old he happened to visit the house of Sulla, the Red General. He saw men carried out dead. They had been slain by the general's order, because they belonged to a different party in the State. Young Cato's anger was roused. He turned to his teacher, and cried:

"Why do you not give me a sword, that I may kill him, and rid my country of the tyrant?"

So fierce was Cato's voice that a friend of Sulla took alarm, and watched the lad closely lest he should attack the

Red General.

Cato, 95 to 46 B.C., belonged to a patrician family—that is, he was of noble birth; and he had a fairly large estate. But he did not care to spend his money wastefully. He was a stern, strict man—one of the order called Stoics (Sto'-icks). Seldom did he laugh; seldom did he smile. Rich persons wore purple; and Cato, as if to show his scorn for their vanity, dressed in black. No matter whether the day was hot or cold, he would go without any head-covering; and he always walked barefoot. While his servants travelled on horseback, Cato trudged like a poor man. A friend in need was he, for he was no miser. He would lend money without expecting the payment of any interest. A friend also was he to the soldiers who fought under his command. Once when a war was ended and Cato was about to return home, the warriors who had served in his regiment spread their garments on the road for him to walk on, and kissed his hand as he passed, for he had won their love by his just treatment. Whenever he had set them a hard task, he had taken a part in the business himself.

Cato was elected a quæstor, or treasurer—that is, one of the keepers of the public money; and he was as careful of the city's money as if it was his own. If he found any man owed money to the city, he would bid him pay.

"But, sir," such persons would say, "this money was due as far back as twenty or thirty years ago. Surely you can take it as a thing forgotten now."

"No," replied Cato; "the money is owing to the treasury of Rome, and it must be paid."

On the other hand, if he found the city owed money to any man, he would see that the debt was paid, even though it had been left unthought of for many years. And so attentive was he to his work, that he was the first officer to arrive at the treasury in the morning and the last to leave at night. He did his business with all his heart and strength.

So true was he to his word that the Romans could readily

trust whatever he said. At last a joke would pass among the people, and if one man told another a very wild story, the neighbor would shake his head and say:

"Well, gossip, I would not believe such a thing even if it were told me by Cato himself."

He did not believe in spending wealth too freely, even on men who gave delight in music or in acting in the theatres. Some rich folk would give a clever musician a crown of gold. But if Cato heard a beautiful piece of music played, he would call the performer to him, and offer him a crown of leaves from the tree known as the wild olive. If a man acted well on the stage, he would send him not jewels or vessels of gold and silver, but a parcel of beet-root, or lettuce, or radishes, or parsley, or cucumbers! I suppose he thought it was well to show his pleasure by a gift, but not to make such gifts as would render the musicians and actors greedy or vain. And perhaps he meant to hint to them that, after all, if a man did finely in his art, such as singing or reciting, he should be content with the honor in which he was held by the people, without wanting a present of money. For then it might be thought that he did his part skilfully, not because he loved his work, but because he loved the pay. Now, anybody could pluck leaves from a wayside tree and weave a crown of wild olive; but to win it as a prize in the public performance might make the artist justly proud, for he would be thinking more of the honor than of the reward.

Even for honors Cato did not greatly care. He had offered himself once to the Romans as consul, but he was defeated in the election. Many men who had failed to get the votes of the people would have gone home feeling very unhappy. But Cato went to the bath, rubbed himself in oil after the manner of the Romans, and had a hearty game at ball!

You have heard of the great war between Julius Cæsar and Pompey. In this struggle Cato took the side of Pompey and the patricians. When it was plain that Cæsar was master of

Italy, Cato felt deep sorrow. He thought ruin was coming on the land, though he was mistaken. But still, he honestly thought Cæsar was doing no good to Rome and the Roman people; and, to prove his grief in the sight of all men, he would neither cut his hair nor shave his beard, nor wear a garland of flowers at a banquet or on a holiday. All his life long he had seldom laughed; now he was more gloomy than ever. Perhaps you think him foolish. But you must remember he was not gloomy on his own account. His heart was troubled for the sake of his country.

Pompey died on the shore of Africa, and his head was shown to Cæsar. Pompey's friend, Cato, also died in Africa. He had collected Roman soldiers and African allies about him, and he had made up his mind to fight Cæsar, and never to yield. His last stand was made at Utica (U-tik-a), a city near Carthage. He brought into this city large stores of corn; he mended its broken walls; he set up towers for watching and for defence; he had ditches dug round; he drilled the young men in the use of weapons, and in soldiers' exercises.

Meanwhile Cæsar came nearer the city. One midnight a horseman dashed into Utica, his horse all steaming, and brought the news that King Juba, the African, was beaten; that soon Cæsar would be at the gates.

Cato would not fly. He ordered that ships should be got ready in the harbor for such as chose to depart, and food was placed on board. From the shore he watched the rowers take the vessels out to sea, and the galleys retire into the faint distance, and he was left in Utica.

In the evening he read very deeply. The book he studied was written by the wise Greek, Plato. His sword used to hang over his couch where he lay. It had been removed by his son, who had a fear lest Cato should slay himself. On Cato discovering that the sword was gone, he asked one of his slaves the reason, and, not being satisfied with the answer, struck the slave such a blow on the mouth that he injured his own hand.

I am sorry to have to tell you this incident, for it shows that Cato, with all his courage and faithfulness, was hard of heart toward his servants.

At length he regained the sword.

Through the night he sometimes read and sometimes slept a little; and as the birds began to sing at dawn he drew the sword from its sheath, stabbed himself in the breast, and soon afterward died.

I have already told you of another Cato. This one who died at Utica is called Cato the Younger.

Brutus
Caesar's Friend and Enemy
85 – 42 B.C.

You remember how Brutus, Cassius, and other Romans of high position stabbed Julius Cæsar to death. Some people think that Brutus did well to help in the slaying of Cæsar. Others think he did evil.

He had been a friend of Pompey the Great. When Pompey had formed his camp, ready for the last struggle with Cæsar, Brutus entered as a friend. Pompey was much pleased. Instead of waiting for Brutus to bow low before him, he rose in the midst of his guards, and embraced the newcomer with much good-will. Brutus waited calmly for the trial of strength. The day before the battle of Pharsalia, while all the other men in the camp were talking of the fight that was coming, he sat quietly reading and writing.

Pompey lost the battle. Cæsar's Romans were clambering up the mounds that formed the walls of Pompey's camp. Brutus fled through one of the entrances on the opposite side to the storming party. A marsh was near. Amid the reeds he forced his way, his feet slipping in the pools of muddy water; and so he escaped. Not long afterward he wrote a letter to Cæsar, and became for a time his close friend.

But only for a time. Brutus hated the idea of one man, however wise, being lord of the Roman world, though I do not think he could have explained how so large an empire was to be ruled better. Many other Roman patricians had like thoughts. They urged him to resist Cæsar. He found papers

laid on his chair in the senate-house, on which were written these words:

"Brutus, thou sleepest! Thou art not a true Brutus."

And, as you know, his was one of the daggers that killed the great general.

Nor did he care to submit to young Octavius, the nephew of Cæsar. He collected an army in the hill-country, north of Greece, and prepared for a trial of strength with Octavius. While marching to the attack on a certain town, he pressed forward a long way in front of the main body of troops, who were slowly trudging through the deep snow in the passes. The keen air of the mountains brought on a curious feeling known as the hunger-madness. No food was at hand; the baggage had been left far in the rear. His attendants then hurried on to the gate of the city, and begged for food of the very foes of Brutus. The citizens were men of a fine spirit, and handed out to the messengers some provisions for the use of Brutus. The city before long fell into his hands, but he remembered the kindness that had been done to him, and showed mercy to the inhabitants.

A different scene occurred at Xanthus, a city in Asia. Brutus had carried his troops oversea, and was seeking to band people together against Octavius. On his way he landed on the island of Rhodes. A crowd of the inhabitants cried out:

"Hail, king and master!"

"Nay," cried Brutus, "I am neither king nor master. I am the destroyer of Cæsar, who wished to be both!"

But then, as I said, he came to Xanthus, and there the folk had no mind to join him and help carry his eagles against Octavius. From village to village he had driven the peasants, and they had swarmed into Xanthus, and the Roman army had now begirt it with a terrible ring of power and death. Some of the Xanthians dived from the walls into the river that ran by. A multitude of them burst from the gates one night, and set fire to the machines (battering engines) which the

Romans used to break the ramparts of the city. They were driven back. The flames spread from the engines to some wooden houses on the walls. A red light shot over the doomed town, and by its glare were seen men, women, and children hurrying from street to street, pursued by the stern Romans. But the people's soul fiercely fought against the idea of yielding to Brutus. They saw no hope in his rule and the rule of the haughty nobles who took his side, and who wished to make Rome everything, and leave the rest of the empire in slavery. They set fire to houses with their own hands, and then, with loud shouts of defiance, leaped into the dreadful flames and died for freedom! In one house Brutus saw the dead body of a woman, clasping her dead babe in one arm; she had set fire to her cottage, and then hanged herself sooner than fall into the power of the besiegers.

> . . . The foeman's chain
> Could not bring her proud soul under.

When Brutus and his comrade, Cassius, had subdued the lands of the East—in Asia Minor and Greece, and the islands round about—they prepared for the last tremendous clash of war. Octavius had come to Macedonia, and the two armies stood face to face at Philippi. The larger host was that of Octavius; but the legions of Brutus appeared more splendid, for their armor flashed with ornaments of gold and silver.

Two battles took place. In the first the horsemen of Brutus dashed with immense courage into the camp of Octavius, and plundered it. But the right wing of Octavius's army made a rush into the camp of Cassius, and bore all before them; and Cassius retired, and in his despair bade a servant strike off his head. The servant obeyed, and news was brought to Brutus that his comrade Cassius was dead.

The next day the conflict began afresh. The Romans who fought for Octavius were cold and hungry. Their tents had

been sodden by heavy rains, and the camp, being on low ground, was damp enough at the best. A fleet from Italy, bearing provisions for their use, had been shattered in a fight with the galleys of Brutus.

Nevertheless, there was a stern valor on the side of Octavius which led to victory. His men had no trust that Brutus would govern the empire wisely for the good of all its people instead of for a few wealthy families. Some of Brutus's friends even went over to the enemy before his very eyes.

Soon the event was decided. A roar of voices, the thunder of cavalry, a hand-to-hand combat of footmen—and it was plain to see that the day was going against Brutus.

And now hear the brave tale of Lucilius. He was a sincere friend of Brutus, and when he saw that defeat was certain, and when he saw Brutus leaving the field, followed by a band of horsemen, he resolved to lay down his life for his friend. So he rode forward, and was at once seized. Being dressed in the style of an officer of rank, he was questioned.

"Who are you?"

"I am Brutus, the general."

"You must come with us to Octavius Cæsar."

"I pray you take me to Antony, for he will treat me more generously than Octavius."

They therefore led him to Antony. The deceit was soon discovered. They had brought the wrong man, and meanwhile Brutus had got safely away! However, no harm came to Lucilius. His life was spared, and he was treated with honor by the conqueror.

And what was Brutus doing?

With a small party of his officers he had ridden on till dusk fell, and the stars appeared. He halted in a glen where tall cliffs hung over a rippling stream. Here there was a cave in which he and his companions took shelter. They brooded sadly over the ruin of their cause, and wondered what would happen to Rome and to the patricians who had opposed

Octavius Cæsar.

A helmet was dipped into the brook, and the water brought to Brutus, and he drank eagerly. Now and then noises were heard among the woods on the opposite bank of the stream. The enemy were searching for the defeated general.

Brutus felt that his hour was come. He spoke in a low tone to one of his friends. The man shook his head and burst into tears. A second did likewise, and others also refused to do what he asked.

He had begged them to slay him.

At length, one of them—a Greek—held a sword, and Brutus thrust himself upon it, and so died in the year 42 B.C.

Two great poets speak of Brutus in their verse; but while Shakespeare praises him, Dante (Dantay) condemns him.

Shakespeare, in his play of Julius Cæsar, shows the death of Brutus in the cave, and makes Octavius and Antony and their soldiers enter; and then Antony says:

> This was the noblest Roman of them all;
> All the conspirators save only he
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man."

Marc Antony
The Man Who Looked Like Hercules
83 – 30 B.C.

A tall, strong general, with large forehead, full beard, and a pleasant look in the eyes—such was Antony, who lived from about 83 B.C. to 30 B.C. When his soldiers stood eating at plain wooden tables in the camp, he would stand and take a share with them, and laugh and talk as if he were a common man of the ranks. And his men loved him for his free ways and cheerful temper. They admired his fine appearance, and said he was like the hero Hercules.

Antony was generous to his foes. Once, in a battle in Egypt, a person with whom he had been friendly was slain on the opposite side. No sooner did Antony hear of his old friend's death than he sent some Romans to search for the body. When it was found, Antony had it buried with a quite royal funeral.

To his friends he was even too generous, for he hated to be thought mean. Once he ordered his house-master (steward) to set apart a sum of money for a beloved companion. The steward placed the silver in a heap, and hoped Antony would change his mind, and give less. When Antony saw what was in the mind of the steward, he said, in a cool, stately manner:

"The amount is too small; double it, and take it to my friend."

In war he was ready to scale the walls of fortresses, to dash on horseback at the enemy, to endure hunger and thirst.

When there was peace, he gave himself up to riotous living. The train of servants carrying his gold and silver vessels, etc., was a little army. They would set up his tent in a pleasant shady grove, beside a river, and lay a table as if in a palace-chamber. Tame lions would be harnessed to his chariot, so that crowds of folk would come and stare. He amused himself with actors and jesters. He would drink too much at a nightly feast, and sleep a drunken sleep the most part of the next day. Antony looked as strong as Hercules, and his body was indeed as manly, but not so his mind; he had not the strength to go without wasteful and selfish pleasures.

You have heard how Julius Cæsar died. After the death of Cæsar, his nephew Octavius (who was later the Emperor Augustus) fought for the mastery. Antony was beaten, and fled. His soldiers passed the Alps on their way to Gaul. So hungry were they that they were glad to chew the bark of trees. The general shared their coarse food, eating bark or roots or tough meat, and drinking unclean water, and making no complaint. Men flocked to him in Gaul. He now felt he was as powerful as Octavius and Lepidus. This Lepidus had been one of Cæsar's stoutest captains.

At last the three rivals met on an island in the beautiful Rhine river, and they talked and argued, and planned how they should divide the Roman Empire between them. The old Roman Republic was coming to an end. Emperors were now to hold the sway, instead of consuls, for some hundreds of years.

But Antony was not earnest enough to keep a grip on his share of the empire. He ran after pleasures as little boys run after butterflies. It fell to his lot to govern Asia Minor. He entered the city of Ephesus as if he came with a show for a circus. Women dressed as priestesses of the wine-god Bacchus (Bak-kus) and men attired like wild satyrs of the woods marched and danced in procession. And the streets of the city were crowded with noisy revelers who wore ivory crowns, and

waved spears garlanded with ivy, and made merry music on harps and flutes and mouth-organs. Antony rode gayly amid the throng, and a roar of voices hailed him:

"Bacchus! Bacchus! ever kind and free! Yo! yo! Bacchus!"

Ah, but the hard-working people of Asia had to pay for all his follies, and many a poor cottager and artisan was forced to give heavy taxes to Antony's officers.

Making his way toward the East, he halted amid the mountains of Cilicia. There he expected to meet a lady of whom he had often heard, but whom he had never yet beheld. This was Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt. She meant that he should see her in her glory, so she arranged to travel down a river to his camp. Her galley was a splendid boat: its stem was plated with gold, its sails were colored purple, and the oars were silver. Musicians played while the rowers rowed, and all kept time together. Under an awning of cloth of gold sat the lady of Egypt, fair as a Greek goddess, while maids who seemed to be lovely nymphs of the sea waited upon her, and pretty boys fanned her with long fans. The white smoke of incense curled over the galley, and smelled sweet. Multitudes of people ran along the banks of the river, gazing on the wondrous scene.

And when Antony saw her he loved her with a love that made him forget his own wife, and too often drew him away from his duty as a soldier and a Roman. When he stayed for a while in the city of Alexandria, at the mouth of the river Nile, wild and strange were his tricks and sports. At night he and Cleopatra would sometimes stroll through the streets, dressed as mere slaves, and act as if they were roysterers from a tavern.

One day Antony sat by a pool of water, fishing, and idle courtiers and ladies reclined in the shade of trees near by, and all the company were gay. Not many fish bit Antony's hook, and the queen smiled at his failure. So he bade a slave dive slyly into the water, and fasten a dead fish to the hook, so that Antony might appear to be catching something after all. This

trick was repeated several times, amid the applause of the courtiers. But Cleopatra saw the deceit, and ordered one of her own servants to dive and fix a dried and salted fish to the lordly Roman's fishing rod. Shouts of laughter pealed out when Antony drew up a fish that looked as foolish as it was salt. And Antony laughed at himself.

The next scene, however, was very different.

In this scene we find Antony once more a general, and leading his army of Romans into the far-off land of the Parthians. Often before had the Romans engaged in deadly struggle with these people of the East, and well did they know the terror of the Parthian darts. Antony was near to disaster more than once. His men were heroes. They marched a thousand miles into this savage district. They had to retreat through rocky passes, where no water was to be had. They beat off the enemy in eighteen fights. Antony lost twenty thousand infantry and four thousand horsemen. Thirst and sickness had killed many of these loyal soldiers. And when the army crossed a river which divided the Parthian region from Armenia, and they were free from the attacks of their fierce foes, they kissed the very ground for joy. But other troubles followed, for, in crossing the hills to the Mediterranean Sea, Antony lost some thousands of men in the deep snow-drifts, and through the bitter cold. In truth, he had not taken pains to carry on the war with care and prudence. He had hurried his men from place to place too swiftly, for he wished to get back to the Queen of Egypt. And thus he left his duty undone.

He had put away his wife as one whom he despised. The lady was sister to Octavius, and Octavius treated this act as a cause of war. In the port of Ephesus Antony placed his army in eight hundred and ninety ships, two hundred of these being sent by the queen. This huge fleet sailed to the island of Samos, and there waited for a while. All princes and governors in Antony's quarter of the empire were collecting heavy taxes, the money being dragged from the homes of the people

in towns and villages. Many a heart was sore, because the war had taken the household savings. At Samos, however, enjoyment went on briskly. Stage-players and musicians amused the Court of Antony and Cleopatra, and roars of laughter were heard at the feasts.

Octavius brought his army across the sea to the coast of Epirus, opposite the western shore of Italy, and his navy prepared to meet the attack of Antony. The place of battle was called Actium. As Octavius went from his tent to the galley, he met a man driving an ass.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Good Fortune."

"And the name of your ass?"

"Victory."

Glad was the heart of Octavius when he received this answer. It was a happy omen. He did indeed gain the victory, and a brass statue of the driver and the ass was afterward set up on that spot.

Antony's ships were large, and had on them big wooden towers, whence the men could shoot. About each large vessel of Antony's several of the ships of Octavius would gather close, and fighting went on furiously hand to hand.

In the midst of the tumult sixty ships suddenly left Antony's fleet. They were Cleopatra's. The queen was flying from the conflict. Antony again forgot his duty. He boarded a five-banked galley, and ordered the crew to sail in the track of the queen. He left his friends struggling, to live or die, as might happen. The queen raised a signal. Antony headed straight for her royal galley, and went on board; and the fleet sailed on to the south, and the noise of war was heard no more. Antony sat silent, his head between his hands. He felt ashamed and miserable. Neither he nor the queen spoke for a long time.

And so they came to Alexandria in Egypt. The stern victor followed. Soldiers and sailors alike deserted to Octavius.

Antony saw that his cause was lost. He stabbed himself with a sword, and lay dying.

The queen had fled to a massive tower, where she had hidden her treasure of gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon. She and two women were alone. The dying Antony was borne to the gate of the fort. She would not open, but said that he should be hoisted on his couch by ropes to a window. The queen and her two companions strained hard at the ropes and drew him up.

Antony: I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

And as she bent over him he murmured that, if he must be vanquished, he was willing that a Roman should vanquish him.

> I lived, the greatest prince of the world,
> The noblest, and do now not basely die.
> Not cowardly put off my helmet to
> My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
> Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going,
> I can no more.
>
> —Shakespeare.

Thus he died. He had seemed so strong; and he was indeed strong in body. But he had not a strong will to go the way that was best for himself and Rome.

St. Paul
The Hero of the Long Trail
6 A.D. – 67 A.D.

The Three Comrades.

The purple shadows of three men moved ahead of them on the tawny stones of the Roman road on the high plateau of Asia Minor one bright, fresh morning. They had just come out under the arched gateway through the thick walls of the Roman city of Antioch-in-Pisidia. The great aqueduct of stone that brought the water to the city from the mountains on their right looked like a string of giant camels turned to stone.

Of the three men, one was little more than a boy. He had the oval face of his Greek father and the glossy dark hair of his Jewish mother. The older men, whose long tunics were caught up under their girdles to give their legs free play in walking, were brown, grizzled, sturdy travellers. They had walked a hundred leagues together from the hot plains of Syria, through the snow-swept passes of the Taurus mountains, and over the sunscorched levels of the high plateau. Their muscles were as tireless as whipcord. Their courage had not quailed before robber or blizzard, the night yells of the hyena or the stones of angry mobs.

For the youth this was his first adventure out into the glorious, unknown world. He was on the open road with the glow of the sun on his cheek and the sting of the breeze in his face; a strong staff in his hand; with his wallet stuffed with food—cheese, olives, and some flat slabs of bread; and by his

side his own great hero, Paul. Their sandals rang on the stone pavement of the road which ran straight as a strung bowline from the city, Antioch-in-Pisidia, away to the west. The boy carried over his shoulder the cloak of Paul, and carried that cloak as though it had been the royal purple garment of the Roman Emperor himself instead of the worn, faded, travel-stained cloak of a wandering tentmaker.

The two older men, whose names were Paul the Tarsian and Silas, had trudged six hundred miles. Their younger companion, whose name was "Fear God," or Timothy as we say, with his Greek fondness for perfect athletic fitness of the body, proudly felt the taut, wiry muscles working under his skin.

On they walked for day after day, from dawn when the sun rose behind them to the hour when the sun glowed over the hills in their faces. They turned northwest and at last dropped down from the highlands of this plateau of Asia Minor, through a long broad valley, until they looked down across the Plain of Troy to the bluest sea in the world.

Timothy's eyes opened with astonishment as he looked down on such a city as he had never seen—the great Roman seaport of Troy. The marble Stadium, where the chariots raced and the gladiators fought, gleamed in the afternoon light.

The three companions could not stop long to gaze. They swung easily down the hill-sides and across the plain into Troy, where they took lodgings.

They had not been in Troy long when they met a doctor named Luke. We do not know whether one of them was ill and the doctor helped him; we do not know whether Doctor Luke (who was a Greek) worshipped, when he met them, Æsculapius, the god of healing of the Greek people. The doctor did not live in Troy, but was himself a visitor.

"I live across the sea," Luke told his three friends—Paul, Silas and Timothy—stretching his hand out towards the

north. "I live," he would say proudly, "in the greatest city of all Macedonia—Philippi. It is called after the great ruler Philip of Macedonia."

Then Paul in his turn would be sure to tell Doctor Luke what it was that had brought him across a thousand miles of plain and mountain pass, hill and valley, to Troy. This is how he would tell the story in such words as he used again and again:

"I used to think," he said, "that I ought to do many things to oppose the name of Jesus of Nazareth. I had many of His disciples put into prison and even voted for their being put to death. I became so exceedingly mad against them that I even pursued them to foreign cities.

"Then as I was journeying to Damascus, with the authority of the chief priests themselves, at mid-day I saw on the way a light from the sky, brighter than the blaze of the sun, shining round about me and my companions. And, as we were all fallen on to the road, I heard a voice saying to me:

"'Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? It is hard for you to kick against the goad.'

"And I said, 'Who are you, Lord?'

"The answer came: 'I am Jesus, whom you persecute.'" Then Paul went on:

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but I told those in Damascus and in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, aye! and the foreign nations also, that they should repent and turn to God.

"Later on," said Paul, "I fell into a trance, and Jesus came again to me and said, 'Go, I will send you afar to the Nations.' That (Paul would say to Luke) is why I walk among perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in labour and work; in hunger and thirst and cold, to tell people everywhere of the love of God shown in Jesus Christ."

The Call to Cross the Sea.

One night, after one of these talks, as Paul was asleep in Troy, he seemed to see a figure standing by him. Surely it was the dream-figure of Luke, the doctor from Macedonia, holding out his hands and pleading with Paul, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Now neither Paul nor Silas nor Timothy had ever been across the sea into the land that we now call Europe. But in the morning, when Paul told his companions about the dream that he had had, they all agreed that God had called them to go and deliver the good news of the Kingdom to the people in Luke's city of Philippi and in the other cities of Macedonia.

So they went down into the busy harbour of Troy, where the singing sailor-men were bumping bales of goods from the backs of camels into the holds of the ships, and they took a passage in a little coasting ship. She hove anchor and was rowed out through the entrance between the ends of the granite piers of the harbour. The seamen hoisting the sails, the little ship went gaily out into the Ægean Sea.

All day they ran before the breeze and at night anchored under the lee of an island. At dawn they sailed northward again with a good wind, till they saw land. Behind the coast on high ground the columns of a temple glowed in the sunlight. They ran into a spacious bay and anchored in the harbour of a new city—Neapolis as it was called—the port of Philippi.

Landing from the little ship, Paul, Silas, Timothy and Luke climbed from the harbour by a glen to the crest of the hill, and then on, for three or four hours of hard walking, till their sandals rang on the pavement under the marble arch of the gate through the wall of Philippi.

Flogging and Prison.

As Paul and his friends walked about in the city they talked with people; for instance, with a woman called Lydia,

who also had come across the sea from Asia Minor where she was born. She and her children and slaves all became Christians. So the men and women of Philippi soon began to talk about these strange teachers from the East. One day Paul and Silas met a slave girl dressed in a flowing, coloured tunic. She was a fortune-teller, who earned money for her masters by looking at people and trying to see at a glance what they were like so that she might tell their fortunes. The fortune-telling girl saw Paul and Silas going along, and she stopped and called out loud so that everyone who went by might hear: "These men are the slaves of the Most High God. They tell you the way of Salvation."

The people stood and gaped with astonishment, and still the girl called out the same thing, until a crowd began to come round. Then Paul turned round and with sternness in his voice spoke to the evil spirit in the girl and said: "In the Name of Jesus Christ, I order you out of her." From that day the girl lost her power to tell people's fortunes, so that the money that used to come to her masters stopped flowing. They were very angry and stirred up everybody to attack Paul and Silas. A mob collected and searched through the streets until they found them. Then they clutched hold of their arms and robes, shouting: "To the prætors! To the prætors!" The prætors were great officials who sat in marble chairs in the Forum, the central square of the city.

The masters of the slave girl dragged Paul and Silas along. At their heels came the shouting mob and when they came in front of the prætors, the men cried out:

"See these fellows! Jews as they are, they are upsetting everything in the city. They tell people to take up customs that are against the Law for us as Romans to accept." "Yes! Yes!" yelled the crowd. "Flog them! Flog them!" The prætors, without asking Paul or Silas a single question as to whether this was true, or allowing them to make any defence, were fussily eager to show their Roman patriotism. Standing up

they gave their orders:

"Strip them, flog them."

The slaves of the prætors seized Paul and Silas and took their robes from their backs. They were tied by their hands to the whipping-post. The crowd gathered round to see the foreigners thrashed.

The lictors—that is the soldier-servants of the prætors—untied their bundles of rods. Then each lictor brought down his rod with cruel strokes on Paul and Silas. The rods cut into the flesh and the blood flowed down.

Then their robes were thrown over their shoulders, and the two men, with their tortured backs bleeding, were led into the black darkness of the cell of the city prison; shackles were snapped on to their arms, and their feet were clapped into stocks. Their bodies ached; the other prisoners groaned and cursed; the filthy place stank; sleep was impossible.

But Paul and Silas did not groan. They sang the songs of their own people, such as the verses that Paul had learned—as all Jewish children did—when he was a boy at school. For instance—

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

As they sang there came a noise as though the mountains really were shaking. The ground rocked; the walls shook; the chains were loosened from the stones; the stocks were wrenched apart; their hands and feet were free; the heavy doors crashed open. It was an earthquake.

The jailor leapt to the entrance of the prison. The moon-

light shone on his sword as he was about to kill himself, thinking his prisoners had escaped.

"Do not harm yourself," shouted Paul. "We are all here."

"Torches! Torches!" yelled the jailor.

The jailor, like all the people of his land, believed that earthquakes were sent by God. He thought he was lost. He turned to Paul and Silas who, he knew, were teachers about God.

"Sirs," he said, falling in fear on the ground, "what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," they replied, "and you and your household will all be saved."

The jailor's wife then brought some oil and water, and the jailor washed the poor wounded backs of Paul and Silas and rubbed healing oil into them.

The night was now passing and the sun began to rise. There was a tramp of feet. The lictors who had thrashed Paul and Silas marched to the door of the prison with an order to free them. The jailor was delighted.

"The prætors have sent to set you free," he said. "Come out then and go in peace."

He had the greatest surprise in his life when, instead of going, Paul turned and said:

"No, indeed! The prætors flogged us in public in the Forum and without a trial—flogged Roman citizens! They threw us publicly into prison, and now they are going to get rid of us secretly. Let the prætors come here themselves and take us out!"

Surely it was the boldest message ever sent to the powerful prætors. But Paul knew what he was doing, and when the Roman prætors heard the message they knew that he was right. They would be ruined if it were reported at Rome that they had publicly flogged Roman citizens without trial.

Their prisoner, Paul, was now their judge. They climbed down from their marble seats and walked on foot to the prison

to plead with Paul and Silas to leave the prison and not to tell against them what had happened.

"Will you go away from the city?" they asked. "We are afraid of other riots."

So Paul and Silas consented. But they went to the house where Lydia lived—the home in which they had been staying in Philippi.

Paul cheered up the other Christian folk—Lydia and Luke and Timothy—and told them how the jailor and his wife and family had all become Christians.

"Keep the work of spreading the message here in Philippi going strongly," said Paul to Luke and Timothy. "Be cheerfully prepared for trouble." And then he and Silas, instead of going back to their own land, went out together in the morning light of the early winter of A.D. 50, away along the Western road over the hills to face perils in other cities in order to carry the Good News to the people of the West.

The Trail of the Hero-Scout.

So Paul the dauntless pioneer set his brave face westwards, following the long trail across the Roman Empire—the hero-scout of Christ. Nothing could stop him—not scourgings nor stonings, prison nor robbers, blizzards nor sandstorms. He went on and on till at last, as a prisoner in Rome, he laid his head on the block of the executioner and was slain. These are the brave words that we hear from him as he came near to the end:

I HAVE FOUGHT
A GOOD FIGHT;
I HAVE RUN MY COURSE;
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

Long years afterward, men who were Christians in Rome carried the story of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ across Europe

to some savages in the North Sea Islands—called Britons. Paul handed the torch from the Near East to the people in Rome. They passed the torch on to the people of Britain—and from Britain many years later men sailed to build up the new great nation in America. So the torch has run from East to West, from that day to this, and from those people of long ago to us. But we owe this most of all to Paul, the first missionary, who gave his life to bring the Good News from the lands of Syria and Judæa, where our Lord Jesus Christ lived and died and rose again.

Brother Francis of Assisi
The Little Poor Man
1182 – 1226

I

If we could have lived seven hundred years ago in Assisi, a little city of Italy, built on a mountain side, we would have known a boy, Francis Bernardino.

There was sunshine everywhere in Assisi. Above the brown tiled roofs of the tiny stone houses there were tall green cypress trees. Bright flowers bloomed at the windows, and in the squares of Assisi farmers sold leaf lined baskets of grapes and plums and figs.

Outside of Assisi the fields were yellow with grain and sweet with orange groves. In the shadow of the vines, great white oxen drew ploughs, and there were deep forests full of birds, and wild blossoms.

Francis loved the little walled town of Assisi; he loved, too, the country that lay outside, but there was so much to interest him at home that he did not often go farther than the gate of the city.

Piero Bernardino, the little boy's father, was a very wealthy merchant of Assisi. When he came home after buying his rich cloth and brocades it was like the homecoming of a prince. Francis and his mother, with crowds of the townsfolk of Assisi, waited for him at the gate. Piero would ride ahead, surrounded by soldiers, and next came the pack-horses loaded with the goods. There was usually another troop of soldiers at the end of the procession.

As Francis followed his father to the great house where he lived, he thought how pleasant it was to be rich. He was happy to be known as the son of the wealthiest man in Assisi. Nothing seemed to him so good as to have more riches than the other boys with whom he played.

So Francis grew up, careless and gay and thoughtless. His friends were boys whose fathers were counts and dukes. They were vain, and proud of the palaces in which they lived. Francis' mother was sad as she heard him shouting and boasting as loudly as the others. But she thought, also: "No matter how careless and wild Francis is, he has a kind and loving heart."

And this was true, because he was always quick to be sorry for anyone who was ill or in need.

The other boys jeered at Francis for this. When he would rather give his purse of gold to a beggar than use it to buy sweets and toys; and when he wrapped his own rich cloak about a man who had none, they laughed at him.

Then there was a war and Francis, grown older, went from Assisi to help fight the Perugian army. There he saw men terribly hurt and dying, and war seemed to him cruel instead of glorious. He was not afraid; he fought bravely. But he went home to Assisi with a strange, new desire in his heart.

One day in a little square of Assisi there was a strange sight. The same crowds that had watched the rich merchant come home with his wealth saw a barefooted figure, dressed in a long dust colored robe and wearing a rope knotted about the waist.

It was Francis, who had heard the Captain of his soul calling to him. He was going away from Assisi.

"Brother Francis, you must be poor, not rich," the voice had said to him. "You must no longer wear soft clothing and feast with princes. You must go through the lanes and city streets taking care of the sick, the helpless and the poor."

So Brother Francis started away without food, or money,

or a home. But he was, all at once, happier than he had ever been in all his life. If he saw a poor little church being erected by the side of the road he wanted to help build it with stones that he brought in his own hands. Whoever he met with a heavy load, he helped with the burden. If anyone gave him food, he shared it with hungry children. Doing this, Brother Francis began to feel richer than he ever had in his father's house. The wind spoke to him and the birds sang in his ears. The silver leaves of the olive trees whispered stories to him, and wherever he went people loved him.

One by one, others followed Brother Francis. They lived as he lived. They wore dust colored robes and went barefooted. They worked as he did for the helpless and those in pain. They were a company of Little Poor Men, and they gave service to whoever needed it, even when they had not a loaf of bread or a penny.

In those long ago days strange and wonderful things sometimes happened. Such things happened after a while to Brother Francis.

II

In the little city of Gubbio, to which there is a wild mountain road, everyone was in terror of a huge, gray wolf. It ate the sheep and the goats. It killed the shepherds. No one dared to go outside of the city, for the wolf stayed close to the gates, and it had the strength of three men. Hunters were not able to kill the wolf. They often saw the great gray creature skulking through the dark, or a pile of bones that it had left. They never caught it, though, and night after night people lay in bed and trembled, hearing the soft pad of the wolf's feet coming nearer and nearer.

Then Brother Francis came to Gubbio. He horrified the city when he said that he would go out, alone, and meet the wolf.

They begged him not to, but he would not heed them. He

went, as a soldier goes bravely to meet the enemy, out of the city gate and down the road to the wood where the wolf lurked.

There he met the wolf, loping swiftly along with his great jaws open.

But Brother Francis called:

"Come, Brother Wolf. Do no harm to me, or to anyone."

The crowd that had followed Brother Francis saw the wolf come gently up and lie down like a lamb at Brother Francis' feet. Even the children could come close and listen as Brother Francis spoke to him:

"If you will stop killing men and beasts. Brother Wolf," he said, "and make peace with the city, we will forgive you all the harm that you have done. As long as you live, the people of Gubbio shall give you food so that you may never be hungry. Show me, Brother Wolf, that you promise to do no more harm."

Brother Francis held out his hand, and the wolf stood up and put his paw in it. Then Brother Francis turned back to the city, the wolf walking like a great pet dog at his side. After this Brother Wolf lived in the city, going peacefully from door to door for his food. He was well fed, no dogs were allowed to bark at him, and he kept his promise to Brother Francis until he died of old age.

There was another wonder in Brother Francis' life. People have liked to remember it, and paint beautiful pictures of Brother Francis with his little friends, the birds.

Brother Francis often stopped by the fields and along the roadsides to talk to the people. He told them stories and tried to make them understand how much happier the poor are than the rich. The birds seemed to want to listen, too. By hundreds they flew, perching on the trees and low branches, and even on the shoulders of Brother Francis' dust colored robe. Wherever Brother Francis went the birds flocked too.

Once he suddenly turned and said: "I am going to speak

to my little brothers, the birds," and he did, telling them how the fields fed them, and the rivers gave them drink, and they were beautifully clothed in their coats of feathers with no thought or care on their part.

The birds had been twittering and singing when he began. As he spoke they were quiet and folded their wings and bent their heads. They understood what he said, and when he had finished they rose in the air and flew away, north, south, east and west, singing more sweetly than they had ever sung before. They were Little Poor Brothers of the air, flying to carry over all the earth the message of Brother Francis.

So Brother Francis lived all his life, poor, and giving comfort, and happy. Nothing was too small or too humble for him to try to help. Once he rescued a pair of doves from being sold in the market place. Once he came upon a frightened little hare that was caught in a trap.

"Come with me, Brother Hare," said Brother Francis, and the hare slipped out of the trap and ran to him, following him through the woods.

And Brother Francis nursed the poor, and was willing to touch lepers of whom everyone else was afraid.

During all these years Brother Francis had lived most of the time with only the sky for a roof and no bed but the grass. He had never been sorry for being poor, but he loved the mountains, and he thought when he looked at them, their shining tops bright with the sunset, that they were more beautiful than any palace in the world.

Someone must have read his thoughts. When Brother Francis was quite old and worn, a Count who loved him gave him a mountain.

It was a wild, beautiful mountain in Tuscany. The Little Poor Men climbed it until they found a level place, full of birds and flowers, and fit for Brother Francis to live. Then they cut great, sweet smelling branches of fir and cedar, and built huts, and when they were done they brought Brother

Francis up.

The stories say that one morning very early the shepherds, just awake on the plains below Brother Francis' mountain, saw a great light. All the mountain was glorious with a rosy light. It looked as if it were on fire, and the light spread down the sides and filled the windows of the little houses where the peasants lived. It was too early for the sunrise. Everyone was awakened and wondered very much about the light.

When it had faded and it was time for the sun to rise, they could see only the hut of Brother Francis on the mountain.

So his life shines down to us, a bright light through all the years.

Francis Cœur-De-Lion
(St. Francis of Assisi)

Date of Incident, 1219

I

The dark blue sky of an Italian night was studded with sparkling stars that seemed to be twinkling with laughter at the pranks of a lively group of gay young fellows as they came out from a house half-way up the steep street of the little city of Assisi.

As they strayed together down the street they sang the love-songs of their country and then a rich, strong voice rang out singing a song in French.

"That is Francis Bernardone," one neighbour would say to another, nodding his head, for Francis could sing, not only in his native Italian, but also in French. "He lives like a prince; yet he is but the son of a cloth merchant—rich though the merchant be."

So the neighbours, we are told, were always grumbling about Francis, the wild spendthrift. For young Francis dressed in silk and always in the latest fashion; he threw his pocket-money about with a free hand. He loved beautiful things. He was very sensitive. He would ride a long way round to avoid seeing the dreadful face of a poor leper, and would hold his nose in his cloak as he passed the place where the lepers lived.

He was handsome in face, gallant in bearing, idle and careless; a jolly companion, with beautiful courtly manners. His dark chestnut hair curled over his smooth, rather small forehead. His black twinkling eyes looked out under level

brows; his nose was straight and finely shaped. When he laughed he showed even, white, closely set teeth between thin and sensitive lips. He wore a short, black beard. His arms were shortish; his fingers long and sensitive. He was lightly built; his skin was delicate.

He was witty, and his voice when he spoke was powerful and sonorous, yet sweet-toned and very clear.

For him to be the son of a merchant seemed to the gossips of Assisi all wrong—as though a grey goose had hatched out a gorgeous peacock.

The song of the revellers passed down the street and died away. The little city of Assisi slept in quietness on the slopes of the Apennine Mountains under the dark clear sky.

A few nights later, however, no song of any revellers was heard. Francis Bernardone was very ill with a fever. For week after week his mother nursed him; and each night hardly believed that her son would live to see the light of the next morning. When at last the fever left him, he was so feeble that for weeks he could not rise from his bed. Gradually, however, he got better: as he did so the thing that he desired most of all in the world was to see the lovely country around Assisi;—the mountains, the Umbrian Plain beneath, the blue skies, the dainty flowers. At last one day, with aching limbs and in great feebleness, he crept out of doors. There were the great Apennine Mountains on the side of which his city of Assisi was built. There were the grand rocky peaks pointing to the intense blue sky. There was the steep street with the houses built of stone of a strange, delicate pink colour, as though the light of dawn were always on them. There were the dark green olive trees, and the lovely tendrils of the vines. The gay Italian flowers were blooming.

Stretching away in the distance was one of the most beautiful landscapes of the world; the broad Umbrian Plain with its browns and greens melting in the distance into a bluish haze that softened the lines of the distant hills.

How he had looked forward to seeing it all, to being in the sunshine, to feeling the breeze on his hot brow! But what—he wondered—had happened to him? He looked at it all, but he felt no joy. It all seemed dead and empty. He turned his back on it and crawled indoors again, sad and sick at heart. He was sure that he would never feel again "the wild joys of living."

As Francis went back to his bed he began to think what he should do with the rest of his life. He made up his mind not to waste it any longer: but he did not see clearly what he should do with it.

A short time after Francis begged a young nobleman of Assisi, who was just starting to fight in a war, if he might go with him. The nobleman—Walter of Brienne, agreed: so Francis bought splendid trappings for his horse, and a shield, sword and spear. His armour and his horse's harness were more splendid than even those of Walter. So they went clattering together out of Assisi.

But he had not gone thirty miles before he was smitten again by fever. After sunset one evening he lay dreamily on his bed when he seemed to hear a voice.

"Francis," it asked, "what could benefit thee most, the master or the servant, the rich man or the poor?"

"The master and the rich man," answered Francis in surprise.

"Why then," went on the voice, "dost thou leave God, Who is the Master and rich, for man, who is the servant and poor?"

"Then, Lord, what will Thou that I do?" asked Francis.

"Return to thy native town, and it shall be shown thee there what thou shall do," said the voice.

He obediently rose and went back to Assisi. He tried to join again in the old revels, but the joy was gone. He went quietly away to a cave on the mountain side and there he lay —as young Mahomet had done, you remember, five centuries

before, to wonder what he was to do.

Then a vision came to him. All at once like a flash his mind was clear, and his soul was full of joy. He saw the love of Jesus Christ—Who had lived and suffered and died for love of him and of all men;—that love was to rule his own life! He had found his Captain—the Master of his life, the Lord of his service,—Christ.

Yet even now he hardly knew what to do. He went home and told his friends as well as he could of the change in his heart.

Some smiled rather pityingly and went away saying to one another: "Poor fellow; a little mad, you can see; very sad for his parents!"

Others simply laughed and mocked.

One day, very lonely and sad at heart, he clambered up the mountain side to an old church just falling into ruin near which, in a cavern, lived a priest. He went into the ruin and fell on his knees.

"Francis," a voice in his soul seemed to say, "dost thou see my house going to ruin. Buckle to and repair it." He dashed home, saddled his horse, loaded it with rich garments and rode off to another town to sell the goods. He sold the horse too; trudged back up the hill and gave the fat purse to the priest.

"No," said the priest, "I dare not take it unless your father says I may."

But his father, who had got rumour of what was going on, came with a band of friends to drag Francis home. Francis fled through the woods to a secret cave, where he lay hidden till at last he made up his mind to face all. He came out and walked straight towards home. Soon the townsmen of Assisi caught sight of him.

"A madman," they yelled, throwing stones and sticks at him. All the boys of Assisi came out and hooted and threw pebbles.

His father heard the riot and rushed out to join in the fun. Imagine his horror when he found that it was his own son. He yelled with rage, dashed at him and, clutching him by the robe, dragged him along, beating and cursing him. When he got him home he locked him up. But some days later Francis' mother let him out, when his father was absent; and Francis climbed the hill to the Church.

The bishop called in Francis and his father to his court to settle the quarrel.

"You must give back to your father all that you have," said he.

"I will," replied Francis.

He took off all his rich garments; and, clad only in a hair-vest, he put the clothes and the purse of money at his father's feet.

"Now," he cried, "I have but one father. Henceforth I can say in all truth 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'"

A peasant's cloak was given to Francis. He went thus, without home or any money, a wanderer. He went to a monastery and slaved in the kitchen. A friend gave him a tunic, some shoes, and a stick. He went out wandering in Italy again. He loved everybody; he owned nothing; he wanted everyone to know the love of Jesus as he knew and enjoyed that love.

There came to Francis many adventures. He was full of joy; he sang even to the birds in the woods. Many men joined him as his disciples in the way of obedience, of poverty, and of love. Men in Italy, in Spain, in Germany and in Britain caught fire from the flame of his simple love and careless courage. Never had Europe seen so clear a vision of the love of Jesus. His followers were called the Lesser Brothers (Friars Minor).

All who can should read the story of Francis' life: as for us we are here going simply to listen to what happened to him on a strange and perilous adventure.

II

About this time people all over Europe were agog with excitement about the Crusades. Four Crusades had come and gone. Richard Cœur-de-Lion was dead. But the passion for fighting against the Saracen was still in the hearts of men.

"The tomb of our Lord in Jerusalem is in the hands of the Saracen," the cry went up over all Europe. "Followers of Jesus Christ are slain by the scimitars of Islam. Let us go and wrest the Holy City from the hands of the Saracen."

There was also the danger to Europe itself. The Mohammedans ruled in Spain as well as in North Africa, in Egypt and in the Holy Land.

So rich men sold their lands to buy horses and armour and to fit themselves and their foot soldiers for the fray. Poor men came armed with pike and helmet and leather jerkin. The knights wore a blood-red cross on their white tunics. In thousands upon thousands, with John of Brienne as their Commander-in-Chief (the brother of that Walter of Brienne with whom, you remember, Francis had started for the wars as a knight), they sailed the Mediterranean to fight for the Cross in Egypt.

They attacked Egypt because the Sultan there ruled over Jerusalem and they hoped by defeating him to free Jerusalem at the same time.

As Francis saw the knights going off to the Crusades in shining armour with the trappings of their horses all aglitter and a-jingle, and as he thought of the lands where the people worshipped—not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ—but the "Sultan in the Sky," the Allah of Mahomet, his spirit caught fire within him.

Francis had been a soldier and a knight only a few years before. He could not but feel the stir of the Holy War in his veins—the tingle of the desire to be in it. He heard the stories of the daring of the Crusaders; he heard of a great victory over

the Saracens.

Francis, indeed, wanted Jesus Christ to conquer men more than he wanted anything on earth; but he knew that men are only conquered by Jesus Christ if their hearts are changed by Him.

"Even if the Saracens are put to the sword and overwhelmed, still they are not saved," he said to himself. As he thought these things he felt sure that he heard them calling to him (as the Man from Macedonia had called to St. Paul)—"Come over and help us." St. Paul had brought the story of Jesus Christ to Europe; and had suffered prison and scourging and at last death by the executioner's sword in doing it; must not Francis be ready to take the same message back again from Europe to the Near East and to suffer for it?

"I will go," he said, "but to save the Saracens, not to slay them."

He was not going out to fight, yet he had in his heart a plan that needed him to be braver and more full of resource than any warrior in the armies of the Crusades. He was as much a Lion-hearted hero as Richard Cœur-de Lion himself, and was far wiser and indeed more powerful. So he took a close friend, Brother Illuminato, with him and they sailed away together over the seas. They sailed from Italy with Walter of Brienne, with one of the Crusading contingents in many ships. Southeast they voyaged over the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

Francis talked with the Crusaders on board; and much that they said and did made him very sad. They squabbled with one another. The knights were arrogant and sneered at the foot soldiers; the men-at-arms did not trust the knights. They had the Cross on their armour; but few of them had in their hearts the spirit of Jesus who was nailed to the Cross.

At last the long, yellow coast-line of Egypt was sighted. Behind it lay the minarets and white roofs of a city. They were come to the eastern mouth of the Nile, on which stood the

proud city of Damietta. The hot rays of the sun smote down upon the army of the Crusaders as they landed. The sky and the sea were of an intense blue; the sand and the sun glared at one another.

Francis would just be able to hear at dawn the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of Damietta, "Come to prayer: there is no God but Allah and Mahomet is his prophet. Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep." John of Brienne began to muster his men in battle array to attack the Sultan of Egypt, Malek-Kamel, a name which means "the Perfect Prince."

Francis, however, was quite certain that the attempt would be a ghastly failure. He hardly knew what to do. So he talked it over with his friend, Brother Illuminato.

"I know they will be defeated in this attempt," he said. "But if I tell them so they will treat me as a madman. On the other hand, if I do not tell them, then my conscience will condemn me. What do you think I ought to do?"

"My brother," said Illuminato, "what does the judgment of the world matter to you? If they say you are mad it will not be the first time!"

Francis, therefore, went to the Crusaders and warned them. They laughed scornfully. The order for advance was given. The Crusaders charged into battle. Francis was in anguish—tears filled his eyes. The Saracens came out and fell upon the Christian soldiers and slaughtered them. Over 6000 of them either fell under the scimitar or were taken prisoner. The Crusaders were defeated.

Francis' mind was now fully made up. He went to a Cardinal, who represented the Pope, with the Crusading Army to ask his leave to go and preach to the Sultan of Egypt.

"No," said the Cardinal, "I cannot give you leave to go. I know full well that you would never escape to come back alive. The Sultan of Egypt has offered a reward of gold to any man who will bring to him the head of a Christian. That will be your fate."

"Do suffer us to go, we do not fear death," pleaded Francis and Illuminato, again and again.

"I do not know what is in your minds in this," said the Cardinal, "but beware—if you go—that your thoughts are always to God."

"We only wish to go for great good, if we can work it," replied Francis.

"Then if you wish it so much," the Cardinal at last agreed, "you may go."

So Francis and Illuminato girded their loins and tightened their sandals and set away from the Crusading Army towards the very camp of the enemy.

As he walked Francis sang with his full, loud, clear voice. These were the words that he sang:

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

As they walked along over the sandy waste they saw two small sheep nibbling the sparse grass growing near the Nile.

"Be of good cheer," said Francis to Illuminato, smiling, "it is the fulfilling of the Gospel words 'Behold I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves.'"

Then there appeared some Saracen soldiers. They were, at first, for letting the two unarmed men go by; but, on questioning Francis, they grew angrier and angrier.

"Are you deserters from the Christian camp?" they asked.

"No," replied Francis.

"Are you envoys from the commander come to plead for peace?"

"No," was the answer again.

"Will you give up the infidel religion and become a true believer and say 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet?'"

"No, no," cried Francis, "we are come to preach the Good News of Jesus Christ to the Sultan of Egypt."

The eyes of the Saracen soldiers opened with amazement: they could hardly believe their ears. Their faces flushed under their dark skins with anger. "Chain them," they cried to one another. "Beat them—the infidels."

Chains were brought and snapped upon the wrists and ankles of Francis and Illuminato. Then they took rods and began to beat the two men—just as Paul and Silas had been beaten eleven centuries earlier.

As the rods whistled through the air and came slashing upon their wounded backs Francis kept crying out one word —"Soldan—Soldan." That is "Sultan—Sultan." He thus made them understand that he wished to be taken to their Commander-in-Chief. So they decided to take these strange beings to Malek-Kamel.

As the Sultan sat in his pavilion Francis and Illuminato were led in. They bowed and saluted him courteously and Malek-Kamel returned the salute.

"Have you come with a message from your Commander?" said the Sultan.

"No," replied Francis.

"You wish then to become Saracens—worshippers of Allah in the name of Mahomet?"

"Nay, nay," answered Francis, "Saracens we will never be. We have come with a message from God; it is a message that will save your life. If you die under the law of Mahomet you are lost. We have come to tell you so: if you listen to us we will show all this to you."

The Sultan seems to have been amused and interested rather than angry.

"I have bishops and archbishops of my own," he said, "they can tell me all that I wish to know."

"Of this we are glad," replied Francis, "send and fetch them, if you will."

The Sultan agreed; he sent for eight of his Moslem great men. When they came in he said to them: "See these men,

they have come to teach us a new faith. Shall we listen to them?"

"Sire," they answered him at once, "thou knowest the law: thou art bound to uphold it and carry it out. By Mahomet who gave us the law to slay infidels, we command thee that their heads be cut off. We will not listen to a word that they say. Off with their heads!" The great men, having given their judgment, solemnly left the presence of the Sultan. The Sultan turned to Francis and Illuminato.

"Masters," he said to them, "they have commanded me by Mahomet to have your heads cut off. But I will go against the law, for you have risked your lives to save my immortal soul. Now leave me for the time."

The two Christian missionaries were led away; but in a day or two Malek-Kamel called them to his presence again.

"If you will stay in my dominions," he said, "I will give you land and other possessions."

"Yes," said Francis, "I will stay—on one condition— that you and your people turn to the worship of the true God. See," he went on, "let us put it to the test. Your priests here," and he pointed to some who were standing about, "they will not let me talk with them; will they do something. Have a great fire lighted. I will walk into the fire with them: the result will shew you whose faith is the true one."

As Francis suggested this idea the faces of the Moslem leaders were transfigured with horror. They turned and quietly walked away.

"I do not think," said the Sultan with a sarcastic smile at their retreating backs, "that any of my priests are ready to face the flames to defend their faith."

"Well, I will go alone into the fire," said Francis. "If I am burned—it is because of my sins—if I am protected by God then you will own Him as your God."

"No," replied the Sultan, "I will not listen to the idea of such a trial of your life for my soul." But he was astonished

beyond measure at the amazing faith of Francis. So Francis withdrew from the presence of the Sultan, who at once sent after him rich and costly presents.

"You must take them back," said Francis to the messengers; "I will not take them."

"Take them to build your churches and support your priests," said the Sultan through his messengers. But Francis would not take any gift from the Sultan. He left him and went back with Illuminato from the Saracen host to the camp of the Crusaders. As he was leaving the Sultan secretly spoke with Francis and said: "Will you pray for me that I may be guided by an inspiration from above that I may join myself to the religion that is most approved by God?"

The Sultan told off a band of his soldiers to go with the two men and to protect them from any molesting till they reached the Crusaders' Camp. There is a legend—though no one now can tell whether it is true or not—that when the Sultan of Egypt lay dying he sent for a disciple of Francis to be with him and pray for him. Whether this was so or not, it is quite clear that Francis had left in the memory of the Sultan such a vision of dauntless faith as he had never seen before or was ever to see again.

The Crusaders failed to win Egypt or the Holy Land; but today men are going from America and Britain in the footsteps of Francis of Assisi the Christian missionary, to carry to the people in Egypt, in the Holy Land and in all the Near East, the message that Francis took of the love of Jesus Christ. The stories of some of the deeds they have done and are today doing, we shall read in later chapters in this book.

Galileo and the Wonders of the Telescope

1564–1642

Ages ago, in the almost forgotten past, when the earth was peopled with the primitive races that knew scarcely anything of life outside of the thought of food for the day and shelter for the night, the laws of nature were quite uncomprehended, and all the interesting phenomena of the universe were either entirely unnoticed, or accepted with an ignorant awe that never thought of inquiring into their origin.

And later on, when great nations had been formed out of the tribes that once roamed in lawless and hostile bands, the wonders of nature were still regarded with the same awe, and it was even considered impious to question their cause or study their effect.

The wonderful succession of day and night, the recurrence of the seasons, the sun and moon, the stars and the winds and the tides, and all things else, were only a part of the great mystery of life, and all equally incomprehensible, from the flaming comet that illumined the heavens with unnatural brightness to the opening of the first bud or the fall of the first snowflake; and it was never dreamed that the time would come when man would look upon these things with any feeling but amazement.

And even when the world had grown wise in many ways, and there were great cities ruled and kept by powerful kings and mighty armies, and while poets and painters were making immortal poems and pictures, and man had learned to use the

winds and the tides to guide him on his journeys, still the unexplained marvels of the universe were clothed in sacred mystery, and only the priests and astrologers dared to study and proclaim their laws.

From time to time some philosopher, seeking earnestly after the truth, would assert that he had discovered some secret of nature that would lead to the better understanding and use of her laws but the world seemed so enchanted with its own ignorance that the new discoveries were either received with unbelief, or the author accused of impiety and perhaps sentenced to death.

And so long centuries passed away while man seemed to the gain knowledge of every other kind, but held the world of nature still in childish wonder, and was as much terror-stricken by the sight of a comet or the eclipse of the sun as had been his remote ancestors who dwelt in caves and went naked through the wilderness in search of food.

But there came an age at last when knowledge had so increased and was so widely diffused among people of every class, that the rulers and priests of a country could no longer prevent any new discovery from being made known.

Every city boasted of schools and universities, and in them were found not only the great scholars and philosophers, but students from every class, for ignorance was no longer considered desirable, and it was esteemed honorable to be able to talk of history and literature, the fine arts and philosophy. These universities were frequented by visitors from all parts of the civilized world, and thus it happened that any newly discovered scientific truth or theory was at once carried to remote places, and in this manner the systems taught in one city soon became known to the others, and knowledge greatly advanced by their mutual intercourse. About the middle of the sixteenth century the universities of Italy held a high rank among institutions of learning, and within their walls could be found some of the most earnest and enlightened thinkers

of the world. Many of these gave their days and nights to the study of nature, and strove with untiring zeal to grasp the secrets that had eluded the wise of other ages.

Among these restless and inquiring spirits was Galileo Galilei, a youth of Pisa, who had entered the university of his native town at the age of nineteen as a student of medicine.

Although the father of Galileo was not wealthy, and a university education for his son would call for considerable denial on his part, still the effort was cheerfully made, and the rapid progress of the young student immediately proved the wisdom of the step.

From his earliest childhood Galileo had shown the greatest talent for mechanical invention, his wonderful toys and little models of machinery being the admiration and delight of his companions, and as he grew older this talent developed more and more, and led to some of the most important inventions in the history of mechanics.

Two years after his entrance at the university he noticed one day, while sitting in the cathedral, a lamp swinging from the roof, and keeping as it swung a regular and uniform motion. This circumstance, which would never have attracted the notice of the careless observer, at once held the attention of the young inventor, and he watched the lamp until he became convinced, by comparing its motion with the beating of his pulse, that its vibrations, whether great or small, recurred at regular and equal intervals. He immediately saw that this discovery might lead to some useful mechanical invention, and at once set about verifying it by different experiments; the results proved the truth of his supposition, and it then occurred to him that if he were able to reckon the vibrations of a swinging body from the beat of a normal pulse, he might be able to do the reverse to ascertain the pulse of a patient by comparing it with the same vibrations. He at once constructed a simple instrument to test his theory, and the experiment proved so satisfactory that the invention at once

passed into common use by all the physicians of the day.

This first pendulum—which was called a pulsilogy, from the use it was put to—consisted simply of a weight attached to a string, and a graduated scale. The string was gathered up in the hand till the vibrations of the weight coincided with the beating of the pulse, and it was then reckoned from the scale whether the rate were normal or otherwise.

Although the pendulum was invented for the sole purpose of assisting in the practice of medicine, yet the discovery of its principle by Galileo led to important results; previous to this there had been many contrivances for the measurement of time, hour-glasses, sun-dials, water-dials, burning candles, and other expedients succeeding each other in turn, but none of these had been able to measure time so accurately as the pendulum, and its use in dividing the day, and in astronomical observations soon became indispensable. Its invariable regularity was of the greatest service to the astronomers, who, by means of the pendulum-clock which was invented some years later by Huygens, a Dutch astronomer, were able to make calculations more exactly and satisfactorily than ever before, and the same instrument in time led to the knowledge of the real form of the earth. Thus the first invention of Galileo not only served the practical needs of daily life but was the means of advancing scientific observation to a plane inaccessible before.

Although Galileo had entered the university as a student of medicine this subject gradually lost all charm for him, and he devoted himself more and more exclusively to mathematics and physics. This change was at first unwelcome to his father, but as time passes and he saw that his son was irresistibly carried on by his new pursuits, he no longer opposed him, and allowed him to devote his time to the study of natural philosophy.

An essay on physics brought Galileo to the notice of one of the leading mathematicians of Italy, and through his

influence the young philosopher was appointed to the lectureship of mathematics at Pisa. This new position did not prevent his pursuing his studies with undiminished vigor, and his lectures attracted immediate attention. Almost from the beginning of his university career, Galileo showed that boldness and originality of thought which distinguished him in after-life, and won the ill-will of several of the professors by his unwillingness to accept for truth many of the dogmas which they held sacred.

But Galileo had been brought up under the influence of a father who was accustomed to give full and free discussion to any subject that occupied his mind, and this training, together with his own original genius, made it impossible for the son to follow easily in the beaten paths of university life, and thus thrown back upon himself, and with only the help and sympathy of one or two of his companions, he began to find out new lines of thought, and to follow paths that had hitherto been considered unlawful.

New ways of solving old questions presented themselves freely to his inquiring mind, and were tested, and, when found satisfactory, accepted with the same readiness that was accorded the old faiths, and this could not be forgiven by the professors, who considered it the most honorable thing in the world to receive the ancient philosophies without question or disparagement, and whose greatest ambition it was to discover or wring some new meaning out of the old texts that would apply to all doubts and settle all discussion. And thus from the beginning of his career, Galileo was surrounded by the enemies of progress, and even his mechanical investigations were received with cold favor.

But this did not daunt him, and as he advanced in his studies he subjected all the propositions of the old philosophy to the severe test of free investigation, glad when he could find no flaw in the world-old wisdom, but gladder still when he discovered an error the righting of which would lead

thought into wider and purer channels. And the responsibility of his position as a teacher made him the more anxious to sift out the good from the bad, while the opportunity thus offered of influencing a younger generation made him strive with renewed earnestness after the truth.

These efforts only served to increase the hospitality that the professors had shown toward him in his student-days; but Galileo persisted in his investigations, and proved the folly of some of their most cherished beliefs, announcing the results of his experiments with a persistent determination and faith that won many adherents. But his enemies would not listen even when his arguments were followed by the most conclusive proofs; and on one occasion, when Galileo performed the experiment of letting two bodies of different weight, fall simultaneously from the leaning tower of Pisa, in order to prove that they would reach the ground at the same time, his angry opponents refused to believe the evidence of their own eyes, and quoted in reply the sentence from Aristotle which asserted that if two different weights were let fall from the same height the heavier one would reach the ground sooner. Such obstinacy, combined with ill-will and distrust, rendered Galileo's position at Pisa so unpleasant that, when an opportunity offered for him to take the chair of mathematics at Padua, he did not hesitate, and left Pisa after having taught there only three years.

He now began to circulate his writings more freely, one essay following another with such rapidity, and all embodying such new and startling theories, that his name soon became familiar to the scientific world, and his opinions were listened to with a respect that roused the fiercest resentment of his enemies.

One of the most sacred beliefs of the day was the Ptolemaic theory that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, planets, and stars all revolved around it, outside of the atmospheres of air and fire which

immediately surrounded it.

Many absurd reasons were given to prove the truth of this theory, and philosophers seemed willing to accept anything as fact, provided it coincided with this popular superstition, and even gravely acquiesced when it was asserted that the earth must be the centre of the universe because it was the only planet that had a moon. This theory took its name from Claudius Ptolemy, an old astronomer and geographer, who lived at Alexandria about the middle of the second century A.D. Ptolemy gave innumerable reasons for his belief, and said that it would be impossible and absurd to believe otherwise. About four hundred and fifty years B.C., Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, who spent many years studying in Egypt, and who was familiar with the astronomical theories of the Chaldeans and Egyptians, proclaimed to his disciples that the earth had a motion and revolved periodically around a great central fire, and this theory met with the warmest approbation of some other Greek philosophers, who also believed in two motions of the earth, an annual and daily, and claimed that the heavens only appeared to move because the earth turned on its axis with such rapidity.

But this belief was rejected with scorn by Ptolemy, who said that it was impossible to believe that the earth turned on its axis from west to east during twenty-four hours; for if it were true, then bodies lighter than the earth and suspended in the air, would have an opposite movement, and that it would thus be impossible for clouds or birds, and any object thrown in the air to go toward the east, as the earth would be constantly going before them and make it seem as if everything were going toward the west. And for two thousand years the world clung to the Ptolemaic theory, in part because it seemed reasonable and convincing, but chiefly because it had received the sanction of Aristotle, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, whose influence upon thought was so unlimited that even his most absurd theories of mechanics were

received without question.

But in 1543 Nicholas Copernicus, a Prussian astronomer, published his great work "De Revolutionibus" —concerning the revolutions—in which he entirely refuted the Ptolemaic theory, and asserted that the earth was not the centre of the universe, and that it had a daily rotation on its axis and an annual revolution around the sun, which two motions accounted for all the other phenomena of the heavens, and satisfactorily explained all the hitherto unexplainable mysteries in regard to the motions of the heavenly bodies.

The opinions of Copernicus were received with disdain by the philosophers of the old school, and his work was derided as the wildest nonsense; but the more thoughtful minds gave his writings careful attention, and came gradually to accept his incontrovertible arguments, and among these was Galileo, who found it impossible to hold the Ptolemaic theory after becoming familiar with the works of Copernicus.

His conversion to the true theory was not, however, made publicly known at once, either because he felt that he had not yet sufficiently studied it, or because he feared that the opposition of his enemies might do the new system more harm than it would be in his power to overbalance.

But in 1604 the scientific world was startled by the sudden appearance of a new star, whose splendor at once attracted the attention of all astronomers. Night after night its brilliant light, changing from orange to yellow, purple, red, and white successively, illumined the heavens with new glory, and records were searched and old treatises pored over in order to see how often similar appearances had been noticed before.

Galileo studied the star with the greatest interest, and his lecture-rooms were crowded when it was announced that he would give a public explanation of the wonder; but the crowds who had come to agree with old theories or idly speculate over ancient astronomical history, were rudely startled by Galileo's original views, which swept away many of the fondest illusions

of the age, and proclaimed clearly a new and unwelcome advance in the study of the heavens.

It was generally believed that the new star was a meteor having its origin in the atmosphere, and that it was nearer the earth than the moon; but Galileo claimed that this was impossible, and proved, by exact calculations from the situation and appearance, that the star must be placed among the most distant of the heavenly bodies, and that the belief in its motion around the earth was contrary to true theory of the earth's revolution around the sun.

This view was received with scorn by the followers of Aristotle, who held that the sky was unchangeable, and that the stars were carried in hollow crystalline spheres around the earth, thus making it impossible to account for the new star in this manner. They also declared their opposition to the theory of the motion of the earth, and Galileo was called upon to defend the Copernican system. He did this with such zeal that the university was at once divided into two parties, one agreeing with the Aristotelians, and the other following Galileo and accepting the new doctrines with delight. The dispute went on for some years, and Galileo omitted no chance to proclaim his belief in the Copernican system, and to add new proofs to strengthen its hold upon the minds of others; and in 1609 an event occurred which enabled him to completely vindicate the truth of his new belief, and to convince all but the most obstinate that it would be no longer possible to hold to the old theories. This was the invention of the telescope, the use of which revealed the most startling wonders in the heavens, and demonstrated the truth of Galileo's belief to the fullest extent.

Previous to this astronomers had been obliged to depend entirely upon the naked eye for making all observations; and although the world had advanced in almost every other way, in this respect the Italian star-gazer of the sixteenth century had no advantage over the Chaldean shepherds who, ages

before, had studied the mysteries of the heavens during their lonely night-watches. But the telescope changed all this, and revolutionized the study of astronomy. It brought to light unsuspected possibilities for research, and laid bare the secrets that had eluded man from the earliest times. Not only were the planets and stars that were already known brought nearer and rendered more familiar by closer observation, but even the most distant of the heavenly bodies shone with a new glory, that was not diminished by the discovery that, farther still beyond their circles, other stars even yet more beautiful swept through their limitless courses, and that what had before seemed only empty space was in reality filled with vast systems of worlds, which waited only the proper moment to reveal themselves in all their bewildering splendor.

It is claimed by some that Galileo's invention of the telescope was not strictly original, and that he only applied and improved upon an idea that had already been used to some extent in the manufacture of optical instruments.

But, however this may be, it is certain that the first telescope which Galileo made and pointed to the heavens created the greatest wonder in the scientific world, and was considered almost as much of a marvel as the discovery of a new world would have been.

This first telescope, which was called Galileo's tube, aroused public curiosity to the greatest height, and Galileo's house was thronged with visitors eager to satisfy their curiosity; the most extravagant and absurd stories were circulated, and all through Venice, where Galileo happened to be staying at the time, there was no talk of anything but the wonderful instrument which was thought to be possessed of almost magical powers. The news spread rapidly from place to place, and all the astronomers set themselves to making telescopes, though it was long before anyone could produce an instrument equal in excellence to those made by Galileo. And so great was the excitement over the new invention, that

small telescopes were sold in the streets as curiosities, and the observatories were besieged with people who gave the astronomers no peace until they satisfied their incredulous wonder.

In the meantime Galileo ascended his tower night after night, and pointed his telescope towards the heavens which had so suddenly assumed such a new and intense interest. And the results showed that, although he had given his whole life to the study, he had really only just begun to learn anything of the marvels of creation. One mystery after another was unfolded to his wondering gaze, and even the objects that had once seemed familiar to him now disclosed such new characteristics as to appear almost strange.

This was especially true of his observations on Jupiter, a planet which, from its great size and brilliant light, had always attracted the attention of astronomers. Regarded at first by mankind simply as a splendid star whose beauty added another glory to the sky, it was studied with unusual care, and even when later philosophers denied its stellar character, it was still an object of intense interest to astronomers, who looked upon it as a mysterious presence wandering among the familiar stars, awing them by its majesty, and yet as little understood as the flittings of the will-o'-the-wisp among the fireflies in the meadow. And although its planetary character was fully established in the time of Galileo, the wonder in it had not yet ceased. Galileo brought it night after night under the range of the telescope, and was soon rewarded by the most startling discovery in astronomical science.

He noticed, at first, that there seemed to be three new stars situated very near to Jupiter, and further observation led to the discovery of a fourth. Careful study of that part of the heavens soon led to the astonishing disclosure that these small stars revolved around Jupiter, in the same way that the moon revolved around the earth; and Galileo, after verifying his theory by elaborate and continuous observations, announced the undreamed-of fact that Jupiter was attended

by four moons.

This intelligence was received with undisguised amazement by all classes. The friends of Galileo and the advocates of the Copernican system, at once joyfully accepted this new proof of the harmonious motions of the heavenly bodies, while his opponents were equally bitter in their denunciation, refusing to look through the telescope for fear it would convince them of their error, and, as usual, bringing forth the most absurd arguments in favor of their own obstinacy.

Galileo had named the satellites the Medicæan stars in honor of his patron, Cosmo di Medici, and one antagonistic philosopher gravely denied the willingness of nature to give Jupiter four moons simply for the sake of immortalizing the name of Medici, and said that the whole thing was an idle dream.

Another declared solemnly that he did not more surely know that he had a soul in his body, than that the moons were caused entirely by reflected rays of light, and claimed that Galileo's "thirst for gold" had alone led him to such an announcement.

And still another astronomer seriously demonstrated that it was contrary to the law of nature to have more than seven planets, and that therefore more than seven could not exist. He argued that there were seven windows given to animals in the domicile of the head, to admit the air to the rest of the body to warm and nourish it, and that likewise, in the heavens there were two favorable stars, Venus and Jupiter; two unfavorable stars, Mars and Saturn; two luminaries, the sun and the moon; and Mercury alone undecided and indifferent. Also, that there were but seven metals, seven days in the week, and innumerable similar phenomena to prove that there could only be seven planets; summing up with the conclusion that the satellites were invisible to the naked eye, that they therefore could exercise no influence on the earth, that they were therefore useless, and therefore did not exist.

To this Galileo only replied that, however weighty the reasons might be that no more than seven planets could exist, they scarcely seemed sufficient to destroy the new ones when actually seen, and went on observing Jupiter.

His friends supported his theories as warmly as ever, and the controversy was kept up until the existence of the satellites was established beyond a doubt, when his enemies went to the other extreme and claimed that Galileo's observations were most imperfect, as there were really twelve satellites instead of four; and it was only when Jupiter moved to another part of the heavens, carrying his four moons with him, that they admitted that the original announcement was correct.

Galileo's observations of the moon also led to a fierce discussion, and philosophers again spent a great time in arguing and denying, with the usual results.

From its nearness to the earth, and the interesting phenomena connected with the various changes that it passed through every month, the moon had from the earliest times been an object of the greatest interest to man, who attributed mysterious power to its influence, and placed it among the divinities. And it still held its subtle attraction long after the old religions had passed away, for with the exception of the sun, it alone of all the heavenly bodies exercised an important influence in the concerns of daily life. Filling the heavens with its wonderous beauty long after the great god of day had set, it seemed like a beneficent spirit sent by some protecting power to guard the lonely watches of the night; while to the traveller on desert or mountain or sea, its beams came with friendly assurance of help and companionship in braving the unseen perils of the darkness.

In the time of Galileo the popular belief concerning the moon was that it was a perfectly spherical body, with a surface as smooth and polished as a mirror, and that the dark parts of its surface were either the reflections of the forests and

mountains of the earth, or caused by the interposition of opaque bodies floating between it and the sun, or, because of its nearness to the earth, the result of contact with certain terrestrial elements which marred its beauty and made it less pure than the bodies in the more remote heavens.

But Galileo's observations led him to the belief that the moon resembled the earth in structure, and that its dark portions were the shadows reflected from mountains and other inequalities in its surface; while he also claimed that it was probable that there were continents and oceans distributed over the surface similar to those on the earth, and that the faint shadow which was attached to the crescent moon, and filled out that part of the surface unlighted directed by the sun, was caused by the reflection of the earth's light, or earthshine. These theories were at once attacked by his opponents, who said that Galileo took delight in ruining the fairest works of nature, and utterly denied the existence of mountains on the moon, as their presence there would destroy its spherical shape.

Galileo replied that to conceive of the moon and the earth as perfectly spherical bodies would only detract from their use, in the plan of nature, for absolute smoothness and sphericity would make the earth only a vast, unblessed desert, void of animals, of plants, and of men; the abode of silence and inaction; senseless, lifeless, soulless, and stripped of all those ornaments which made it so beautiful. But this argument was derided by his enemies, who replied that the moon's surface was really smooth and unalterable in spite of all that Galileo could say, and that the parts which appeared hollow or sunken were in reality filled up with a crystal substance perfectly imperceptible to the senses, but still serving the purpose of giving to the moon her true spherical shape.

Galileo agreed to accept the theory of a crystal substance filling all irregularities, provided the philosophers would allow him to raise crystal mountains ten times higher than those he

had actually seen and measured, and this nonsense effectually put an end to the crystalline theory.

In regard to Galileo's theory of earthshine his critics averred that it was untenable, because the earth was not a planet and did not revolve around the sun, or shine like the other planets, and ascribed the shadow to Venus or the fixed stars, or the rays of the sun shining through the moon. And thus the endless dispute went on, and all of Galileo's wonderful discoveries were received with scorn and unbelief by the enemies of progress, who bent all the powers of their minds to the refutation of the Copernican theory. But Galileo went on with his observations undisturbed by this opposition, and constantly announced new wonders.

He examined the Milky Way, and was the first to prove that its nebulous appearance was caused by the presence of myriads of stars, whose light reached to infinite distances beyond the system of the earth; and although this theory was of course disputed, it was firmly established by repeated observation, and this confirmed beyond a doubt the conjecture of Pythagoras that countless millions of stars circled continuously through their distant courses far beyond the vision of man.

Galileo subjected all of the planets in turn to his scrutinizing gaze, and one discovery followed another with astounding rapidity, so that there never ceased to be a new marvel to wonder at.

He detected the presence of Saturn's rings, although his glass was not strong enough to show him their real nature, and he supposed the planet to have two attendant stars; and a month later he announced the discovery of the phases of Venus, deducing from this fact another proof of the Copernican system. He also examined the fixed stars, and by careful comparison of their light with that of the planets decided that they did not receive their light from the sun, and he added still another argument to the doctrine of Copernicus

by the discovery of the spots on the sun and their motion across its disc.

As early as 807 a.d. dark spots had been observed on the face of the sun, and for centuries after this phenomenon attracted the attention of astronomers. But all the curiosity was satisfied by the supposition that the dark body was simply caused by the passage of Mercury or some other small object across the sun's surface.

But Galileo claimed that the spots were in actual contact with the sun, and that they had a common and regular motion with which they revolved around the sun, which turned upon his axis once a month.

Here was another argument for the Copernican theory, and in consequence the new explanation of sun spots was received with little favor by the followers of Aristotle.

And thus in the midst of opposition and discouragement Galileo kept on his way, continually adding to the sum of scientific knowledge, and unwearying in his efforts to place natural science upon a more reasonable and comprehensible plane than it had before reached.

His observations included not only the phenomena of the heavens, but also those connected more intimately with the earth, and his essays extended over a great variety of subjects which had hitherto been treated only with ignorance or indifferent success.

The results of his work were published from time to time, and in 1632 the labor of his life was given to the world in the form of a book entitled, "The Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems," in which were incorporated all his views on natural science, and his arguments in favor of rejecting many of the old theories of the universe and accepting the new.

And now the unpopularity which had always followed him found a new object for its hatred.

The book was received with the most intense ill-will by

Galileo's enemies, many of whom occupied high positions in philosophical circles, and possessed an unbounded influence with the dignitaries of Church and State, and the "Dialogue of the Systems" was made the means of bringing the quarrel between the old and new philosophies to an issue.

The hatred of years had at last found its opportunity, and Galileo was summoned to Rome to answer the charge of heresy in teaching the doctrines of Copernicus, which were assumed by the Church to be in opposition to the revealed word of God.

Galileo was seventy years old, and his life had been spent in reverent study of the works of nature, but the conclusions he arrived at differed from those accepted by the theologians of the day, and his long and faithful devotion to science, and all his splendid discoveries, were simply regarded by his enemies as the work of a man who dared to dispute the holiest tenets of the Church, and to offer a scientific creed as opposed to the sacred beliefs of the Aristotelian philosophers.

The Inquisition, which was then the judicial tribunal of the Roman Catholic Church, examined Galileo upon his religious and scientific views, and pronounced them impious and heretical, and called upon him to renounce and abjure the most cherished convictions of his soul, or suffer the penalty that attended any persistent opposition to the Holy Office.

The subject of Galileo's abjuration has always been a matter of dispute, some contending that it was exhorted from him while undergoing torture at the hands of the officers of the Inquisition, and others claiming that the terms of abduration were dictated by the inquisitors themselves, and are not to be considered as expressing the recantation of Galileo.

But, however that may be, it is certain that an abjuration, that was considered sufficiently condemning by his enemies, was sworn to by Galileo in the presence of the officers of the Inquisition, and that his recantation saved him from

imprisonment, and perhaps death.

The well-known anecdote that when Galileo rose from his knees after signing the abjuration he stamped the ground and whispered to one of his friends—"It [the world] does move, though"—is without foundation. Although copies of his abjuration were immediately circulated throughout Italy, and were ordered to be read in the universities, the Copernican system still kept its hold upon the minds of all advanced thinkers, and Galileo was still regarded as its most powerful advocate.

The fact that his abjuration did not cost him the respect and admiration of his friends, is sufficient evidence that it was obtained under circumstances that reflect little credit on the supporters of the Church, and admits the probability that, even in this terrible crisis, Galileo maintained his character as an uncompromising advocate of the new school of thought; and his judges can only place his whole brave and consistent life against the questionable practices of the Inquisition, to give a balance largely in his favor.

Galileo died in 1642, having been blind for five years before his death.

The malice of his enemies followed him to the end, and he was denied the privilege of making a will, and of burial in consecrated ground.

But this petty spite could not interfere with the sentence passed upon him by all the unbiased thinkers of his own and succeeding ages, that his life was one of noble devotion to his work, and that through his influence scientific inquiry was first led into the pure ways of reasonable thought, and the world of nature more fully and clearly revealed, and endowed with new and unimagined beauty.

Stradivarius
The Whittler of Cremona
1644 – 1773

It was sundown and Maytime, and Cremona was gay in the wealth of green and gold weather. Revelers in fantastic attire went laughing along the promenades, for it was the last day of carnival week, and grave men and women had been transformed into merry-eyed maskers. Instead of a solemn clerk in office or shop there was a jolly shepherd, or perhaps a dryad, while money-lenders who on other days looked stern and forbidding frisked about as goats or clowns or apes. Yes, it was gay in Cremona, for it was May and carnival time, and they come but once a year.

Down in a narrow, alley-like street that crept, zigzag fashion, toward the Duomo, three boys were standing in the shadows. They wore no masks, not even a scarlet brow-shield to show that they had any part in the merriment that was general on the boulevards, and the shabbiness of their clothing told that they were of Cremona's poor. Perhaps they had crept from the bright-robed throng because of their somber attire; perhaps just to talk over a question that seemed important, for two of them were in earnest conversation, while the third stood quietly by, whittling at a pine stick. He was younger than the others, with a sensitive face and big, expressive eyes that were brown and velvety, and his companions called him Tonio.

"But I tell you, Salvator, every minute lost now is like throwing gold away. People are generous at carnival time, and

we can get twenty lira tonight as easily as one when the fun is over, for a merry heart makes an open hand."

"Perhaps you are right, Gulio, and I will go. Shall we start now?"

His brother nodded and replied, "Yes, to the piazza, in front of the Duomo, where a crowd is always passing. You sing, and I will play. Do you want to go too, Tonio?"

Antonio looked up from the stick that was beginning to take the semblance of a dagger under his knife, and turned his velvet eyes full on Gulio.

"Yes. I'd like to be with you, even if I cannot sing."

The brothers laughed.

"You certainly cannot sing," Gulio remarked. "You can do nothing but whittle, which is a pity, for that never turns a penny your way. But hurry. People are in their merriest mood now."

And laughing voices sounding from the streets told that he was right. Gulio picked up his violin, and, followed by Salvator and Antonio, led the way through the alley to a street that skirted the Po. Other Cremonese, both old and young, moved in the same direction, for all wanted to be where the fun was at its height, and that was in the great square in front of the Duomo. The brothers chatted as they went along, for the thought of the money the revelers would give had made them light of heart. But Antonio said little. Gulio's remark that he could do nothing but whittle was still in his mind, and while he knew it to be true, it made him sad. He loved music, yet could have no part in making it, for he did not own a violin, and when he tried to sing his voice squeaked so that the boys laughed. It was hard to be just a whittler when his companions could play and sing well.

Soon they were in front of the great cathedral, where a throng continually moved by, the brilliancy of the masks and dominos seeming to vie with the hues nature had spread across the sky. For the sun had dropped like a ball of flame on

the broad Lombardian plains beyond the city, and masses of purple and maroon clouds were piled along the horizon. Now and then a sail fluttered like a white-winged bird as a pleasure bark moved up or down the river, and gold-emblazoned standards and rich caparisons on the horses and carriages of great lords added color to the scene. There is a saying that all nature is glad when Cremona makes merry, and the glowing beauty of the evening seemed to prove it true. Without losing a minute Gulio took his violin from its case, and tuning it with skilful fingers, began the prelude of a Lombardian folk song. Salvator's voice was sweet and lute-like, and as he sang to his brother's accompaniment, several stopped to listen, and dropped coins into the singer's outstretched hand when he finished.

Antonio kept on with his whittling until it was so dark he could not see to work. Then he sat on the cathedral steps and waited for the boys.

A man walked by. He wore neither mask nor domino, and seemed to care little about the gaiety. But seeing the youthful musicians, he came close to where they stood.

"That is a pretty song, lad," he said as Salvator finished another ballad. "Would you sing it again to please a lonely man's fancy?"

He seemed to hear nothing but the music as the boy did as he asked, and stood with half-closed eyes listening to the fresh young voice that blended sweetly with the soft violin accompaniment. Then, handing Salvator a coin, he went on down the street, without noticing Antonio, who still sat on the steps.

The boy held the coin up in the waning light and gave a cry. "Sacre giorno![1] A gold piece! A gold piece for one song!"

Gulio looked at him dubiously. But when he examined the coin, he too exclaimed, "Truly a gold piece! But he can well

[1] Sacre giorno – holy day.

afford it. That is the great Amati."

Antonio came and looked at the money. He had seen very few gold pieces, and thought it wonderful that a man should give so much. Then, turning to Gulio, he asked, "Who is Amati, and why do you call him great?"

Salvator stared in amazement.

"You have not heard of Amati?" he asked. But before he could answer Gulio interrupted, "Of course not. Antonio is just a whittler. He knows about knives and woods, but little about music. Amati is a violin maker, the greatest in Italy, and very, very rich. Yet men say he cares for nothing in the world but his work."

The brothers were so happy over their good fortune that they were not willing to stay in the street any longer. They wanted to get home with the money, and Antonio had no desire to be there alone. It is jolly to watch a throng of merry-makers when one has companions, but not pleasant to be in the midst of gaiety in which you have no part. So he walked with them as far as the bridge across the Po, then went on to his own home and crept to bed. But he did not sleep, for his brain was afire with a thought that had just come into it. He could not sing. He could do nothing but whittle, and here in his own Cremona was a man who with knives and wood made wonderful violins. Before dawn next day he was up, and eating a piece of bread, took some things he had made with his knife, and crept out of the house while his parents were still sleeping. Somewhere in the city the master violin-maker dwelt, and he meant to find his home. It was not hard, for all Cremona knew of the great Amati, and while the matin bells were still ringing Antonio stood at his door.

The servant growled because he disturbed the house so early and scolded him away, so he waited in the street until he was sure it was time for work to begin, when again he rattled the heavy brass knocker. Again the man was about to drive him away, when the master, hearing the hireling's angry

tones and the boy's pleading ones, came to the door.

"I have brought these things for you to see," Antonio answered when questioned. "I cut them out with my knife, and want to know if you think I can learn to make violins."

The great man smiled.

"What is your name, lad?"

"Antonio Stradivarius," came the eager reply.

"And why do you want to make violins?"

The boy's face was very earnest as he looked into the master's, and the velvet eyes seemed to grow darker as he spoke.

"Because I love music, and cannot make any. Salvator and Gulio can both sing and play. You heard them last night in the piazza in front of the Duomo and gave them the gold piece. I love music as much as they, but my voice is squeaky. I can do nothing but whittle."

The master laid his hand on Antonio's shoulder.

"Come into the house and you shall try. The song in the heart is all that matters, for there are many ways of making music. Some play violins, some sing, some paint pictures and make statues, while others till the soil and make flowers bloom. Each sings a song, and helps to make music for the world. If you put your best into it, the song you sing with knives and wood will be just as noble as the one Salvator and Gulio sing with voice or violin."

So Antonio Stradivarius, a boy who could not sing, became a pupil of the great Amati. Day after day he toiled in the workshop. Day after day he hewed persistently and patiently, until at last he had a violin. It was not done in a week, nor in a month, for the master taught him many lessons beside those in cutting and shaping and string placing, one of which was that a tiny bit well done each day is what means great achievement by and by. Sometimes he wanted to hurry and work less carefully than his teacher advised, but gradually he learned that patience is worth more than all things else to

him who would excel, and when the instrument was finished he felt repaid for the long days of toil, for the master praised it, and that was a wonderful reward.

Years passed, and he worked on and on. His squeaky voice no longer troubled him, for although it had not improved, and Gulio and Salvator were both singers much loved, in Cremona, he had learned that Amati's words were true, and that if there is a song in the heart there is always a way of singing it. So he put his best into his work, and his violins became known all over Italy. Musicians said their tone was marvelously sweet and mellow, and wondered how it could be. But to Antonio it seemed very simple, and he said it was just because he put so much love into the making.

At last Amati died and his pupil took his place as the master violin-maker of Italy. Salvator and Gulio's voices had become squeaky, and people no longer cared to hear them, but still Antonio kept steadily on at his much-loved work, trying to make each violin better and more beautiful than the one before it.

That was over two hundred years ago, and now, at the mention of Cremona, men think not of the fair city beside the Po whose stately Duomo still looks out over the fertile plains of Lombardy, but of the world's greatest violin-maker, Antonio Stradivarius.

There is no civilized land into which his instruments have not been taken, for musicians prize them more highly than any others, and refuse for them sums greater than any of which the boy Antonio had ever heard. To own a "Strad" is to be rich indeed, and one of the things of which Italy is proudest is that it was the land of Antonio Stradivarius. All of which goes to show that although one can do nothing but whittle, he may help to make music for the world if there is a song in the heart, and a noble purpose and patience and persistence keep the hands at work.

Mary Washington
A Republican Mother
1708 – 1789

Had the mother of Washington been associated with the daily life of her distinguished son after he reached man's estate, hers would have been a familiar historical character. As she was not, the world knows but the barest incidents of her life as compared with its knowledge of Washington's wife.

Like the mothers of all great and earnest men, she was a praying woman. Her Bible was her constant companion, and its precepts were ever on her lips. A silent, serious woman she was, self-contained, self-respecting, and reserved. During the forty-six years of her widowhood she managed her house-hold and farm without the assistance of any adviser, and reared her children to usefulness and honor, and saw them go forth into the world equipped for its work and pain. That they each and all revered her, and sought her counsel in every emergency, is sufficient testimony of her worth and ability.

Mrs. Washington's lack of personal ambition and her constitutional reserve were qualities which prevented her from becoming popularly known to the public, even at a time when the people were eager for any opportunity to show her honor. But no demonstration was ever made in her behalf, and there is but one instance recorded when she appeared in public with her son. This was after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, when Washington, accompanied by his suite and many distinguished military men, went to Fredericksburg. A grand ball was given in his honor, and the proud old mother was the

belle of the evening, the observed of all observers as she passed from group to group, leaning on the arm of her happy son. The beautiful devotion of Washington to his mother endeared him to her neighbors and to the people of Virginia, and the honors that were paid him on that occasion were doubly sincere because they were a recognition of his worth, not alone as a patriot, but as a son.

Mother and son were much alike in character, personal appearance, and conduct. Washington, in the most trying emergency of his career as commander-in-chief, did not display more self-control and courage than did his mother in hiding from her children for months and years the distressing face that she was a sufferer of cancer. This circumstance it was that strengthened her resolve to live alone, which she did up to the last few months of her life, and her mode of life probably had much to do with prolonging her existence to the great age she attained.

The last duty that Washington performed previous to leaving Virginia for the seat of war at the breaking out of the rebellion, was to go to Fredericksburg and remove his mother from the country into the city, where her married daughter was residing. He was unwilling to go away leaving her on the farm, and to overcome her opposition he knew that a personal appeal must be made. The prospects of a long war and the uncertainty of his return were shown her in their conversation, and when convinced that it was to add to his peace of mind when away, she consented, and removed at once, leaving a competent man in charge of the farm, subject to her daily supervision. And supervise it she did every day of her life, riding about the fields, directing the planting and the gathering of crops, ordering repairs, and buying supplies. She had what would not be termed an old-fashioned buggy and a gentle horse, and every morning both were before her door awaiting her. She lived out of doors the greater part of the later years of her life.

Her children were grown and gone from her, and her eldest son was engaged in duties that exposed him more or less to constant danger and separated him almost entirely from her. It was wisdom in her so to live, and the disease that had very gradually come upon her was kept at bay for many years by her uniform, quiet, and peaceful life. Where another mother of less fortunate temperament would have found occasion for constant worry and anxiety, in her son's prolonged absence and trying if high position, Mrs. Washington fretted not at all, and troubled no one with her heart experiences. She had great native sense, and she was strong of will and firm of faith, and her outlook on life was in consequence extended.

As a child on her father's Virginia plantation, Mary Ball was trained religiously, and as she grew to womanhood she became a church member, and all her associations were of a religious nature. The children of the early settlers of this country and their immediate descendants were strenuous advocates of church worship, and they gave of their means and their time to build meeting-houses. The Sabbath was the day of all others most filled with important duties. All the week the colonists worked hard, and at the meetings on Lord's day they met together and were companions in devotion. They learned the Bible, and could repeat large portions of it.

Mary Ball was, by reason of her careful rearing and her natural disposition, altogether fitted for the position of stepmother, which position she assumed when she became the wife of Augustine Washington, her father's friend and neighbor. She was twenty-four years old when she married—an age not considered very young in that day.

The Washingtons were planters of considerable means in Westmoreland County, and the home to which Augustine conducted his wife was one of the most comfortable in that section of the country. In this pretty country home was born

on the 22nd of February, 1732, George, the first child of Mary and Augustine Washington. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Washington, five of whom lived to maturity.

It was a very religious household: both father and mother were members of the Episcopal Church. Family prayers were said morning and evening. The Bible was read, and the servants of the household were always present. The mother instructed her children constantly on religious subjects, and as often as not her reproofs were made in scriptural language. In this way she inspired their hearts with respect, and impressed upon their unfolding minds the dignity and responsibility of a mother.

Mr. Washington died at the age of forty-nine years, leaving to his wife the responsibility of rearing her young children, the eldest of whom was but a small lad. Mrs. Washington found little difficulty in bringing up her children. They were disciplined in obedience, and a simple word was her command. She was not given to any display of rage, but was steady, well-balanced, and unvarying in her mood.

A relative and playmate of George in boyhood, who was often a guest in her house, says: "I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Mr. Sparks, than whom there is no better authority, says:

"It has been said that there never was a great man, the elements of whose greatness might not be traced to the original characteristics or early influences of his mother. If this be true, how much do mankind owe to the mother of Washington?"

Mrs. Washington permitted her son to spend his holidays at Mount Vernon, with his brother Lawrence, and there he was brought into contact with military men and naval officers. The martial spirit was always strong in the lad, and he was a careful listener to the conversations held in that home on the Potomac. Lawrence encouraged George in his desire to become a military man. An opportunity offered to secure for him a midshipman's position on a British man-of-war, and Lawrence urged Mrs. Washington to let him accept it. George also petitioned her, and the trial was a severe one to her. She refused finally, on the ground that there was no reason why her son (he was then fourteen years of age) should be thrown out into the world, and separated so far from his kindred. The professions she objected to also as one that would take her boy from her permanently. She could not bring herself to see that it was to his advantage to go to sea, and we may feel assured she made it the burden of many prayers.

There was a neighbor of hers who was a friend of her stepson's and this man, Mr. Jackson, at the request of Lawrence, went to see her regarding the matter. After visiting Mrs. Washington, he wrote to Lawrence as follows:

"She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest."

Mr. Jackson, who rated his worldly judgment against a mother's intuition! His obtuseness in styling her an "unthinking" mother was sufficient to have made a woman of her strong sense distrust advice from such a quarter. Had she been persuaded against her will, her son's great future would have

been marred, and the probabilities are that his career would have been a comparatively obscure one.

In the archives of Mount Vernon may be seen a manual compiled by Mrs. Washington from Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," which she wrote out for her son, and which he preserved until the day of his death. It stands to reason that a son who heeded every other instruction would yield implicit obedience in a matter of so much importance, and it is an historical fact that he in after years alluded to it with expressions of gratitude to his mother for preventing him from taking a step that would have been unfortunate if not fatal to his future.

It was a not a great while after the circumstance narrated above that the French and Indian War broke out, and George Washington received his mother's consent and blessing when he made known his desire to go. From that time henceforth he was with her only on occasional visits.

When the war broke out he paid her, as has been said, a visit before starting north to assume command. In the long years that passed before she saw him again, he wrote her repeatedly, and lost no opportunity to relieve her mind of anxiety concerning him. The lavish praises bestowed upon him by all who saw her hardly ever received any other recognition than a quiet reminder that Providence was ordering all things. For herself, she found her self-control in prayer, and much of her time was spent alone.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was the auspicious event that hastened their reunion. A messenger was sent to apprise her of the fact, and as soon as possible public duties were laid aside, and Washington visited her, attended by his staff. His presence in Fredericksburg aroused the enthusiasm of all classes. For the first time in six years mother and son met, and it may be imagined that her heart rejoiced over the meeting. She was then over seventy-years of age. On this occasion the people of Fredericksburg gave a ball in his

honor, and it was attended by a brilliant throng of military officers and foreigners. Washington presented the American and European officers to his mother, who regarded her with undisguised pleasure and astonishment. Tradition says she was the picture of beautiful simplicity, moving among the dazzling throng dressed in the appropriate costume of a Virginia matron of the olden time.

At the close of the Revolution Washington endeavored, as he had done before, to have his mother reside with him at Mount Vernon. She was now past seventy, and he was unwilling that she should live alone at her time of life. Her children all shared this feeling. Nothing could shake her determination. Her reply was, "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offers, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself."

Very often Washington visited her, and always with increasing anxiety. During the latter portion of her life, when the pitiless disease from which she had suffered for years was making rapid headway, it was her habit to repair daily to a secluded spot near her dwelling, and their commune with her Maker. She sought by this means to gain strength to live out her days without harrowing the feelings of others with the sight of her sufferings. But for this disease, cancer in the breast, which had exhibited itself years before, she would in all probability have lived with her son, or at least her daughter. But as long as she could hide the cruel secret from her children, she did, and it was not until the last years of her life that her son knew of it. His alarm and anxiety she quieted by her resolute course, and her own courage and calmness helped the others.

When Washington was elected President of the United States, he paid her a farewell visit. He was soon to start for the seat of government, and he felt that he would not see her again. This was the year of her death, and she knew when she gave him her last blessing that the end was not far off. The

separation was intensely painful to him. He rested his head on her shoulder while she folded her feeble arms about his neck. Both wept, the mother silently, while Washington, unable to control his feelings, sobbed as she gently released herself from his embrace. She bade him do the duty Providence had assigned him, and live his life through with her blessing on his head.

The trial was bitter to her, because she was fast hastening away, and would have gladly had his loving support to the end. But it was not to be, and controlling herself with great effort, she met the parting with more composure than he could summon.

After intense sufferings, she died on the evening of the 25th of August, 1789, in her eighty-third year, and the forty-sixth of her widowhood. Mrs. Lewis, after the last sad rites were paid her, wrote to Washington informing him of the end. He had been extremely ill, and the intelligence deeply affected him. His letter included the following:

My Dear Sister:

Under these considerations, and a hope that she is translated to a happier place, it is the duty of her relatives to yield due submission to the decrees of the Creator. When I was last in Fredericksburg, I took a final leave of my mother, never expecting to see her more.

Mrs. Washington's business integrity throughout her life was one of her finest characteristics, and in her last worldly transaction she recorded the fact that her estate was encumbered by no debts.

She died as she had lived, a grand character, one of the noblest this country ever has produced or ever will produce.

Her grave was unmarked, even by a headstone, until the year 1833, when the corner-stone of a monument to her memory was laid by President Jackson, in the presence of a

great concourse of people. The day, the seventh of May, was beautiful, the soft spring air and cloudless sky making it seem the perfection of weather. The grave was made near the spot where she was accustomed to retire and pray, and it recalled the memories of her last years to very many who stood on ground consecrated by her presence. The simple but eloquent inscription it contains is:

MARY,
the Mother of
WASHINGTON.

Mrs. L.N. Sigourney's poem and tribute read on the occasion contains the following touching lines:

A nation's liberty and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim–nursing the germ
Of Godlike virtue in his infant mind,
We know not—Heaven can tell!
Rise, noble pile!
And show a race unborn who rests below,
And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to His garner.

Martha Washington

1732 – 1802

On a great Virginia plantation in the year 1732 Martha Dandridge was born. Her father was a prominent landowner and his daughter had the usual education of the time—not much schooling in comparison with today, but she learned to play the spinet, to dance gracefully, and to sew with all the mysteries of elaborate stitches. A well-behaved, pretty child she was who at fifteen made her debut in Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, which then afforded the gayest social life in America. Dressed in a stiff bodice and flowered petticoat, Martha was the belle of the ball, and of many succeeding ones as well, for at once she became a great favorite.

When she was barely eighteen she married Daniel Parke Custis, a wealthy landowner, who was more than twenty years her senior. They lived near Williamsburg at his country home, the "White House." Seven years later he died, leaving her with two young children and a great fortune—thousands of pounds and thousands of acres of Virginia land.

In May, 1758, Mrs. Custis was visiting at Major Chamberlayne's, when her host brought an unexpected guest —none other than young Colonel George Washington, already a military hero and commander of the Virginia troops. He was en route to Williamsburg to report to the governor on the needs of his regiments, and when Major Chamberlayne pressed him to stop, he had at first refused, but yielded when told that the prettiest and richest widow in all Virginia was there.

He would stay for dinner then, but must go on at once,

and gave orders accordingly to his servant, Bishop, bequeathed to him by General Braddock. But when dinner was over and the horses were brought round no Washington appeared, though Bishop had never known his master to be late before. In the drawing-room the young colonel and the young widow were talking, oblivious to everything else, while the impatient steeds pawed the drive restlessly. Till the day was done and twilight at hand Washington loitered.

"No guest can leave my house after sunset," said the major, and insisted that he must stay the night. Late the next morning Bishop and his master rode away to Williamsburg. The little widow in the white dimity frock, with the cluster of May-blossoms at her belt, and the little white cap half covering her soft, wavy brown hair, had completely captivated the soldier. His business in the town completed, he rode on to the "White House."

"Is your mistress at home?" he asked the negro who met him at the ferry.

"Yes, sah," was the reply, and the man added, his white teeth flashing in a broad smile, "I reckon you's the man what's 'spected!"

Evidently he was, for when, on the following day, Washington left for camp and the western campaign against Fort Duquesne, the two were engaged.

In January, 1759, when they had met just four times, Mrs. Custis and George Washington were married. A brilliant scene the wedding was. The guests included wealthy planters and their wives and daughters, all very grand in their satins and brocades, English officers in army and navy uniforms, the governor of Virginia, in scarlet embroidered with gold, with a bag wig. The groom wore a blue suit, the coat lined with scarlet silk and trimmed with silver, an embroidered white satin waistcoat, with knee and shoe buckles of gold; while in contrast to his six feet two was the little bride in a petticoat of white quilted satin, with an overdress of white corded silk

interwoven with silver threads, high-heeled satin shoes with diamond buckles, point lace ruffles and pearls. At the door, attracting almost as much attention as the wedding party, stood Bishop in his red coat, holding his master's chestnut horse.

With her three bridesmaids Mrs. Washington drove to her home in a coach and six, while her husband and a group of his friends rode beside them. Thus began their forty years of married life.

After a few months in Williamsburg, to settle the business of the Custis estate and to attend the meetings of the House of Burgesses, of which Washington had been elected a member during his campaign against the French, he took his bride to Mount Vernon, his eight-thousand acre plantation on the Potomac River. Here they planned to live quietly, he busy with his fields and flocks, she with the large household, and both enjoying the growth of the Custis children. In a white apron and cap, with a bunch of keys jingling at her side, Mrs. Washington supervised the busy kitchen and slave quarters, looked after the strict training and the lessons of the children, and was a charming hostess to their guests.

But public affairs changed and with them this quiet happy life. The stamp act and oppressive taxes stirred the colonies. Like many patriot women, Martha Washington ceased using tea at her table, ceased to buy English cloth and other goods of English manufacture. No less than sixteen spinning-wheels were kept busy at Mount Vernon, and on the looms homespun was woven for the family's clothing and for the large number of slaves.

Rapidly events moved to a crisis. The first Continental Congress was called, and Washington elected as one of Virginia's three delegates. When the party started north Mrs. Washington saw them off with these words of wifely appreciation, "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will. God be with you, gentlemen."

And this was not idle talk on her part, for she foresaw plainly the consequences. At the many discussions and debates which had occurred at their home, for and against English policy, she had said little, but had listened intelligently. She summed it up in writing to a friend:

"Dark days and darker nights, domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned, property put in jeopardy but what are all these evils when compared with the fate of which the Port Bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause."

The second Congress met the following May and Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the army. He wrote this news to his wife at Mount Vernon, adding that he hoped to return in the autumn. Instead he then invited her to come to him in Cambridge, but carefully pointed out the difficulties of the journey. Unhesitating, undismayed, a true soldier's wife, she set out for the long trip to the North, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to leave the ease and security of her southern home and spend the winter in a New England camp on the outskirts of a city held by the enemy. The coach with its four horses, and postillions in white and scarlet livery, attracted great attention. In the country people rushed to doors and windows to get a sight of her. In the towns she was met by escorts of Continental soldiers, the ringing of bells, and enthusiastic cheering. With a mingled feeling of pride and wonder this little woman, who had never been out of Virginia, realized what it was to be the wife of General Washington.

This was a real farewell to the quiet plantation and the beginning of her public life. Except for the year when Trenton and Princeton and active winter campaigning made it too dangerous for women to be present, it was Martha Washington's custom to join her husband when the army went into winter quarters, and to march back home when work opened with the spring. Thus she heard the first and last

gun of every campaign, and described herself as a perambulator for those eight years.

Because she was the wife of the general, it did not follow that she could live in luxury. In Cambridge to be sure headquarters were in the Craigie House, later the home of the poet Longfellow; and here Mrs. Washington had some social life, with the wives of the Harvard professors. But in other places lodgings were often very, very uncomfortable, "a squeezed-up room or two." At Valley Forge a log cabin was built—near a Quaker farmhouse where the Washingtons had two rooms—to serve as a kitchen and dining-room; but when this same plan was proposed for the headquarters at Morristown, no lumber was available! At Newburgh their inconvenient dining-room had one window and seven doors, and the sitting-room was so small that when Washington entertained a French officer, the guest had to sit on a camp bed.

Martha Washington's presence lessened the general's cares and broke the monotony of the long anxious winters. She was always a delightful hostess and even with camp limitations her hospitality and genial manner reminded her guests of Virginia. Nearly every day some of the young officers and their wives were invited to dinner, the General and Mrs. Washington sitting side by side, while Alexander Hamilton carved.

Martha Washington was always a simple, dignified woman, as a group of Morristown ladies who went to call upon her testified. Having heard that the general's wife was a very grand lady, they wore their best bibs and bands, and most elegant silks and ruffles. Mrs. Washington, in a plain homespun dress and a "specked" (checked) apron, received them very graciously, a half knit stocking in her left hand, the ball of yarn in her pocket. After the usual compliments were over, she resumed her knitting.

"And there we were," described one of the women afterward, "without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but

General Washington's lady was knitting socks!"

She showed them two dresses of cotton and silk, woven at Mount Vernon, the stripes made from ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers. She took pains to tell them that the livery of her coachmen was all homespun, save for the scarlet cuffs, made of English material imported long before the war.

After that visit, work for the soldiers, rather than fine feminine clothes, became the fashion in Morristown.

At another New Jersey headquarters Washington was staying at a private house, whose mistress one day saw a coach drive up to the door, with ten dragoons as the escort. Out stepped a plain little woman dressed in brown homespun, wearing a hood; over her bosom was folded a large white kerchief. She must be a maid, thought the hostess, until she saw General Washington greeting her, and inquiring about the children, and his favorite horses at Mount Vernon. The general's wife, dressed like that!

Everywhere the soldiers loved Lady Washington, as they called her. During the sad winter at Valley Forge, when the army was in desperate straits, suffering greatly from lack of food and blankets and clothing, and the consequent constant sickness, she went to share the soldiers' privations and make a spot of cheer in their dreary lives. She arrived in a rough farm sleigh, hired from the innkeeper at the forks of the Brandywine, where the deep snow had forced her to abandon her coach. Stanch patriot that she was, she made light of inconveniences and discomforts and hardships; and never was a woman busier than Martha Washington, all that dismal winter. In a cloak and hood, with her basket on her arm, she went in the deep snow from hut to hut, carrying delicacies for the sick and consolation for the dying, and by her sympathy and generosity stimulating the loyalty and courage of the men. "God bless Lady Washington!" was frequently heard, when her kind, motherly face appeared.

Day after day she assembled in her two rooms the wives of the officers, to knit and patch, and make new garments whenever materials could be secured. No more embroidering and spinet playing, and other light accomplishments! The work these women did at Valley Forge was far-reaching in its effects. News of it spread to Philadelphia, where the British were having a gay winter, and the patriotic ladies there commenced making shirts for the soldiers, and ultimately contributed nearly three thousand garments. Small in amount, perhaps, in comparison with such service today; but Martha Washington was a pioneer, anticipating the work of the Sanitary Commission and the American Red Cross.

Officers, soldiers and women, all were steadied by her serenity and unwavering faith. And when the middle of March brought better times, she led in the camp gaiety. The news of the French alliance was celebrated with a grand review. The soldiers cheered for the king of France, for the thirteen states, for their general; then there came shouts of "Long live Lady Washington!" and a thousand hats were tossed into the air in the excitement.

Yorktown and victory, and the end of the war in sight, but Washington must remain on duty until peace was actually signed. Martha Washington was present, sitting in the gallery of the old capitol at Annapolis, when he resigned his commission; and together they drove to Mount Vernon, arriving on Christmas Eve. Standing at the door of his cottage to welcome them was old Bishop, dressed in the scarlet regimentals he had worn at Braddock's defeat. All the servants and slaves assembled, and such a Christmas celebration as Mount Vernon had!

More than all else the Washingtons longed for quiet days on their plantation, to enjoy the rest they so much needed. But there were guests innumerable, so that Mount Vernon was described as a well-resorted tavern. When he had been home almost two years, Washington wrote in his diary,

"Dined with only Mrs. Washington, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

This furlough, as the general used to speak of it, was not destined to continue overlong. The federation of the states proved too weak a government, and Washington must go to Philadelphia for months, to sit as president of the Constitutional Convention. Then after the people had ratified the Constitution, there came one day riding up the broad drive at Mount Vernon the aged secretary of Congress, with a letter notifying George Washington that he had been elected president of the United States.

"I little thought when the war was finished," wrote Martha Washington, "that any circumstances could possibly have happened which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that we should have been left to grow old in solitude and tranquillity together. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart... Yet I can not blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country."

Alone to New York for the inauguration went George Washington, wearing a homespun suit woven at Mount Vernon. When his wife, likewise dressed in homespun, followed a few weeks later, her welcome all along the journey was second only to his. She entered many a town between two long columns of Revolutionary soldiers; and at New York City she was rowed across the bay by thirteen oarsmen dressed in white, while the guns fired thirteen rounds and crowds cheered her.

As the president's wife, Martha Washington was hostess for the nation, entertaining distinguished citizens and foreigners, cabinet officers and congressmen, presiding at the state dinners and giving public receptions every Friday, where plum cake, tea and coffee were served. The guests were always dismissed before nine, with her grave, frank little formula, "For the general always retires at nine, and I usually precede

him." The need over, she laid aside her homespun and dressed in silk, satin, velvet and lace, as became the wife of the president.

People criticized Mrs. Washington for the ceremony in force at her levees, saying they were too much like those of royalty. Guests were shocked because they had to stand, while the truth was, the rooms would not have contained a third enough chairs. Presided over by the Washingtons, the executive mansion combined with the most ardent patriotism a dignity and elegant moderation that would have honored any European court. They saved the social life of a new country from both the crudeness and bald simplicity of extreme republicanism, and from the luxury and excesses often marking sudden elevation to power and place. And in all these social functions Mrs. Washington never joined in any political discussion. Though the letters between her and her husband were filled with talk of public affairs, she was never once heard to utter any opinion on important questions of state; and in this, as in many details of her life, she is a worthy model for any American woman whose husband is in public service.

The year in New York was followed by similar years in Philadelphia, after the capital was moved there. The second term of the presidency over and a third term refused, the Washingtons gladly returned to Virginia; their joy being evidenced in this letter:

"I can not tell you how much I enjoy home, after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not home, only sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof tree again, except on private business or pleasure. I am fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

Happily they lived at Mount Vernon two years, until the

general's death. During his brief illness Mrs. Washington never left his room. "'Tis well," were his last words.

"Is he dead?" she asked, so gentle had been the change. "'Tis well. All is over now. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

She moved up to a little attic room whose windows looked out toward his grave, and beyond to the waters of the Potomac which he had so loved. Surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, cheerful in her sorrow and loneliness, she survived him two years, and when she died, was buried beside him in the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon.

A woman not wise nor great perhaps in any worldly sense, Martha Washington had those qualities of heart that make a noble rounded character. A devoted and loyal wife, a tender mother, an earnest Christian, she was fitted to be the chosen companion of "the greatest of our soldiers and the purest of our patriots." Serene and kindly, in the familiar white cap and kerchief, she has become the nation's ideal of the president's wife, our country's first hostess.

Giuseppe Garibaldi

1807 – 1888

If George Washington was the father of his country, certainly Giuseppe Garibaldi could be called the father of Italian liberty, for this one patriot, almost single handed, fomented and carried on the revolution that resulted in the birth of the Italian nation as it stands today.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in the year 1807, in the town of Nice, and was the son of a sailor and sea captain named Domenico Garibaldi. It is probable that almost before he could walk Giuseppe was familiar with the deck of his father's vessel, and it is certain that when a very young boy he showed an aptitude and desire for a seafaring life.

His father, however, did not wish his son to be a sea captain like himself, but desired him to lead some life ashore, where, he thought, the boy's chances of advancement would be better. This plan, however, did not appeal to Giuseppe. The call of the sea was in him and he determined to be a sailor like his father. When still a young boy, with one or two companions, he stole a fishing boat and put to sea in the Mediterranean, sailing to the Eastward. His father soon gave chase, however, with a faster boat, and caught the would be mariner off the coast of Monaco, returning with him to Nice. The boy's cruise itself was ended, but this incident convinced the father that his son was intended for the sea, and in a few months Giuseppe shipped as a cabin boy and before long was making long voyages.

He quickly showed that seafaring was his natural calling, for before he was twenty-four years old he had become the

master of a vessel, showing at an early age a capacity for responsibility and an ability to command other men that marked him head and shoulders above his companions.

But while engaged upon his voyages Garibaldi was thinking a great deal about the unfortunate condition of Italy and the unhappiness of his countrymen, for at that time the Italians did not form one nation as they do today, but were grouped in a number of petty states that frequently warred against each other and were themselves surrounded by more powerful enemies. The idea of making Italy one nation had not then occurred to the bulk of the people, but there was a band of secret revolutionists who were working for "Young Italy" and Garibaldi, who was known to be in favor of a united Italy, soon met some of the members of this organization.

The young skipper promptly became fired with the desire to aid the work of the revolutionists and went to Marseilles where he talked with the famous patriot, Mazzini, also a young man, who had been active in revolutionary circles and was the chief organizer of the league called Young Italy. Mazzini's aim was to put an end to all the existing Italian governments and form an Italian republic that should extend from Sicily to the Alps. For his revolutionary activities he had been banished from his native country, and was carrying on his work to the best of his ability in Marseilles.

Mazzini gave Garibaldi a cordial greeting, and enlisted his aid in the work of the revolutionists. They were planning a war against the King of Sardinia whose name was Charles Albert, and while the patriots invaded Savoy Garibaldi's mission was to go to Genoa and hatch a revolution in the fleet, where, it was thought, there were many sailors who would gladly fall in with the aims of Young Italy and lend their aid in overthrowing the existing governments.

The plot failed and Garibaldi was left stranded at Genoa, hunted by the soldiers and certain to meet death in case he was captured. He disguised himself in the dress of a peasant

and escaped to France, where a newspaper informed him that he had been named as an outcast from his native country, and had been sentenced to death. There was nothing further for him to do at that time except to carry on his calling of sea captain under an assumed name, and it was not long before he had shipped as a common seaman on a vessel sailing for South America, where for two years, nothing further was heard of him. But his ardent nature found play in the new country to which he had come, and when the Province of Rio Grande rose in revolution against the rule of the Brazilians, Garibaldi joined the rebels and made preparations to fight in the revolutionary cause. He secured a little fishing vessel, and with a few companions began to cruise as a privateer in the insurgent cause, going through many sea fights and many hardships and adventures in the behalf of the revolutionists. Finally he was shipwrecked and only saved his life by his great skill at swimming, most of his companions drowning in the surf where he was powerless to help them. The revolutionists gave him another ship and he soon sailed away for further encounters with the enemy.

While in the port of Laguna a new adventure befell him, for there he beheld the woman who was to become his wife. Her name was Anita Riberas, and according to the South American custom her father had arranged a marriage for her with a man she did not love. When she met Garibaldi she was struck with his fine and commanding appearance, and he on his part instantly fell in love with her, for she was a woman of great beauty and a keen and spirited mind. The result of this meeting was that Anita eloped with Garibaldi, sailing away with him on his vessel and marrying him a few days later when another port was reached.

Anita not only was on board Garibaldi's vessel in a number of sea fights but actually took part in them. On one occasion, we are told, she was knocked down by a gust of wind made by a cannon ball as it whizzed across the deck, but

picking herself up continued to fight by the side of the men.

Garibaldi then organized a band of guerilla cavalry and his bride, dressed in man's clothes, rode by his side. It was while her husband was a captain of guerillas that she bore him a son, and on many weary journeys the baby was carried in a sort of net cradle slung from her saddle. Garibaldi was now fighting for the freedom of Uruguay.

It was at this time that Garibaldi formed the band of revolutionaries called the Italian Legion. They chose for their colors a flag on which a volcano was painted with fire spouting from the crater against a background of black. And Garibaldi at the head of his Italians was a skilful and famous soldier, known everywhere in Uruguay and even in foreign countries.

In the year 1848 the whole of Northern Italy rose in arms against the Austrians, and the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was now fighting in a cause that seemed just to Garibaldi, who desired of all things to see the foreign control of great nations taken away from his country. At once he decided to enter the war and sailed for Italy with the members of his legion. He chose for an emblem this time the colors that have since become the flag of Italy, a flag of red, white and green arranged like the French tricolor.

He received a cold welcome from the King of Sardinia, for Charles Albert could not forgive his former revolutionary activities. But the King soon had reason to hate him even more than hitherto, for when, with the Pope, he made peace with Austria after his forces had been defeated. Garibaldi refused to recognize the compact and with a small band of insurgents continued the fight, until he fell ill with fever and was compelled to give up the struggle and allow his soldiers to return to their homes.

He was determined, however, that Italy should never again recognize Austrian rule, and as soon as he had recovered from the fever, he began what was called the "People's

War." Numbers of Italians flocked to his standard, and his cause was soon strengthened by an uprising in Rome, in which the Pope himself was driven from office, and a minister named Rossi was murdered.

Garibaldi had hastened to Rome to be present at the declaration of the Roman Republic, of which Mazzini was to be President. As the Austrian and French forces were pursuing him he organized a stubborn resistance, and furious fighting took place in the outskirts of the city and in the streets themselves. Soon it was evident that the revolutionists must give in and the city be taken. The only hope for the Republicans lay in their escaping to the mountains. The city surrendered finally without Garibaldi's consent, and with his band of red shirted followers he fled into the country just as the French soldiers were pouring through the gates. His wife, dressed as a man, accompanied him.

Then commenced a campaign filled with most bitter hardships and difficulties. At the beginning of his flight he had only five thousand men and these were quickly decreased in numbers by the hardships they were compelled to undergo, and by many desertions that took place as a result. But Garibaldi persevered, until he saw that it was useless to think of any further resistance at that time, and he then planned a flight to the coast. Fully fifty thousand well armed and organized men were in pursuit of him, and their ranks were added to daily by deserters from his own small force. At last all but two hundred surrendered, and these, with Garibaldi at their head seized a number of fishing vessels and put to sea, hoping to reach the friendly city of Venice.

But the enemy's vessels were watching the coast, and soon a large fleet was in hot pursuit. Some of Garibaldi's vessels were captured and sunk and the rest were compelled to land to escape the pursuing ships.

All this time his faithful wife, Anita, had accompanied him—but the hardships they had undergone had proved too

much for her; she had fallen ill and now it was seen that she had only a few hours to live. With soldiers of the enemy following him, and with his dying wife in his arms, Garibaldi hid among the sand dunes of the coast and at last carried his wife into a deserted cottage where she promptly breathed her last.

With the soldiers at his heels Garibaldi could not even wait to see her buried. He took to the hills once more, and after a terrible journey of forty days, in which he was obliged to travel in disguise, he escaped on a fishing boat, and after being turned away from several ports where his presence was unwelcome, made his way to America. This time he went to New York, and for a time earned his daily bread as a ship chandler on Staten Island.

Then he returned to his old trade of sea captain and sailed for China in command of a vessel called the Carmen. He then returned to Europe, and as the hatreds of the revolution had now largely blown over he was able to go to Nice and see his children. The search for him had waned. Italy seemed hopelessly under the yoke of her enemies, and Garibaldi settled down to private life on the Island of Caprera, where he lived simply as a farmer.

He was only too ready, however, to respond if another demand should come for him to carry arms in behalf of United Italy, and through the skill of the statesman, Cavour, such a demand did come in the year 1859. Cavour, by clever diplomacy, had brought on a war between the Austrians and the French and with the aid of the powerful nation of France the Italians were victorious at the battles of Magenta and Solferino.

But while France was willing to fight the Austrians, the French were unwilling to have Italy at their doors as a united nation, and a peace was agreed upon between the two great powers in which Italian liberty was ignored. All the work of Garibaldi seemed to have been useless. All of his great

sacrifices were apparently thrown away by the statesmen and diplomats who were forced to accede to the French and Austrian terms.

But the peace of Villafranca, as this agreement was called, was only the beginning of Garibaldi's greatness. He hastened to Genoa, where, with one thousand and seventy followers, he seized two steamers and embarked for Sicily. Sicily had revolted on hearing of the peace terms and Garibaldi had been invited to go there and aid the revolution.

After a voyage of six days he landed at Marsala where a tremendous welcome was given to him. The Neapolitan fleet was not far off, but they did not dare to open fire on the little band of revolutionists on account of British warships nearby, as Great Britain was known to favor the revolutionary cause.

With Garibaldi at the head of an indomitable little army, the Neapolitan soldiers were put to flight at the battle of Calatafimi and Garibaldi advanced upon the city of Palermo. After heavy fighting the city was taken, and afterward at the head of about two thousand men, Garibaldi routed an army more than three times the size of his own. All Sicily was soon in Garibaldi's possession, and now, with a considerable army at his back, he crossed over to the Italian mainland and advanced northward, with his enemies fleeing before him. Finally he captured the city of Naples and his work was completed.

Without any hesitation Garibaldi turned over his conquests to King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, who, after Garibaldi's successes, had marched against Naples and was now in control of a large part of the Italian peninsula. After refusing many rewards Garibaldi retired again to the island of Caprera, but in 1862 he raised a volunteer army and marched against Rome in an attempt to overthrow the power of the Pope which he believed must be destroyed before Italy could ever become a united nation.

King Victor Emmanuel did not feel that he could allow

this expedition of Garibaldi's, and sent his own army against him. Garibaldi was defeated and he himself was taken prisoner, but after a short confinement he was pardoned and set at liberty.

In 1866 he started another revolution but was again defeated and again captured. Once more, however, he was pardoned and allowed to go back to Caprera, where he was guarded by a warship to prevent any further activity on his part. Three years later he offered his services to the French Republic and was made a deputy of that famous body, the French Versailles Assembly. He then entered the Italian Parliament, and for his great patriotic services was given a pension for life. In later life he married again but the marriage was not a happy one and was annulled after a number of years, when Garibaldi again took a wife, a peasant woman named Francesca.

He died in 1882, at Caprera, one of the most famous of all Italians, and the one to whom modern Italy owes more than to any other man. Had it not been for Garibaldi's great endurance under the most terrible hardships and privations, and his resolute determination to free his country, there might well be no modern Italy as these pages are written.

Giuseppe Verdi

1813 – 1901

In the little hamlet of Le Roncole, at the foot of the Apeninnes, a place that can hardly be found on the map, because it is just a cluster of workmen's houses, Giuseppe Verdi, one of the greatest operatic composers, was born, October 9, 1813.

There were great wars going on in Europe during that time. When Giuseppe was a year old, the Russian and Austrian soldiers marched through Italy, killing and destroying everywhere. Some of them came to Le Roncole for a few hours. All the women and children ran to the church and locked themselves in for safety. But these savage men had no respect for the house of God. They took the hinges off the doors and rushing in murdered and wounded the helpless ones. Luigia Verdi, with the baby Giuseppe in her arms, escaped, ran up a narrow staircase to the belfry, and hid herself and child among some old lumber. Here she stayed in her hiding place, until the drunken troops were far away from the little village.

The babe Giuseppe was born among very poor, ignorant working people, though his father's house was one of the best known and most frequented among the cluster of cottages. His parents Carlo Verdi and Luigia his wife, kept a small inn at Le Roncole and also a little shop, where they sold sugar, coffee, matches, spirits, tobacco and clay pipes. Once a week the good Carlo would walk up to Busseto, three miles away, with two empty baskets and would return with them filled with articles for his store, carrying them slung across his

strong shoulders.

Giuseppe Verdi who was to produce such streams of beautiful, sparkling music—needing an Act of Parliament to stop them, as once happened—was a very quiet, thoughtful little fellow, always good and obedient; sometimes almost sad, and seldom joined in the boisterous games of other children. That serious expression found in all of Verdi's portraits as a man was even noticeable in the child. The only time he would rouse up, was when a hand organ would come through the village street; then he would follow it as far as his little legs would carry him, and nothing could keep him in the house, when he heard this music. Intelligent, reserved and quiet, everyone loved him.

In 1820, when Giuseppe was seven years old, Carlo Verdi committed a great extravagance for an innkeeper; he bought a spinet for his son, something very unheard of for so poor a man to do.

Little Giuseppe practised very diligently on his spinet. At first he could only play the first five notes of the scale. Next he tried very hard to find out chords, and one day was made perfectly happy at having sounded the major third and fifth of C. But the next day he could not find the chord again, and began to fret and fume and got into such a temper, that he took a hammer and tried to break the spinet in pieces. This made such a commotion that it brought his father into the room. When he saw what the child was doing, he gave a blow on Giuseppe's ear that brought the little fellow to his senses at once. He saw he could not punish the good spinet because he did not know enough to strike a common chord.

His love of music early showed itself in many ways. One day he was assisting the parish priest at mass in the little church of Le Roncole. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, such sweet harmonies were sounding from the organ, that the child stood perfectly motionless, listening to the beautiful music, all unconscious of everything else about him.

"Water," said the priest to the altar boy. Giuseppe, not hearing him, the priest repeated the call. Still the child, who was listening to the music, did not hear. "Water," said the priest a third time and gave Giuseppe such a sharp kick that he fell down the steps of the altar, hitting his head on the stone floor, and was taken unconscious into the sacristy.

After this Giuseppe was allowed to have music lessons with Baistrocchi, the organist of the village church. At the end of a year Baistrocchi said there was nothing more he could teach his young pupil, so the lessons came to an end.

Two years later, when old Baistrocchi died, Giuseppe, who was then only ten, was made organist in his place. This pleased his parents very much, but his father felt the boy should be sent to school, where he could learn to read and write and know something of arithmetic. This would have been quite impossible had not Carlo Verdi had a good friend living at Busseto, a shoemaker, named Pugnatta.

Pugnatta agreed to give Giuseppe board and lodging and send him to the best school in the town, all for a small sum of three pence a day. Giuseppe went to Pugnatta's; and while he was always in his place in school and studied diligently, he still kept his situation as organist of Le Roncole, walking there every Sunday morning and back again to Busseto after the evening service.

His pay as organist was very small, but he also made a little money playing for weddings, christenings and funerals. He also gained a few lire from a collection which it was the habit of artists to make at harvest time, for which he had to trudge from door to door, with a sack upon his back. The poor boy's life had few comforts, and this custom of collections brought him into much danger. One night while he was walking toward Le Roncole, very tired and hungry, he did not notice he had taken a wrong path, when suddenly, missing his footing, he fell into a deep canal. It was very dark and very cold and his limbs were so stiff he could not use them. Had it not been

for an old woman who was passing by the place and heard his cries, the exhausted and chilled boy would have been carried away by the current.

After two years' schooling, Giuseppe's father persuaded his friend, Antonio Barezzi of Busseto, from whom he was in the habit of buying wines and supplies for his inn and shop—to take the lad into his warehouse. That was a happy day for Giuseppe when he went to live with Barezzi, who was an enthusiastic amateur of music. The Philharmonic Society, of which Barezzi was the president, met, rehearsed and gave all its concerts at his house.

Giuseppe, though working hard in the warehouse, also found time to attend all the rehearsals of the Philharmonics, and began the task of copying out separate parts from the score. His earnestness in this work attracted the notice of the conductor, Ferdinando Provesi, who began to take great interest in the boy, and was the first one to understand his talent and advised him to devote himself to music. A Canon in the Cathedral offered to teach him Latin, and tried to make a priest of him, saying, "What do you want to study music for? You have a gift for Latin and it would be much better for you to become a priest. What do you expect from your music? Do you think that some day you will become organist of Busseto? Stuff and nonsense! That can never be."

A short time after this, there was a mass at a chapel in Busseto, where the Canon had the service. The organist was unable to attend, and Verdi was called at the last moment to take his place. Very much impressed with the unusually beautiful organ music, the priest, at the close of the service desired to see the organist. His astonishment was great when he saw his scholar whom he had been seeking to turn from the study of music. "Whose music did you play?" he asked. "It was most beautiful."

"Why," timidly answered the boy, "I had no music, I was playing extempore—just as I felt."

"Ah, indeed," replied the Canon; "well I am a fool and you cannot do better than to study music, take my word for it."

Under the good Provesi, Verdi studied until he was sixteen and made such rapid progress that both Provesi and Barezzi felt he must be sent to Milan to study further. The lad had often come to the help of his master, both at the organ and as conductor of the Philharmonic. The records of the society still have several works written by Verdi at that time—when he was sixteen—composed, copied, taught, rehearsed and conducted by him.

There was an institution in Busseto called the Monte di Pietà, which gave four scholarships of three hundred francs a year, each given for four years to promising young men needing money to study science or art. Through Barezzi one of these scholarships was given to Verdi, it being arranged that he should have six hundred francs a year for two years, instead of three hundred francs for four years. Barezzi himself advanced the money for the music lessons, board and lodging in Milan and the priest gave him a letter of introduction to his nephew, a professor there, who received him with a hearty welcome, and insisted upon his living with him.

Like all large music schools, there were a great many who presented themselves for admittance by scholarship and only one to be chosen. And Verdi did not happen to be that one, Basili not considering his compositions of sufficient worth. This was not because Verdi was really lacking in his music, but because Basili had other plans. This did not in the least discourage Giuseppe, and at the suggestion of Alessando Rolla, who was then conductor of La Scala, he asked Lavigna to give him lessons in composition and orchestration.

Lavigna was a former pupil of the Conservatoire of Naples and an able composer. Verdi showed him some of the same compositions he had shown Basili. After examining them he willingly accepted the young aspirant as a pupil.

Verdi spent most of his evenings at the home of the master, when Lavigna was not at La Scala and there met many artists. One night it chanced that Lavigna, Basili and Verdi were alone, and the two masters were speaking of the deplorable result of a competition for the position of Maître di Capelle and organist of the Church of San Giovanni di Monza. Out of twenty-eight young men who had taken part in the competition, not one had known how to develop correctly the subject given by Basili for the construction of a fugue. Lavigna, with a bit of mischief in his eyes, began to say to his friend:—"It is really a remarkable fact. Well, look at Verdi, who has studied fugue for two short years. I lay a wager he would have done better than your eight and twenty candidates."

"Really?" replied Basili, in a somewhat vexed tone.

"Certainly. Do you remember your subject? Yes, you do? Well, write it down."

Basili wrote and Lavigne, giving the theme to Verdi, said:

"Sit down there at the table and just begin to work out this subject."

Then the two friends resumed their conversation, until Verdi, coming to them said simply: "There, it is done."

Basili took the paper and examined it, showing signs of astonishment as he continued to read. When he came to the conclusion he complimented the lad and said: "But how is it that you have written a double canon on my subject?"

"It is because I found it rather poor and wished to embellish it," Verdi replied, remembering the reception he had had at the Conservatoire.

In 1833 his old master Provesi died. Verdi felt the loss keenly, for Provesi was the one who first taught him music and who showed him how to work to become an artist. Though he wished to do greater things, he returned to Busseto to fulfill his promise to take Provesi's place as organist of the Cathedral and conductor of the Philharmonic, rather

big positions to fill for a young man of twenty.

And now Verdi fell in love with the beautiful Margherita, the oldest daughter of Barezzi, who did not mind giving his daughter to a poor young man, for Verdi possessed something worth far more than money, and that was great musical talent. The young people were married in 1836, and the whole Philharmonic Society attended.

About the year 1833-34 there flourished in Milan a vocal society called the Philharmonic, composed of excellent singers under the leadership of Masini. Soon after Verdi came to the city, the Society was preparing for a performance of Haydn's "Creation." Lavigna, with whom the young composer was studying composition, suggested his pupil should attend the rehearsals, to which he gladly agreed. It seems that three Maestri shared the conducting during rehearsals. One day none of them were present at the appointed hour and Masini asked young Verdi to accompany from the full orchestral score, adding, "It will be sufficient if you merely play the bass." Verdi took his place at the piano without the slightest hesitation. The slender, rather shabby looking stranger was not calculated to inspire much confidence. However he soon warmed to his work, and after a while grew so excited that he played the accompaniment with the left hand while conducting vigorously with the right. The rehearsal went off splendidly, and many came forward to greet the young conductor, among them were Counts Pompeo Belgiojoso and Remato Borromes. After this proof of his ability, Verdi was appointed to conduct the public performance, which was such a success that it was repeated by general request, and was attended by the highest society.

Soon after this Count Borromes engaged Verdi to write a Cantata for chorus and orchestra, to honor the occasion of a marriage in the family. Verdi did so but was never paid a sou for his work. The next request was from Masini, who urged Verdi to compose an opera for the Teatro Filodramatico,

where he was conductor. He handed him a libretto, which with a few alterations here and there became "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio." Verdi accepted the offer at once, and being obliged to move to Busseto, where he had been appointed organist, remained there nearly three years, during which time the opera was completed. On returning to Milan he found Masini no longer conductor, and lost all hope of seeing the new opera produced. After long waiting however, the impressario sent for him, and promised to bring out the work the next season, if the composer would make a few changes. Young and as yet unknown, Verdi was quite willing. "Oberto" was produced with a fair amount of success, and repeated several times. On the strength of this propitious beginning, the impressario, Merelli, made the young composer an excellent offer—to write three operas, one every eight months, to be performed either in Milan or in Vienna, where he was impressario of both the principal theaters. He promised to pay four thousand lire—about six hundred and seventy dollars—for each, and share the profits of the copyright. To young Verdi this seemed an excellent chance and he accepted at once. Rossi wrote a libretto, entitled "Proscritto," and work on the music was about to begin. In the spring of 1840, Merelli hurried from Vienna, saying he needed a comic opera for the autumn season, and wanted work begun on it at once. He produced three librettos, none of them very good. Verdi did not like them, but since there was no time to lose, chose the least offensive and set to work.

The Verdis were living in a small house near the Porta Ticinesa; the family consisted of the composer, his wife and two little sons. Almost as soon as work was begun on the comic opera, Verdi fell ill and was confined to his bed several days. He had quite forgotten that the rent money, which he always liked to have ready on the very day, was due, and he had not sufficient to pay. It was too late to borrow it, but quite unknown to him the wife had taken some of her most

valuable trinkets, had gone out and brought back the necessary amount. This sweet act of devotion greatly touched her husband.

And now sudden sorrow swept over the little family. At the beginning of April one of the little boys fell ill. Before the doctors could understand what was the matter, the little fellow breathed his last in the arms of his desperate mother. A few days after this, the other child sickened and died. In June the young wife, unable to bear the strain, passed away and Verdi saw the third coffin leave his door carrying the last of his dear ones. And in the midst of these crushing trials he was expected to compose a comic opera! But he bravely completed his task. "Un Giorno di Regno" naturally proved a dead failure. In the despondency that followed, the composer resolved to give up composition altogether. Merelli scolded him roundly for such a decision, and promised if, some day, he chose to take up his pen again, he would, if given two months' notice, produce any opera Verdi might write.

At that time the composer was not ready to change his mind. He could not live longer in the house filled with so many sad memories, but moved to a new residence near the Corsia di Servi. One evening on the street, he ran against Merelli, who was hurrying to the theater. Without stopping he linked his arm in that of the composer and made him keep pace. The manager was in the depths of woe. He had secured a libretto by Solera, which was "wonderful, marvelous, extraordinary, grand," but the composer he had engaged did not like it. What was to be done? Verdi bethought him of the libretto "Proscritto," which Rossi had once written for him, and he had not used. He suggested this to Merelli. Rossi was at once sent for and produced a copy of the libretto. Then Merelli laid the other manuscript before Verdi. "Look, here is Solera's libretto; such a beautiful subject! Take it home and read it over." But Verdi refused. "No, no, I am in no humor to read librettos."

"It won't hurt you to look at it," urged Merelli, and thrust it into the coat pocket of the reluctant composer.

On reaching home, Verdi pulled the manuscript out and threw it on the writing table. As he did so a stanza from the book caught his eye; it was almost a paraphrase from the Bible, which had been such a solace to him in his solitary life. He began to read the story and was more and more enthralled by it, yet his resolution to write no more was not altered. However, as the days passed there would be here a line written down, there a melody—until at last, almost unconsciously the opera of "Nabucco" came into being.

The opera once finished, Verdi hastened to Merelli, and reminded him of his promise. The impressario was quite honorable about it, but would not agree to bring the opera out until Easter, for the season of 1841-42, was already arranged. Verdi refused to wait until Easter, as he knew the best singers would not then be available. After many arguments and disputes, it was finally arranged that "Nabucco" should be put on, but without extra outlay for mounting. At the end of February 1842, rehearsals began and on March ninth the first performance took place.

The success of "Nabucco" was remarkable. No such "first night" had been known in La Scala for many years. "I had hoped for success," said the composer, "but such a success—never!"

The next day all Italy talked of Verdi. Donizetti, whose wealth of melodious music swayed the Italians as it did later the English, was so impressed by it that he continually repeated, "It is fine, uncommonly fine."

With the success of "Nabucco" Verdi's career as a composer may be said to have begun. In the following year "I Lombardi" was produced, followed by "Ernani." Then came in quick succession ten more operas, among them "Attila" and "Macbeth."

In 1847, we find Verdi in London, where on July 2, at Her

Majesty's Theater, "I Masnadieri" was brought out, with a cast including Lablanche, Gardoni, Colletti, and above all Jenny Lind, in a part composed expressly for her. All the artists distinguished themselves; Jenny Lind acted admirably and sang her airs exquisitely, but the opera was not a success. No two critics could agree as to its merits. Verdi left England in disgust and took his music to other cities.

The advantage to Verdi of his trips through Europe and to England is shown in "Rigoletto," brought out in Vienna in 1851. In this opera his true power manifests itself. The music shows great advance in declamation, which lifts it above the ordinary Italian style of that time. With this opera Verdi's second period begins. Two years later "Trovatore" was produced in Rome and had a tremendous success. Each scene brought down thunders of applause, until the very walls resounded and outside people took up the cry, "Long live Verdi, Italy's greatest composer! Vive Verdi!" It was given in Paris in 1854, and in London the following year. In 1855, "La Traviata" was produced in Vienna. This work, so filled with delicate, beautiful music, nearly proved a failure, because the consumptive heroine, who expires on the stage, was sung by a prima donna of such extraordinary stoutness that the scene was received with shouts of laughter. After a number of unsuccessful operas, "Un Ballo in Maschera" scored a success in Rome in 1859, and "La Forza del Destino," written for Petrograd, had a recent revival in New York.

When Rossini passed away, November 13, 1868, Verdi suggested a requiem should be written jointly by the best Italian composers. The work was completed, but was not satisfactory on account of the diversity of styles. It was then proposed that Verdi write the entire work himself. The death of Manzoni soon after this caused the composer to carry out the idea. Thus the great "Manzoni Requiem" came into being.

In 1869, the Khedive of Egypt had a fine opera house built in Cairo, and commissioned Verdi to write an opera having

an Egyptian subject, for the opening. The ever popular "Aida" was then composed and brought out in 1871, with great success. This proved to be the beginning of the master's third period, for he turned from his earlier style which was purely lyric, to one with far more richness of orchestration.

Verdi had now retired to his estate of Sant'Agata, and it was supposed his career as composer had closed, as he gave his time principally to the care of his domain. From time to time it was rumored he was writing another opera. The rumor proved true, for on February 5, 1887, when Verdi was seventy-four years old, "Otello" was produced at La Scala, Milan, amid indescribable enthusiasm. Six years later the musical world was again startled and overjoyed by the production of another Shakespearean opera, "Falstaff," composed in his eightieth year. In all, his operas number over thirty, most of them serious, all of them containing much beautiful music.

At Sant'Agata the master lived a quiet, retired life. The estate was situated about two miles from Busseto, and was very large, with a great park, a large collection of horses and other live stock. The residence was spacious, and the master's special bedroom was on the first floor. It was large, light and airy and luxuriously furnished. Here stood a magnificent grand piano, and the composer often rose in the night to jot down the themes which came to him in the silence of the midnight hours. Here "Don Carlos" was written. In one of the upper rooms stood the old spinet that Verdi hacked at as a child.

Verdi was one of the noblest of men as well as one of the greatest of musical composers. He passed away in Milan, January 27, 1901, at the age of eighty-eight.

Guglielmo Marconi
Inventor of Wireless Communication

1874 – 1937

Each of us in the world today is indeed the heir of all the ages, but few know how to use to advantage the marvelous inheritance from the past. To each the days of opportunity come—

And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands;
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

But like careless children, intent on the toys of the moment, we give small heed to the real gifts of the hours.

This is, however, the story of a boy who was alive to the meaning of his heritage. Guglielmo Marconi was born in 1874 in Villa Griffone near Bologna, Italy. From his Irish mother and Italian father he inherited, it seemed, the strength of two lands and two races. His blue eyes looked out seriously on his world of wealth and the privileges of noble birth. Power meant to him opportunity to do something that would really count in the world.

He went to school a while in Bologna, for another while in that fair city of art and poetry, Florence. But it was not the pictures nor the stories of the past that charmed the fancy of this Italian boy. The wonder story of the real things everywhere about him—the story without beginning or end—had opened his eyes and set him thinking.

He was such a quiet, shy lad that his people thought a

taste of the life of the English schools might call him out of himself. So for a time he went to Bedford and later he had some experience of what it means to be a Rugby boy. But neither cricket nor football could lure him away from the play of wonder in science. His holidays were always spent in trying out, through experiments of his own, the fascinating problems of physics. Electricity had been his particular hobby from the time he was eleven or twelve years old.

It was when he was a student at the University of Bologna that he came face to face with his problem, and knew that he would never give up until he had found a solution. His work under Professor Righi gave him the key to his door of opportunity; for Professor Righi was an enthusiastic disciple of the great German scientists Helmholtz and Hertz and knew all about the outposts of discovery that their achievements had won.

"It was while Professor Hertz was demonstrating with a Leyden jar and two flat coils of wire at the Technical High School in Carlsruhe, just as I am working before you now," impressively declared Righi, one day, "that he came upon his great idea. He noticed that the discharge of electricity from the jar (a very small one, you will note) through one of the coils would induce a current in the other coil if there was a gap in the inducing coil. For the spark caused when the current jumped the gap set up electrical vibrations that gave rise to powerful currents in the neighboring wire. He soon determined that these currents were noticeable, even though the coils were separated by a considerable distance. It was clear to him then that one might send out electrical waves through space without wires."

Young Marconi listened breathlessly. From the time he was sixteen he had been fascinated by the thought that it might be possible to send wireless signals. He had read everything he could find relating to the matter. He knew Morse had proved, in 1842, that the electric current could be sent

through water without wires, and that others had proved the possibility of using the earth as a conductor. Joseph Henry had clearly demonstrated that the electricity sent out from a Leyden jar is wave-like, moving through the earth or water as ripples spread out over a pond following the fall of a pebble. Marconi knew, too, that people working with a telephone receiver near a telegraph wire had distinctly heard music from a neighboring wire that was being used to test Edison's musical telephone. The sounds had leaped in some way across the air gap to the telephone on the other line. And he knew that Edison, in 1885, had made use of these induced currents to signal to a moving train from a wire near the railway.

What, now, was it that Hertz had found? Eagerly Marconi hung on the words of his professor, who seemed to be speaking to him alone.

"So it was," Righi went on, "that Hertz made almost by accident the great discovery that the vibrations or waves of light and of electro-magnetism are alike in that they go with the same speed through the all-pervading ether; their difference lies in the wave-length. These electric waves (now properly called Hertzian waves) are reflected from conducting surfaces as light is from polished surfaces. Pray note," Professor Righi added, "that I say Hertz came to his discovery almost by accident; for the chance could only have come to one who had eyes to see and understanding to grasp the meaning of what he saw. In short, Hertz is the most able experimenter in physics that the world knows. In eighteen-eighty-six he followed his first achievement by one even more remarkable. Across a gap in a coil of wire (having no electric contact with a battery) he made tiny sparks leap out at the moment of the appearance on another coil with a longer gap of the spark made by the electrical discharge from a Leyden jar."

"Now," thought young Marconi, "it must be plain to everybody that a power has been found that will send

messages through space with the speed of light. Perhaps one of the great men like Hertz will tomorrow come forward with a way to telegraph without wires, but in the meantime I'll see what I can work out." So he set up poles at different points on his father's estate to hold sending- and receiving- instruments. By means of a Morse telegraph-key in circuit with a spark-gap he flashed dots and dashes (short or long sparks) by varying the length of the strokes. He knew, however, that he had but made a beginning with these short-distance messages. Others had accomplished as much. Would he be able to go beyond scientific experiment and follow up discovery with a practical invention?

When Marconi was twenty-one he had succeeded in sending signals over a distance of a mile. Noticing one day that an instrument on the opposite side of a hill was affected, he knew that the waves had penetrated the solid rock. "Surely, then," he said to himself, "there is no limit to the distance over which wireless messages may be sent. But in order to make the waves work over greater distances I must have a more sensitive receiver." Many painstaking experiments followed to produce the best coherer or instrument for detecting the faintest electrical currents. Then at last a satisfactory receiver was made with a sensitive coherer to catch the electric waves, and a decoherer to produce the sounds corresponding to dots and dashes with the making and breaking of the current. The receiver had, moreover, to be so tuned or harmonized with the sending-instrument as to register the electric waves from that particular transmitter.

In 1896 Marconi decided that the time had come to make his invention known to the world. He applied for a patent in England, at the same time submitting his plans to the postal-telegraph authorities. From the London post-office he signaled to a station on the roof a hundred yards away. The next year he set up a mast a hundred and twenty feet high on the Isle of Wight from which he sent experimental signals to a

steamer with a sixty-foot mast for the receiving-instrument. He had discovered that the height of stations increased their range. It occurred to him that greater height might be secured through the use of kites or balloons, but he soon decided that these would not prove practicable under all conditions and in all weathers.

"As the length of a receiving-pole is limited," he then said, "I must increase the range by increasing the electrical power at the sending-station."

Now we hear at long-distance stations a crack as of thunder when the electric current bridges the sparkgap of the transmitter and the flame that accompanies the crack is as large as a man's wrist.

On November 25, 1901, Marconi left England for Newfoundland. To the questions of reporters who clamored for a marvel that would be good for a column at least, he said he hoped to show that the time had come when one might send signals to boats three hundred miles away. He felt sure, however, that he had everything in readiness for sending the wonder-waves across the ocean from England to America. But he was determined to wait for the accomplished fact to announce itself without heralding.

At Poldhu, on the coast of Cornwall, England, a station was established with a group of twenty tall poles strung with wires from pole to pole. Huge power-driven dynamos furnished the electric current and converters replaced the induction-coils of the early experiments. At Cape Cod, Massachusetts, another station with powerful machinery for generating electricity had also been built. Storms had done great damage to the masts at both points; but Marconi, unwilling to wait for them to be fully restored, determined on a trial from Signal Hill near St. Johns, Newfoundland, which was some six hundred miles nearer Poldhu than the Cape Cod station.

Thursday, December 12, 1901, was the great day when

the first wireless message crossed the ocean. "At three o'clock in the afternoon, on December ninth, begin sending me a simple signal. Let it be the three dots of the S. Keep sending it at intervals until six o'clock," had been the directions given to the home station.

Between those hours (11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. by Newfoundland time) Marconi was at his post on Signal Hill, waiting. The wire, carried aloft by a great kite (for the building of a special aerial for the test was of course too costly) passed through the window of one of the government buildings, to where Marconi sat with a telephone receiver held to his ear. At last (it was a half-hour after noon on December 12th, that being four o'clock in England) he heard very faintly three short ticks. Listening breathlessly until there came again the three magic strokes, he called to his assistant to learn if his ears, too, could catch the sound brought by the ether waves, two thousand miles across the Atlantic. Again and again now came the three clicks—faint still, but fraught with wonderful promise. Man had learned to use the wings of light and lightning, spanning time and space with his thought.

Of course there was no powerful sending-apparatus in Newfoundland to flash back to Cornwall the news of the great victory. That had to be sent by cable.

Each conquest of invention is a triumphal arch through which man looks to an untraveled world of new achievement. So when Marconi saw his signaling without wires filling a great need in the sending of messages from ship to ship or ship to shore, across oceans and through the uncharted sea of the sky, he turned his thought to the problem of the wireless telephone. But here America took up the work, and while Marconi and other great scientists were struggling with the tremendous difficulties of the task, the group of telephone scientists known as the Bell Engineers, under the leadership of John J. Carty, working with all the advantages of perfect team-work of trained hands and brains, reinforced by ideal

equipment, together won the goal. On September 29, 1915, the voice of a man speaking into his desk telephone in New York was taken up by the sending apparatus of the navy wireless station at Arlington, Virginia, and flashed on the wings of the ether waves through space. Some of these waves were caught at the station of Mare Island, California, and by means of the amplifier which is to the wireless telephone what the coherer is to Marconi's apparatus, the words were made distinctly audible to Mr. Carty, who sat with the telephone receiver at his ear, listening to his friend in New York.

"It is not, however," explained Mr. Carty, in an address before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, in May, 1916, "the function of the wireless telephone to do away with the use of wires, but rather to be employed in situations where wires are not available, as between ship and ship and across large bodies of water. The ether is a universal conductor for wireless telephone and telegraph impulses and must be used in common by all who wish to employ those agencies of communication. In the case of the wireless telegraph the number of messages which may be sent simultaneously is much restricted. In the case of the wireless telephone, owing to the thousands of separate wave-lengths required for the transmission of speech, the number of telephone conversations which may be carried on at the same time is still further restricted, and is so small that all who can employ wires will find it necessary to do so, leaving the ether available for those who have no other means of communication. This quality of the ether which thus restricts its use is really a characteristic of the greatest value to mankind, for it forms a universal party line, so to speak, connecting together all creation, so that anybody, anywhere, who connects with it in the proper manner, may be heard by everyone else so connected. Thus, a sinking ship or a human being anywhere can send forth a cry for help which may be heard and answered."