

The World's Story

Greece

VOLUME FOUR

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 4
Greece

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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GREECE

I

STORIES FROM GREEK LITERATURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

ANCIENT GREECE included not only what is now known by that name, but also the islands in the vicinity of the mainland, and the Greek settlements in Asia Minor and elsewhere. Later, Macedonia and Thrace were included. The Greeks came originally from Central Asia and were divided into Æolians, Dorians, Ionians, and Achæans. The country consisted of many small states differing greatly in laws and customs. They were not united, and the leadership passed from one to another according to which was the most powerful for the time being.

What is known of the earliest history of Greece comes chiefly from two great epic poems, the Iliad, the story of the siege of Troy, and the Odyssey, the story of the adventures of Odysseus (Ulysses) on his homeward journey from the Trojan War. According to the older notions, these poems were the work of Homer, a wandering minstrel. Later criticism, however, takes the ground that they came from many different sources, and, like the stories of Beowulf and of Siegfried, slowly grew into unity and perfection by passing through the hands of generations of story-tellers.

During the sixth and fifth centuries before Christ, the drama flourished in Greece; and the names of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as writers of tragedy, and of Aristophanes as writer of comedy, won lasting fame. In the fifth century before Christ lived the three great historians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

THE STORY OF ŒDIPUS

BY SOPHOCLES: RETOLD BY REV. G. W. COX

["ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS," or "Œdipus the King," the greatest of the Greek tragedies, was written by Sophocles in the fifth century before Christ.

The Editor.]

ON the throne of Kadmos, in the great city of Thebes, sat Laios, the son of Labdakos. He had passed through many and sore troubles since his father died, for Amphion and Zethos, the sons of Antiope, had driven him from his kingdom; and for a long time Laios dwelt in a strange land. But now he trusted to live in peace with his wife Iokaste (Jocasta), the daughter of Menoikeus, and to die happily in a good old age. Still, although all things seemed to go well with him, he could not forget the words which Phœbus Apollo spake when he sent to Delphi to ask what should befall him in the after days; and so it came to pass that, while others rejoiced to hear the merry laughter of children in their homes, Laios trembled when he heard the tidings that a son had been born to him. For the warning was that he should be slain by his own child.

Many days he spent in sadness and gloom, and he spake no word of love or tenderness to Iokaste, nor did he look on the child as he lay helpless in his cradle. At last he bade his servants take the child and leave him on the rugged heights of Kithairon. So Iokaste sat in silence, although her heart was breaking with grief, for

she knew that it was vain to plead for the life of her babe; and presently the servants set forth from the house of Laios to go to the mountain where his flocks were feeding. There, in a hollow cleft, they placed the child, and, as they went away, they said, "If the nymphs see him not as they wander along the rough hillside, Laios will have no need to fear the warnings of Apollo."

So once more there was seeming peace in the king's house at Thebes; and the grief of Iokaste was soothed as the months passed by, for she said, "It is better that my child should sleep the sleep of death than that he should live to slay his father."

But the danger had not passed away, for the babe was in the house of Polybus, who ruled at Corinth. Once had the sun gone down beneath the sea, and once had the light of Eos tinged the eastern sky, when a shepherd who tended his flocks on the cool hillside saw the babe wrapped in his white shroud. Then his heart was touched with pity, and he said, "I will take him to my master's house; for if his parents will it not that the child should live, it will profit nothing to take him back to Thebes, and he cannot do harm to any one in the Corinthian land."

So Merope the wife of Polybus, received the babe with great gladness, for she had no child; and she called his name Œdipus, because his feet were swollen with the linen bands which were bound about them when they took him away from the house of Laios. Many times the year went round, and Œdipus grew up with fair and ruddy countenance, and all men loved him. No cloud dimmed the brightness of his childhood and his youth, for Polybus and Merope looked upon him with a happy

pride, and thought how the love of Œdipus should cheer them in the days of weakness and old age. So the fame of the young man was spread abroad, for he was foremost in every sport and game, and none returned from the chase more laden with booty. But one day it came to pass that there was a feast in the house of Polybus and one of the guests, whom Œdipus had beaten in the foot-race, spake out in his anger and said that he was not in very truth the child of Merope.

The feast went on with mirth and song; but there was a dark cloud on the face of Œdipus, for the words of the stranger had sunk deep into his heart, and he sate still and silent till the banquet was ended. When the morning was come, he went to Merope and said, "Tell me the truth, my mother; am I not indeed thy son?" Then she cast her arms around him and said, "Who hath beguiled thee thus, Œdipus? Can any know better than I that thou art my child indeed? and never was a son more dear to his parents than thou art to us." But, although he asked no more questions, yet after a while the doubt came back, and he said within himself, "None can be more tender and loving than Merope, but she did not tell me plainly that I really am her son." So in the darkness of the night he went sadly from the home where he had lived without care or trouble till the misery of this doubt came upon him. Once more he passed along the heathy sides of Kithairon, not knowing that there he had been cast forth to die; and he journeyed on to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. There, as he stood before the holy place, a voice came to him which said, "Thy doom is that thou shalt slay thy father."

Then Œdipus was bowed down with the weight of his

fear and sorrow; and he resolved within himself that he would never go back to Corinth, that so he might not become the slayer of Polybus. So he went away from Delphi, heavy and displeased, and he journeyed on in moody silence, with his heart full of bitter thoughts. He cared not whither the road might lead him, and it chanced that as he came near to the meeting of the roads which go to Daulis and to Thebes, he heard suddenly the voice of one who bade him turn aside from the path while his chariot passed by. Then Œdipus started like one awaking from a dream, and looking up he saw an old man sitting in the chariot. An angry flush was on his face, as he charged his servant to thrust aside the stranger who dared to stand in his path. So the servant lifted up his whip to strike Œdipus; and Œdipus said, "Who are ye that ye should smite me? and why should I yield to thee, old man, because thou ridest in a fine chariot and seekest to turn others aside from the road which is open for all men?" But when the driver of the chariot sought again to strike him, Œdipus smote him with the full strength of his arm, so that he sank down from his seat. Then the face of the old man grew pale with fury, and he leaned forth to strike down Œdipus with the dagger which was in his hand. But he smote him not, for Œdipus turned aside the blow, and he struck the old man on his temples, and left him lying dead by the side of the chariot.

So he journeyed onwards; but as he drew near to the great city of Kadmos, he saw mothers sitting with their children by the wayside, and the air was filled with their wailing. Their faces were pale as though from a deadly plague, and their limbs quivered as if from mortal fear;

and Œdipus said, "Children of Kadmos, what evil has befallen you, that ye have fled from your homes and are sunk down thus on the hard earth?" Then they told him how on a high cliff near the city of Thebes a horrible monster, with a maiden's face and a lion's body, sat looking on the plain below, and how the breath of the Sphinx poisoned the pure air of the heavens and filled their dwellings with a noisome pestilence. And they said, "Help us, stranger, if thou canst, for if help come not soon, the city and people of Kadmos will be destroyed; for like a black cloud in the sky the Sphinx rests on the cliff, and none can drive her away unless he first answers the riddle with which she baffles the wisest of the land. Every day she utters her dark speech, and devours all who seek to answer it and fail." Then said Œdipus, "What may the riddle be?" And they answered, "This much only does the Sphinx say, 'On the earth is a two-footed living thing which has four feet and three and only one voice. Alone of all creatures it changes its form, and moves more slowly when it uses all its feet.' Now, therefore, stranger, if thou canst answer the riddle, thou wilt win a mighty prize; for Laios, our king, has been slain, we know not by whom, and the elders have spoken the word that he who slays the Sphinx shall have Iokaste for his wife and sit on the throne of Kadmos."

Then with a cheerful heart Œdipus went onwards, until he drew near to the cliff on which the Sphinx was sitting. With a steady gaze he looked on her stern, unpitying face, and said to her, "What is thy riddle?" and all who heard trembled as she spake to Œdipus. Then he thought within himself for a while, and at last he looked up and said, "Listen, O Sphinx: the creature

of whom thou hast asked me is man. In the days of his helpless childhood he crawls on his four feet; in his old age a staff is his third foot, and his movement is slowest when he crawls on four feet."

The paleness of death came over the face of the Sphinx, and every limb quivered with fear, until, as Œdipus drew nearer, she flung herself with a wild roar from the cliff. Presently the men of Thebes trampled on her ghastly carcass; and they led Œdipus in triumph to the elders of the city, shouting "Io Pæan" for the mighty deed which he had done. Then was the feast spread in the great banquet hall, and the minstrels sang his praise, and besought strength and wealth for him and for the people. So Iokaste became the wife of Œdipus, and all men said, "Since the days of Kadmos, the son of Telephassa, no king hath ruled us so wisely and justly"; and the name of the gloomy Laios was forgotten.

For many years Œdipus reigned gloriously in Thebes, and the fame of his wisdom was spread abroad in the countries round about. He looked on his sons and daughters as they grew up in health and strength; and it seemed to him as though trouble and sorrow could scarcely vex him more. But the terrible Erinys, who takes vengeance for blood, had not forgotten the day when Laios fell smitten by the wayside; and at the bidding of Zeus, Phœbus Apollo sent a plague upon the Theban land. The people died like sheep in the city and in the field, and the pestilence was more grievous than in the days when the Sphinx uttered her dark riddle from the cliff. At last the elders of the city came to Œdipus and said, "O king, thou didst save the city and

the people long ago, when we were sore pressed by a horrible monster; save us now, if thou canst, by thy great wisdom." But Œdipus said, "Friends, the plague which is slaying us now comes from no monster, but from Zeus who dwells on Olympus; and my wisdom therefore cannot avail to take it away. But I have sent Kreon my brother to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi to ask him wherefore these evils have come upon us."

But the coming of Kreon brought strife only and anguish to the city, and the fearful Erinys who wanders through the air waved her dark wings over the house of Œdipus; for Phœbus had told him that there was no hope for the land until they cast forth the man whose hands were polluted with blood. Then said Œdipus, "This were an easy task if we only knew on whom lies the bloodguiltiness; but I know neither the man nor the deed for which the doom is laid upon him." And Kreon answered, "O king, it is for Laios, who was slain as he was journeying into the Phokion land."

Then everywhere through the city and in the field went the messenger of Œdipus, charging all to bring forth the murderer, and threatening grievous pains to any who should hide or shelter him. But none stood forth to own his guilt or to charge it on another; and in his sore strait Œdipus sent for the blind seer Teiresias, who knew the speech of birds and the hidden things of earth and heaven. But when he was led before the king, Œdipus saw that the heart of the wise prophet was troubled, and he said gently, "Teiresias, thou understandest things that are hidden from other men; tell me now, I beseech thee, on whose hands is the stain from

the blood of Laios. Let me know but this, and the pestilence will straightway cease from the land." But Teiresias answered hastily, "Ask me not, O king, ask me not. Let me go again to my home, and let us bear each his own burden." So Teiresias kept silence, and many times Œdipus prayed him to speak, until his wrath was roused, and he spake unseemly words to the prophet, and said, "If thou answerest not my question, it must be because thine own hands are polluted with the blood of Laios." Then from the countenance of the prophet flashed unutterable scorn, as he said slowly, so that none might hear but Œdipus, "O king, thou hast sealed thine own doom. On thine hand lies his blood, not on mine. Dost thou not remember the words which Phœbus spake to thee at Delphi, when thou hadst gone thither from the house of Polybus?" But in his rage and madness, Œdipus took no heed of prudence and wisdom, and he cried with a loud voice, and said, "Hearken, O people, to the words of Teiresias; hath he not spoken well when he said that Laios was smitten by my hand?" Then there rose wild cries and shoutings, and bitter words were spoken against the seer, who had dared to revile the king; but as he turned to go, Teiresias said only, "It is easy to cry aloud; it is harder to judge and to find out the truth; search ye it out well before ye say that I have spoken falsely."

So once more a terrible doubt filled the mind of Œdipus. In the day his thoughts vexed him, and evil dreams stood before him in the dark hours of night; and daily the plague pressed more heavily on the people, until at length he asked Iokaste of the time when Laios had been slain, and what tidings were brought of the deed. And

she said, "One only lives to tell the tale, and he said that, at a place where three ways met, robbers fell on the king and slew him; and the deed was done not long before thy coming to Thebes." Then a strange fear came over Œdipus, as he remembered the old man whom he had smitten in his chariot, and he told her of all the things which befell him as he journeyed to Thebes from Delphi. "But in thy words is hope," he said; "for if Laios fell by a band of thieves, then am I guiltless of his blood. Yet hasten now, and bring hither the man who saw the deed, for I will not close my eyes in sleep until this secret is made known."

But while one went for the man, there came a messenger from Corinth with tidings that Polybus the king was dead; and Œdipus lifted up his hands and said, "I thank thee, O Zeus; for the words of Phœbus Apollo, that I should slay my father, can never be accomplished." But the messenger answered hastily, "Thy thanks are wasted, O king, for the blood of Polybus runs not in thy veins. I found thee on the rugged heights of Kithairon, and saved thee from the doom which was prepared for thee. So from the house of Polybus there is for thee neither hope nor fear." Then the heart of Œdipus beat wildly with a horrible dread, and he said, "O thou that dwellest at Delphi, have thy words in very deed been accomplished and I knew it not?" Presently the hope, which the words of Iokaste had waked up in him was taken away; for the old man who had seen the deed said now that one only had slain the king, and the tokens remained sure that the hands of Œdipus were polluted with his father's blood.

Then there was woe unspeakable in the city of Kadmos

and the hearts of all the people were bowed down with grief for all the miseries which had burst like a flood on the houseof Labdakos and a great cry went up to heaven. For the lady Iokaste lay dead, and Œdipus had done a fearful deed when he saw her stretched cold and lifeless before him. With his own hands he tore out his eyes and hurled them away; for he said, "It is not fit that the eyes which have seen such things should ever look upon the sun again."

From that day forth the terrible Erinys who hovers in the air, and the awful Ate, who visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, abode by day and by night in the house of Œdipus. His sons strove together in their vain and silly pride, and each sought to be king in his father's place, till at last they cast Œdipus forth, and he wandered in wretchedness and misery from the land of the Kadmeians. His grievous sorrow had quenched his love for his people, and he said in bitterness of spirit that his body should not be buried in the Theban land. So his child Antigone led him onwards, and sought to cheer him in his fierce agony. But the dark cloud rested ever on his countenance, until one day he said to Antigone, "My child, I think that the end of my long suffering is nigh at hand; for there came to me last night a vision of a dream which said, 'Man of many troubles, thou shalt lie down to rest in the grove of the Eumenides, and for the land in which thy body shall lie there shall be wealth in peace and victory in war.'" So he went on with a good heart, journeying towards rocky Athens, and as he passed through a wood where the waters of a little stream murmured pleasantly in the still summer air, he sat down on a seat carved in the living rock, while An-

tigone stood by his side. But presently a rough voice bade him rise and depart. "Stranger, dost thou not dread the wrath of the mighty beings whose very name we fear to utter? In this grove of the Eumenides no mortal man may rest or tarry." But Œdipus said gently, "Yet move me not, I pray thee, for I am not as other men are, and the visions of Zeus have told me that this shall be the place of my rest. Go then to Theseus who rules at Athens, and bid him come to one who has suffered much and who will do great things for him and for his people." So Theseus came at the bidding of Œdipus; and there were signs in the heaven above and on the earth beneath that the end was nigh at hand, for the ground shook beneath their feet, and the thunder was heard in the cloudless sky. Then Œdipus bade Antigone farewell, and said, "Weep not, my child; I am going to my home, and I rejoice to lay down the burden of my woe." And to Theseus he said, "Follow me, O friend, for the blind shall guide thee this day. The dreams which Zeus sends have shown me the place where I must sleep after the fever of my life is ended; and so long as thou revealest not my resting place to men, thy people shall prosper and wax mighty in peace and in war." But even while he yet spake, there came a voice which said, "Œdipus, why tarriest thou?" and the sound of the thunder echoed again through the cloudless sky. Then he spake the parting words to Theseus, and besought him to guard his child Antigone; and he said, "Here must thou stay until thou seest that the things are accomplished of which the vision hath forewarned me. Follow me not farther." So Œdipus departed alone, and Theseus knew presently that Zeus had fulfilled his word.

From that day forth, the city of Athene grew mighty in the earth, and no enemy prevailed against it. For to no one did Theseus show the place where Œdipus rested in the hidden dells of Kolonos, save to the man who should rule at Athens after him. Thus only the king knew where lay the secret spell which made the city of Erechtheus mightier than the city of Kadmos; and the men of Thebes sought in vain to find the grave of Œdipus where the Kephisos flows by the sacred grove of the Eumenides.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA

BY EURIPIDES

[HELEN, the most beautiful woman in the world, had many suitors. Before she made her choice among them, they swore that they would always defend her from injury. Menelaus became her husband, but she was stolen from him by Paris, Prince of Troy. According to their oath, the former suitors set out to recover her for Menelaus. At Aulis in Bœotia, the chief Agamemnon killed a stag that was sacred to the goddess Diana. In her anger, Diana sent a pestilence and a calm. The soothsayer Calchas declared that the wrath of the goddess would not be appeased unless Agamemnon's daughter Iphigenia was sacrificed on the altar. Agamemnon sternly repressed his grief and sent for her, to wed Achilles, as he said. When the maiden first learned her cruel fate, she was overwhelmed with sorrow and pleaded with her father to save her; but at length she rejoiced that she was the one who would bring victory and glory to her country.

The Editor.]

IPHIGENIA

LEAD me: mine the glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Ilium's towers their heads shall bow.
With the garlands bind my brow;
Bring them, be these tresses crown'd.
Round the shrine, the altar round,
Bear the lavers, which you fill
From the pure translucent rill.
High your choral voices raise,
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise,

Bless'd Diana, royal maid.
Since the fates demand my aid,
I fulfill their awful power
By my slaughter, by my gore.

CHORUS

Reverenced, reverenced mother, now,
Thus for thee our tears shall flow:
For unhallow'd would a tear
'Mid the solemn rites appear.

IPHIGENIA

Swell the notes, ye virgin train;
To Diana swell the strain;
Queen of Calcis, adverse land:
Queen of Aulis, on whose strand,
Winding to a narrow bay,
Fierce to take its angry way,
Waits the war, and calls on me
Its retarded force to free.
O my country, where these eyes
Open'd on Pelasgic skies!
O ye virgins, once my pride,
In Mycenæ who reside!

CHORUS

Why of Perseus name the town,
Which Cyclopean rampires crown?

IPHIGENIA

Me you rear'd a beam of light:
Freely now I sink in night.

CHORUS

And for this, immortal fame,
Virgin, shall attend thy name.

IPHIGENIA

Ah, thou beaming lamp of day,
Jove-born, bright, ethereal ray!
Other regions me await,
Other life, and other fate!
Farewell, beauteous lamp of day!
Farewell, bright ethereal ray!

CHORUS

See, she goes: her glorious fate
To o'erturn the Phrygian state:
Soon the wreaths shall bind her brow;
Soon the lustral waters flow;
Soon that beauteous neck shall feel
Piercing deep the fatal steel,
And the ruthless altar o'er
Sprinkle drops of gushing gore.
By thy father's dread command
There the cleansing lavers stand;
There in arms the Grecian powers
Burn to march 'gainst Ilium's towers.
But our voices let us raise,
Tuned to hymn Diana's praise;
Virgin daughter she of Jove,
Queen among the gods above.
That with conquest and renown
She the arms of Greece may crown.
To thee, dread power, we make our vows.

Pleased when the blood of human victims flows.
To Phrygia's hostile strand,
Where rise perfidious Ilium's hated towers,
Waft, O waft the Grecian powers,
And aid this martial band!
On Agamemnon's honor'd head,
While wide the spears of Greece their terrors spread,
The immortal crown let conquest place,
With glory's brightest grace.

MESSENGER, CLYTEMNESTRA [*mother of* IPHIGENIA], CHORUS

MESSENGER

O royal Clytemnestra, from the house
Hither advance, that thou mayst hear my words.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hearing thy voice I come, but with affright
And terror trembling, lest thy coming bring
Tidings of other woes, beyond what now
Afflict me.

MESSENGER

Of thy daughter have I things
Astonishing and awful to relate.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Delay not, then, but speak them instantly.

MESSENGER

Yes, honor'd lady, thou shalt hear them all
Distinct from first to last, if that my sense

Disorder'd be not faithless to my tongue.
When to Diana's grove and flowery meads
We came, where stood the assembled host of Greece,
Leading thy daughter, straight in close array
Was form'd the band of Argives; but the chief,
Imperial Agamemnon, when he saw
His daughter, as a victim, to the grove
Advancing, groan'd, and, bursting into tears,
Turn'd from the sight his head, before his eyes
Holding his robe. The virgin near him stood,
And thus addressed him: — "Father, I to thee
Am present: for my country, and for all
The land of Greece, I freely give myself
A victim: to the altar let them lead me,
Since such the oracle. If aught on me
Depends, be happy, and attain the prize
Of glorious conquest, and revisit safe
Your country: of the Grecians, for this cause,
Let no one touch me; with intrepid spirit,
Silent will I present my neck." She spoke,
And all that heard admired the noble soul
And virtue of the maiden. In the midst
Talthybius standing (such his charge), proclaim'd
Silence to all the host: and Calchas now,
The prophet, in the golden basket placed,
Drawn from its sheath, the sharp-edged sword, and
The sacred garlands round the virgin's head.
The son of Peleus, holding in his hands bound
The basket and the laver, circled round
The altar of the goddess, and thus spoke: —
'Daughter of Jove, Diana, in the chase
Of savage beasts delighting, through the night

Who rollest thy resplendent orb, accept
This victim, which the associate troops of Greece,
And Agamemnon, our imperial chief,
Present to thee; the unpolluted blood,
Now from this beauteous virgin's neck to flow.
Grant that secure our fleets may plough the main,
And that our arms may lay the rampired walls
Of Troy in dust." The sons of Atreus stood,
And all the host, fix'd on the ground their eyes.
The priest then took the sword, preferr'd his prayer,
And with his eye marked where to give the blow.
My heart with grief sunk in me; on the earth
Mine eyes were cast; when, sudden to the view,
A wonder; for the stroke each clearly heard.
But where the virgin was none knew: aloud
The priest exclaims, and all the host with shouts
Rifted the air, beholding from some god
A prodigy, which struck their wondering eyes,
Surpassing faith when seen: for on the ground,
Panting was laid a hind of largest bulk,
In form excelling; with its spouting blood
Much was the altar of the goddess dew'd.
Calchas, at this (think with what joy!) exclaim'd, —
"Ye leaders of the united host of Greece,
See you this victim, by the goddess brought,
And at her altar laid, a mountain hind?
This, rather than the virgin, she accepts,
Not with the rich stream of her noble blood
To stain the altar; this she hath received
Of her free grace, and gives a favoring gale
To swell our sails, and bear the invading war
To Ilium: therefore rouse, ye naval train,

Your courage; to your ships; for we this day,
Leaving the deep recesses of the shore,
Must pass the Ægean Sea." Soon as the flames
The victim had consumed, he pour'd a prayer,
That o'er the waves the host might plough their way.
Me Agamemnon sends, that I should bear
To thee these tidings, and declare what fate
The gods assign him, and through Greece to obtain
Immortal glory. What I now relate
I saw, for I was present: to the gods
Thy daughter (be thou well assured) is fled.
Therefore lament no more, no more retain
Thy anger 'gainst thy lord: to mortal men
Things unexpected oft the gods dispense,
And whom they love they save: this day hath seen
Thy daughter dead, seen her alive again.

CHORUS

His tidings with what transport do I hear!
Thy daughter lives, and lives among the gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And have the gods, my daughter, borne thee hence?
How then shall I address thee, or of this
How deem? Vain words, perchance, to comfort me,
And soothe to peace the anguish of my soul.

MESSENGER

But Agamemnon comes, and will confirm
Each circumstance which thou hast heard from me.

GREECE

Agamemnon

Lady, we have much cause to think ourselves,
Touching our daughter, bless'd; for 'mong the gods
Commercing, she in truth resides. But thee
Behooves it with thine infant son return
To Argos, for the troops with ardor haste
To sail. And now, farewell: my greetings to thee
From Troy will be unfrequent, and at times
Of distant interval: mayst thou be bless'd!

Chorus

With joy, Atrides, reach the Phrygian shore;
With joy return to Greece, and bring with thee
Bright conquest, and the glorious spoils of Troy!


OMHP

THE DEIFICATION OF HOMER

BY JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES

(*France.* 1780–1867)

WHETHER the Iliad and the Odyssey were composed by any one man, or whether they were formed by combining the early ballads of the Greeks, is not the question here. The blind old man is taken as the symbol of the genius that produced them, be it the genius of one man or of scores. In the background stands a temple, over whose portals the name "Homer" is written. The spirit of Fame is placing upon his head a chaplet of laurel, while pressing forward to bring him gifts and do him reverence are many people of all ages and all countries. Among these people are familiar faces, — those of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and others.

PRINCESS NAUSICAA AND THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

BY HOMER

[AFTER the fall of Troy, the Greek hero Odysseus is eager to return to his home in Ithaca, but by the enmity of Poseidon he is driven over the Mediterranean Sea for ten long years. In the course of his wanderings he is cast ashore on the coast of the Phæacians, that is, the island of Corfu.

The Editor.]

THUS long-tried royal Odysseus slumbered here, heavy with sleep and toil; but Athene went to the land and town of the Phæacians. This people once in ancient times lived in the open Highlands, near that rude folk the Cyclops, who often plundered them, being in strength more powerful than they. Moving them thence, godlike Nausithoüs, their leader, established them at Scheria, far from toiling men. He ran a wall around the town, built houses there, made temples for the gods, and laid out farms; but Nausithoüs had met his doom and gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinoüs now was reigning, trained in wisdom by the gods. To this man's dwelling came the goddess, clear-eyed Athene, planning a safe return for brave Odysseus. She hastened to a chamber, richly wrought, in which a maid was sleeping, of form and beauty like the immortals, Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs. Near by two damsels, dowered with beauty by the Graces, slept by the threshold, one on either hand. The shining doors were shut; but Athene, like a breath of air, moved to the maid's

couch, stood by her head, and thus addressed her, — taking the likeness of the daughter of Dymas, the famous seaman, a maiden just Nausicaä's age, dear to her heart. Taking her guise, thus spoke clear-eyed Athene: —

"Nausicaä, how did your mother bear a child so heedless? Your gay clothes lie uncared-for, though the wedding time is near, when you must wear fine clothes yourself and furnish them to those that may attend you. From things like these a good repute arises, and father and honored mother are made glad. Then let us go a-washing at the dawn of day, and I will go to help, that you may soon be ready; for really not much longer will you be a maid. Already you have for suitors the chief ones of the land throughout Phæacia, where you too were born. Come, then, beg your good father early in the morning to harness the mules and cart, so as to carry the men's clothes, gowns, and bright-hued rugs. Yes, and for you yourself it is more decent so than setting forth on foot; the pools are far from the town."

Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off to Olympus, where they say the dwelling of the gods stands fast forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all; and there the blessed gods are happy all their days. Thither now came the clear-eyed one, when she had spoken with the maid.

Soon bright-throned morning came, and waked fair-robed Nausicaä. She marveled at the dream, and hastened through the house to tell it to her parents, her dear father and her mother. She found them still indoors: her mother sat by the hearth among the waiting-

women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, just going forth to join the famous princes at the council, to which the high Phæacians summoned him. So standing close beside him, she said to her dear father: —

"Papa dear, could you not have the wagon harnessed for me, — the high one, with good wheels, — to take my nice clothes to the river to be washed, which now are lying dirty? Surely for you yourself it is but proper, when you are with the first men holding councils, that you should wear clean clothing. Five good sons, too, are here at home, — two married, and three merry young men still, — and they are always wanting to go to the dance wearing fresh clothes. And this is all a trouble on my mind."

Such were her words, for she was shy of naming the glad marriage to her father; but he understood it all, and answered thus: —

"I do not grudge the mules, my child, nor anything beside. Go! Quickly shall the servants harness the wagon for you, the high one, with good wheels, fitted with rack above."

Saying this, he called to the servants, who gave heed. Out in the court they made the easy mule-cart ready; they brought the mules, and yoked them to the wagon. The maid took from her room her pretty clothing, and stowed it in the polished wagon; her mother put in a chest food the maid liked, of every kind, put dainties in, and poured some wine into a goat-skin bottle, — the maid, meanwhile, had got into the wagon, — and gave her in a golden flask some liquid oil, that she might bathe and anoint herself, she and the waiting-women. Nausi-

caä took the whip and the bright reins, and cracked the whip to start. There was a clatter of the mules, and steadily they pulled, drawing the clothing and the maid, — yet not alone; beside her went the waiting-women too.

When now they came to the fair river's current, where the pools were always full, — for in abundance clear water bubbles from beneath to cleanse the foulest stains, — they turned the mules loose from the wagon, and let them stray by the eddying stream, to crop the honeyed pasturage. Then from the wagon they took the clothing in their arms, carried it into the dark water, and stamped it in the pits with rivalry in speed. And after they had washed and cleansed it of all stains, they spread it carefully along the shore, just where the waves washed up the pebbles on the beach. Then bathing and anointing with the oil, they presently took dinner on the river bank and waited for the clothes to dry in the sunshine. And when they were refreshed with food, the maids and she, they then began to play at ball, throwing their wimples off. White-armed Nausicaä led their sport; and as the huntress Artemis goes down a mountain, down long Taÿgetus or Erymanthus, exulting in the boars and the swift deer, while round her sport the woodland nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, and glad is Leto's heart, for all the rest her child o'ertops by head and brow, and easily marked is she, though all are fair; so did this virgin pure excel her women.

But when Nausicaä thought to turn toward home once more, to yoke the mules and fold up the clean clothes, then a new plan the goddess formed, clear-eyed Athene; for she would have Odysseus wake and see the bright-eyed maid, who might to the Phæacian city show

the way. Just then the princess tossed the ball to one of her women, and missing her it fell in the deep eddy. Thereat they screamed aloud. Royal Odysseus woke, and sitting up debated in his mind and heart: —

"Alas! To what men's land am I come now? Lawless and savage are they, with no regard for right, or are they kind to strangers and reverent toward the gods? It was as if there came to me the delicate voice of maids — nymphs, it may be, who haunt the craggy peaks of hills, the springs of streams and grassy marshes; or am I now, perhaps, near men of human speech? Suppose I make a trial for myself, and see."

So saying, royal Odysseus crept from the thicket, but with his strong hand broke a spray of leaves from the close wood, to be a covering round his body for his nakedness. He set off like a lion that is bred among the hills and trusts its strength; onward it goes, beaten with rain and wind; its two eyes glare; and now in search of oxen or of sheep it moves, or tracking the wild deer; its belly bids it make trial of the flocks, even by entering the guarded folds; so was Odysseus about to meet those fair-haired maids, all naked though he was, for need constrained him. To them he seemed a loathsome sight, befouled with brine. They hurried off, one here, one there, over the stretching sands. Only the daughter of Alcinoüs stayed, for in her breast Athene had put courage and from her limbs took fear. Steadfast she stood to meet him. And now Odysseus doubted whether to make his suit by clasping the knees of the bright-eyed maid, or where he stood, aloof, in winning words to make that suit, and try if she would show the town and give him clothing. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to make

his suit in winning words, aloof; for fear if he should clasp her knees, the maid might be offended. Forthwith he spoke, a winning and shrewd speech: —

"I am your suppliant, princess. Are you some god or mortal? If one of the gods who hold the open sky, to Artemis, daughter of mighty Zeus, in beauty, height, and bearing I find you likest. But if you are a mortal living on the earth, most happy are your father and your honored mother, most happy your brothers also. Surely their hearts ever grow warm with pleasure over you, when watching such a blossom moving in the dance. And then exceeding happy he, beyond all others, who shall with gifts prevail and lead you home. For I never before saw such a being with these eyes — no man, no woman. I am amazed to see. At Delos once, by Apollo's altar, something like you I noticed, a young palm-shoot springing up; for thither too I came, and a great troop was with me, upon a journey where I was to meet with bitter trials. And just as when I looked on that I marveled long within, since never before sprang such a stalk from earth; so, lady, I admire and marvel now at you, and greatly fear to touch your knees. Yet grievous woe is on me. Yesterday, after twenty days, I escaped from the wine-dark sea, and all that time the waves and boisterous winds bore me away from the island of Ogygia. Now some god cast me here, that probably here also I may meet with trouble; for I do not think trouble will cease, but much the gods will first accomplish. Then, princess, have compassion, for it is you to whom through many grievous toils I first am come; none else I know of all who own this city and this land. Show me the town, and give me a rag to throw around me, if you had perhaps on

coming here some wrapper for your linen. And may the gods grant all that in your thoughts you long for: husband and home and true accord may they bestow; for a better and higher gift than this there cannot be, when with accordant aims man and wife have a home. Great grief it is to foes and joy to friends; but they themselves best know its meaning."

Then answered him white-armed Nausicaä: "Stranger, because you do not seem a common, senseless person, — and Olympian Zeus himself distributes fortune to mankind and gives to high and low even as he wills to each; and this he gave to you, and you must bear it therefore, — now you have reached our city and our land, you shall not lack for clothes nor anything besides which it is fit a hard-pressed suppliant should find. I will point out the town and tell its people's name. The Phæacians own this city and this land, and I am the daughter of generous Alcinoüs, on whom the might and power of the Phæacians rests."

She spoke, and called her fair-haired waiting-women: "My women, stay! Why do you run because you saw a man? You surely do not think him evil-minded. The man is not alive, and never will be born, who can come and offer harm to the Phæacian land: for we are very dear to the immortals; and then we live apart, far on the surging sea, no other tribe of men has dealings with us. But this poor man has come here having lost his way, and we should give him aid; for in the charge of Zeus all strangers and beggars stand, and a small gift is welcome. Then give, my women, to the stranger food and drink, and bathe him in the river where there is shelter from the breeze."

She spoke; the others stopped and called to one another, and down they brought Odysseus to the place of shelter, even as Nausicaä, daughter of generous Alcinoüs, had ordered. They placed a robe and tunic there for clothing, they gave him in the golden flask the liquid oil, and bade him bathe in the stream's currents.

Then to the waiting-women said royal Odysseus: —

"Women, stand here aside, while by myself I wash the salt from off my back and with the oil anoint me; for it is long since ointment touched my skin. But before you I will not bathe; for I am ashamed to bare myself among you fair-haired maids."

So he spoke; the women went away, and told it to the maid. And now with water from the stream royal Odysseus washed his skin clean of the salt which clung about his back and his broad shoulders, and wiped from his head the foam brought by the barren sea; and when he had thoroughly bathed and oiled himself and had put on the clothing which the chaste maiden gave, Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him taller than before and stouter to behold, and she made the curling locks to fall around his head as on the hyacinth flower. As when a man lays gold on silver, — some skillful man whom Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have trained in every art, and he fashions graceful work; so did she cast a grace upon his head and shoulders. He walked apart along the shore, and there sat down, beaming with grace and beauty. The maid observed; then to her fair-haired waiting-women said: —

"Hearken, my white-armed women, while I speak. Not without purpose on the part of all the gods that hold Olympus is this man's meeting with the godlike

Phæacians. A while ago, he really seemed to me ill-looking, but now he is like the gods who hold the open sky. Ah, might a man like this be called my husband, having his home here, and content to stay! But give, my women, to the stranger food and drink."

She spoke, and very willingly they heeded and obeyed, and set beside Odysseus food and drink. Then long-tried royal Odysseus eagerly drank and ate, for he had long been fasting.

And now to other matters white-armed Nausicaä turned her thoughts. She folded the clothes and laid them in the beautiful wagon, she yoked the stout-hoofed mules, mounted herself, and calling to Odysseus thus she spoke and said: —

"Arise now, stranger, and hasten to the town, that I may set you on the road to my wise father's house, where you shall see, I promise you, the best of all Phæacia. Only do this, — you seem to me not to lack understanding: while we are passing through the fields and farms, here with my women, behind the mules and cart, walk rapidly along, and I will lead the way. But as we near the town, — round which is a lofty rampart, a beautiful harbor on each side and a narrow road between, — there curved ships line the way; for every man has his own mooring-place. Beyond is the assembly near the beautiful grounds of Poseidon, constructed out of blocks of stone deeply embedded. Farther along, they make the black ships' tackling, cables and canvas, and shape out the oars; for the Phæacians do not care for bow and quiver, only for masts and oars of ships and the trim ships themselves, with which it is their joy to cross the foaming sea. Now the rude talk of such as these I would

avoid, that no one afterwards may give me blame. For very forward persons are about the place, and some coarse man might say, if he should meet us: 'What tall and handsome stranger is following Nausicaä? Where did she find him? A husband he will be, her very own. Some castaway, perhaps, she rescued from his vessel, some foreigner; for we have no neighbors here. Or at her prayer some long-entreated god has come straight down from heaven, and he will keep her his forever. So much the better, if she has gone herself and found a husband elsewhere! The people of our own land here, Phæacians, she disdains, though she has many high-born suitors.' So they will talk, and for me it would prove a scandal. I should myself censure a girl who acted so, who, heedless of friends, while father and mother were alive, mingled with men before her public wedding. And, stranger, listen now to what I say, that you may soon obtain assistance and safe conduct from my father. Near our road you will see a stately grove of poplar trees, belonging to Athene; in it a fountain flows, and round it is a meadow. That is my father's park, his fruitful vineyard, as far from the town as one can call. There sit and wait a while, until we come to the town and reach my father's palace. But when you think we have already reached the palace, enter the city of the Phæacians, and ask for the palace of my father, generous Alcinoüs. Easily is it known; a child, though young, could show the way; for the Phæacians do not build their houses like the dwelling of Alcinoüs their prince. But when his house and court receive you, pass quickly through the hall until you find my mother. She sits in the firelight by the hearth, spinning sea-purple yarn, a marvel to behold, and resting

against a pillar. Her handmaids sit behind her. Here too my father's seat rests on the selfsame pillar, and here he sits and sips his wine like an immortal. Passing him by, stretch out your hands to our mother's knees, if you would see the day of your return in gladness and with speed, although you come from far. If she regards you kindly in her heart, then there is hope that you may see your friends and reach your stately house and native land."

Saying this, with her bright whip she struck the mules, and fast they left the river's streams; and well they trotted, well they plied their feet, and skillfully she reined them that those on foot might follow, — the waiting-women and Odysseus, — and moderately she used the lash. The sun was setting when they reached the famous grove, Athene's sacred ground, where royal Odysseus sat him down. And thereupon he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: —

"Hearken, thou child of ægis-bearing Zeus, unwearied one! Oh hear me now, although before thou didst not hear me, when I was wrecked, what time the great Land-shaker wrecked me. Grant that I come among the Phæacians welcomed and pitied by them."

So spoke he in his prayer, and Pallas Athene heard, but did not yet appear to him in open presence; for she regarded still her father's brother, who stoutly strove with godlike Odysseus until he reached his land.

THE MEETING BETWEEN ODYSSEUS AND HIS FATHER

BY HOMER

[After ten years of wandering to and fro over the waters, Odysseus at last comes to his home. He and his son Telemachus cut down the suitors who have been wasting his wealth and seeking to induce his faithful wife Penelope to forget him and choose a new husband from among their number. Then he goes to the farm which is the home of his aged father Laërtes.

The Editor.]

But Odysseus and his men, after departing from the town, soon reached the rich well-ordered farmstead of Laërtes. This place Laërtes had acquired for himself in days gone by, after much patient toil. Here was his house; round it on every side there ran a shed, in which ate, sat, and slept the slaves who did his pleasure. Within, there lived an old Sicilian woman, who tended carefully the aged man here at his farm, far from the town. Arriving here, Odysseus thus addressed his servants and his son: —

"Go you at once into the stately house and slay forthwith for dinner the fattest of the swine. But I will put my father to the proof, and try if he will recognize and know me by the sight, or if he will fail to know me who have been absent long."

So saying, he gave his armor to his men, who then went quickly in, while Odysseus approached the fruitful vineyard, to make his trial there. Dolius he did not find, in

crossing the long garden, nor any slaves or men; for they were gone to gather stones to make a vineyard wall, and Dolius was their leader. His father he found alone in the well-ordered vineyard, hoeing about a plant. He wore a dirty tunic, patched and coarse, and round his shins had bound sewed leather leggings, a protection against scratches. Upon his hands were gloves, to save him from the thorns, and on his head a goatskin cap; and so he nursed his sorrow.

When long-tried royal Odysseus saw his father, worn with old age and in great grief of heart, he stopped beneath a lofty pear tree and shed tears. Then in his mind and heart he doubted much whether to kiss his father, to clasp him in his arms and tell him all, how he had come and found his native land; or first to question him and prove him through and through. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to try him first with probing words. With this intent, royal Odysseus walked straight toward him. Laërtes, with his head bent low, was digging round the plant, and standing by his side his gallant son addressed him: —

"Old man, you have no lack of skill in tending gardens. Of these your care is good. Nothing is here — shrub, fig tree, vine, olive, or pear, or bed of earth, — in all the field uncared for. But one thing I will say; be not offended. No proper care is taken of yourself; for you are meeting hard old age, yet you are sadly worn and meanly clad. It is not as if for idleness your master had cast you by, and nothing of the slave shows in your face or form. Rather you seem a royal person; like one who after taking bath and food might sleep at ease, as is the due of age. Come, then, declare me this and plainly tell

whose slave you are, whose farm you tend. And tell me truly this, that I may know full well, if this is really Ithaca to which we now are come, as the man said just now who met me on my way. He was not overwise, however; for he did not deign to talk at length, nor yet to hear my talk, when I inquired for my friend, and asked if he were living still or if he were already dead and in the house of Hades. But let me speak of that to you, and do you mark and listen. In my own country once I entertained a man who had come thither; and none among the traveling strangers was more welcome at my house. He called himself by birth a man of Ithaca, and said his father was Laërtes, son of Arceisius. I brought him home and entertained him well and gave him generous welcome from the abundance in my house. Such gifts I also gave as are fitting for a guest: of fine-wrought gold I gave him seven talents, gave him a flowered bowl of solid silver, twelve cloaks of single fold, as many rugs, as many goodly mantles, and as many tunics too. Further, I gave him women trained to faultless work, any four shapely damsels whom he himself might choose."

Then answered him his father, shedding tears; "Certainly, stranger, you are in the land, for which you ask; but lawless impious men possess it now. Vain were the many gifts you gave. Yet had you found him living in the land of Ithaca, with fair return of gifts he had sent you on your way, and with a generous welcome; for that is just, when one begins a kindness. But come, declare me this, and plainly tell: how many years are passed since you received this guest, this hapless guest, my son, — if really it was he, ill-fated man! — whom, far from

friends and home, fishes devoured in the deep or else on land he fell a prey to beasts and birds. No mother mourned for him and wrapped him in his shroud, nor father either, — we who gave him life! Nor did his richly-dowered wife, steadfast Penelope, wail by her husband's couch, as the wife should, and close his eyes, though that is the dead man's due. Tell me, however, truly, and let me know full well: who are you? of what people? Where is your town and kindred? Where is the swift ship moored which brought you hither, you and your gallant comrades? Or did you come a passenger on some strange ship, from which they landed you and sailed away?"

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Well, I will plainly tell you all. I come from Alybas, where I have a noble house, and am the son of lord Apheidas, the son of Polypemon. My own name is Eperitus. God drove me from Sicania and brought me here, against my will. Here my ship lies, just off the fields outside the town. As for Odysseus, five years ago he went away and left my land. Ill-fated man! And yet the birds were favorable at starting and came on his right hand. So I rejoiced and sent him forth, and he rejoicing went his way. Our hearts then hoped to meet again in friendship, and to give each other glorious gifts."

So he spoke, and on Laërtes fell a dark cloud of grief. He caught in his hands the powdery dust and strewed it on his hoary head with many groans. Odysseus' heart was stirred. Up through his nostrils shot a tingling pang as he beheld his father. Forward he sprang and clasped and kissed him, saying: —

"Lo, father, I am he for whom you seek, now in the

twentieth year come to my native land! Then cease this grief and tearful sighing; for let me tell you, — and the need of haste is great, — I slew the suitors in our halls, and so avenged their galling insolence and wicked deeds."

Then in his turn Laërtes answered: "If you are indeed my son, Odysseus, now returned, tell me some trusty sign that so I may believe."

But wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Examine first this scar, which a boar inflicted with his gleaming tusk upon Parnassus, whither I had gone. You and my honored mother sent me thither, to see Autolycus, my mother's father and to obtain the gifts which he, when here, agreed to give. Then come, and let me tell the trees in the well-ordered vineyard, which you once gave, when I, being still a child, begged you for this and that, as I followed about the garden. Among these trees we passed. You named them and described them. You gave me thirteen pear trees, ten apples, forty figs. And here you marked off fifty rows of vines to give, each one in bearing order. Along the rows clusters of all sorts hang, whenever the seasons sent by Zeus give them their fullness."

As he spoke thus, Laërtes' knees grew feeble and his very soul, when he recognized the tokens which Odysseus exactly told. Round his dear son he threw his arms, and long-tried royal Odysseus drew him fainting toward him.

II
LIFE IN EARLY GREECE

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the sixth century before Christ, Sparta was the most powerful state of Greece. This was owing, the legends say, to the wise laws of Lycurgus, by which his countrymen were brought to scorn luxury, to delight in hardship, and to devote themselves to what they regarded as the general welfare. Lycurgus probably represents a time, long or short as it may have been, during which the Spartans gradually brought themselves to this mode of living. The result was that the nation became a perfectly trained army; and held for a long period the chief military power among the Greek states. The Spartans were soldiers, but they were nothing more.

Just as the Spartans regarded Lycurgus as the cause of their early supremacy, so the Athenians looked upon Solon as their most valued lawgiver. Solon did not aim at making the people into a nation of soldiers, but rather at having laws that would be fair and just to every one. The Athenians learned to care for the beautiful and the intellectual, and they scorned the rough ways of Sparta as much as the Spartans scorned the luxury of Athens.

HOW THE SPARTAN BOYS WERE TRAINED[1]

[About the ninth century B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

NOR was it in the power of the father to dispose of the child as he thought fit; he was obliged to carry it before certain triers at a place called Lesche; these were some of the elders of the tribe to which the child belonged; their business it was carefully to view the infant, and if they found it stout and well made, they gave order for its rearing, and allotted to it one of the nine thousand shares of land above mentioned for its maintenance, but, if they found it puny and ill-shaped, ordered it to be taken to what was called the Apothetæ, a sort of chasm under Taygetus; as thinking it neither for the good of the child itself, nor for the public interest, that it should be brought up, if it did not, from the very outset, appear made to be healthy and vigorous. Upon the same account, the women did not bathe the new-born children with water, as is the custom in all other countries, but with wine, to prove the temper and complexion of their bodies; from a notion they had that epileptic and weakly children faint and waste away upon their being thus bathed, while, on the contrary, those of a strong and vigorous habit acquire firmness and get a temper by it, like steel. There was much care and art, too, used by the nurses; they had no swaddling bands; the children

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U. S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

grew up free and unconstrained in limb and form, and not dainty and fanciful about their food; not afraid in the dark, or of being left alone; and without peevishness or ill humor or crying. Upon this account, Spartan nurses were often bought up, or hired by people of other countries; and it is recorded that she who suckled Alcibiades was a Spartan; who, however, if fortunate in his nurse, was not so in his preceptor; his guardian, Pericles, as Plato tells us, chose a servant for that office called Zopyrus, no better than any common slave.

Lycurgus was of another mind; he would not have masters bought out of the market for his young Spartans, nor such as should sell their pains; nor was it lawful, indeed, for the father himself to breed up the children after his own fancy; but as soon as they were seven years old they were to be enrolled in certain companies and classes, where they all lived under the same order and discipline, doing their exercises and taking their play together. Of these, he who showed the most conduct and courage was made captain; they had their eyes always upon him, obeyed his orders, and underwent patiently whatsoever punishment he inflicted, so that the whole course of their education was one continued exercise of a ready and perfect obedience. The old men, too, were spectators of their performances, and often raised quarrels and disputes among them, to have a good opportunity of finding out their different characters, and of seeing which would be valiant, which a coward, when they should come to more dangerous encounters. Reading and writing they gave them, just enough to serve their turn; their chief care was to make them good subjects, and to teach them to en-

dure pain and conquer in battle. To this end, as they grew in years, their discipline was proportionably increased; their heads were close-clipped, they were accustomed to go barefoot, and for the most part to play naked.

After they were twelve years old, they were no longer allowed to wear any undergarment; they had one coat to serve them a year; their bodies were hard and dry, with but little acquaintance of baths andunguents, these human indulgences they were allowed only on some few particular days in the year. They lodged together in little bands upon beds made of the rushes which grew by the banks of the river Eurotas, which they were to break off with their hands without a knife; if it were winter, they mingled some thistledown with their rushes, which it was thought had the property of giving warmth. The old men, too, had an eye upon them, coming often to the grounds to hear and see them contend either in wit or strength with one another, and this as seriously and with as much concern as if they were their fathers, their tutors, or their magistrates; so that there scarcely was any time or place without some one present to put them in mind of their duty, and punish them if they had neglected it.

Besides all this, there was always one of the best and honestest men in the city appointed to undertake the charge and governance of them; he again arranged them into their several bands, and set over each of them for their captain the most temperate and boldest of those they called Irens, who were usually twenty years old, two years out of the boys; and the eldest of the boys, again, were Mell-Irens, as much as to say, who would

shortly be men. This young man, therefore, was their captain when they fought and their master at home, using them for the offices of his house; sending the oldest of them to fetch wood, and the weaker and less able, to gather salads and herbs, and these they must either go without or steal; which they did by creeping into the gardens, or conveying themselves cunningly and closely into the eating-houses; if they were taken in the fact, they were whipped without mercy, for thieving so ill and awkwardly. They stole, too, all other meat they could lay their hands on, looking out and watching all opportunities, when people were asleep or more careless than usual. If they were caught, they were not only punished with whipping, but hunger, too, being reduced to their ordinary allowance, which was but very slender, and so contrived on purpose, that they might set about to help themselves, and be forced to exercise their energy and address. This was the principal design of their hard fare; there was another not inconsiderable, that they might grow taller; for the vital spirits, not being overburdened and oppressed by too great a quantity of nourishment, which necessarily discharges itself into thickness and breadth, do, by their natural lightness, rise; and the body, giving and yielding because it is pliant, grows in height. The same thing seems, also, to conduce to beauty of shape; a dry and lean habit is a better subject for nature's configuration, which the gross and overfed are too heavy to submit to properly.

So seriously did the Lacedæmonian children go about their stealing, that a youth, having stolen a young fox and hid it under his coat, suffered it to tear out his very bowels with its teeth and claws, and died upon the place,

rather than let it be seen. What is practiced to this very day in Lacedæmon is enough to gain credit to this story, for I myself have seen several of the youths endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar to Diana surnamed Orthia.

The Iren, or under-master, used to stay a little with them after supper, and one of them he bade to sing a song, to another he put a question which required an advised and deliberate answer; for example, Who was the best man in the city? What he thought of such an action of such a man? They used them thus early to pass a right judgment upon persons and things, and to inform themselves of the abilities or defects of their countrymen. If they had not an answer ready to the question, Who was a good or who an ill-reputed citizen, they were looked upon as of a dull and careless disposition, and to have little or no sense of virtue and honor; besides this, they were to give a good reason for what they said, and in as few words and as comprehensive as might be; he that failed of this, or answered not to the purpose, had his thumb bit by his master. Sometimes the Iren did this in the presence of the old men and magistrates, that they might see whether he punished them justly and in due measure or not; and when he did amiss, they would not reprove him before the boys, but, when they were gone, he was called to an account and underwent correction, if he had run far into either of the extremes of indulgence or severity.

They taught them, also, to speak with a natural and graceful raillery, and to comprehend much matter of thought in few words. For Lycurgus, who ordered, as we saw, that a great piece of money should be but of an

inconsiderable value, on the contrary would allow no discourse to be current which did not contain in few words a great deal of useful and curious sense; children in Sparta, by a habit of long silence, came to give just and sententious answers; for loose and incontinent talkers seldom originate many sensible words. King Agis, when some Athenian laughed at their short swords, and said that the jugglers on the stage swallowed them with ease, answered him, "We find them long enough to reach our enemies with"; and as their swords were short and sharp, so, it seems to me, were their sayings. They reach the point and arrest the attention of the hearers better than any. Lycurgus himself seems to have been short and sententious, if we may trust the anecdotes of him; as appears by his answer to one who by all means would set up democracy in Lacedæmon. "Begin, friend," said he, "and set it up in your family." Another asked him why he allowed of such mean and trivial sacrifices to the gods. He replied, "That we may always have something to offer to them." Being asked what sort of martial exercises or combats he approved of, he answered, "All sorts, except that in which you stretch out your hands." Similar answers, addressed to his countrymen by letter, are ascribed to him; as, being consulted how they might best oppose an invasion of their enemies, he returned this answer, "By continuing poor, and not coveting each man to be greater than his fellow." Being consulted again whether it were requisite to enclose the city with a wall, he sent them word, "The city is well fortified which hath a wall of men instead of brick." But whether these letters are counterfeit or not is not easy to determine.

Of their dislike to talkativeness, the following apophthegms are evidence. King Leonidas said to one who held him in discourse upon some useful matter, but not in due time and place, "Much to the purpose, sir, elsewhere." King Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "Men of few words require but few laws." When one blamed Hecatæus the sophist because that, being invited to the public table, he had not spoken one word all supper-time, Archidamidas answered in his vindication, "He who knows how to speak, knows also when."

The sharp and yet not ungraceful retorts which I mentioned may be instanced as follows. Demaratus, being asked in a troublesome manner by an importunate fellow, Who was the best man in Lacedæmon? answered at last, "He, sir, that is the least like you." Some, in company where Agis was, much extolled the Eleans for their just and honorable management of the Olympic games; "Indeed," said Agis, "they are highly to be commended if they can do justice one day in five years." Theopompus answered a stranger who talked much of his affection to the Lacedæmonians, and said that his countrymen called him Philolacon (a lover of the Lacedæmonians), that it had been more for his honor if they had called him Philopolites (a lover of his own countrymen). And Plistoanax, the son of Pausanias, when an orator of Athens said the Lacedæmonians had no learning, told him, "You say true, sir; we alone, of all the Greeks have learned none of your bad qualities." One asked Archidamidas what number there might be of the Spartans; he answered, "Enough, sir, to keep out wicked men."

We may see their character, too, in their every jests. For they did not throw them out at random, but the very wit of them was grounded upon something or other worth thinking about. For instance, one, being asked to go hear a man who exactly counterfeited the voice of a nightingale, answered, "Sir, I have heard the nightingale itself." Another, having read the following inscription upon a tomb, —

> "Seeking to quench a cruel tyranny,
> They, at Selinus, did in battle die," —

said, it served them right; for instead of trying to quench the tyranny they should have let it burn out. A lad, being offered some game-cocks that would die upon the spot, said that he cared not for cocks that would die, but for such that would live and kill others. In short, their answers were so sententious and pertinent, that one said well that intellectual much more truly than athletic exercise was the Spartan characteristic.

Nor was their instruction in music and verse less carefully attended to than their habits of grace and good breeding in conversation. And their very songs had a life and spirit in them that inflamed and possessed men's minds with an enthusiasm and ardor for action; the style of them was plain and without affectation; the subject always serious and moral; most usually, it was in praise of such men as had died in defense of their country, or in derision of those that had been cowards; the former they declared happy and glorified; the life of the latter they described as most miserable and abject. There were also vaunts of what they would do, and boasts of what they had done, varying with the various ages, as, for example, they had three choirs in their solemn

festivals, the first of the old men, the second of the young men, and the last of the children. The old men began thus: —

"We once were young, and brave and strong."

The young men answered them, singing, —

"And we're so now, come on and try."

The children came last and said, —

"But we'll be strongest by and by."

Indeed, if we will take the pains to consider their compositions, some of which were still extant in our days, and the airs on the flute to which they marched when going to battle, we shall find that Terpander and Pindar had reason to say that music and valor were allied. The first says of Lacedæmon —

"The spear and song in her do meet,
And Justice walks about her street";

and Pindar —

"Councils of wise elders here,
And the young men's conquering spear,
And dance, and song, and joy appear"; —

both describing the Spartans as no less musical than warlike; in the words of one of their own poets —

"With the iron stern and sharp
Comes the playing on the harp."

For, indeed, before they engaged in battle, the king first did sacrifice to the Muses, in all likelihood to put them in mind of the manner of their education, and of the judgment that would be passed upon their actions, and thereby to animate them to the performance of exploits that should deserve a record. At such times, too, the Lacedæmonians abated a little the severity of their manners

in favor of their young men, suffering them to curl and adorn their hair, and to have costly arms, and fine clothes; and were well pleased to see them, like proud horses, neighing and pressing to the course. And therefore, as soon as they came to be well-grown, they took a great deal of care of their hair, to have it parted and trimmed, especially against a day of battle, pursuant to a saying recorded of their lawgiver, that a large head of hair added beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one.

When they were in the field, their exercises were generally more moderate, their fare not so hard, nor so strict a hand held over them by their officers, so that they were the only people in the world to whom war gave repose. When their army was drawn up in battle array and the enemy near, the king sacrificed a goat, commanded the soldiers to set their garlands upon their heads, and the pipers to play the tune of the hymn to Castor, and himself began the pæan of advance. It was at once a magnificent and a terrible sight to see them march on to the tune of their flutes, without any disorder in their ranks, any discomposure in their minds or change in thier countenance, calmly and cheerfully moving with the music to the deadly fight. Men, in this temper, were not likely to be possessed with fear or any transport of fury, but with the deliberate valor of hope and assurance, as if some divinity were attending and conducting them. The king had always about his person some one who had been crowned in the Olympic games; and upon this account a Lacedæmonian is said to have refused a considerable present, which was offered to him upon condition that he would not come into the lists; and when he had with much to-do thrown his

antagonist, some of the spectators saying to him, "And now, Sir Lacedæmonian, what are you the better for your victory?" he answered smiling, "I shall fight next the king." After they had routed an enemy, they pursued him till they were well assured of the victory, and then they sounded a retreat, thinking it base and unworthy of a Grecian people to cut men in pieces, who had given up and abandoned all resistance. This manner of dealing with their enemies did not only show magnanimity, but was politic too; for, knowing that they killed only those who made resistance, and gave quarter to the rest, men generally thought it their best way to consult their safety by flight.

Hippius the sophist says that Lycurgus himself was a great soldier and an experienced commander. Philostephanus attributes to him the first division of the cavalry into troops of fifties in a square body; but Demetrius the Phalerian says quite the contrary, and that he made all his laws in a continued peace. And, indeed, the Olympic holy truce, or cessation of arms, that was procured by his means and management, inclines me to think him a kind-natured man, and one that loved quietness and peace. Notwithstanding all this, Hermippus tells us that he had no hand in the ordinance; that Iphitus made it, and Lycurgus came only as a spectator, and that by mere accident too. Being there, he heard as it were a man's voice behind him, blaming and wondering at him that he did not encourage his countrymen to resort to the assembly, and, turning about and seeing no man, concluded that it was a voice from heaven, and upon this immediately went to Iphitus and assisted him in ordering the ceremonies of that feast, which, by his

means, were better established, and with more repute than before.

To return to the Lacedæmonians. Their discipline continued still after they were full-grown men. No one was allowed to live after his own fancy; but the city was a sort of camp, in which every man had his share of provisions and business set out, and looked upon himself not so much born to serve his own ends as the interest of his country. Therefore if they were commanded nothing else, they went to see the boys perform their exercises, to teach them something useful or to learn it themselves of those who knew better. And indeed one of the greatest and highest blessings Lycurgus procured his people was the abundance of leisure which proceeded from his forbidding to them the exercise of any mean and mechanical trade. Of the money-making that depends on troublesome going about and seeing people and doing business, they had no need at all in a state where wealth obtained no honor or respect. The Helots tilled their ground for them, and paid them yearly in kind the appointed quantity, without any trouble of theirs. To this purpose there goes a story of a Lacedæmonian who, happening to be at Athens when the courts were sitting, was told of a citizen that had been fined for living an idle life, and was being escorted home in much distress of mind by his condoling friends; the Lacedæmonian was much surprised at it and desired his friend to show him the man who was condemned for living like a freeman. So much beneath them did they esteem the frivolous devotion of time and attention to the mechanical arts and to money-making.

It need not be said, that upon the prohibition of gold

and silver, all lawsuits immediately ceased, for there was now neither avarice nor poverty amongst them, but equality, where every one's wants were supplied, and independence, because those wants were so small. All their time, except when they were in the field, was taken up by the choral dances and the festivals, in hunting, and in attendance on the exercise-grounds, and the places of public conversation. Those who were under thirty years of age were not allowed to go into the market place, but had the necessaries of their family supplied by the care of their relations and lovers; nor was it for the credit of elderly men to be seen too often in the market place; it was esteemed more suitable for them to frequent the exercise-grounds and places of conversation, where they spent their leisure rationally in conversation, not on money-making and market-prices, but for the most part in passing judgment on some action worth considering; extolling the good, and censuring those who were otherwise, and that in a light and sportive manner conveying, without too much gravity, lessons of advice and improvement. Nor was Lycurgus himself unduly austere; it was he who dedicated, says Sosibius, the little statue of Laughter. Mirth, introduced seasonably at their suppers and places of common entertainment, was to serve as a sort of sweetmeat to accompany their strict and hard life. To conclude, he bred up his citizens in such a way that they neither would or could live by themselves; they were to make themselves one with the public good, and, clustering like bees around their commander, be by their zeal and public spirit carried all but out of themselves, and devoted wholly to their country. What their sentiments were will better appear by a few of their

sayings. Pædaretus, not being admitted into the list of the three hundred, returned home with a joyful face, well pleased to find that there were in Sparta three hundred better men than himself. And Polycratidas, being sent with some others ambassador to the lieutenants of the king of Persia, being asked by them whether they came in a private or in a public character, answered, "In a public, if we succeed; if not, in a private character." Argileonis, asking some who came from Amphipolis if her son Brasidas died courageously and as became a Spartan, on their beginning to praise him to a high degree, and saying there was not such another left in Sparta, answered, "Do not say so; Brasidas was a good and brave man, but there are in Sparta many better than he."

SOLON, WHO MADE LAWS FOR THE ATHENIANS

[639–559 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A CERTAIN young Athenian named Solon expected to inherit a large fortune; but when his father died, it was found that he had been so generous to all in need as to leave little property to his son. There were wealthy friends who would have willingly supported Solon, but he preferred to support himself, and he became a merchant. In those times, a merchant not only sold goods, but he went from land to land to purchase them. In this business Solon made himself rich and also saw the customs and became familiar with the laws of many countries. People said that he was always eager to learn and that he liked to write poetry. He was a most devoted father. When one of his children died, he wept as if his heart would break. A friend who tried to comfort him pleaded with him not to weep, because it would do no good. "And that is just why I do weep," Solon replied.

At that time the Athenians were divided into parties, and the members of each party thought far more of having their own way than of acting for the good of the state. Athens became so weak that even the tiny kingdom of Megara ventured to make war against her, and got possession of the island of Salamis, and, what was

more, held on to it in spite of the efforts of the Athenians to win it back. At length they gave up all hope of ever regaining it. They even passed a decree that any one who should suggest making the attempt should be looked upon as an enemy to his country and should be put to death.

Now Salamis was Solon's birthplace, and he could not bear to have it in the hands of enemies. The way he set about regaining it, however, was to shut himself up in his house and send out a report that he had become insane. In reality, he was writing a poem; and when it was done, he sallied forth into the market place, always full of people, and mounted the stone from which proclamations were made. There he stood and recited the poem. It was a ringing appeal to his countrymen to recover the island. An insane man could not be put to death for breaking a law; and this poem so aroused the Athenians that they repealed the law, set out for war, put Solon in command, and regained the island.

In another way Solon was of great help to his countrymen. The Athenian, Cylon, and his friends had raised a revolt and had seized the temple of the goddess Minerva. The magistrates told them that if they would tie a cord to the shrine of the goddess and keep fast hold of it, they would still be under her protection and might come down from the temple and be sure of a fair trial. It chanced that the cord gave way; and at this the magistrates rushed upon them and killed them. Some of the Athenians believed that the many troubles of the state had come upon it because of this broken promise, and they were most grateful to Solon when he induced the magistrates to come to trial. The people of Megara took

advantage of the difficulties of the Athenians and seized Salamis again. There is no knowing when the struggle over the island would have come to an end, had not both states finally agreed to leave the decision to five judges appointed by the Spartans. Then each side pleaded its right to Salamis. Solon was the chief speaker for the Athenians. He could reason and argue as well as fight; and he won the victory. Salamis was given to Athens.

Solon now became a maker of laws. No two parties wanted exactly the same thing. Taking the people as a whole, the only change desired by the rich was to be better protected in enjoying their wealth; while the poor thought that all wealth ought to be equally divided among the citizens, whether they had ever done anything to earn it or not. These different classes all had confidence in Solon; and he was chosen archon, or chief magistrate. The men who owned little farms were in the most pressing trouble. If a hard season had made it necessary for a farmer to borrow some money, he had to give so high a rate of interest that there was small hope of his debt ever being paid. In that case, his creditor had a legal right to sell him as a slave. Solon's first laws were made to help these farmers. He allowed them to pay their debts to individuals in coins only three fourths as heavy as the old ones, but counted as of the same value. He forgave all debts of farmers to the state. He decreed that no man should be made a slave because he had failed to pay borrowed money; that whoever had seized a man as a slave should set him free, and if he had been sold into a foreign country, should bring him back.

Solon's next reform was in regard to the manner of

making the laws. Thus far, they had been made by the nobles, that is, the men of high birth. Solon divided the people into four classes according to their income from land. The wealthiest class alone were to hold the highest offices; but they had to pay the most taxes. The lowest class could hold no office in the state, as they paid no taxes for its support; but every man could rise from one class to another, and every man, rich or poor, had the right to vote in the general assembly.

Solon did not forget to look out for the interests of the children. He forbade people to sell their children as slaves, a thing which had formerly been allowed; and he ordered that every father should teach his son a trade. If he neglected to do this, the law did not oblige the son to care for him in his old age.

The laws to punish crime had been put in shape by Draco about a quarter of a century earlier. They were so severe that they were said to have been written in blood. Even the smallest theft was punished by death. Solon revised them and made them far more reasonable. Then he turned his attention to some of the ways in which money was wasted. He decreed that less should be expended in display at funerals, that not more than three garments should be buried with the body, that there should be no sacrifice of an ox and no hired mourners. A woman going on a journey was permitted to carry only three dresses.

The laws of Solon were written on wooden tablets and set up in places where every one could read them. There is a tradition that he began to put them into verse, but gave up the attempt. Every one did read them; and promptly one and all began to find fault. The wealthy

nobles had lost a great deal of money by the remitting of debts and the freeing of slaves; and they were indignant that so great a share in the government had also been taken from them. The poor people had supposed that in some mysterious way these changes would make them all rich; and they felt wronged and disappointed. Each little party had its special grievance, and everybody blamed Solon. Besides this, people were constantly appealing to him to know the meaning of one law or another; and at length he concluded that it would be best for him to go away for a while and let the Athenians manage matters for themselves. He made them promise that they would keep his laws for ten years, and then he left the country.

When he returned, he found affairs no better. The people were restless and dissatisfied, and a man named Pisistratus was gaining much influence over them. Pisistratus had a frank, pleasant manner, he was generous, and he had won victories in the Olympian chariot-races. He claimed to be a devoted friend to the poor, and made them feel that if he were only in power, he would do great things for them. One day, with his face smeared with blood, he rode into the market place and declared that his enemies had tried to kill him for being so devoted to the interests of the poor. Pisistratus was a relative of Solon, but the honest old patriot could not endure this, and he cried out, "Pisistratus, you have done this thing to impose upon your countrymen." Nevertheless, the people believed in Pisistratus and allowed him to have a guard of armed men. This guard grew larger and larger, and by and by this "friend of the people" captured the Acropolis, that is, the hill on which stood the finest

temples and the strongest fortifications; and Pisistratus was now ruler of Athens. Solon could do nothing to prevent, and he put his weapons outside his door with these words: "I have done all in my power to defend my country and its laws."

After it was clear that Pisistratus would be able to remain in control, the friends of Solon were afraid of what he might do to the aged man to punish him for his opposition. They begged Solon to flee; but he refused. He stayed in his own house and made verses to the effect that whatever difficulties the Athenians might fall into, it was all their own fault.

Most men of that time, if in the place of Pisistratus, would have at least made Solon's life uncomfortable; but Pisistratus was too wise, and perhaps too good-natured. He always treated Solon with the greatest kindness and respect, asked his advice, and what was more, generally followed it. Solon believed that Pisistratus had no right to rule and that the Athenians would yet be sorry that they had allowed him to seize the government; but since he was in power and could not be put out, Solon thought that the best thing he could do for his state was to help make his rule as excellent as possible. This was the easier for Solon because Pisistratus really ruled extremely well. He gave cattle and seeds and tools to the poor farmers; he reared handsome buildings; and, besides this, he invited all the people who knew the poems of Homer and Hesiod by heart to come together in Athens and compare them as they had been used to reciting them. Then he had copies carefully made of the version that was decided to be the best. That is how it came to pass that we have the poems of these

two great poets in almost the same words in which they were composed.

Solon always loved Salamis, and when he came to die, he bade his friends carry his ashes across the water and scatter them over his beloved island.

AT THE OLYMPIAN GAMES

[After the eighth century B.C.]

BY CHARLES DIEHL

[THE Olympian Games, the most renowned of all festivals of ancient Greece, were held once in five years. Every part of Greece was represented, and while the games lasted all warfare between the states was suspended. According to Greek mythology the Olympian Games were instituted by Zeus, father of the gods. No one knows the precise date of their origin, but in the eighth century B.C. the Greeks were reckoning time by Olympiads, the years in which the Games were held.

The Editor.]

ON the first day of the festival, in the early morning, the games were inaugurated by solemn homage paid to the gods. An imposing sacrifice was offered to Zeus in the name of the Elean state, and throughout the day sacred embassies were crossing the Altis and offering their gifts at the shrines. Meanwhile without the inclosure, and in the Bouleuterium, the final preparations were being made for the games. All those who were to take any part in the contests — athletes, charioteers, trainers, judges — swore solemnly that they had obeyed all the regulations and had been guilty neither of impiety nor of sacrilege, and with their hands on the altar they promised to act uprightly in all the coming contests.

Then the Hellanodicæ [1] divided the competitors into classes, the wrestlers were paired by lot, and starting-

[1] Judges.

places were assigned to the foot-racers and chariots. The evening was spent in conversation and in various pastimes; statesmen withdrew together to settle their negotiations, friends who had met again after long parting forgot themselves in endless discourse, athletes took counsel with themselves and waited quietly, gathering strength for the morrow, while under the starlit sky the crowd of pilgrims slept in the expectation of the coming festivities.

With the first rays of the rising sun the festival began. Long before this time, while Olympia was still wrapped in shadow, a confused noise told that the multitude was waking; bands of pilgrims hurried to the stadium to secure good places, and long before sunrise the high banks of earth surrounding the arena, on which forty thousand people could find seats, were covered by a crowd of spectators. At the moment when the first rays of the sun fell upon the plain from the lofty summits of the Arcadian mountains, the sound of music was heard, and the official procession entered the stadium through the covered passage connecting it with the Altis. The Hellanodicæ, in long purple robes, seated themselves on the platform erected near the goal, the trainers accompanied their pupils and gave them parting words of counsel, the deputies from the cities and the strangers of distinction took possession of the seats of honor reserved for them, while the competitors answered to their names and took up their appointed places.

The stadium at Olympia formed a long rectangle, 692 feet long by 105 wide. The track was 465 feet in length, — Hercules himself was said to have measured it with

his mighty foot. Around it a sloping bank took the place of seats, and round the stadium by the side of a narrow stone boundary which the spectator might not pass, was carried a water-channel, through which the water for the use of athletes and attendants ran into basins. The competitors disrobed under a tent at the western end, and the games began. They lasted three days, the first of which was reserved for the contests of children, and the last two for the contests of men; the games, however, were the same for both classes of competitors.

First came the foot-races, the most ancient of the contests of Olympia. The earliest of these was the single course — *stadion* or *dromos* — a test of speed which consisted in running once the length of the stadium, and was one of the favorite sights with the spectators, because by its rapid motion it displayed to more advantage than any other, beauty of contour and shapeliness of limb. Then came the double course — *diaulos* — in which the competitors had to run twice the length of the stadium, and the long race or *dolichos*. In this last, in which the competitors ran twelve times round the arena, or fourteen and a half kilometres,[1] it was less a question of speed than of endurance, and consequently the race resembled walking rather than running. These contests were rendered more difficult by the fact that the track, instead of being on firm and solid ground, was covered with a thick layer of fine sand into which the runner's foot sank, thus doubling the exertion.

Naturally the competition began with the long race, then came the double course, and finally the single course, in which each competitor, excited by the shouts

[1] About nine miles.

of the crowd and the cries of his adversaries, put out his utmost strength. The pitch of excitement reached by these runners was sometimes marvelous; their speed was such that one could hardly see them pass, and they attained such a height of endurance that one victor in the long race, after arriving first at the goal, ran straight on to announce his victory at Argos, his native town, arriving there the same evening. The distance in a straight line is ninety kilometres,[1] and there are two mountains to cross on the way. The victors were usually represented in the attitude of the short race; this is the attitude of the runner Ladas, by the sculptor Myron, a statue famous in antiquity.

After this the wrestlers were called into the arena. More skill was needed for this kind of contest, as well as a special training. Brute force was in fact of less value than skill and science, a quick, sure eye to follow and foresee every movement of the adversary, skill in parrying, ingenuity in thrusting, and variety of feint. Like fencing, wrestling was an art in which it was not merely a question of conquering, but of conquering with grace. As a rule the victor must have thrown his opponent three times in such a way as to make his shoulders touch the ground; but it was not easy to grapple with these wrestlers, whose bodies were rubbed with oil, and the rule of the Olympian games allowed all sorts of wiles, such as stretching out the leg, pulling the foot of an adversary, or leaping with one bound on his shoulders from behind. Sometimes wrestlers even grappled their rivals with their whole strength, and pulled them to the ground by their own weight, — this was the favorite stroke of the

[1] Nearly fifty-six miles.

celebrated Milo of Croton. Another kind of wrestling consisted in continuing the struggle even when one of the combatants had fallen to the ground, which then became an actual hand-to-hand fight, which might be carried on in any way. Sometimes they clutched each other's throats, or bit each other till the blood flowed. "And their backs cracked, gripped firmly under the vigorous hands, and sweat ran down in streams, and frequent weals along their ribs and shoulders sprang up red with blood, while ever they strove amain for victory." [1] This is the moment represented by the celebrated group of wrestlers in Florence. The contest was not at an end until one of the combatants acknowledged himself defeated.

Fighting with the cestus was an extremely cruel and barbarous kind of wrestling of which boxing may offer a very much softened resemblance. In this kind of pugilism the athletes wound around their hands strips of leather studded with nails or small plates of lead — an equipment shown in the Wrestler of the Dresden Museum. Thus armed, the combatants fell upon each other, and struck the most terrible blows, coming out of the struggle in a very much battered condition in consequence. When the Homeric heroes are making ready for this terrible contest, they speak of nothing less than tearing the flesh and breaking the bones of their antagonist, and as a fact the defeated combatant goes away, trailing his limbs and spitting blood, with head hanging down, and ready to faint. Sometimes the combatants were left upon the field, or at least they went away with nose, ears, and teeth much damaged: indeed, this was so

[1] *Iliad*, XXIII, 714.

commonly the case that the monuments generally represent the victorious boxers with their ears much swollen — as, for example, the fine bronze discovered in the gymnasium at Olympia. Sometimes the unfortunate men returned from the fight quite unrecognizable. "After twenty years," says one epigram, "Ulysses was recognized by his dog Argos; but as for you, Stratophon, after four hours' boxing you are unrecognizable not only by a dog, but even by your fellow-citizens. What do I say? Were you to look at yourself in a glass, you would exclaim with an oath, I am not Stratophon." An ancient physician declared, indeed, that boxing was an excellent remedy for dizziness and headache, but we must confess that the treatment was somewhat drastic. The fight lasted until one of the boxers confessed his defeat, and the highest skill consisted in dexterously avoiding a blow rather than in parrying it; the greatest feat was to win without having received a single blow, and, better still, without having given one, but having tired out one's opponent so completely that he was compelled by exhaustion to give up the struggle.

The *pancratium* was the last contest on this day. This was a combination of wrestling and boxing, and on this account was one of the most highly considered among the contests, as it required both strength and skill. None was watched with so much interest by the spectators, and no victory was more eagerly sought after by famous athletes. The feats of the celebrated wrestlers of antiquity are well known. Their muscles, as fully developed as those of the Farnese Hercules, found no task too difficult for them. One seized a bull by the hind leg and grasped it so firmly that the animal left its hoof

in his hand; another stopped, with one hand, a chariot running at full speed; Milo of Croton fastened a cord round his head and broke it by swelling the veins; Polydamas, like Hercules, met a lion and felled it to the earth. There was an inexhaustible supply of stories of this kind at Olympia, and these heroes of the stadium lost no opportunity of displaying their prowess. Most of them came to an evil end in consequence. The hands of Milo of Croton stuck fast in the cleft of a tree, and he died there, devoured by wolves; while Polydamas was crushed by the fall of a grotto which he had vainly endeavored to hold up with his mighty hands.

The next day the games took place in the hippodrome. Unfortunately, the excavations have afforded us no information about this structure, and we only know it from the description of Pausanias. It was no doubt parallel to the stadium, and was four stadia[1] in length, while the track, properly so called, only measured two stadia. It was long and narrow in shape, and was terminated on the east by a semicircular slope, on the west by the starting-place, or *aphesis*, which was furnished with parallel stalls facing the course where the chariots or horses were stationed after the lots had been drawn. In the center of the starting-place was an altar, surmounted by an eagle constructed in such a way as to rise mechanically and give the signal for the start. At the same moment the ropes fell which closed in the stalls, and when all the competitors were in line at the second starting-place, a flourish of trumpets gave the signal again.

First came the race of four-horse chariots. The body

[1] A stadium was equal to about six hundred and seven feet.

of the chariot was mounted on two low wheels, two horses were harnessed to the pole, and there were two trace-horses or outriggers as well. The charioteers drove standing, and holding reins and whip. This was the most fashionable contest, the one which attracted the richest and most powerful of the Hellenes, and in which success was most eagerly desired. Among the victors may be found Cimon, Alcibiades, Gelo of Syracuse, Hiero, and many other famous men. No sight was more exciting for the spectators than that of the chariots dashing forward and striking against one another on the course, or than the horses rearing madly as they passed the mysterious turning-point where lurked the demon Taraxippos — the terror of horses. The thrilling description of these eager contests, in which more than one of the competitors was often thrown to the ground, should be sought in the "Iliad" (XXIII, 262), or in the famous lines of the "Electra" of Sophocles.[1]

The chariot-races were succeeded by the horse-races, also of great importance, in which the course was twelve times round the hippodrome. The victorious horses were overwhelmed with honors, statues were erected, and splendid tombs built for them. Sometimes even, like Cimon's steeds, they were buried with their masters in the family grave.

As in the races of our own day, it was not the charioteer or the rider who carried off the prize, but the owner of the horses which ran. It did not even matter if the jockey were unhorsed in the race, provided the horse completed its course. For example, the mare of Pheidolas, after having thrown its rider, ran straight on, and

[1] See the selection following.

slackening its pace at the sound of the trumpet, stopped of its own accord, a good first, before the judges' stand. Pheidolas received the prize, and a statue was set up in the Altis to the horse which had won such a splendid victory.

When the races were over, all returned to the stadium, and the *pentathlum* followed. This was the most complicated and most distinguished of all the contests, the one which displayed to the greatest advantage the complete harmony of the human frame; and victors in the *pentathlum* were considered the most beautiful men in Greece; "for their bodies," says Aristotle, "are naturally capable of both strength and speed." Victory, however, was hard to gain, for five successive contests had to be undertaken — leaping, hurling the discus, throwing the spear, running, and wrestling — the last two of which we have already discussed. In leaping, an enormous distance had to be covered, and the competitors mounted a spring-board and sprang off, holding in their hands heavy weights called *halteres*, which afterwards helped them to stop short at the point they reached. In the next contest stones were at first used, and afterwards circular disks, often ornamented with carving, which were thrown as far as possible. Many famous statues, of which the most celebrated, preserved in the Massini Palace at Rome, is a copy of the Discobolus of Myron, show the different attitudes which the athletes assumed in aiming and hurling the discus. A specimen of these quoits is preserved in the Berlin Museum. Its diameter is about eight inches, and the weight about four pounds.

Last of all came the armed race, which ended the

games. In this the competitors ran twice round the stadium, bearing, it appears, in early times, helmet, shield, and greaves, but in later days only a shield. This is the equipment of the statue in the Louvre known as the Borghese Gladiator, which undoubtedly represents a victorious *hoplitodromos*.

The last day of the games was devoted to the distribution of the prizes. These were antique in their simplicity; merely a crown of wild olive from the sacred tree planted by Hercules and a palm branch, the symbols of strength and immortality, but they were bestowed with great solemnity. The wreaths were laid upon the gold and ivory table carved by Colotes before the temple of Zeus, and the Hellanodicæ placed the crown on the head of the victor, while a herald proclaimed his name and country amidst the acclamations of the crowd.

Many material advantages, however, accompanied the victories in the stadium: the successful athletes were granted for life the right of dining in the Prytaneum of their native town, they were exempted from all taxation, and received many other tokens of the gratitude of their fellow-citizens, such as a seat of honor in the theater, and often an annuity which relieved them of all anxiety for their future. Still all this was nothing compared to the immortal glory which these simple Olympic wreaths conferred on the victors' names.

At length the festival was over, and nothing remained to be done but to give thanks to the gods. The victors sought the altars of the Altis, there to offer their sacrifices and thanksgivings, and in order to enhance the splendor of this solemn procession their parents and fellow-citizens often placed their purses at their dis-

posal, so that it was to the music of the flute and amidst the hymns of a choir that the splendid procession wound its way through the Altis. Then there were processions of *theoriai*[1] offering their homage for the last time to the gods of Olympia, the solemn banquet in the Prytaneum, to which all the victors and the most distinguished strangers whom the festival had attracted were invited, and the feasts given by the generosity of the victors to their relatives, friends, and countrymen — sometimes, indeed, to the whole multitude assembled at Olympia.

[1] Religious embassies sent by the states of Greece.

THE CHARIOT RACE

[After the eighth century B.C.]

BY SOPHOCLES

AND now, in order ranged, as each by lot
Determined stood, forth at the trumpet's sound
They rush'd together, shook their glittering reins,
And lash'd their foaming coursers o'er the plain.
Loud was the din of rattling cars, involved
In dusty clouds; close on each other press'd
The rival youths, together stopp'd, and turn'd
Together all. The hapless Ænian first,
His fiery steeds, impatient of subjection,
Entangled on the Libyan chariot hung.
Confusion soon and terror through the crowd
Disastrous spread; the jarring axles rung;
Wheel within wheel now crack'd, till Chrysa's field
Was with the scatter'd ruin quite o'erspread.
The Athenian, cautious, viewed the distant danger,
Drew in the rein, and turn'd his car aside;
Then pass'd them all. Orestes, who, secure
Of conquest, lagg'd behind, with eager pace
Now urged his rapid course, and swift pursued.
Sharp was the contest; now the Athenian first,
And now Orestes o'er his coursers hung;
Now side by side they ran. When to the last
And fatal goal they came, Atrides' son,
As chance with slacken'd rein he turn'd the car,
Full on the pillar struck, tore from the wheel

Its brittle spokes, and from his seat down dropp'd
Precipitate: entangled in the reins,
His fiery coursers dragg'd him o'er the field,
While shrieking crowds with pity view'd the youth,
Whose gallant deeds deserved a better fate.
Scarce could they stop the rapid car, or loose
His mangled corse, so drench'd in blood, so changed,
That scarce a friend could say it was Orestes.
Straight on the pile they burned his sad remains;
And, in an urn inclosed, a chosen few,
From Phocis sent, have brought his ashes home,
To reap due honors in his native land.
Thus have I told thee all; a dreadful tale!
But, O! how far more dreadful to behold it,
And be, like me, a witness of the scene!



GREEK GIRLS PLAYING BALL

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

(*English painter*, 1830–1896)

In this illustration, a copy of the famous painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, the artist has most skillfully brought to the front two beautiful figures against a beautiful background. The figure at the left is remarkably graceful, and so light that it barely touches the ground. The one at the right is less light and less graceful, but perfectly drawn in its truth to nature. The farther background is rich in mountains and water. The straight lines of the middle distance contrast finely with the curves of the figures and their floating drapery. Such a painting as this would surely have appealed to the Greeks themselves in the love of beauty manifested in every detail, and in its appreciation of the care given by the Greeks to the exercises tending to develop the beauty which they most admired, that of the human figure.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

BY JOHN KEATS

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape.
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah! happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new;

GREECE

More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
    Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
  That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
    A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
  "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

III
WAR WITH PERSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

SPARTA became more and more jealous of the rising power of Athens; but a time was at hand when the states were forced to unite or else be overthrown. This condition of affairs came about because of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. They had fallen into the hands of the Persians, as had also Thrace and Macedonia. These colonies rebelled, and were aided in their rebellion by the Athenians. This brought about the Persian invasions with the famous battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and the sea-fight off Salamis. The Greeks were the winners of the war. The Grecian colonies were now free and the Persian ships were shut out of Grecian waters.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

[490 B.C.]

BY E. S. CREASY

[IN 490 B.C., the Persians set out to conquer Attica. They landed at Marathon, and here was fought the battle which prevented the forces of Asia from sweeping over all Europe.

The Editor.]

MILTIADES felt no hesitation as to the course which the Athenian army ought to pursue; and earnestly did he press his opinion on his brother-generals. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled; he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus the war-ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus, would be decisive.

On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, the substance of which we may read faithfully reported in Herodotus, who had conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian thus adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle.

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by assuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never, since the Athenians were a people, were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they then will have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight, before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

The vote of the brave war-ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother-generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and of so failing to obtain the vigorous coöperation of all parts of his small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his

partisans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the center, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of de-

laying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

Miltiades, on the afternoon of a September day, 490 B.C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who, while on earth, had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on their still beloved country, and capable of interposing with superhuman aid in its behalf.

According to old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The war-ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded

the center. The line consisted of the heavy armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his center, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken; and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggles between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of

battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchers of your sires. All — all are now staked upon the strife."

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercise of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and maneuver against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," said Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of

the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of leveled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and scimitars of the Orientals, offered weak defense. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the center, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them; and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian center, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and

prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their slight wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage with their shorter and feebler weapons against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of twelve or ten, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the phalanx, and to bring their scimitars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia

turned their backs and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave war-ruler Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his maneuver. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

After the battle had been fought, but while the dead bodies were yet on the ground, the promised reinforcement from Sparta arrived. Two thousand Lacedæmonian spearmen, starting immediately after the full moon, had marched the hundred and fifty miles between Athens and Sparta in the wonderfully short time of three days.

Though too late to share in the glory of the action, they requested to be allowed to march to the battle-field to behold the Medes. They proceeded thither, gazed on the dead bodies of the invaders, and then praising the Athenians and what they had done, they returned to Lacedæmon.

The number of the Persian dead was 6400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been large.

The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenian slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulcher in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot, one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those

names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long since perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity repose.

THE LEMNIAN: A STORY OF THERMOPYLÆ

[480 B.C.]

BY JOHN BUCHAN

[IN the fifth century B.C., Persia was the most powerful empire in the world. Its ruler, Darius, became enraged at the Greeks because of the assistance which they gave to the Asiatic Greeks in their attempt to win freedom from his control. He was completely routed at Marathon; but ten years later his son and successor Xerxes, after vast preparations, set out to conquer and punish the little country which had dared to oppose a Persian command. His forces were met at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ by Leonidas with a handful of Spartans and their allies. After two days of fruitless attack on the part of the invaders, a treacherous Greek pointed out to them a path over the mountains by which they could get to the rear of the Greeks. The Spartan soldiers knew that nothing but death lay before them, but the laws of their country forbade flight from an enemy. They fought like demons, but every man was slain.

The Editor.]

HE pushed the matted locks from his brow, as he peered into the mist. His hair was thick with salt, and his eyes smarted from the green-wood fire on the poop. The four slaves who crouched beside the thwarts — Carians, with thin, birdlike faces — were in a pitiable case, their hands blue with oar-weals and the lash-marks on their shoulders beginning to gape from sun and sea. The Lemnian himself bore marks of ill-usage. His cloak was still sopping, his eyes heavy with watching, and his lips black and cracked with thirst. Two days before, the

storm had caught him and swept his little craft into mid-Ægean. He was a sailor, come of sailor stock, and he had fought the gale manfully and well. But the sea had burst his water-jars, and the torments of drought had been added to his toil. He had been driven south almost to Scyros, but had found no harbor. Then a weary day with the oars had brought him close to the Eubœan shore, when a freshet of storm drove him seaward again. Now at last, in this northerly creek of Sciathos, he had found shelter and a spring. But it was a perilous place, for there were robbers in the bushy hills — mainland men who loved above all things to rob an islander; and out at sea, as he looked toward Pelion, there seemed something ado which boded little good. There was deep water beneath a ledge of cliff, half covered by a tangle of wildwood. So Atta lay in the bows, looking through the trails of vine at the racing tides now reddening in the dawn.

The storm had hit others besides him, it seemed. The channel was full of ships, aimless ships that tossed between tide and wind. Looking closer, he saw that they were all wreckage. There had been tremendous doings in the north, and a navy of some sort had come to grief. Atta was a prudent man and knew that a broken fleet might be dangerous. There might be men lurking in the maimed galleys who would make short work of the owner of a battered but navigable craft. At first he thought that the ships were those of the Hellenes. The troublesome fellows were everywhere in the islands, stirring up strife, and robbing the old lords. But the tides running strongly from the east were bringing some of the wreckage in an eddy into the bay. He lay closer

and watched the spars and splintered poops as they neared him. These were no galleys of the Hellenes. Then came a drowned man, swollen and horrible; then another — swarthy, hook-nosed fellows, all yellow with the sea. Atta was puzzled. They must be the men from the east about whom he had been hearing.

Long ere he left Lemnos there had been news about the Persians. They were coming like locusts out of the dawn, swarming over Ionia and Thrace, men and ships numerous beyond telling. They meant no ill to honest islanders; a little earth and water were enough to win their friendship. But they meant death to the ὕβρις [1] of the Hellenes. Atta was on the side of the invaders; he wished them well in their war with his ancient foes. They would eat them up, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Corinthians, Æginetans, men of Argos and Elis, and none would be left to trouble him. But in the mean time something had gone wrong. Clearly there had been no battle. As the bodies butted against the side of the galley, he hooked up one or two and found no trace of a wound. Poseidon had grown cranky, and had claimed victims. The god would be appeased by this time, and all would go well. Danger being past, he bade the men get ashore and fill the water-skins. "God's curse on all Hellenes!" he said, as he soaked up the cold water from the spring in the thicket.

About noon he set sail again. The wind sat in the northeast, but the wall of Pelion turned it into a light stern breeze which carried him swiftly westward. The four slaves, still leg-weary and arm-weary, lay like logs beside the thwarts. Two slept; one munched some salty

[1] Riotousness.

figs; the fourth, the headman, stared wearily forward with ever and again a glance back at his master. But the Lemnian never looked his way. His head was on his breast as he steered, and he brooded on the sins of the Hellenes.

He was of the old Pelasgian stock, — the first lords of the land, who had come out of the soil at the call of God. The pillaging northmen had crushed his folk out of the mainlands and most of the islands, but in Lemnos they had met their match. It was a family story how every grown male had been slain, and how the women long after had slaughtered their conquerors in the night. "Lemnian deeds," said the Hellenes, when they wished to speak of some shameful thing; but to Atta the shame was a glory to be cherished forever. He and his kind were the ancient people, and the gods loved old things, as these new folk would find. Very especially he hated the men of Athens. Had not one of their captains, Miltiades, beaten the Lemnians and brought the island under Athenian sway? True, it was a rule only in name, for any Athenian who came alone to Lemnos would soon be cleaving the air from the highest cliff-top. But the thought irked his pride, and he gloated over the Persians' coming. The Great King from beyond the deserts would smite these outrageous upstarts. Atta would willingly give earth and water. It was the whim of a fantastic barbarian, and would be well repaid if the bastard Hellenes were destroyed. They spoke his own tongue, and worshiped his own gods, and yet did evil. Let the nemesis of Zeus devour them!

The wreckage pursued him everywhere. Dead men shouldered the side of the galley, and the straits were

stuck full of things like monstrous buoys, where tall ships had foundered. At Artemisium he thought he saw signs of an anchored fleet with the low poops of the Hellenes, and steered off to the northern shores. There, looking towards Œta and the Malian Gulf, he found an anchorage at sunset. The waters were ugly and the times ill, and he had come on an enterprise bigger than he had dreamed. The Lemnian was a stout fellow, but he had no love for needless danger. He laughed mirthlessly as he thought of his errand, for he was going to Hellas, to the shrine of the Hellenes.

It was a woman's doing, like most crazy enterprises. Three years ago his wife had labored hard in childbirth, and had had the whims of laboring women. Up in the keep of Larissa, on the windy hillside, there had been heart-searching and talk about the gods. The little olive-wood Hermes, the very private and particular god of Atta's folk, was good enough in simple things like a lambing or a harvest, but he was scarcely fit for heavy tasks. Atta's wife declared that her lord lacked piety. There were mainland gods who repaid worship, but his scorn of all Hellenes made him blind to the merits of these potent divinities. At first Atta resisted. There was Attic blood in his wife, and he strove to argue with her unorthodox craving. But the woman persisted, and a Lemnian wife, as she is beyond other wives in virtue and comeliness, is beyond them in stubbornness of temper. A second time she was with child, and nothing would content her but that Atta should make his prayers to the stronger gods. Dodona was far away, and long ere he reached it his throat would be cut in the hills. But Delphi was but two days' journey from the Malian

coast, and the gods of Delphi, the Far-Darter, had surprising gifts, if one were to credit travelers' tales.

Atta yielded with an ill grace, and out of his wealth devised an offering to Apollo. So on this July day he found himself looking across the gulf to Kallidromos bound for a Hellenic shrine, but hating all Hellenes in his soul. A verse of Homer consoled him, — the words which Phocion spoke to Achilles. "Verily even the gods may be turned, they whose excellence and honor and strength are greater than thine; yet even these do men, when they pray, turn from their purpose with offerings of incense and pleasant vows." The Far-Darter must hate the ὕβρις of these Hellenes, and be the more ready to avenge it since they dared to claim his countenance. "No race has ownership in the gods," a Lemnian song-maker had said, when Atta had been questioning the ways of Poseidon.

The following dawn found him coasting past the north end of Eubœa, in the thin fog of a windless summer morn. He steered by the peak of Othrys and a spur of Œta, as he had learned from a slave who had traveled the road. Presently he was in the muddy Malian waters and the sun was scattering the mist on the landward side. And then he became aware of a greater commotion than Poseidon's play with the ships off Pelion. A murmur like a winter's storm came seaward. He lowered the sail which he had set to catch a chance breeze, and bade the men rest on their oars. An earthquake seemed to be tearing at the roots of the hills.

The mist rolled up and his hawk eyes saw a strange sight. The water was green and still around him, but shoreward it changed its color. It was a dirty red, and

things bobbed about in it like the Persians in the creek of Sciathos. On the strip of shore, below the sheer wall of Kallidromos, men were fighting — myriads of men, far away toward Locris they stretched in ranks and banners and tents till the eye lost them in the haze. There was no sail on the queer, muddy, red-edged sea; there was no man in the hills; but on that one flat ribbon of sand all the nations of the earth were warring. He remembered about the place: Thermopylæ, they called it, the Hot Gates. The Hellenes were fighting the Persians in the pass for their fatherland.

Atta was prudent, and loved not other men's quarrels. He gave the word to the rowers to row seaward. In twenty strokes they were in the mist again.

Atta was prudent, but he was also stubborn. He spent the day in a creek on the northern shore of the gulf, listening to the weird hum which came over the waters out of the haze. He cursed the delay. Up on Kallidromos would be clear, dry air and the path to Delphi among the oak woods. The Hellenes could not be fighting everywhere at once. He might find some spot on the shore far in their rear, where he could land and gain the hills. There was danger indeed, but once on the ridge he would be safe; and by the time he came back the Great King would have swept the defenders into the sea and be well on the road for Athens. He asked himself if it were fitting that a Lemnian should be stayed in his holy task by the struggles of Hellene and barbarian. His thoughts flew to his homestead at Larissa, and the dark-eyed wife who was awaiting his homecoming. He could not return without Apollo's favor; his manhood and the memory of his lady's eyes forbade

it. So, late in the afternoon he pushed off again and steered his galley for the south.

About sunset the mist cleared from the sea; but the dark falls swiftly in the shadow of the high hills, and Atta had no fear. With the night the hum sank to a whisper; it seemed that the invaders were drawing off to camp, for the sound receded to the west. At the last light the Lemnian touched a rock-point well in the rear of the defense. He noticed that the spume at the tide's edge was reddish and stuck to his hands like gum. Of a surety, much blood was flowing on that coast.

He bade his slaves return to the north shore and lie hidden there to await him. When he came back he would light a signal fire on the topmost bluff of Kallidromos. Let them watch for it and come to take him off. Then he seized his bow and quiver, and his short hunting spear, buckled his cloak about him, saw that the gift to Apollo was safe in the folds of it, and marched sturdily up the hillside.

The moon was in her first quarter, a slim horn which at her rise showed only the faint outline of the hill. Atta plodded steadfastly on, but he found the way hard. This was not like the crisp sea-turf of Lemnos, where among the barrows of the ancient dead, sheep and kine could find sweet fodder. Kallidromos ran up as steep as the roof of a barn. Cytisus and thyme and juniper grew rank, but, above all, the place was strewn with rocks, leg-twisting boulders, and great cliffs where eagles dwelt. Being a seaman, Atta had his bearings. The path to Delphi left the shore road near the Hot Gates, and went south by a rift of the mountain. If he went up the slope in a bee-line he must strike it in time and find better

going. Still it was an eerie place to be tramping after dark. The Hellenes had strange gods of the thicket and hillside, and he had no wish to intrude upon their sanctuaries. He told himself that next to the Hellenes he hated this country of theirs, where a man sweltered in hot jungles or tripped among hidden crags. He sighed for the cool beaches below Larissa, where the surf was white as the snows of Samothrace, and the fisher-boys sang round their smoking broth-pots.

Presently he found a path. It was not the mule road, worn by many feet, that he had looked for, but a little track which twined among the boulders. Still it eased his feet, so he cleared the thorns from his sandals, strapped his belt tighter, and stepped out more confidently. Up and up he went, making odd détours among the crags. Once he came to a promontory, and, looking down, saw lights twinkling from the Hot Gates. He had thought the course lay more southerly, but consoled himself by remembering that a mountain path must have many windings. The great matter was that he was ascending, for he knew that he must cross the ridge of Œta before he struck the Locrian glens that led to the Far-Darter's shrine.

At what seemed the summit of the first ridge he halted for breath, and, prone on the thyme, looked back to sea. The Hot Gates were hidden, but across the gulf a single light shone from the far shore. He guessed that by this time his galley had been beached and his slaves were cooking supper. The thought made him homesick. He had beaten and cursed these slaves of his, times without number, but now in this strange land he felt them kinsfolk, men of his own household. Then he told himself

he was no better than a woman. Had he not gone sailing to Chalcedon and distant Pontus, many months' journey from home, while this was but a trip of days. In a week he would be welcomed home by a smiling wife, with a friendly god behind him.

The track still bore west, though Delphi lay in the south. Moreover, he had come to a broader road running through a little tableland. The highest peaks of Œta were dark against the sky, and around him was a flat glade where oaks whispered in the night breezes. By this time he judged from the stars that midnight had passed, and he began to consider whether, now that he was beyond the fighting, he should not sleep and wait for dawn. He made up his mind to find a shelter, and in the aimless way of the night traveler, pushed on and on in the quest of it. The truth is, his mind was on Lemnos and a dark-eyed, white-armed dame spinning in the evening by the threshold. His eyes roamed among the oak trees, but vacantly and idly, and many a mossy corner was passed unheeded. He forgot his ill-temper, and hummed cheerfully the song his reapers sang in the barley-fields below his orchard. It was a song of sea-men turned husbandmen, for the gods it called on were the gods of the sea.

Suddenly he found himself crouching among the young oaks, peering and listening. There was something coming from the west. It was like the first mutterings of a storm in a narrow harbor, a steady rustling and whispering. It was not wind; he knew winds too well to be deceived. It was the tramp of light-shod feet among the twigs — many feet, for the sound remained steady,

while the noise of a few men will rise and fall. They were coming fast and coming silently. The war had reached far up Kallidromos.

Atta had played this game often in the little island wars. Very swiftly he ran back and away from the path, up the slope which he knew to be the first ridge of Kallidromos. The army, whatever it might be, was on the Delphian road. Were the Hellenes about to turn the flank of the Great King?

A moment later he laughed at his folly. For the men began to appear, and they were coming to meet him, coming from the west. Lying close in the brush-wood, he could see them clearly. It was well he had left the road, for they stuck to it, following every winding, — crouching, too, like hunters after deer. The first man he saw was a Hellene, but the ranks behind were no Hellenes. There was no glint of bronze or gleam of fair skin. They were dark, long-haired fellows, with spears like his own and round eastern caps and egg-shaped bucklers. Then Atta rejoiced. It was the Great King who was turning the flank of the Hellenes. They guarded the gate, the fools, while the enemy slipped through the roof.

He did not rejoice long. The van of the army was narrow and kept to the path, but the men behind were straggling all over the hillside. Another minute and he would be discovered. The thought was cheerless. It was true that he was an islander and friendly to the Persian, but up on the heights who would listen to his tale? He would be taken for a spy, and one of those thirsty spears would drink his blood. It must be farewell to Delphi for the moment, he thought, or farewell to Lemnos

forever. Crouching low, he ran back and away from the path to the crest of the sea-ridge of Kallidromos.

The men came nearer to him. They were keeping roughly to the line of the path, and drifted through the oak wood before him, an army without end. He had scarcely thought there were so many fighting men in the world. He resolved to lie there on the crest, in the hope that ere the first light they would be gone. Then he would push on to Delphi, leaving them to settle their quarrels behind him. These were hard times for a pious pilgrim.

But another noise caught his ear from the right. The army had flanking squadrons, and men were coming along the ridge. Very bitter anger rose in Atta's heart. He had cursed the Hellenes, and now he cursed the barbarians no less. Nay, he cursed all war, that spoiled the errands of peaceful folk. And then, seeking safety, he dropped over the crest on to the steep shoreward face of the mountain.

In an instant his breath had gone from him. He had slid down a long slope of screes, and then with a gasp found himself falling sheer into space. Another second. and he was caught in a tangle of bush, and then dropped once more upon screes, where he clutched desperately for handhold. Breathless and bleeding, he came to anchor on a shelf of greensward, and found himself blinking up at the crest, which seemed to tower a thousand feet above. There were men on the crest now. He heard them speak, and felt that they were looking down.

The shock kept him still till the men had passed. Then the terror of the place gripped him and he tried feverishly to retrace his steps. A dweller all his days among

gentle downs, he grew dizzy with the sense of being hung in space. But the only fruit of his efforts was to set him slipping again. This time he pulled up at a root of gnarled oak, which overhung the sheerest cliff on Kallidromos. The danger brought his wits back. He sullenly reviewed his case and found it desperate.

He could not go back, and, even if he did, he would meet the Persians. If he went on he would break his neck, or at the best fall into the Hellenes' hands. Oddly enough he feared his old enemies less than his friends. He did not think that the Hellenes would butcher him. Again, he might sit perched in his eyrie till they settled their quarrel or he fell off. He rejected this last way. Fall off he should for certain, unless he kept moving. Already he was giddy with the vertigo of the heights.

It was growing lighter. Suddenly he was looking not into a black world but to a pearl-gray floor, far beneath him. It was the sea, the thing he knew and loved. The sight screwed up his courage. He remembered that he was a Lemnian and a seafarer. He would be conquered neither by rock nor by Hellene nor by the Great King. Least of all by the last, who was a barbarian. Slowly, with clenched teeth and narrowed eyes, he began to clamber down a ridge which flanked the great cliff of Kallidromos. His plan was to reach the shore, and take the road to the east before the Persians completed their circuit. Some instinct told him that a great army would not take the track he had mounted by. There must be some longer and easier way debouching farther down the coast. He might yet have the good luck to slip between them and the sea.

The two hours which followed tried his courage hard.

Thrice he fell, and only a juniper root stood between him and death. His hands grew ragged, and his nails were worn to the quick. He had long ago lost his weapons; his cloak was in shreds, all save the breast-fold which held the gift to Apollo. The heavens brightened, but he dared not look around. He knew that he was traversing awesome places where a goat would scarcely tread. Many times he gave up hope of life. His head was swimming, and he was so deadly sick that often he had to lie gasping on some shoulder of rock less steep than the rest. But his anger kept him to his purpose. He was filled with fury at the Hellenes. It was they and their folly that had brought him these mischances. Some day —

He found himself sitting blinking on the shore of the sea. A furlong off, the water was lapping on the reefs. A man, larger than human in the morning mist, was standing above him.

"Greeting, stranger," said the voice. "By Hermes, you choose the difficult roads to travel."

Atta felt for broken bones, and, reassured, struggled to his feet.

"God's curse upon all mountains," he said. He staggered to the edge of the tide and laved his brow. The savor of salt revived him. He turned, to find the tall man at his elbow, and noted how worn and ragged he was, and yet how upright.

"When a pigeon is flushed from the rocks, there is a hawk near," said the voice.

Atta was angry. "A hawk!" he cried. "Ay, an army of eagles. There will be some rare flushing of Hellenes before evening."

"What frightened you, islander?" the stranger asked. "Did a wolf bark up on the hillside?"

"Ay, a wolf. The wolf from the East with a multitude of wolflings. There will be fine eating soon in the pass."

The man's face grew dark. He put his hand to his mouth and called. Half a dozen sentries ran to join him. He spoke to them in the harsh Lacedæmonian speech which made Atta sick to hear. They talked with the back of the throat, and there was not an "s" in their words.

"There is mischief in the hills," the first man said. "This islander has been frightened down over the rocks. The Persian is stealing a march on us."

The sentries laughed. One quoted a proverb about island courage. Atta's wrath flared and he forgot himself. He had no wish to warn the Hellenes, but it irked his pride to be thought a liar. He began to tell his story hastily, angrily, confusedly; and the men still laughed.

Then he turned eastward and saw the proof before him. The light had grown and the sun was coming up over Pelion. The first beam fell on the eastern ridge of Kallidromos, and there, clear on the sky-line, was the proof. The Persian was making a wide circuit, but moving shoreward. In a little he would be at the coast, and by noon at the Hellenes' rear.

His hearers doubted no more. Atta was hurried forward through the lines of the Greeks to the narrow throat of the pass, where behind a rough rampart of stones lay the Lacedæmonian headquarters. He was still giddy from the heights, and it was in a giddy dream that he traversed the misty shingles of the beach amid ranks of sleeping warriors. It was a grim place, for there were

dead and dying in it, and blood on every stone. But in the lee of the wall little fires were burning, and slaves were cooking breakfast. The smell of roasting flesh came pleasantly to his nostrils, and he remembered that he had had no meal since he crossed the gulf.

Then he found himself the center of a group who had the air of kings. They looked as if they had been years in war. Never had he seen faces so worn and so terribly scarred. The hollows in their cheeks gave them the air of smiling, and yet they were grave. Their scarlet vests were torn and muddied, and the armor which lay near was dinted like the scrap-iron before a smithy door. But what caught his attention was the eyes of the men. They glittered as no eyes he had ever seen before glittered. The sight cleared his bewilderment and took the pride out of his heart. He could not pretend to despise a folk who looked like Ares fresh from the wars of the Immortals.

They spoke among themselves in quiet voices. Scouts came and went, and once or twice one of the men, taller than the rest, asked Atta a question. The Lemnian sat in the heart of the group, sniffing the smell of cooking, and looking at the rents in his cloak and the long scratches on his legs. Something was pressing on his breast, and he found that it was Apollo's gift. He had forgotten all about it. Delphi seemed beyond the moon, and his errand a child's dream.

Then the king, for so he thought of the tall man, spoke: —

"You have done us a service, islander. The Persian is at our back and front, and there will be no escape for those who stay. Our allies are going home, for they do

not share our vows. We of Lacedæmon wait in the pass. If you go with the men of Corinth you will find a place of safety before noon. No doubt in the Euripus there is some boat to take you to your own land."

He spoke courteously, not in the rude Athenian way; and somehow the quietness of his voice and his glittering eyes roused wild longings in Atta's heart. His island pride was face to face with a greater — greater than he had ever dreamed of.

"Bid yon cooks give me some broth," he said gruffly. "I am faint. After I have eaten, I will speak with you."

He was given food, and as he ate he thought. He was on trial before these men of Lacedæmon. More, the old faith of the Islands, the pride of the first masters, was at stake in his hands. He had boasted that he and his kind were the last of the men; now these Hellenes of Lacedæmon were preparing a great deed, and they deemed him unworthy to share in it. They offered him safety. Could he brook the insult?

He had forgotten that the cause of the Persian was his; that the Hellenes were the foes of his race. He saw only that the last test of manhood was preparing, and the manhood in him rose to greet the trial. An odd, wild ecstasy surged in his veins. It was not the lust of battle, for he had no love of slaying, or hate for the Persian, for he was his friend. It was the sheer joy of proving that the Lemnian stock had a starker pride than these men of Lacedæmon. They would die for their fatherland and their vows, but he, for a whim, a scruple, a delicacy of honor. His mind was so clear that no other course occurred to him. There was only one way for a man. He too would be dying for his fatherland, for

through him the island race would be ennobled in the eyes of gods and men.

Troops were filing fast to the east — Thebans, Corinthians.

"Time flies, islander," said the king's voice. "The hours of safety are slipping past."

Atta looked up carelessly. "I will stay," he said. "God's curse on all Hellenes! Little care I for your quarrels. It is nothing to me if your Hellas is under the heel of the East. But I care much for brave men. It shall never be said that a man of Lemnos, a son of the old race, fell back when Death threatened. I stay with you, men of Lacedæmon."

The king's eyes glittered; they seemed to peer into his heart.

"It appears they breed men in the islands," he said. "But you err. Death does not threaten. Death awaits us."

"It is all the same," said Atta. "But I crave a boon. Let me fight my last fight by your side. I am of older stock than you, and a king in my own country. I would strike my last blow among kings."

There was an hour of respite before battle was joined, and Atta spent it by the edge of the sea. He had been given arms, and in girding himself for the fight he had found Apollo's offering in his breast-fold. He was done with the gods of the Hellenes. His offering should go to the gods of his own people. So, calling upon Poseidon, he flung the little gold cup far out to sea. It flashed in the sunlight, and then sank in the soft green tides so noiselessly that it seemed as if the hand of the sea-god

had been stretched to take it. "Hail, Poseidon!" the Lemnian cried. "I am bound this day for the Ferryman. To you only I make prayer, and to the little Hermes of Larissa. Be kind to my kin when they travel the sea, and keep them islanders and seafarers forever. Hail, and farewell, God of my own folk!"

Then, while the little waves lapped on the white sand, Atta made a song. He was thinking of the homestead far up in the green downs, looking over to the snows of Samothrace. At this hour in the morning there would be a tinkle of sheep-bells as the flocks went down to the low pastures. Cool winds would be blowing, and the noise of the surf below the cliffs would come faint to the ear. In the hall the maids would be spinning, while their dark-haired mistress would be casting swift glances to the doorway, lest it might be filled any moment by the form of her returning lord. Outside in the checkered sunlight of the orchard the child would be playing with his nurse, crooning in childish syllables the chanty his father had taught him. And at the thought of his home a great passion welled up in Atta's heart. It was not regret, but joy and pride and aching love. In his antique island-creed the death he was awaiting was no other than a bridal. He was dying for the things he loved, and by his death they would be blessed eternally. He would not have long to wait before bright eyes came to greet him in the House of Shadows.

So Atta made the Song of Atta, and sang it then and later in the press of battle. It was a simple song, like the lays of seafarers. It put into rough verse the thought which cheers the heart of all adventurers, nay, which makes adventure possible for those who have much to

leave. It spoke of the shining pathway of the sea which is the Great Uniter. A man may lie dead in Pontus or beyond the Pillars of Hercules, but if he dies on the shore there is nothing between him and his fatherland. It spoke of a battle all the long dark night in a strange place — a place of marshes and black cliffs and shadowy terrors.

"*In the dawn the sweet light comes,*" said the song, "*and the salt winds and the tides will bear me home.*" . . .

When in the evening the Persians took toll of the dead, they found one man who puzzled them. He lay among the tall Lacedæmonians, on the very lip of the sea, and around him were swaths of their countrymen. It looked as if he had been fighting his way to the water, and had been overtaken by death as his feet reached the edge. Nowhere in the pass did the dead lie so thick, and yet he was no Hellene. He was torn like a deer that the dogs had worried, but the little left of his garments and his features spoke of Eastern race. The survivors could tell nothing except that he had fought like a god, and had been singing all the while.

The matter came to the ear of the Great King, who was sore enough at the issue of the day. That one of his men had performed feats of valor beyond the Hellenes was a pleasant tale to tell. And so his captains reported it. Accordingly, when the fleet from Artemisium arrived next morning, and all but a few score Persians were shoveled into holes that the Hellenes might seem to have been conquered by a lesser force, Atta's body was laid out with pomp in the midst of the Lacedæmonians. And the seamen rubbed their eyes and thanked their

strange gods that one man of the East had been found to match those terrible warriors whose name was a nightmare. Further, the Great King gave orders that the body of Atta should be embalmed and carried with the army, and that his name and kin should be sought out and duly honored. This latter was a task too hard for the staff, and no more was heard of it till months after, when the king, in full flight after Salamis, bethought him of the one man who had not played him false. Finding that his lieutenants had nothing to tell him, he eased five of them of their heads.

As it happened, the deed was not quite forgotten. An islander, a Lesbian and a cautious man, had fought at Thermopylæ in the Persian ranks, and had heard Atta's singing and seen how he fell. Long afterwards some errand took this man to Lemnos, and in the evening, speaking with the Elders, he told his tale and repeated something of the song. There was that in the words which gave the Lemnians a clue, the mention, I think, of the olive-wood Hermes and the snows of Samothrace. So Atta came to great honor among his own people, and his memory and his words were handed down to the generations. The song became a favorite island lay, and for centuries throughout the Ægean seafaring men sang it when they turned their prows to wild seas. Nay, it traveled farther, for you will find part of it stolen by Euripides and put in a chorus of the "Andromache." There are echoes of it in some of the epigrams of the "Anthology"; and though the old days have gone, the simple fisher-folk still sing snatches in their barbarous dialect. The Klephts used to make a catch of it at night

round their fires in the hills, and only the other day I met a man on Scyros who had collected a dozen variants and was publishing them in a dull book on island folklore.

In the centuries which followed the great fight, the sea fell away from the roots of the cliffs, and left a mile of marshland. About fifty years ago a peasant, digging in a rice-field, found the cup which Atta had given to Poseidon. There was much talk about the discovery, and scholars debated hotly about its origin. To-day it is in the Munich Museum, and according to the new fashion in archæology it is labeled "Minoan," and kept in the Cretan Section. But any one who looks carefully will see behind the rim a neat little carving of a dolphin; and I happen to know that this was the private badge of Atta's house.

HOW THEMISTOCLES BROUGHT ABOUT THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS[1]

[480 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[THE first two attempts of the Persians to conquer Greece had failed, and now a third was undertaken by Xerxes, the son of Darius. The vast preparations that he made for this expedition are described in volume II. In the spring of the year 481 B.C., having collected about 900,000 soldiers and about 1300 ships, and built a canal around Mount Athos for his navy and a bridge across the Hellespont for his army, the Persian king set out to conquer Greece. The only attempt upon the part of the Greeks to withstand the invading army was at Thermopylæ, and after the destruction of Leonidas and his Spartans, the capture of Athens appeared inevitable. The Athenian citizens could agree upon no plan of action, and in despair they sent a deputation to consult the famous Oracle at Delphi. The only help given by the Oracle was the advice, "Safe shall the wooden walls continue for thee and thy children," and the Athenians could not agree upon its meaning. Another line in the response was so ambiguous that it greatly puzzled them. This was, "Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women."

The Editor.]

THEMISTOCLES, being at a loss, and not able to draw the people over to his opinion by any human reason, set his machines to work, as in a theater, and employed prodigies and oracles. The serpent of Minerva, kept in the inner part of her temple, disappeared; the priests

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

gave it out to the people that the offerings which were set for it were found untouched, and declared, by the suggestion of Themistocles, that the goddess had left the city, and taken her flight before them towards the sea. And he often urged them with the oracle which bade them trust to walls of wood, showing them that walls of wood could signify nothing else but ships; and that the island of Salamis was termed in it, not miserable or unhappy, but had the epithet of divine, for that it should one day be associated with a great good fortune of the Greeks. At length his opinion prevailed, and he obtained a decree that the city should be committed to the protection of Minerva, "queen of Athens"; that they who were of age to bear arms should embark, and that each should see to sending away his children, women, and slaves where he could. This decree being confirmed, most of the Athenians removed their parents, wives, and children to Trœzen, where they were received with eager good-will by the Trœzenians, who passed a vote that they should be maintained at the public charge, by a daily payment of two oboli[1] to every one, and leave be given to the children to gather fruit where they pleased, and schoolmasters paid to instruct them. This vote was proposed by Nicagoras.

There was no public treasure at that time in Athens; but the council of Areopagus, as Aristotle says, distributed to every one that served, eight drachmas,[2] which was a great help to the manning of the fleet; but Clidemus ascribes this also to the art of Themistocles. When the Athenians were on their way down to the

[1] About eight cents.

[2] The Attic drachma was equal to about twenty-four cents.

haven of Piræus, the shield with the head of Medusa was missing; and he, under the pretext of searching for it, ransacked all places, and found among their goods considerable sums of money concealed, which he applied to the public use; and with this the soldiers and seamen were well provided for their voyage.

When the whole city of Athens were going on board, it afforded a spectacle worthy of pity alike and admiration, to see them thus send away their fathers and children before them, and, unmoved with their cries and tears, passed over into the island. But that which stirred compassion most of all was, that many old men, by reason of their great age, were left behind; and even the tame domestic animals could not be seen without some pity, running about the town and howling, as desirous to be carried along with their masters that had kept them; among which it is reported that Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, had a dog that would not endure to stay behind, but leaped into the sea, and swam along by the galley's side till he came to the island of Salamis, where he fainted away and died, and that spot in the island, which is still called the Dog's Grave, is said to be his.

Among the great actions of Themistocles at this crisis, the recall of Aristides was not the least, for, before the war, he had been ostracized by the party which Themistocles headed, and was in banishment; but now, perceiving that the people regretted his absence, and were fearful that he might go over to the Persians to revenge himself, and thereby ruin the affairs of Greece, Themistocles proposed a decree that those who were banished for a time might return again, to give assist-

ance by word and deed to the cause of Greece with the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Eurybiades, by reason of the greatness of Sparta, was admiral of the Greek fleet, but yet was faint-hearted in time of danger, and willing to weigh anchor and set sail for the Isthmus of Corinth, near which the land army lay encamped; which Themistocles resisted; and this was the occasion of the well-known words, when Eurybiades, to check his impatience, told him that at the Olympic games they that start up before the rest are lashed; "And they," replied Themistocles, "that are left behind are not crowned." Again, Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear"; Eurybiades, wondering much at his moderation, desired him to speak, and Themistocles now brought him to a better understanding. And when one who stood by him told him that it did not become those who had neither city nor house to lose, to persuade others to relinquish their habitations and forsake their countries, Themistocles gave this reply: "We have, indeed, left our houses and our walls, base fellow, not thinking it fit to become slaves for the sake of things that have no life nor soul; and yet our city is the greatest of all Greece, consisting of two hundred galleys, which are here to defend you, if you please; but if you run away and betray us, as you did once before, the Greeks shall soon hear news of the Athenians possessing as fair a country, and as large and free a city, as that they have lost." These expressions of Themistocles made Eurybiades suspect that if he retreated the Athenians would fall off from him. When one of Eretria began to oppose him, he said, "Have you

anything to say of war, that are like an ink-fish? You have a sword, but no heart." Some say that while Themistocles was thus speaking things upon the deck, an owl was seen flying to the right hand of the fleet, which came and sat upon the top of the mast; and this happy omen so far disposed the Greeks to follow his advice, that they presently prepared to fight. Yet, when the enemy's fleet was arrived at the haven of Phalerum, upon the coast of Attica, and with the number of their ships concealed all the shore, and when they saw the king himself in person come down with his land army to the seaside, with all his forces united, then the good counsel of Themistocles was soon forgotten, and the Peloponnesians cast their eyes again towards the isthmus, and took it very ill if any one spoke against their returning home; and, resolving to depart that night, the pilots had order what course to steer.

Themistocles, in great distress that the Greeks should retire, and lose the advantage of the narrow seas and strait passage, and slip home every one to his own city, considered with himself, and contrived that stratagem that was carried out by Sicinnus. This Sicinnus was a Persian captive, but a great lover of Themistocles, and the attendant of his children. Upon this occasion, he sent him privately to Xerxes, commanding him to tell the king, that Themistocles, the admiral of the Athenians, having espoused his interest, wished to be the first to inform him that the Greeks were ready to make their escape, and that he counseled him to hinder their flight, to set upon them while they were in this confusion and at a distance from their land army, and hereby destroy all their forces by sea. Xerxes was very joyful at this mes-

sage, and received it as from one who wished him all that was good, and immediately issued instructions to the commanders of his ships, that they should instantly set out with two hundred galleys to encompass all the islands, and inclose all the straits and passages, that none of the Greeks might escape, and that they should afterwards follow with the rest of their fleet at lesisure. This being done, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, was the first man that perceived it, and went to the tent of Themistocles, not out of any friendship, for he had been formerly banished by his means, as has been related, but to inform him how they were encompassed by their enemies. Themistocles, knowing the generosity of Aristides, and much struck by his visit at that time, imparted to him all that he had transacted by Sicinnus, and entreated him, that, as he would be more readily believed among the Greeks, he would make use of his credit to help to induce them to stay and fight their enemies in the narrow seas. Aristides applauded Themistocles, and went to the other commanders and captains of the galleys, and encouraged them to engage; yet they did not perfectly assent to him, till a galley of Tenos, which deserted from the Persians, of which Panætius was commander, came in, while they were still doubting, and confirmed the news that all the straits and passages were beset; and then their rage and fury, as well as their necessity, provoked them all to fight.

As soon as it was day, Xerxes placed himself high up, to view his fleet, and how it was set in order. Phanodemus says, he sat upon a promontory above the temple of Hercules, where the coast of Attica is separated from the island by a narrow channel; but Acestodorus writes,

that it was in the confines of Megara, upon those hills which are called the Horns, where he sat in a chair of gold, with many secretaries about him to write down all that was done in the fight.

When Themistocles was about to sacrifice, close to the admiral's galley, there were three prisoners brought to him, fine-looking men, and richly dressed in ornamented clothing and gold, said to be the children of Artayctes and Sandauce, sister to Xerxes. As soon as the prophet Euphrantides saw them, and observed that at the same time the fire blazed out from the offerings with a more than ordinary flame, and a man sneezed on the right, which was an intimation of a fortunate event, he took Themistocles by the hand, and bade him consecrate the three young men for sacrifice, and offer them up with prayers for victory to Bacchus the Devourer: so should the Greeks not only save themselves, but also obtain victory. Themistocles was much disturbed at this strange and terrible prophecy, but the common people, who, in any difficult crisis and great exigency, ever look for relief rather to strange and extravagant than to reasonable means, calling upon Bacchus with one voice, led the captives to the altar, and compelled the execution of the sacrifice as the prophet had commanded. This is reported by Phanias the Lesbian, a philosopher well read in history.

The number of the enemy's ships the poet Æschylus gives in his tragedy called the Persians, as on his certain knowledge, in the following words —

> "Xerxes, I know, did into battle lead
> One thousand ships; of more than usual speed
> Seven and two hundred. So it is agreed."

The Athenians had a hundred and eighty; in every ship eighteen men fought upon the deck, four of them were archers and the rest men-at-arms.

As Themistocles had fixed upon the most advantageous place, so, with no less sagacity, he chose the best time of fighting; for he would not run the prows of his galleys against the Persians, nor begin the fight till the time of day was come when there regularly blows in a fresh breeze from the open sea, and brings in with it a strong swell into the channel; which was no inconvenience to the Greek ships, which were low-built, and little above the water, but did much hurt to the Persians, which had high sterns and lofty decks, and were heavy and cumbrous in their movements, as it presented them broadside to the quick charges of the Greeks, who kept their eyes upon the motions of Themistocles, as their best example, and more particularly because, opposed to his ship, Ariamenes, admiral to Xerxes, a brave man, and by far the best and worthiest of the king's brothers, was seen throwing darts and shooting arrows from his huge galley, as from the walls of a castle. Aminias the Decelean and Sosicles the Pedian, who sailed in the same vessel, upon the ships meeting stem to stem, and transfixing each the other with their brazen prows, so that they were fastened together, when Ariamenes attempted to board theirs, ran at him with their pikes, and thrust him into the sea; his body, as it floated amongst other shipwrecks, was known to Artemisia, and carried to Xerxes.

It is reported that, in the middle of the fight, a great flame rose into the air above the city of Eleusis, and that sounds and voices were heard through all the Thriasian

plain, as far as the sea, sounding like a number of men accompanying and escorting the mystic Iacchus, and that a mist seemed to form and rise from the place from whence the sounds came, and, passing forward, fell upon the galleys. Others believed that they saw apparitions, in the shape of armed men, reaching out their hands from the island of Ægina before the Grecian galleys; and supposed they were the Æacidæ, whom they had invoked to their aid before the battle. The first man that took a ship was Lycomedes the Athenian, captain of a galley, who cut down its ensign, and dedicated it to Apollo the Laurel-crowned. And as the Persians fought in a narrow arm of the sea, and could bring but part of their fleet to fight, and fell foul of one another, the Greeks thus equaled them in strength, and fought with them till the evening, forced them back, and obtained, as says Simonides, that noble and famous victory, than which neither amongst the Greeks nor barbarians was ever known more glorious exploit on the seas; by the joint valor, indeed, and zeal of all who fought, but by the wisdom and sagacity of Themistocles.

IV
THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the fifth century B.C. Athens reached the height of her splendor under the wise rule of Pericles. His ideas were so reasonable, his devotion to his country so sincere, and his plans for her aggrandizement so noble, that, even though he wore no royal crown, the people followed his advice with the utmost willingness. First, he led them to increase their navy and fortify Athens, and to build the famous Long Walls, insuring communication between the city and the sea. He succeeded in making a thirty-years' truce with Sparta, and then set to work to beautify his city. This was done on a magnificent scale, and such buildings and statues were erected as had never before adorned any capital. This was the time when the art and literature of Athens were at the height of their glory, and her navy the strongest in the world. So splendid were the achievements of her citizens in this epoch that the time of Pericles (465–429 B.C.) is known as the Golden Age of Athens.

The jealousy of Sparta meanwhile increased, and at length the Peloponnesian War broke out between the two States and their allies. The result of this war was the downfall of Athens. Sparta, however, held her supremacy so tyrannically that revolt arose against her sway. This was led by the Thebans, and Thebes now in her turn became the most powerful state of Greece.

PERICLES AND HIS AGE

[465–429 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

AFTER the Persians had been driven away from Greece, the Athenians returned to their city. It was in ruins; but they were so jubilant over their victories that they hardly thought of their losses. They rebuilt their homes, and then they began to rebuild the city walls. The Spartans were not pleased. They were willing that Athens should be almost as strong as Sparta, but not quite. They sent messengers to suggest that it was not well to wall in the city; for if the Persians should ever succeed in capturing it, the walls would make a strong shelter for them. But the Athenians only worked the faster; and before long the walls had risen so high that they could be as independent as they pleased.

The Athenians were then divided into two parties. One thought it best to keep on good terms with Sparta; the other believed that, no matter how hard they tried, Sparta would never be really friendly; and this party declared that the wisest course was to make Athens as strong as possible, and then Sparta might be friendly or unfriendly as she liked. The leader of this second party was Pericles. He was calm and sensible, and when he spoke to the people, he was so reasonable and so eloquent that the Athenians were easily persuaded to follow his advice. Athens was an inland city, four miles from her seaport, Piræus. Pericles reminded the citizens

that, although Athens was strong and Piræus was strong, yet an enemy might come in between and shut the city from her port. He advised them to build two parallel walls from Athens to Piræus. This was done. These walls were sixty feet high, and so wide that two chariots could drive abreast on them.

Next, Pericles induced the Spartans to make a treaty of peace that was to last for thirty years. He had made Athens strong, and now he was free to carry out his plan of making her the most beautiful city in the world. The Athenians loved everything beautiful, and they were ready to fall in with his wishes. It was nothing new to them to have handsome buildings and noble statues; but Pericles planned to build on the Acropolis a group of temples that should be more magnificent than anything the world had ever seen. The noblest of them all was the Parthenon, or temple of Athene. This was of pure white marble, with long rows of columns around it. Three styles of columns were used by the Greeks. One was the Corinthian. The capital, or heading, of this looks as if the top of the column were surrounded with a cluster of marble leaves. The second style was the Ionic, whose capital is carved into two coils a little like snail shells. The third style was the Doric, which has a plain, solid capital. The Corinthian and Ionic are beautiful, but the Doric looks strong and dignified; and therefore the Doric was chosen for the Parthenon. A frieze, or band of sculpture, ran around the whole building. This showed the famous procession which took place every four years to present to the statue of Athene a new peplum, or robe. This robe was exquisitely embroidered by maidens from the noblest

families in Athens. The statue was thirty-nine feet high. It was wrought of ivory and gold, and the pupils of the eyes were probably made of jewels. Another of the buildings on the Acropolis was the Erechtheum, which was sacred to Athene and Poseidon. Out under the open sky stood a second statue of Athene; and this was made of bronze captured from the Persians at Marathon.

Pericles entrusted this work to the artist Phidias, and he could not have made a better choice, for from that day to this, people have never ceased to discover new beauties in the Parthenon. Phidias was so anxious to make everything as perfect as possible that when people came to see his work, he used to stand just out of sight and listen to what was said. If any one discovered a fault, he did not rest until he had corrected it.

Pericles also improved the theater of Dionysus. A Greek theater was not a covered building, but consisted of many rows of stone seats rising up the side of a hill. At the base of the hill was a level space where the actors stood. Some of the plays were tragedies. These were serious and grave. They were most frequently about the gods or the noble deeds of the early Greeks. Others were merry comedies which made fun of the whims and fancies of the day. The tragedies taught the listeners to be religious and patriotic, and the comedies made them think about what was going on around them. Both were so valuable to the people that Pericles thought no one ought to be kept away by poverty. Therefore he brought it about that the state should pay the admittance fee. Twice a year twelve plays were acted, and a prize was given to the author

whose work was counted best. Thirteen times it was presented to the poet Æschylus. He was soldier as well as poet, and had fought bravely at Marathon and Salamis. Another poet was Sophocles. The Athenians liked his plays because they were not quite so formal and his characters seemed more like real people. The third of the great tragic poets was Euripides. His plays were lighter than those of Sophocles, and were more like scenes in every-day life.

The greatest writer of comedy was Aristophanes. He amused himself by making fun of his fellow citizens in a witty, good-humored fashion which was vastly entertaining to them. The Athenians thought that to go to court and listen to lawsuits was the finest amusement in the world; and in Aristophanes's play "The Birds," he takes for chief characters two Athenians who are so tired of lawsuits that they have fled from men to the birds.

Herodotus, who gave so vivid a description of the crossing of the Hellespont by the forces of Xerxes, lived in the time of Pericles. So did another famous historian named Thucydides. Herodotus was a born story-teller, but Thucydides writes so simply and clearly that he is always interesting.

Pericles made some important changes in the laws. He believed that all citizens ought to have the same right to hold office. But as a poor man could not afford to leave his work in order to serve as a magistrate, he persuaded the Athenians to pass laws to give salaries to officeholders. More than this, if the men went to the meetings of the general assembly, they were paid; and if they served as jurymen, they were paid. Sometimes hundreds of jurymen sat on a single case. Soldiers had

never received any wages before this time; they had defended their country as they would have defended their own houses; but now soldiers, too, were paid for their services. Indeed, in one way or another, a very large number of the citizens were paid by the state for doing what the Greeks had before this thought was only their duty. The years between 445 B.C. and 431 B.C. are known as the Age of Pericles. Athens was then the strongest of the states of Greece and the most beautiful. She had a protecting wall seven miles in length; she had the most powerful navy of the time, and the city was the richest in the world in superb temples and marvelous statues.

The Age of Pericles was a happy time for the citizens. With so much building going on, there was enough to do for workmen of all kinds; and if a man could work in gold, brass, stone, or wood, he was sure of good wages. There were ships enough for commerce, and there was commerce enough for the ships. The Athenians knew how to make all sorts of earthenware; they did wonderfully fine work in metal; and other countries were eager to trade with them.

The homes of the Athenians were comfortable, but very simple. The house was usually built around an open court, and into this all the rooms opened. The Greeks lived so much in the open air that they looked upon a house as being chiefly a shelter from stormy weather and a place for their property. Their furnishings were not expensive, but the chairs and couches and bowls and jars were sure to be of graceful form and color; for the Athenians were such lovers of beauty that anything ugly really made them uncomfortable.

The children had tops and kites and carts and swings, just like the children of to-day. The little girls learned at home to read and write and care for a house; but the boys were sent to school. Greek parents would not allow a boy to go to school alone, but always sent with him a slave called a pedagogue to see that he behaved properly on the street. The boy was taught to read clearly and well. He learned to write with a stylus, or pointed piece of metal or bone, on a tablet covered with wax. When his tablet was covered, the wax could be smoothed, and then it was ready for the next day's work. Boys wrote a great deal from dictation, and often this dictation was taken from the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." They learned to reckon, to sing, to play on the lyre, and perhaps to draw; and also to throw the discus, to wrestle, to leap, and to run. No one expected that all the boys would become champion athletes, but it was looked upon as a disgrace for a boy not to be taught to carry himself well and use his muscles properly.

The peace which Pericles had arranged with Sparta lasted for only fifteen years. Then war broke out. Pericles was managing the defense of Athens with the greatest wisdom; but the plague came down upon the city, and soon the great Athenian lay dying. The friends about his bedside were talking of his victories, when he suddenly opened his eyes and said, "Many other generals have performed the like; but you take no notice of the most honorable part of my character, that no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning."

IN THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE

BY ERNST ECKSTEIN

THE first decade of the month Elaphebolion had commenced, and the city of Miletus was swarming with its annual throng of strangers, who, partly from religious motives, partly from the pleasure they took in the splendor of the manifold ceremonies and the gay, mirthful bustle of the occasion, had flocked thither from far and near, giving the market-place and Street of the Harbor a totally different aspect. Matronly women, who desired to implore the goddess's favor for a beloved daughter; rosy girls, who attributed greater potency to their own prayers — because they would be more fervent and impassioned — than to their parents' petitions; handsome youths who did not come to pray, but to enjoy; besides a multitude of pleasure-seeking men from the most varied conditions in life — all met in brilliant Miletus. Even barbarians from Scythia, black-eyed Persians with flowing trousers and tall tiaras, Egyptians draped in cloaks, and merchants from Campania and Bruttium, were seen among the visitors.

During the first day of the festival, which was filled with all sorts of preparatory ceremonies and solemn processions, but also with luxurious, flower-scented symposia, Acontius, by the priest's directions, mingled in the throng at will; for this first day bore no share in Melanippus's plans, and the more Acontius dispelled the secret impatience that consumed him by mingling in the motley throng crowding the streets and squares, the better

for him. He should keep himself vigorous — so thought the priest — for it was possible that the decisive moment might make heavy demands upon the youth's coolness and determination.

On the second day, the sacred rite was performed in the temple which, opening the real festival of the goddess, was also peculiar to the city of Miletus. The three fairest and most aristocratic maidens who entered their seventeenth year in the month Elaphebolion were, on this day, consecrated, as it were, to be the mediators between the goddess and the people.

From the third hour after sunrise until toward noon they were obliged to remain alone in the sanctuary, apart from all other worshipers, to prepare for the solemn sacrifice which, when the sun reached its zenith, they were to offer, in the form of two snow-white doves, to the immortal goddess.

These doves were not slain, as usual, but set at liberty between the central pillars in front of the temple; and from the manner and direction of their flight, the people learned whether Aphrodite would continue her gracious protection to the city and defend them from hostile invasion, famine and pestilence, flood and fire, as she had hitherto done, or whether some unknown peril was hidden in the future. As the archon annually had these doves reared on the island of Hyetussa, the birds, after fluttering to and fro a short time, invariably went in the direction of their home, that is, westward; which was considered by the people an omen of good fortune, because the sea, from whose foam, according to the Hellenic myth, the goddess was supposed to have risen, lay towards the west.

IN THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE

Among the three chosen maidens whose duty it was to perform the ancient rite at this festival the fairest and most aristocratic was Cydippe. Upon this fact the priest of Aphrodite had founded his bold plan, without considering whether the hours of preparation spent by the young girls in the sanctuary could be used for the furtherance of his design, without offending the dignity of the goddess. A more beautiful sacrifice — he said to himself — was never offered to the foam-born divinity by her priest than the aid rendered faithful love in the conflict against foolish and ruinous prejudice.

On this momentous day Acontius remained at home. The priest of Aphrodite was to send him a message. The youth, clad in festal garments, paced restlessly to and fro between the courtyard and the garden. Coronis, whom he had informed that he was expecting a slave from Melanippus upon some very important business, did not stir from the stone bench beside the entrance. Acontius also came there every five minutes, betraying such unusual excitement that the widow shook her head anxiously.

"You hope to hear good tidings," she said, "but I warn you. Whoever rushes to meet happiness too impetuously will find the gods place unexpected obstacles in his path. Keep calm, Acontius. A steady eye sees the mark more clearly than one half-dimmed by the roseate haze with which tremulous yearning surrounds every object. We all have our experiences and, though you do not reveal your secret to me, I can see through you. Only Eros arouses such storms. . . ."

The youth did not hear Coronis's wise admonition. Ere she had finished speaking, he had hurried away and

again began to roam about the garden; this time, by way of variety, taking the path to the top of the little mound from which, on the first day of his arrival, he had looked over into old Laogoras's patch of ground.

The memory of the impetuous girl, who had once treated him with so much gentleness and kindness and then changed so suddenly, now, for the first time in weeks, weighed heavily, with a vague foreboding of evil, upon his heart.

During all this time he had not seen Neaira. At first Coronis had expressed her surprise at the flute-player's absence; but afterwards she probably suspected the connection of affairs and, perceiving that Acontius avoided the subject, asked him no more questions. The sculptor, more and more engrossed by the one thought which the priest had fanned into a flame, found no time to trouble himself about the probable fate of the young girl. Once he had asked Laogoras for tidings of her, but merely learned that she had left her former lodgings. Where had she gone, what was the cause of her sudden departure, were points on which the old man could give no information. One thing was certain, Neaira no longer visited the Street of the Harbor — to the great joy of her avaricious rivals.

"Laogoras grieves for Neaira," Acontius said to himself. "How pretty and sweet she was when she greeted the old man the first day of his arrival! I deeply regret that, though innocently, I am the cause of this grief — for I cannot doubt Neaira left Laogoras's house to avoid me and my vicinity. May the goddess, to whom I consecrate my grateful heart, forgive me if, in my intercourse with Neaira, I have behaved foolishly or thoughtlessly.

But I did not suspect, and no one can command himself: You shall love here, and remain unmoved there."

Spite of this self-defense, a feeling of secret reproach still burdened his soul, and the mood seemed to him, now that he had so decisive a step in view, no omen of success. A sudden fit of cowardice stole over him, a presentiment that, in the conflict for Cydippe, he would have to endure a long and torturing atonement for the sin he had unintentionally committed against the unhappy Neaira.

His landlady's voice interrupted this sorrowful train of thought.

"The messenger from Melanippus!"

Trembling with joy he rushed to the courtyard, where Clitiphon was waiting for him.

"My master invites you to the festal banquet given to-day," said the man, "and will expect you in the *domation* at the fourth hour after noon."

This had been the message agreed upon between Acontius and Melanippus. The youth now knew that he must repair to the temple without delay.

"I will be punctual," he replied. "Please give my thanks to your master and accept, in return for your many services, this trifling gift for yourself."

He gave the slave a gold coin, which Clitiphon eagerly accepted and departed.

A few minutes after, Acontius said to Coronis: "I now have the message for which I waited with so much longing. Many matters of great importance and value to me will be decided at this banquet. If you are kindly disposed towards Acontius, pray to the gods that everything may result as I desire. Meantime, I will wander through the market and Street of the Harbor as I did

yesterday. I cannot endure the loneliness of the house longer than is necessary. Farewell, good Coronis."

With these words he left the house and by a circuitous way reached the temple, where a low door with copper bosses led into the subterranean portion. Here there was a windowless room of moderate size, dimly lighted by a chimney-like opening. A three-armed chandelier on the wall cast a ruddy light upon the bronze tables and some chairs and benches. At one of these tables sat Melanippus, holding in his hand a round object wrapped in a white cloth.

"Were you seen entering?" asked the priest, as the youth approached.

"I think not. The narrow path behind the temple is little used, and I chose a suitable time."

"Did you fasten the door again?"

"With both bolts."

"Very well. Now do not forget what you are to say if the matter, as I joyfully hope, should be publicly discussed in the presence of the people. After giving you the harmless instrument of our stratagem, I shall go up to the vestibule. You have slipped in — do you thoroughly understand — slipped in without my knowledge; if the matter fails, I will pay the fine imposed upon the curious by the State. But emphasize the point; that it was the omnipotent will of the immortal goddess herself that you obeyed."

He rose and took the muffled object from the table. The snowy woolen cloth revealed a large yellow apple.

As Acontius was evidently amazed that an apple should be the instrument of so important a plan, Melanippus continued: —

"The instrument I offer is simple, but if everything results as I desire, it will prove more effective than you suppose. The plan, too, is as simple as the instrument. That is why I deemed it needless to give you a precise explanation; the few words I now have to say will suffice. As you know, the three maidens have been in the sanctuary an hour and a half. Their devotional exercises are now over, and they will rest for a short time. As I just noticed, Cydippe occupies the golden chair at the right of the entrance, while her two companions have taken the purple and silver ones at the left. Let it now be known to you that, according to ancient custom, every vow and oath sworn in the temple of Aphrodite is to be inviolably kept, or misfortune will come to the faithless one's family, and, unless atonement is instantly made, on the city and its whole population. Therefore all Miletus jealously guards the sacredness of such vows. Well, then: our object is to lure from your Cydippe in the *secos* of the goddess the vow that she will become your wife. This vow, according to all human foresight, will be made if you open the side door of the sanctuary and carefully roll this apple to the feet of the beloved maiden. I will now wrap it in the cloth again, that you may be more certain of your throw. The fruit is so smooth that, without the cloth, it might roll too far, and it is Cydippe, and not either of her companions, who must lift the apple from the floor. Open the door so gently that no noise can be heard, toss the fruit in, and remain perfectly quiet. I think you will hear something that will fill your heart with joy."

Acontius gazed at the priest of Aphrodite somewhat timidly. But the pleasant smile which beamed upon

the doubter assured him of Melanippus's confident belief in his words.

The priest withdrew, and Acontius, taking the apple in his hand, went up the stairs. From the accurate description of the temple Melanippus had formerly given him, he was sufficiently acquainted with the position of the side door; but even without this he could not possibly have missed it, for the subdued voices of the young girls, who were now talking together in the interval between their devotions, showed him the direction he was to take.

The small door moved noiselessly. Acontius's heart beat high as he glanced into the sanctuary. His eyes instantly rested upon the beautiful profile of Cydippe, whose head was turned slightly aside, and through the chink between the edge of the door and the jamb, he caught a glimpse of the two other girls. There was no difficulty in carrying out the priest's directions. He availed himself of the moment that Cydippe's face was still more averted and, carefully calculating the distance, flung the apple directly at her feet, where it lay, half unwrapped from its covering by the fall.

"Where did that come from?" said Cydippe, stooping.

"That is the question I was going to ask you," replied one of her companions.

"Did you see nothing?" Cydippe continued, taking the queer ball from the floor. "An apple! How strange! Has it any connection with the mysteries of the Foam-born? And here — what does this mean? No, it's incomprehensible."

Cydippe's face had suddenly flamed with blushes.

"There is an inscription on the apple . . ."

"An inscription?"

"By all the immortals, I don't understand it. Iole, did you see who threw the apple in?"

"No, no!" replied her friend. "But read it. Perhaps the inscription will give the clue to the enigma."

"On the contrary, it deepens it. Let us say no more about it." She tried to hide the apple in her robe.

"What!" cried Iole. "Do you want to conceal a secret from us, your companions, in Aphrodite's sanctuary? And who tells you the apple was meant for you? Do you think it was the son of Priam who handed the token of his admiration to the fairest? Come, sweet Cydippe! Don't tease us! You see we are almost dying with curiosity."

The allusion to the judgment of Paris produced its effect, for there was nothing that Cydippe more eagerly avoided than the semblance of vanity.

"You are mistaken, Iole," she said with another blush. "It was only because I thought the matter too unimportant. But, if you wish, I will read it. There are only a few words, and they are foolish enough."

She drew out the apple and read: —

"I, Cydippe, the daughter of Charidemus, swear by the immortal Aphrodite that Acontius, the sculptor from Mylasa, shall be my husband."

She tried to smile, but did not succeed in doing so with her usual aristocratic calmness. She doubtless suspected that this incident was something more than mere idle sport, though she could not have guessed the design of the writer of the inscription.

"What have you done, Cydippe?" cried Iole. "Don't

you see that the inscription you have read is a trap? My father told me that something similar once occurred in the temple of Diana at Delos, and that the oath was kept. You have sworn, Cydippe, for whatever passes your lips in connection with an invocation to the goddess while you are in the sanctuary is inviolable."

"Iole! What are you saying?" asked Cydippe, rising from the chair.

"The truth! You have sworn, Cydippe."

At this moment the side door opened, and, with his mantle falling in ample folds around his shoulders, Acontius, who had listened to all this with a joyous heart, stood with a glowing face among the maidens.

"You have sworn, Cydippe!" he solemnly repeated. "If the goddess, dispensing rewards and punishments, still rules over the lives of mortals, you are mine, or your faithlessness will bring misfortune on us all."

"What do I hear? A man's voice in the circle of chosen virgins?" was now heard from the huge central door, and Melanippus, with the priestly fillet around his gray hair, calmly entered, his bearing full of grave dignity. Here in the sanctuary Melanippus was acting as the interpreter of the great multitude of the people, who understood the service of the goddess in their own way — and, according to their view, Acontius's act was reprehensible. "But" — so said his mute glance — "as soon as my official dignity is laid aside and appearances are separated from realities, I shall again be what I have always been, the true servant of the divine Aphrodite, who heeds the form very little in comparison with the substance, and values a single kindly deed more than all the pomp of these ceremonies."

Melanippus now turned to Iole and asked for information about what had occurred.

The young girl told the story.

The priest seemed to be reflecting for a time; then he addressed Acontius.

"You have gained your purpose. Cydippe cannot, dare not, break her vow. Even her father, the illustrious archon, will not venture thus to insult the goddess and the devout people of Miletus. But the consequences of your triumph, lightly as you may regard them in comparison with what you have won, you must accept with all humility; for the law is sacred as well as the goddess's will. Go now, Acontius! I was well disposed towards you, so I will consider what can be done to avert the wrath of the Senate. I regard no offense so pardonable as that which can plead in excuse a passionate love, and that you do love Cydippe, that it is the maiden you seek, and not the daughter of our most influential citizen and the heiress of so many millions, is proved to me by the purity of your nature, which I have learned to value, and by the timid shyness which still marks the victor."

"Indeed, it is so!" cried Acontius, pressing his right hand upon his heart. "I should love you, Cydippe, and you only, though you were the most insignificant of the slave women. I desire neither your father's treasures nor the luster of your name! I want nothing save yourself, your divinely sweet face and the heart that must love me, if the goddess is gracious to me."

These words, uttered in accents glowing with the most ardent passion, did not fail to produce their natural effect, which was still further heightened by the peculi-

arity of the whole situation. In short, the secret, half-unconscious fancy which Cydippe had felt for the handsome youth suddenly burst into a bright blaze, and the more her haughty, aristocratic companions seemed to pity her fate, the more the soul of the noble-hearted girl was stirred by an eager spirit of contradiction, and the firm independence which enables men to cross the barriers of prejudice.

Spite of this sudden and significant change, she remained perfectly silent.

"Come," said Melanippus, turning to the youth, who was radiant with joy, "you must now leave the temple, that the sacred rite, which is about to commence, may not be disturbed. And you, daughter of Charidemus, do not, I beg, let your thoughts dwell either with favor or wrath upon what has happened here, but devoutly utter your pious prayers and distribute the gifts of spring. Remember, the prosperity of your native city is at stake."

The young girls gave themselves up for a time to the impression of what they had experienced. Then the temple servants entered to conduct the virgins to the altar. The maidens, each bearing two snow-white doves in a rush basket, knelt in the sacred place and laid their gifts upon the beautifully decorated slab.

"Aphrodite!" murmured Cydippe's virgin lips, "princess of all who breathe, glorious ruler of gods and men, mistress of so many radiant temples from east to west, honored in Paphos as on the defiant heights of Eryx, in Amathus as here in this wave-washed region, — hear, oh, hear me! Bless the people and their mighty rulers! Bless the city and her pious guests! Bless Miletus!"

"Bless Miletus!" repeated her companions, and six rounded arms were extended from the maidens' gleaming robes towards the statue of the immortal goddess.

Now followed a series of symbolical rites, during which the throngs in the sunlit agora grew denser and denser, as the people flocked to witness the appearance of the three fairest maidens in Miletus and the flight of the sacred doves.

When the sun had reached its zenith, Melanippus came forth between the central pillars of the peristyle, and announced that the sacrifices to the Immortal One had been offered, the prayers and all other rites prescribed by ancient Milesian custom were ended; and the maidens were already being conducted from the hall of sacrifice into the vestibule.

He now moved aside. Directly after, floating white robes glimmered at the back of the colonnade, and the three virgins, with the folds of their snowy festal garments flowing proudly around them and their beautiful arms bared to the shoulder, took their places in front of the entrance to the temple. The light west wind gently stirred the flowers of the loosely woven garlands on their fair, bright brows. With the left hand they slightly raised their upper robes till they formed a drapery which concealed the little baskets containing the sacrificial doves that were to be allowed to fly.

At the sight of these youthful figures, so radiant with beauty and grace — living pæans to the omnipotence of the goddess of love — the vast multitude burst into acclamations of boundless delight. Cydippe's two companions blushed; but she did not appear to hear the frenzied homage, which certainly was not offered least to

her. Grave and motionless she waited the signal from those experts on interpreting the flight of birds, the *oionistæ*, who directly after the maidens' appearance had stationed themselves on their right and left at the corners of the lower story of the temple, in attitudes of solemn pathos. The signal was given, and the confused roar of voices in the thronged agora instantly sank to a subdued murmur.

Raising the open baskets with both arms, the three virgins said in low tones: —

"Favorites of Aphrodite! Return to the purple bosom from whence the goddess rose."

Gay, festal music echoed in alluring cadences. Almost at the same instant all the doves flew out of the little basket, hovered timidly a few minutes over the heads of the throng, and were then flying westward, when a bird of prey, which hitherto had been a mere speck in the azure sky, darted down like a flash of lightning, seized the leader of the six doves in its talons, then after circling twice around the agora with its bleeding victim, as though in mockery, soared towards the south in the direction of Didymoi.

Cries of indignation, pity, and anxiety rose on all sides. The two gray-bearded *oionistæ* left their posts, while Melanippus led the young girls down to the agora, where their relatives awaited them.

Here, too, in the midst of a numerous train of attendants, stood the archon Charidemus, who had quitted his official seat of honor in the portico of his house to get a nearer view of Cydippe, who was the pride of her father's heart. He received the young girl with a strange smile.

"It was *your* dove," he said slowly.

No one could have determined whether the words meant reproach or anxiety, or whether Charidemus simply wished to take the matter lightly, in the manner of a man who is superior to the prejudices of the common herd. In fact, Charidemus did not believe too implicitly in the significance of the flight of the doves, but he knew the populace had faith in it. The thought that his Cydippe might be regarded as the source of the misfortune, which the *oionistæ* would predict from the disaster that had befallen the murdered dove, affected him unpleasantly, so he was wavering between all sorts of contradictory emotions which, like an experienced man of the world, he strove to veil behind the mask of courteous indifference.

"*My* dove?" replied Cydippe. "I stood here as the representative of the city. If the goddess is angry, Miletus and the illustrious Senate are to blame . . ."

The older of the two augurs now appeared between the central columns. His companion stood apart beside the tall, tiara-crowned form of Melanippus.

The tumult died away.

"Milesians!" the *oionistes* began in a voice that echoed far over the throng, "the future before us is not quite so cloudless as has been the case for a long series of years. The incident you have just witnessed indicates unexpected battles and sore troubles. The way to avert these things is to have every citizen remain loyally where the will of the immortal gods places him, every man do his duty, every one avoid, more carefully than ever, sacrilege, animosity, violence, and the violation of your vows and oaths. No crime must profane the soil of

Miletus — then the vulture that threatens our peace will again pass us by."

"May Aphrodite grant us her favor," echoed from a thousand voices through the ranks of the people.

"Apparent disaster may have a good result," Charidemus said to his daughter. "A fresh spur to virtue would not be too dearly purchased, even at the cost of a few external complications and troubles. Come, Cydippe! The crowd is growing more threatening every moment; my attendants are scarcely able to protect us from the elbows of the poorer citizens and slaves."

In fact, the throng was pressing upon them more and more from every direction, and looks of surprise and inquiry sought the young girl's face, now bowed in conscious embarrassment. Low murmurs became audible amid the confused buzzing of the crowd, remarks which, though enigmas to Charidemus, conveyed to Cydippe distinct allusions to the incident in the *secos* of the temple of Aphrodite. The news of the bold deed of the sculptor from Mylasa had reached, as if by magic, every nook and corner of the city, and, amid increasing excitement, people were already relating the most extraordinary details concerning the decision of the daughter and her illustrious father, while Charidemus had not the slightest suspicion of what had occurred.

THE BOUT BETWEEN THE POETS

[405 B.C.]

BY ARISTOPHANES

[IT was the custom in Athens to have plays acted but twice a year. Three poets were allowed to present four plays each. To the one which was voted best, the state prize was given. "The Frogs," the play from which the following extract is taken, was produced in 405 B.C. and its author, Aristophanes, received the first prize. According to this play, Athens has no poets, and Dionysus goes to Hades in search of one. Æschylus and Euripides contend for the honor by reciting verses alternately.

The Editor.]

DIONYSUS

Come, stop the singing!

ÆSCHYLUS

I've had quite enough!
What I want is to bring him to the balance;
The one sure test of what our art is worth!

DIONYSUS

So that's my business next? Come forward, please;
I'll weigh out poetry like so much cheese!

[*A large pair of scales is brought forward, while the* CHORUS *sing.*]

CHORUS

Oh, the workings of genius are keen and laborious!
Here's a new wonder, incredible, glorious!

Who but this twain have the boldness of brain
To so quaint an invention to run?
Such a marvelous thing, if another had said it had
Happened to him, I should never have credited;
I should have just thought that he must
Simply be talking for fun!

DIONYSUS

Come, take your places by the balance.

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES

There!

DIONYSUS

Now, each take hold of it, and speak your verse,
And don't let go until I say "Cuckoo."

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES [*taking their stand at either side of the balance*]

We have it.

DIONYSUS

Now, each a verse into the scale!

EURIPIDES [*quoting the first verse of his "Medea"*]

"Would God no Argo e'er had winged the brine."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Philoctetes:"*]

"Spercheios, and ye haunts of grazing kine!"

DIONYSUS

Cuckoo! Let go. — Ah, down comes Æschylus
Far lower.

EURIPIDES

Why, what can be the explanation?

DIONYSUS

That river he put in, to wet his wares
The way wool-dealers do, and make them heavier!
Besides, you know, the verse you gave had wings!

ÆSCHYLUS

Well, let him speak another and we'll see.

DIONYSUS

Take hold again then.

ÆSCHYLUS *and* EURIPIDES

There you are.

DIONYSUS

Now speak.

EURIPIDES [*quoting his "Antigone"*]

"Persuasion, save in speech, no temple hath."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Niobe"*]

"Lo, one god craves no offering, even Death."

DIONYSUS

Let go, let go!

EURIPIDES

Why, his goes down again!

DIONYSUS

He put in Death, a monstrous heavy thing!

EURIPIDES

But my "persuasion" made a lovely line!

DIONYSUS

Persuasion has no bulk and not much weight.
Do look about you for some ponderous line
To force the scale down, something large and strong.

EURIPIDES

Where have I such a thing now? Where?

DIONYSUS [*mischievously, quoting some unknown play of* EURIPIDES]

I'll tell you;
"Achilles has two aces and a four!"—
[*Aloud.*] Come, speak your lines; this is the final bout.

EURIPIDES [*quoting his "Meleager"*]

"A mace of weighted iron his right hand sped."

ÆSCHYLUS [*quoting his "Glaucus"*]

"Chariot on chariot lay, dead piled on dead."

DIONYSUS [*as the scale turns*]

He beats you this time, too!

EURIPIDES

How does he do it?

DIONYSUS

Two chariots and two corpses in the scale —
Why, ten Egyptians could n't lift so much!

ÆSCHYLUS [*breaking out*]

Come, no more line-for-lines! Let him jump in
And sit in the scale himself, with all his books,
His wife, his children, his Cephisophon!
I 'll back two lines of mine against the lot!

[*The central door opens, and* PLUTO *with his suite comes forth*].

A VOICE

Room for the King!

PLUTO [*to* DIONYSUS]

Well, is the strife decided?

DIONYSUS [*to* PLUTO]

I won't decide! The men are both my friends;
Why should I make an enemy of either?
The one 's so good, and I so love the other!

PLUTO

In that case you must give up all you came for!

DIONYSUS

And if I do decide?

PLUTO

Why, not to make
Your trouble fruitless, you may take away
Whichever you decide for.

DIONYSUS

Hearty thanks!
Now, both approach, and I 'll explain. — I came

Down here to fetch a poet: "Why a poet?"
That his advice may guide the City true
And so keep up my worship! Consequently,
I 'll take whichever seems the best adviser.
Advise me first of Alcibiades,
Whose birth gives travail still to Mother Athens.

PLUTO

What is her disposition towards him?

DIONYSUS

Well,
She loves and hates, and longs still to possess.
I want the views of both upon that question!

EURIPIDES

Out on the burgher, who to serve his state
Is slow, but swift to do her deadly hate,
With much wit for himself, and none for her.

DIONYSUS

Good, by Poseidon, that! — [*To* ÆSCHYLUS.] And
what say you?

ÆSCHYLUS

No lion's whelp within thy precincts raise;
But, if it *be* there, bend thee to its ways!

DIONYSUS

By Zeus the Savior, still I can't decide!
The one so fine, and the other so convincing!
Well, I must ask you both for one more judgment;
What steps do you advise to save our country?

EURIPIDES

I know and am prepared to say!

DIONYSUS

Say on.

EURIPIDES

Where Mistrust now has sway, put Trust to dwell,
And where Trust, Mistrust; and all is well.

DIONYSUS

I don't quite follow. Please say that again,
Not quite so cleverly, and rather plainer.

EURIPIDES

If we count all the men whom now we trust,
Suspect; and call on those whom now we spurn
To serve us, we may find deliverance yet.

DIONYSUS

And what say you?

ÆSCHYLUS

First tell me about the City;
What servant does she choose? The good?

DIONYSUS

Great Heavens,
She loathes them!

ÆSCHYLUS

And takes pleasure in the vile?

DIONYSUS

Not she, but has perforce to let them serve her!

ÆSCHYLUS

What hope of comfort is there for a City
That quarrels with her silk and hates her hodden?

DIONYSUS

That 's just what you must answer, if you want
To rise again!

ÆSCHYLUS

I'll answer there, not here.

DIONYSUS

No; better send up blessings from below.

ÆSCHYLUS

Her safety is to count her enemy's land
Her own, yea, and her own her enemy's;
Her ships her treasures, and her treasures dross!

DIONYSUS

Good; — though it all goes down the juror's throat!

PLUTO [*interrupting*]

Come, give your judgment!

DIONYSUS

Well, I'll judge like this;
My choice shall fall on him my soul desires!

EURIPIDES

Remember all the gods by whom you swore
To take me home with you, and choose your friend!

DIONYSUS

My tongue hath sworn; — but I'll choose Æschylus!

EURIPIDES

What have you done, you traitor?

DIONYSUS

I? I've judged
That Æschylus gets the prize. Why should n't I?

EURIPIDES

Canst meet mine eyes, fresh from thy deed of shame?

DIONYSUS

What is shame, that the . . . Theater deems no shame?

EURIPIDES

Hard heart! You mean to leave your old friend dead?

DIONYSUS

Who knoweth if to live is but to die? . . .
If breath is bread and sleep a woolly lie?

PLUTO

Come in, then, both.

DIONYSUS

Again?

PLUTO

To feast with me
Before you sail.

DIONYSUS

With pleasure! That's the way
Duly to crown a well-contented day!
[*They all depart into the house.*]

CHORUS

O blessed are those who possess
An extra share of brains
'T is a fact that more or less
All fortunes of men express;
As now, by showing
An intellect glowing,
This man his home regains;
Brings benefit far and near
To all who may hold him dear,
And stanches his country's tear, —
All because of his brains!

THE SIEGE OF PLATÆA

[427 B.C.]

BY THUCYDIDES

[THE cause of the Peloponnesian War was the rivalry between Sparta and Athens. The little city of Platæa was a faithful friend to Athens, and therefore the Spartans set about its conquest.]

The Editor.]

ARCHIDAMUS first of all formed an inclosure round about them with the trees they had felled, so that no one could get out of the city. In the next place, they raised a mount of earth before the place, hoping that it could not long hold out a siege against the efforts of so large an army. Having felled a quantity of timber on Mount Cithæron, with it they framed the mount on either side, that thus cased it might perform the service of a wall, and that the earth might be kept from mouldering away too fast. Upon it they heaped a quantity of matter, both stones and earth, and whatever else would cement together and increase the bulk. This work employed them for seventy days and nights without intermission, all being alternately employed in it, so that one part of the army was carrying it on, whilst the other took the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. Those Lacedæmonians who had the command over the hired troops of the other states had the care of the work, and obliged them all to assist in carrying it on. The Platæans, seeing this mount raised to a great height, built a counterwork of wood, close to that part of the city wall against which

this mount of earth was thrown up, and strengthened the inside of it with bricks, which they got for this use by pulling down the adjacent houses. The wooden case was designed to keep it firm together, and prevent the whole pile from being weakened by its height. They further covered it over with sheepskins and hides of beasts, to defend the workmen from missive weapons, and to preserve the wood from being fired by the enemy. This work within was raised to a great height, and the mount was raised with equal expedition without. Upon this, the Platæans had resource to another device. They broke a hole through the wall, close to which the mount was raised, and drew the earth away from under it into the city. But this being discovered by the Peloponnesians, they threw into the hole hurdles made of reeds and stuffed with clay, which being of a firm consistence could not be dug away like earth. By this they were excluded, and so desisted for a while from their former practice. Yet digging a subterranean passage from out of the city, which they so luckily continued that it undermined the mount, they again withdrew the earth from under it. This practice long escaped the discovery of the besiegers, who still heaped on matter, yet the work grew rather less, as the earth was drawn away from the bottom, and that above fell in to fill up the void. However, still apprehensive that, as they were few in number, they should not be able long to hold out against such numerous besiegers, they had recourse to another project. They desisted from carrying on the great pile which was to counterwork the mount, and beginning at each end of it where the wall was low, they ran another wall in the form of a crescent along the inside of the city, that if the

great wall should be taken this might afterwards hold out, and might lay the enemy under the necessity of throwing up a fresh mount against it, and that thus the farther they advanced, the difficulties of the siege might be doubled, and be carried on with increase of danger.

When their mount was completed, the Peloponnesians played away their battering-engines against the wall; and one of them they worked so dextrously from the mount against the great pile within, that they shook it very much, and threw the Platæans into consternation. Others they applied in different parts against the wall, the force of which was broken by the Platæans, who threw ropes around them; they also tied large beams together, with long chains of iron at both ends of the beams, by which they hung downwards from two other transverse beams inclined and extended beyond the wall. These they drew along obliquely, and against whatever part they saw the engine of battery to be aimed, they let go the beams with a full swing of the chains, and so dropped them down directly upon it, which by the weight of the stroke broke off the beak of the battering engine. Upon this, the Peloponnesians, finding all their engines useless, and their mount effectually counterworked by the fortification within, concluded it a business of no little hazard to take the place amidst so many obstacles, and prepared to draw a circumvallation about it.

But first they were willing to try whether it were not possible to set the town on fire, and burn it down, as it was not large, by help of a brisk gale of wind; for they cast their thoughts towards every expedient of taking it without a large expense and a tedious blockade. Pro-

curing for this purpose a quantity of fagots, they tossed them from their own mount into the void space between the wall and the inner fortification. As many hands were employed in this business, they had soon filled it up, and then proceeded to toss more of them into the other parts of the city lying beyond, as far as they could by the advantage which the eminence gave them. Upon these they threw fiery balls made of sulphur and pitch, which caught the fagots, and soon kindled such a flame as before this time no one had ever seen kindled by the art of man. It hath indeed sometimes happened, that wood growing upon mountains hath been so heated by the attrition of the winds, that without any other cause it hath broken out into fire and flame. But this was exceeding fierce; and the Platæans, who had baffled all other efforts, were very narrowly delivered from perishing by its fury; for it cleared the city to a great distance round about, so that no Platæan durst approach it: and if the wind had happened to have blown along with it, as the enemy hoped, they must all unavoidably have perished. It is now reported that a heavy rain, falling on a sudden, attended with claps of thunder, extinguished the flame, and put an end to this imminent danger.

The Peloponnesians, upon the failure of this project, marched away part of their army; but continuing the remainder there, raised a wall of circumvallation quite round the city, the troops of every confederate state executing a determinate part of the work. Both inside and outside of this wall was a ditch, and by first digging these they had got materials for brick. This work being completed about the rising of Arcturus, they left some

of their own men to guard half of the wall, the other half being left to the care of the Bœotians, then marched away with the main army, and dismissed the auxiliary forces of their respective cities. The Platæans had already sent away to Athens their wives, their children, their old people, and all the useless crowd of inhabitants. There were only left in the town during the siege four hundred Platæans, eighty Athenians, and one hundred and ten women to prepare their food. This was the whole number of them when the siege was first formed; nor was there any other person within the wall, either slave or free. And in this manner was the city of Platæa besieged in form. . . .

This winter the Platæans, — for they were still blocked up by the Peloponnesians and Bœotians, — finding themselves much distressed by the failure of their provisions, giving up all hope of succor from the Athenians, and quite destitute of all other means of preservation, formed a project now in concert with those Athenians who were shut up with them in the blockade, "first of all to march out of the town in company, and to compass their escape, if possible, over the works of the enemy." The authors of this project were Thæanetus, the son of Timedes, a soothsayer, and Eumolpidas, the son of Daimachus, who was one of their commanders. But afterwards, half of the number, affrighted by the greatness of the danger, refused to have a share in the attempt. Yet the remainder, to the number of about two hundred and twenty, resolutely adhered to attempt an escape in the following manner: —

They made ladders equal in height to the enemy's wall. The measure of this they learned from the rows of

brick, where the side of the wall facing them was not covered over with plaster. Several persons were appointed to count the rows at the same time; some of them might probably be wrong, but the greater part would agree in the just computation; especially, as they counted them several times over, and were besides at no great distance, since the part marked out for the design was plainly within their view. In this method, having guessed the measure of a brick from its thickness, they found out what must be the total height for the ladders.

The work of the Peloponnesians was of the following structure: it was composed of two circular walls; one towards Platæa, and the other outward, to prevent any attack from Athens. These walls were at the distance of sixteen feet one from the other; and this intermediate space of sixteen feet was built into distinct lodgments for the guards. These, however, standing thick together, gave to the whole work the appearance of one thick entire wall with battlements on both sides. At every ten battlements were lofty turrets of the same breadth with the whole work, reaching from the face of the inward wall to that of the outward: so that there was no passage by the sides of a turret, but the communication lay open through the middle of them all. By night, when the weather was rainy, they quitted the battlements, and sheltering themselves in the turrets, as near at hand and covered overhead, there they continued their watch. Such was the form of the work by which the Platæans were enclosed on every side.

The enterprising body, when everything was ready, laying hold of the opportunity of a night tempestuous with wind and rain, and further at a dark moon, marched

out of the place. The persons who had been authors of the project were now the conductors. And first, they passed the ditch which surrounded the town; then they approached quite up to the wall of the enemy, undiscovered by the guards. The darkness of the night prevented their being seen, and the noise they made in approaching was quite drowned in the loudness of the storm. They advanced also at a great distance from one another, to prevent any discovery from the mutual clashing of their arms. They were further armed in the most compact manner, and wore a covering only on the left foot, for the sake of treading firmly in the sand. At one of the intermediate spaces between the turrets they got under the battlements, knowing they were not manned. The bearers of the ladders went first and applied them to the wall. Then twelve light-armed with only a dagger and a breastplate scaled, led by Ammeas the son of Choræbus, who was the first that mounted. His followers, in two parties of six each, mounted next on each side of the turrets. Then others light-armed with javelins succeeded them. Behind came others holding the bucklers of those above them, thus to facilitate their ascent, and to be ready to deliver them into their hands, should they be obliged to charge. When the greater part of the number was mounted, the watchmen within the turrets perceived it. For one of the Platæans, in fastening his hold, had thrown down a tile from off the battlements, which made a noise in the fall; and immediately was shouted an alarm. The whole camp came running towards the wall, yet unable to discover the reason of this alarm, so dark was the night and violent the storm. At this crisis the Platæans, who were left behind in the city, sallied

forth and assaulted the work of the Peloponnesians, in the part opposite to that where their friends were attempting to pass, to divert from them as much as possible the attention of the enemy. Great was the confusion of the enemy yet abiding in their posts, for not one durst leave his station to run to the place of alarm, but all were greatly perplexed to guess at its meaning. At last the body of three hundred, appointed for a reserve of succor upon any emergency, marched without the work to the place of alarm. Now the lighted torches, denoting enemies, were held up towards Thebes. On the other side, the Platæans in the city held up at the same time from the wall many of these torches already prepared for this very purpose, that the signals given of the approach of foes might be mistaken by their enemies the Thebans, who judging the affair to be quite otherwise than it really was, might refrain from sending any succor, till their friends who had sallied might have effectuated their escape, and gained a place of security.

In the mean time those of the Platæans, who having mounted first, and by killing the guards had got possession of the turrets on either hand, posted themselves there to secure the passage, and to prevent any manner of obstruction from thence. Applying further their ladder to these turrets from the top of the wall, and causing many of their number to mount, those now upon the turrets kept off the enemies, running to obstruct them both above and below, by discharging their darts; whilst the majority, rearing many ladders at the same time, and throwing down the battlements, got clean over at the intermediate space between the turrets. Every one, in the order he got over to the outward

side, drew up upon the inner brink of the ditch, and from thence, with their darts and javelins, kept off those who were flocking towards the work to hinder their passage. When all the rest were landed upon the outside of the work, those upon the turrets, coming down last of all and with difficulty, got also to the ditch. By this time the reserve of three hundred was come up to oppose them, by the light of torches. The Platæans by this means, being in the dark, had a clear view of them, and, from their stand upon the brink of the ditch aimed a shower of darts and javelins at those parts of their bodies which had no armor. The Platæans were all obscured, as the glimmering of lights made them less easy to be distinguished; so that the last of their body got the ditch, though not without great difficulty and toil. For the water in it was frozen, not into ice hard enough to bear, but into a watery congelation, the effect not of the northern but eastern blasts. The wind blowing hard had caused so much snow to fall that night that the water was swelled to a height not to be forded without some difficulty. However, the violence of the storm was the greatest furtherance of their escape.

The pass over the ditch being thus completed, the Platæans went forwards in a body, and took the road to Thebes, leaving on their right the temple of Juno, built by Androcrates. They judged it would never be supposed that they had taken a route which led directly towards their enemies; and they saw at the same time the Peloponnesians pursuing with torches along the road to Athens, by Cythæron and the Heads of the Oak. For six or seven stadia, they continued their route towards Thebes, but then turning short, they took the

road to the mountains by Erythræ and Hysiæ; and having gained the mountain, two hundred and twelve of the number completed their escape to Athens. Some of them, indeed, turned back into the city, without once attempting to get over; and one archer was taken prisoner at the outward ditch.

The Peloponnesians desisted from the fruitless pursuit, and returned to their posts. But the Platæans within the city, ignorant of the real event, and giving ear to the assurances of those who turned back, that "they are all to a man cut off," dispatched a herald, as soon as it was day, to demand a truce for the fetching off the dead; but learning hence the true state of the affair, they remained well satisfied. And in this manner these men of Platæa, by thus forcing a passage, wrought their own preservation. . . .

The Platæans, whose provisions were quite spent, and who could not possibly hold out any longer, were brought to a surrender in the following manner: —

The enemy made an assault upon their wall, which they had not sufficient strength to repel. The Lacedæmonian general being thus convinced of their languid condition, was determined not to take the place by storm. In this he acted pursuant to orders sent him from Lacedæmon, with a view that whenever a peace should be concluded with the Lacedæmonians — one certain condition of which must be reciprocally to restore the places taken in the war — Platæa might not be included in the restitution, as having freely and without compulsion gone over to them. A herald is accordingly dispatched with this demand, "Whether they are willing voluntarily to give up the city to the Lacedæmonians, and

accept them for their judges who would punish only the guilty, and contrary to forms of justice not even one of those." The herald made this demand aloud. And the Platæans, who were now reduced to excessive weakness, delivered up the city.

The Peloponnesians supplied the Platæans with necessary sustenance for the space of a few days, till the five delegates arrived from Lacedæmon to preside at their trial. And yet, when these were actually come, no judicial process was formed against them. They only called them out, and put this short question to them — "Whether they had done any service to the Lacedæmons and their allies in the present war?" and upon their answering, "No," led them aside, and slew them. Not one of the number did they exempt; so that in this massacre there perished of Platæans not fewer than two hundred, and twenty-five Athenians who had been besieged in their company; and all the women were sold for slaves. The Thebans assigned the city, for the space of a year, to be the residence of certain Megareans, who had been driven from home in the rage of sedition, and to those surviving Platæans who had been friends to the Theban interest. But afterwards they leveled it with the earth, rooted up its whole foundation, and near to Juno's temple erected a spacious inn two hundred feet square, partitioned within both above and below into a range of apartments. In this structure they made use of the roofs and doors that had belonged to the Platæans, and of the other movables found within their houses; of the brass and iron they made beds which they consecrated to Juno, in whose honor they also erected a fane of stone one hundred feet in diameter. The land, being confis-

cated to public use, was farmed out for ten years, and occupied by Thebans. So much, nay, so totally averse to the Platæans were the Lacedæmonians become; and this, merely to gratify the Thebans, whom they regarded as well able to serve them in the war which was now on foot. And thus was the destruction of Platæa completed in the ninety-third year of its alliance with Athens.

WHEN THE TEN THOUSAND CAME TO THE SEA

[400 B.C.]

BY XENOPHON

[A LITTLE more than four hundred years before Christ, Cyrus of Persia hired a large number of Greeks to help him subdue some rebels in Pisidia. The march was long, and Pisidia seemed a long way off. At length they discovered that Cyrus was leading them, not against a few rebels, but against his brother, the king of the mighty Persian Empire, in an effort to seize the crown.

By this time they were so far into Persia that it was almost as dangerous to try to retreat as to go on; and with Cyrus's promise of high wages, they agreed to follow him. In the first important encounter, the Greeks won, but Cyrus was slain. The king did not care to meet them in battle again. He decided to kill their generals by a trick, and then let these leaderless men wander away and starve. Xenophon had gone with the army, and at first he was as hopeless as the others. Then he plucked up courage, put on his best armor, and made a speech to the ten thousand men. He was so sure that they could make their way home that they forgot their fears, chose new generals, — Xenophon was one, — and set out. Such a retreat was never known! Over plains, up hills, across rivers, through mountain passes deep with snow they pushed on. Their only guides were men whom they bribed or captured by the way. Sometimes they were allowed by the people of the lands to pass on in peace; sometimes they were attacked on all sides. "The sea, the sea," they said to themselves wistfully; for if they could only come to the water, the rest of the way would be easy.

The Editor.]

ON the pass that led over the mountains into the plain, the Chalybes, Taochi, and Phasians were drawn up to

oppose their progress. Cheirisophus, seeing these enemies in possession of the height, came to a halt, at the distance of about thirty stadia, that he might not approach them while leading the army in a column. He accordingly ordered the other officers to bring up their companies, that the whole force might be formed in line.

When the rear guard was come up, he called together the generals and captains, and spoke to them as follows: "The enemy, as you see, are in possession of the pass over the mountains; and it is proper for us to consider how we may encounter them to the best advantage. It is my opinion, therefore, that we should direct the troops to get their dinner, and that we ourselves should hold a council, in the mean time, whether it is advisable to cross the mountain to-day or to-morrow." "It seems best to me," exclaimed Cleanor, "to march at once, as soon as we have dined and resumed our arms, against the enemy; for if we waste the present day in inaction, the enemy who are now looking down upon us will grow bolder, and it is likely that, as their confidence is increased, others will join them in greater numbers."

After him Xenophon said, "I am of opinion that if it is necessary to fight, we ought to make our arrangements so as to fight with the greatest advantage; but that, if we propose to pass the mountains as easily as possible, we ought to consider how we may incur the fewest wounds and lose the fewest men. The range of hills, as far as we see, extends more than sixty stadia in length; but the people nowhere seem to be watching us except along the line of road; and it is therefore better, I think, to endeavor to try to seize unobserved some part

of the unguarded range, and to get possession of it, if we can, beforehand, than to attack a strong post and men prepared to resist us. For it is far less difficult to march up a steep ascent without fighting than along a level road with enemies on each side; and, in the night, if men are not obliged to fight, they can see better what is before them than by day if engaged with enemies; while a rough road is easier to the feet to those who are marching without molestation than a smooth one to those who are pelted on the head with missiles. Nor do I think it at all impracticable for us to steal away for ourselves, as we can march by night, so as not to be seen, and can keep at such a distance from the enemy as to allow no possibility of being heard. We seem likely, too, in my opinion, if we make a pretended attack on this point, to find the rest of the range still less guarded; for the enemy will so much the more probably stay where they are. But why should I speak doubtfully about stealing? For I hear that you Lacedæmonians, O Cheirisophus, such of you at least as are of the better class, practice stealing from your boyhood, and it is not a disgrace, but an honor, to steal whatever the law does not forbid; while, in order that you may steal with the utmost dexterity, and strive to escape discovery, it is appointed by law that, if you are caught stealing, you are scourged. It is now high time for you, therefore, to give proof of your education, and to take care that we may not receive many stripes." "But I hear that you Athenians also," rejoined Cheirisophus, "are very clever at stealing the public money, though great danger threatens him that steals it; and that your best men steal it most, if indeed your best men are thought worthy to be your

magistrates; so that it is time for you likewise to give proof of your education." "I am then ready," exclaimed Xenophon, "to march with the rear guard, as soon as we have supped, to take possession of the hills. I have guides, too; for our light-armed men captured some of the marauders following us by lying in ambush; and from them I learn that the mountains are not impassable, but are grazed over by goats and oxen, so that if we once gain possession of any part of the range, there will be tracks also for our baggage-cattle. I expect also that the enemy will no longer keep their ground, when they see us upon a level with them on the heights, for they will not now come down to be upon a level with us." Cheirisophus then said, "But why should you go, and leave the charge of the rear? Rather send others, unless some volunteers present themselves." Upon this Aristonymus of Methydria came forward with his heavy-armed men, and Aristeas of Chios and Nicomachus of Œta with their light-armed; and they made an arrangement, that as soon as they should reach the top, they should light a number of fires. Having settled these points, they went to dinner; and after dinner Cheirisophus led forward the whole army ten stadia towards the enemy, that he might appear to be fully resolved to march against them on that quarter.

When they had taken their supper, and night came on, those appointed for the service went forward and got possession of the hills; the other troops rested where they were. The enemy, when they saw the heights occupied, kept watch and burned a number of fires all night. As soon as it was day, Cheirisophus, after having offered sacrifice, marched forward along the road; while

those who had gained the heights advanced by the ridge. Most of the enemy, meanwhile, stayed at the pass, but a part went to meet the troops coming along the heights. But before the main bodies came together, those on the ridge closed with one another, and the Greeks had the advantage, and put the enemy to flight. At the same time the Grecian peltasts[1] ran up from the plain to attack the enemy drawn up to receive them, and Cheirisophus followed at a quick pace with the heavy-armed men. The enemy at the pass, however, when they saw those above defeated, took to flight. Not many of them were killed, but a great number of shields were taken, which the Greeks, by hacking them with their swords, rendered useless. As soon as they had gained the ascent, and had sacrificed and erected a trophy, they went down into the plain before them, and arrived at a number of villages stored with abundance of excellent provisions.

From hence they marched five days' journey, thirty parasangs,[2] to the country of the Taochi, where provisions began to fail them; for the Taochi inhabited strong fastnesses, in which they had laid up all their supplies. Having at length, however, arrived at one place which had no city or houses attached to it, but in which men and women and a great number of cattle were assembled, Cheirisophus, as soon as he came before it, made it the object of an attack; and when the first division that assailed it began to be tired, another succeeded, and then another; for it was not possible for them to surround it in a body, as there was a river about it. When Xeno-

[1] Light-armed soldiers.

[2] A parasang is about three and three quarters miles.

phon came up with their rear-guard, peltasts, and heavy-armed men, Cheirisophus exclaimed, "You come seasonably, for we must take this place, as there are no provisions for the army, unless we take it."

They then deliberated together, and Xenophon asking what hindered them from taking the place, Cheirisophus replied, "The only approach to it is the one which you see; but when any of our men attempt to pass along it, the enemy roll down stones over yonder impending rock, and whoever is struck, is treated as you behold"; and he pointed, at the same moment, to some of the men who had had their legs and ribs broken. "But if they expend all their stones," rejoined Xenophon, "is there anything else to prevent us from advancing? For we see, in front of us, only a few men, and but two or three of them armed. The space, too, through which we have to pass under exposure to the stones, is, as you see, only about a hundred and fifty feet in length; and of this about a hundred feet is covered with large pine trees in groups, against which if the men place themselves, what would they suffer either from the flying stones or the rolling ones? The remaining part of the space is not above fifty feet, over which, when the stones cease, we must pass at a running pace." "But," said Cheirisophus, "the instant we offer to go to the part covered with trees, the stones fly in great numbers." "That," cried Xenophon, "would be the very thing we want, for thus they will exhaust their stones the sooner. Let us then advance, if we can, to the point whence we shall have but a short way to run, and from which we may, if we please, easily retreat."

Cheirisophus and Xenophon, with Callimachus of

Parrhasia, one of the captains, who had that day the lead of all the other captains of the rear guard, then went forward, all the rest of the captains remaining out of danger. Next, about seventy of the men advanced under the trees, not in a body, but one by one, each sheltering himself as he could. Agasias of Stymphalus, and Aristonymus of Methydria, who were also captains of the rear-guard, with some others, were at the same time standing behind, without the trees, for it was not safe for more than one company to stand under them. Callimachus then adopted the following stratagem: he ran forward two or three paces from the tree under which he was sheltered, and when the stones began to be hurled, hastily drew back; and at each of his sallies more than ten cartloads of stones were spent. Agasias, observing what Callimachus was doing, and that the eyes of the whole army were upon him, and fearing that he himself might not be the first to enter the place, began to advance alone (neither calling to Aristonymus who was next him, nor to Eurylochus of Lusia, both of whom were his intimate friends, nor to any other person), and passed by all the rest. Callimachus, seeing him rushing by, caught hold of the rim of his shield, and at that moment Aristonymus of Methydria ran past them both, and after him Eurylochus of Lusia, for all these sought distinction for valor, and were rivals to one another; and thus, in mutual emulation, they got possession of the place, for when they had once rushed in, not a stone was hurled from above. But a dreadful spectacle was then to be seen; for the women, flinging their children over the precipice, threw themselves after them; and the men followed their example. Æneas of Stymphalus, a cap-

tain, seeing one of them, who had on a rich garment, running to throw himself over, caught hold of it, with intent to stop him. But the man dragged him forward, and they both went rolling down the rocks together, and were killed. Thus very few prisoners were taken, but a great number of oxen, asses, and sheep.

Hence they advanced, seven days' journey, a distance of fifty parasangs, through the country of the Chalybes. These were the most warlike people of all that they passed through, and came to close combat with them. They had linen cuirasses, reaching down to the groin, and, instead of skirts, thick cords twisted. They had also greaves and helmets, and at their girdles a short faulchion, as large as a Spartan crooked dagger, with which they cut the throats of all whom they could master, and then, cutting off their heads, carried them away with them. They sang and danced when the enemy were likely to see them. They carried also a spear of about fifteen cubits[1] in length, having one spike. They stayed in their villages till the Greeks had passed by, when they pursued and perpetually harassed them. They had their dwellings in strong places, in which they had also laid up their provisions, so that the Greeks could get nothing from that country, but lived upon the cattle which they had taken from the Taochi.

The Greeks next arrived at the river Harpasus, the breadth of which was four plethra.[2] Hence they proceeded through the territory of the Scythini, four days' journey, making twenty parasangs, over a level tract, until they came to some villages, in which they halted three days, and collected provisions. From this place

[1] About twenty-two feet. [2] About four hundred feet.

they advanced four days' journey, twenty parasangs, to a large, rich, and populous city, called Gymnias, from which the governor of the country sent the Greeks a guide, to conduct them through a region at war with his own people. The guide, when he came, said that he would take them in five days to a place where they should see the sea; if not, he would consent to be put to death. When, as he proceeded, he entered the country of their enemies, he exhorted them to burn and lay waste the lands; whence it was evident that he had come for this very purpose, and not from any good will to the Greeks. On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burned were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, "The sea, the sea!" and cheering on one another. Then they all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest,

and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. Soon after, the Greeks sent away the guide, giving him presents from the common stock, a horse, a silver cup, a Persian robe, and ten darics;[1] but he showed most desire for the rings on their fingers, and obtained many of them from the soldiers. Having then pointed out to them a village where they might take up their quarters, and the road by which they were to proceed to the Macrones, when the evening came on he departed, pursuing his way during the night.

[1] About fifty-seven dollars.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

[399 B.C.]

BY PLATO

[SOCRATES, the famous Greek philosopher, aroused much enmity against himself by his opinions and his freedom in expressing them. In 399 B.C. he was accused of injuring the young by preaching new gods, and was condemned to drink poison. At his death, his disciples were around him. Among them was Plato, the writer of this account, afterwards even more famous than his master. Socrates has been giving his reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul.

The Editor.]

ON account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul who during this life has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge; and who, having adorned his soul not with a foreign, but its own proper ornament, temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, thus waits for his passage to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him. "You, then," he continued, "Simmias and Cebes, and the rest, will each of you depart at some future time; but now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body."

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates; but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?"

"What I always say, Crito," he replied, "nothing new; that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine, and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves and will not live, as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all."

"We will endeavor then so to do," he said; "but how shall we bury you?"

"Just as you please," he said, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time smiling gently and looking round on us he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time ago argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant at the same time to console both you and myself. Be ye then my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either

burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must have a good courage then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you and as you think most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus he rose and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our life as orphans.

When he had bathed and his children were brought to him, for he had two little sons and one grown up, and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us. And it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing, he sat down and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and standing near him said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me and curse me, when by order of the archons I bid them drink the poison. But you on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the

most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

And Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell; we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us he said, "How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountain and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely. Do not hasten, then, for there is yet time."

Upon this, Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing: and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself in being so fond of life and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "obey, and do not resist."

Crito having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood

near. And the boy, having gone out and stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods that my departure hence thither may be happy; which therefore I pray, and so may it be." And as he said this, he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of

every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I, indeed, for this reason chiefly sent away the women that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this, we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he shewed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself and said that when the poison reached his heart, he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend, — a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just.

V
MACEDONIAN SUPREMACY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE long struggle of the Peloponnesian War drained the states of Greece of both men and wealth, and the way was now open for so bold and shrewd a monarch as Philip of Macedon to conquer the country. The Greeks had been slow to see that he was aiming at their conquest, in spite of the attempts of the orator Demosthenes to warn them of their danger, and when they finally realized his design, it was too late. The forces of the Macedonians and of the Greeks met at Chæronea in Bœotia, and after a terrible battle, Philip was master of Greece.

Philip showed himself the wisest of conquerors. He invited the Grecian states to send representatives to a general congress to be held at Corinth. He formed a union of states with Macedonia at its head. Then, before the Greeks had hardly time to comprehend the fact that they had been conquered and were no longer free, he asked them to aid him in an expedition against their old enemy, Persia. Here was a chance for wealth, conquest, and revenge at once, and all Greece straightway began to prepare for the invasion. The preparations had not been fully completed when Philip was assassinated. He was succeeded by Alexander, afterwards known as the Great. The expedition against Persia was carried out, and Persia fell. Alexander swept on in his victorious course even into India; then returned to Babylon for fresh troops, and there died.

DANGER FROM MACEDONIA

[348 B.C.]

BY DEMOSTHENES

[IN the fourth century before Christ, Philip II became King of Macedonia. His ambition was to become also ruler of Greece; but few among the Greeks seemed to realize his aim. The orator Demosthenes was one of those few. He made speech after speech in the vain hope of forcing the Greeks to realize their danger. Philip's power increased rapidly, sometimes by force, oftener by intrigue. At the time when the oration (the "Second Olynthiac") was delivered, from which the following extract is taken, Philip was directing his strength against Olynthus, in Thrace. In this oration, Demosthenes tries by every means in his power to induce the Athenians to carry out their resolution to aid the Olynthians in their resistance to the Macedonians.

The Editor.]

AND be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty — could they even execute the things which they enact, so many would not have been made to so little or rather to no good purpose; nor would the insolence of Philip have had so long a date: for if decrees can punish, he has long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power; for though proposing and resolving be first in order, yet in force and efficacy action is superior. Let this, then, be your principal concern; the others you cannot want, for you have men among you capable of advising, and you

are of all people most acute in apprehending. Now let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting.

What season, indeed, what opportunity, do you wait for more favorable than the present? or when will you exert your vigor if not now, my countrymen? Has not this man seized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in possession of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs — heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as, in the dangers of the field, not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general or his fellow-soldiers; yet every single man that fled was accessory to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and had every man maintained his, success must have ensued. Thus, then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection? Let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Does another offer some more salutary counsel? Pursue it, in the name of heaven! "But then it is not pleasing." This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he has neglected to express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when

affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, when both cannot be obtained.

[The orator contrasts the patriotism of their ancestors with the present lack of devotion to the state, and urges his fellow-countrymen to arouse themselves and save their country.]

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen, perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and you may become so happy as to despise those pittances, which are like the morsels a physician allows his patient; for these do not restore his vigor, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, What then, is it your opinion that these sums should pay our army? And, besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself a useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required? Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indulgence to anything dishonorable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country,

by applying those sums to his support on the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives without any duty enjoined or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled, by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life and our affairs require. But it never has nor could it have been moved by me that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the useless citizen; or that you should sit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops, — for thus it is at present. Not that I would reflect on him that serves you, in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services for which you heap honors on others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT [1]

[356–323 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

ALEXANDER was but twenty years old when his father was murdered, and succeeded to a kingdom beset on all sides with great dangers and rancorous enemies. For not only the barbarous nations that bordered on Macedonia were impatient of being governed by any but their own native princes; but Philip likewise, though he had been victorious over the Grecians, yet, as the time had not been sufficient for him to complete his conquest and accustom them to his sway, had simply left all things in a general disorder and confusion. It seemed to the Macedonians a very critical time; and some would have persuaded Alexander to give up all thought of retaining the Grecians in subjection by force of arms, and rather to apply himself to win back by gentle means the allegiance of the tribes who were designing revolt, and try the effect of indulgence in arresting the first motions towards revolution. But he rejected this counsel as weak and timorous, and looked upon it to be more prudent to secure himself by resolution and magnanimity, than, by seeming to truckle to any, to encourage all to trample on him. In pursuit of this opinion, he reduced the barbarians to tranquillity, and put an end to all fear of war from them, by a rapid expedition into

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

their country as far as the river Danube, where he gave Syrmus, King of the Triballians, an entire overthrow. And hearing the Thebans were in revolt, and the Athenians in correspondence with them, he immediately marched through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying that to Demosthenes, who had called him a child while he was in Illyria and in the country of the Triballians, and a youth when he was in Thessaly, he would appear a man before the walls of Athens.

When he came to Thebes, to show how willing he was to accept of their repentance for what was past, he only demanded of them Phœnix and Prothytes, the authors of the rebellion, and proclaimed a general pardon to those who would come over to him. But when the Thebans merely retorted by demanding Philotas and Antipater to be delivered into their hands, and by a proclamation on their part invited all who would assert the liberty of Greece to come over to them, he presently applied himself to make them feel the last extremities of war. The Thebans, indeed, defended themselves with a zeal and courage beyond their strength, being much outnumbered by their enemies. But when the Macedonian garrison sallied out upon them from the citadel, they were so hemmed in on all sides that the greater part of them fell in the battle; the city itself being taken by storm, was sacked and razed, Alexander's hope being that so severe an example might terrify the rest of Greece into obedience, and also in order to gratify the hostility of his confederates, the Phocians and Platæans. So that, except the priests, and some few who had heretofore been the friends and connections of the Macedonians, the family of the poet Pindar, and those who

were known to have opposed the public vote for the war, all the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, were publicly sold for slaves; and it is computed that upwards of six thousand were put to the sword. Among the other calamities that befell the city, it happened that some Thracian soldiers having broken into the house of a matron of high character and repute, named Timoclea, their captain asked her if she knew of any money concealed; to which she readily answered she did, and bade him follow her into the garden, where she showed him a well, into which, she told him, upon the taking of the city she had thrown what she had of most value. The greedy Thracian presently stooping down to view the place where he thought the treasure lay, she came behind him, and pushed him into the well, and then flung great stones in upon him, till she had killed him. After which, when the soldiers led her away bound to Alexander, her very mien and gait showed her to be a woman of dignity, and of a mind no less elevated, not betraying the least sign of fear or astonishment. And when the king asked her who she was, "I am," said she, "the sister of Theagenes, who fought the battle of Chæronea with your father Philip, and fell there in command for the liberty of Greece." Alexander was so surprised, both at what she had done, and what she said, that he could not choose but give her and her children their freedom to go whither they pleased.

After this he received the Athenians into favor, although they had shown themselves so much concerned at the calamity of Thebes that out of sorrow they omitted the celebration of the Mysteries, and entertained those who escaped with all possible humanity. Whether

it were, like the lion, that his passion was now satisfied, or that after an example of extreme cruelty he had a mind to appear merciful, it happened well for the Athenians; for he not only forgave them all past offences, but bade them to look to their affairs with vigilance, remembering that if he should miscarry, they were likely to be the arbiters of Greece. Certain it is, too, that in after-time he often repented of his severity to the Thebans, and his remorse had such influence on his temper as to make him ever after less rigorous to all others. He imputed also the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the unwillingness of the Macedonians to follow him against the Indians, by which his enterprise and glory was left imperfect, to the wrath and vengeance of Bacchus, the protector of Thebes. And it was observed that whatsoever any Theban, who had the good fortune to survive this victory, asked of him, he was sure to grant without the least difficulty.

Soon after, the Grecians, being assembled at the Isthmus, declared their resolution of joining with Alexander in the war against the Persians, and proclaimed him their general. While he stayed here, many public ministers and philosophers came from all parts to visit him, and congratulated him on his election, but contrary to his expectation, Diogenes of Sinope, who then was living at Corinth, thought so little of him, that instead of coming to compliment him, he never so much as stirred out of the suburb called the Cranium, where Alexander found him lying along in the sun. When he saw so much company near him, he raised himself a little, and vouchsafed to look upon Alexander; and when he kindly asked him whether he wanted any thing, "Yes," said he, "I

would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander was so struck at this answer, and surprised at the greatness of the man, who had taken so little notice of him, that as he went away, he told his followers who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher, that if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes.

Then he went to Delphi, to consult Apollo concerning the success of the war he had undertaken, and happening to come on one of the forbidden days, when it was esteemed improper to give any answers from the oracle, he sent messengers to desire the priestess to do her office; and when she refused, on the plea of a law to the contrary, he went up himself, and began to draw her by force into the temple, until tired and overcome with his importunity, "My son," she said, "thou art invincible." Alexander, taking hold of what she spoke, declared he had received such an answer as he wished for, and that it was needless to consult the god any further.

IN THE STUDIO OF APELLES

[4th century B.C.]

BY HENRY GREENOUGH

[THE work of the Greek artist Apelles was so admired by Alexander that it is said he refused to allow any one else to paint his portrait. Even when he went to Asia, he carried Apelles with him, that the most thrilling occurrences of the campaign might be immortalized by the brush of the painter.

The Editor.]

THE small studio mentioned in our brief description of Apelles's house, having a steady northern light, was appropriated by him to the study of careful outline drawing and effects of light and shade. As it was a maxim with him "never to pass a day without drawing," he invariably began the day by devoting an hour or two to this important exercise. A later hour found him in a larger apartment, with a southern exposure, whose warm and genial light he fancied gave increased power and brilliancy to his coloring.

In this studio, his painting-room, he was seated one morning contemplating a full-length portrait of Alexander, celebrated in after ages under the title of "The Thunderer." In this picture he had represented his royal patron in the character of Jupiter Tonans. Against a background of ethereal azure, a godlike form was seated in naked majesty upon a cloud, his right hand raised in the act of hurling a glittering thunderbolt, while the royal bird of Jove cowered in terror at his feet. The

dignity of the attitude was heightened by the expression of the countenance and a dazzling brilliancy of color, which filled the eye of the beholder with veneration and awe. The painter, who had put the last finishing touch to his picture, smiled upon it, and internally pronounced it his best work. Euphorus and Xylon, who had been admitted to view it, stood silently before it in speechless admiration.

Euphorus was the first to speak. "I cannot conceive by what magical effect of coloring the right hand is made to stand out in such bold relief from the panel. That hand and arm are glowing with the light of the thunderbolt; and yet the face of the god, which is much farther back, preserves the local color of flesh as fully as if it were painted in the foreground! Although the tone of coloring is much lower than that of the hand, I see the rich mantling of the cheeks and lips heightening the fairness of an exquisite complexion."

Apelles looked pleased. "I am glad that you have noticed this peculiar effect, for I flattered myself that I had been happy in my attempts to produce it. In painting the face, I was obliged to use all my tints of the deepest and richest tone, and their brilliancy arises from a careful study to keep them pure in juxtaposition with one another, instead of blending them together. The harmony which painters generally effect by blending their coloring was in this case produced by a slight coat of glazing. I consider it my most successful effort. May the gods grant that it may be many years before men shall know the form and features of the king only through this portrait. The life of a warrior," he continued with a sigh, "is always uncertain. And I shudder to reflect that

all his important victories have been gained chiefly by his impetuous courage and reckless exposure of his own life."

A slave here entered and announced that the king awaited Apelles in the front reception room.

"Long life to Alexander!" and "Health to Apelles!" were the salutations as the two friends clasped right hands.

The youthful monarch was now in the flower of manly beauty. A truly majestic bearing gave additional grace to an exquisitely moulded figure, and to the expression of faultless features. Over a tunic of white Milesian wool reaching to his knees was thrown a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold; his sword, belt, and sandal lacings sparkled with jewels. On his head he wore a golden helmet of choicest workmanship, the crest of which was a dragon in whose mouth an enormous diamond, reflecting the prismatic rays of light, shone like a trembling star over the head of a demi-god. Although only twenty-one years of age, and in the first year of his reign, he had for five years been inured to the vicissitudes of the camp and the dangers of the battle-field. At the age of sixteen, he had by his personal bravery won for his father Philip the battle of Cheroneia, which decided the destinies of Greece.

"My friend," said Alexander, motioning to the painter to take a seat beside him, "in a day or two I propose to send an embassy to Athens, and the object of my visit this morning is to inquire whether you are willing to join it."

"The king has only to command, even my life," replied the loyal subject.

"Thanks, gentle Apelles, your life is too dear to me to

be placed in any danger. Your mission is one of peace. Not that I mean to impose on you the uncongenial task of diplomacy, but by joining the train of the embassy you can render me several important services.

"You are aware that during this first year of my reign my throne has not been a bed of roses. On the death of my father Philip, the confederate states of Greece threw off the Macedonian supremacy, while the barbarians of the north threatened my dominions. Prompt measures were required. Thebes, which had been most active in the revolt, readily submitted and sued for pardon when I, by a rapid march, appeared before her gates. The other states followed her example, with the exception of Lacedæmonia; and at an assembly held at Corinth I was elected to command an expedition against Persia, as formally as my father had previously been. Returning home I made preparations for my northern expedition. An army of thirty thousand warriors is ready to march. In the mean time rumors of renewed rebellious movements at Thebes and Athens daily come to my ears. Demosthenes, Hypereides, and other Athenian orators vie with each other in denouncing me, and falsely accuse me of having broken my faith pledged in solemn treaty. Darius is sending large sums of money to the Athenians and must be counteracted. My ambassadors will offer conditions, accompanied by threats in case of refusal, which make me confident of their acceptance. Thus I shall be able to put my plans in operation at once.

"The ostensible object of your mission is to purchase pictures, statues, and books, to enrich my collection here. My friend and former instructor, Aristotle, has, after

an interval of seven years, resumed his lectures at Athens. I have other friends there who form a strong party in my favor. They must be increased! Among my opponents are many needy men who are influenced only by what they think their interest; they must be bought!

"This, however, forms no part of your commission. I know the Athenian character well enough to be sure that an artist of your eminence will be everywhere well received; and I trust to the devotion of your friendship to keep alive among the most cultivated Athenians a sentiment favorable to my cause. We have had many conversations together, and you understand my sentiments and policy, which are studiously misrepresented at Athens."

This proposition, so flattering to the artist, was the result of Alexander's high appreciation of his friend's social and intellectual qualities. He reflected that so illustrious a person as Apelles, a man of elegant and insinuating manners, would be welcomed with rapture in the clubs and the refined society of Athens; the best houses would be thrown open at his approach; he would be invited to every fashionable and literary symposium; and the part he would take in the artistic, scientific, political, and philosophical discussions, considering his well-known intimacy with the youthful monarch, could not fail to hold in check whatever tendencies there might be among the more cultivated Athenians to make an attempt to assert the supremacy of the Demos.

Apelles expressed his sense of the honor which his royal master had conferred upon him, and his pleasure in embracing an opportunity of visiting Athens and

executing so congenial a commission as the purchase of works of art.

"I have much to say," resumed Alexander, "which must be deferred until dinner-time, when I hope for the pleasure of your company at the palace. I am momently expecting the arrival of some friends who are desirous of seeing your works. How comes on 'The Thunderer'?"

"It is just completed, and I was on the point of requesting the honor of showing it to you. I will order my pupils to be in attendance; I may require their services."

In compliance with the request of their master, the two pupils were standing on either side of the open door of Apelles's painting-room, as Alexander, followed by a train of courtiers, approached. In the pale and nervous features of one, a careful observer would have recognized the timid, shrinking, and snail-like disposition of Xylon; while the sparkling eye and animated expression of his companion indicated the buoyant and excitable temperament of Euphorus. As Alexander, walking with Apelles, conversed with him in a low and confidential tone, the others followed at a respectful distance. The slowness of their ceremonious entrance enabled Euphorus to overhear the remarks of a voluble speaker, who was one of the last to enter.

"What is the name of this Phœnix of painters?" asked he, in a slow, distinct, but drawling tone.

"Apelles."

"Mine ears have been sadly bored of late by a constant repetition of monotonous syllables. On my way to this capital, I heard of nothing but 'Pella! Pella!' The very frogs of the marshes through which the Lydias

flows croaked 'Pella! Pella!' 'What lake is that?' asked I of my guide; he answered, 'The lake of Pella.' 'And those baths, undoubtedly, are fed by a perennial spring. What is its name?' 'The Spring of Pella.' And now you tell me that your great painter is Apelles, Apelles!"

"Who is that contemptible fop?" asked Xylon of Euphorus. The two pupils were standing near the door, while the ceremony of presenting his friends individually to Apelles was performed by Alexander.

"It is Philetærus, nicknamed 'The Peacock.' He is an ambassador to this court from Sybaris, a city renowned above all others for the luxury of its inhabitants. He appears to be a fair specimen of his effeminate countrymen. He laments the parsimony of those who administer public affairs, and boasts that his entire salary only pays the wages of his cook, the rest of his expenses being defrayed out of his private fortune. At last their ceremonies are ended. What a noble presence and bearing distinguishes the king! He has, as you know, a slight but not ungraceful inclination of the head towards the right. His courtiers, in the emulation of their flattery, seem unable to caricature sufficiently this peculiarity. Behold them now arrayed in a long line, with their necks awry to such a degree that I can think of nothing but a row of chickens upon a roost, all afflicted with the pip. Philetærus has just given his neck an extra wring, which seems to indicate that his last minute has arrived."

"Peace, Euphorus; your loud conversation will be overheard!" said Xylon cautiously.

Apelles here motioned to his pupils to assist him in moving the picture into a favorable light. As soon as it was adjusted, a unanimous exclamation of "Bravo!"

was followed by a few moments of silent admiration. Each one discovered some striking excellence, which he commented upon in terms equally complimentary to the artist and the sitter. Philetærus, who piqued himself upon the possession of a most refined and exquisite taste, was the only one who ventured to offer a criticism. "I know nothing of art," said he with affected modesty, "but, with the permission of the renowned Apelles, will venture a suggestion for his consideration. I admire, with all of you, the wonderful power and brilliancy of the right hand holding the thunderbolt, but cannot but regret that it is effected by the entire sacrifice of a more important feature, namely, the face, which is represented as less fair, nay, dark and swarthy, in comparison with that of the original. Observe," continued he, placing his own small and delicately formed hand before the picture, "what a contrast! — and yet, my complexion is much darker than that of the king."

"Pardon me," said Apelles, smiling, "that is hardly a fair test. The different parts of a picture should be compared with one another, not with sensible and tangible objects. It is like expecting a poet, who describes a flower, to create its perfume by the mere use of words."

"This indisputable defect," resumed the critic, "offends my taste, however, less than the posture of the figure. The introduction of a downy velvet cushion would have added richness of color, and have given a certain air of ease and regal state which I find wanting. The sight of a naked figure, seated upon a cold, damp cloud, sends a shuddering through my whole nervous system like that of an ague; my teeth actually chatter."

During the latter part of this speech, he slowly re-

ceded, step by step, towards a chair, in order to repose after the delivery of this elaborate specimen of Sybarite refinement. Observing his motions, Euphorus, who was holding a palette richly laden with an assortment of fresh colors, slyly and unobserved by all, placed it upon the seat of the chair, into which the ambassador sank with an air of exhaustion.

Mistaking the smile of contempt visible on the countenances of his hearers for one of applause, he continued: "In my travels, I have seen many exquisite specimens of the noble art of painting, but none which affected my imagination so powerfully as one by Zeuxis, representing Dirce bound to a savage bull. The composition, drawing, and coloring were all faultless; but the most striking feature of the picture, which riveted the eye of the beholder, was the tail of the animal, which was painted in such a masterly manner that it actually protruded two cubits from the plane of the picture. Ye gods, such a triumph of art! such a brilliant effect of coloring!"

Here he rose and stalked up and down the room like an actor on the stage after the delivery of a fervent burst of eloquence. The sight of his robe, besmeared with all the colors of the rainbow, caused a universal shout of laughter.

Philetærus paused and looked around with an expression of inquiring amazement.

"My friend," said Alexander, scarcely able to speak articulately, "hadst thou been seated upon a cloud, it had been far easier to have wrung the folds of thy garments free from moisture than to remove the rich effect of coloring which now adorns thy person."

The heart of Philetærus failed him when, to his consternation, he learned the cause of their merriment; but he was too thoroughly drilled in the art of self-possession to betray his emotion. "Look you, my friends," said he, exhibiting the woful plight of his raiment, "see what magical changes can be effected in a moment! This tunic cost me fifty talents, and I will now sell it for as many drachmas."

"Nay," said Apelles, "the damage is less serious than you imagine. These are only water colors. Euphorus shall conduct you into the next room, where a slave, who is expert in the business, shall restore your robe to its primitive whiteness."

"Why is it, my Apelles," asked Alexander, as the figure of the crestfallen ambassador vanished through the open doorway, "that when an ignorantly presumptuous person ventures to express his opinion in matters of art, he always prefaces his remarks by a declaration that he has no knowledge of the subject? Surely, this should be a strong inducement for him to keep silence."

"I think that an inordinate self-conceit leads him to arrogate to himself a natural and instinctive acumen superior to the knowledge of those who have made a study of art."

Alexander, turning sharply round towards Euphorus, who had just returned, fixed upon him a serious and steady look. "Tell me, youth, was it an accident which befell our ambassador, or had you a hand in contriving it?"

Euphorus colored slightly, but without hesitation replied, "I will not add to my indiscretion, O king, the crime of falsehood. I placed the palette on the seat purposely."

"And wherefore?" asked Alexander.

"I was irritated by his impertinent criticism of the best parts of my master's work. The thought of making him appear ridiculous was the impulse of a moment, which made me forget what was due to your royal presence."

Alexander smiled graciously, and, drawing from his finger a ruby ring, made with it a gesture of sealing the lips of all present, and presented it to Euphorus, with a purse of gold.

"Not a syllable of this to Philetærus. Take these as a reward, first, for impulsive courage; and, secondly, for your frank and manly confession. From this specimen of your truth I would trust you with untold gold."

Euphorus silently bowed a graceful acknowledgment of the unexpected honor, and retired to the side of the astonished Xylon, who had anticipated a very different catastrophe.

After an absence of a few minutes, Philetærus returned with a radiant countenance and a spotless garment. Alexander, charging Apelles to be punctual at dinner, added in a whisper, "You must take the youth Euphorus with you to Athens; he is a boy after my own heart; his company will amuse you, and in case of any emergency, I am sure he will not lack presence of mind or courage." He then departed, evidently in the best of humors, towards his home, escorted by his companions.



THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

BY KARL VON PILOTY

(*German artist*, 1826–1886)

Alexander became king of Macedonia at the age of twenty years. He promptly subdued the revolting Thracians, put down a rebellion in Greece, and then, with 35,000 men, set out to cross the Hellespont and conquer Asia. Soon Asia Minor and Egypt lay at his feet. He founded Alexandria, and then marched boldly forward and overcame the mighty Darius of Persia. Next, Afghanistan and Baluchistan were overcome. He pushed on into India, making conquests and founding cities as he went, and defeated King Porus with his two hundred war elephants. He was not at all weary of success, but his soldiers would go no farther, and he returned to Persia, to plan new victories. But fever seized upon him. When death was at hand, his veteran soldiers demanded to see him, and were permitted to pass his couch. Alexander could not speak, but with a motion of his hand bade each soldier a last farewell. The question "To whom do you leave your kingdom," was asked him. "To the strongest," he answered. These were his last words.

As a man, Alexander was warm-hearted and chivalrous, a lover of good conversation, and fond of surrounding himself with learned men. His physical strength and personal courage were unusual, and the devotion that he inspired among his soldiers was largely due to his readiness to share their hardships and lead them in person whenever danger was greatest. As a soldier and statesman, Alexander stands with Cæsar and Napoleon. He led his army through 22,000 miles of strange and hostile country, subdued the most powerful nations, winning every battle that he fought, and in eleven years completed the conquest of almost the entire world then known. His conquests left traces that endured for centuries, his campaigns served as models for future military operations, and the splendor of his achievements awed the most remote and barbarous nations of Europe and Asia.

VI
FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the death of Alexander, his conquests were divided; but a new power was arising in the West, and in 146 B.C. Greece became a part of the Roman Empire. In 1453, soon after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, Greece fell into their hands. Many of the islands at that period were held by the Venetians; but by 1718, both mainland and islands were ruled by Turkey. The old spirit of the Greeks was not entirely dead, however, and a century later, they rebelled against their rulers. The savage punishments inflicted by the Turks and the thrilling poems of Byron aroused the attention of Europe. England, France, and Russia interfered, and in 1830 Greece was declared independent. The National Assembly proved unable to rule, and a king was chosen by the European Powers. In 1897, Greece declared war against Turkey, but was overwhelmingly defeated and forced to pay an indemnity. In 1912, she joined the Balkan League, hoping to avenge her former defeat by aiding in the overthrow of Turkish power in Europe.

THE SALE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

[Second century A.D.]

BY LUCIAN

[ST. PAUL says that the chief occupation of the Athenians was "to tell or to hear some new thing"; and most certainly the "passion for talk" dominated the citizens of Athens, and an audience was always ready to listen to any speaker who would present some ingenious argument. These so-called philosophers found the worship of the gods an attractive subject for their attacks. In the following skit the gods are represented as appearing in person to avenge themselves upon the various philosophical systems at one blow.

The Editor.]

Scene, a Slave-mart; JUPITER, MERCURY, PHILOSOPHERS *in the garb of slaves for sale; audience of Buyers.*

Jupiter. Now, you arrange the benches, and get the place ready for the company. You bring out the goods, and set them in a row; but trim them up a little first, and make them look their best, to attract as many customers as possible. You, Mercury, must put up the lots, and bid all comers welcome to the sale. — Gentlemen, we are here going to offer you philosophical systems of all kinds, and of the most varied and ingenious description. If any gentleman happens to be short of ready money, he can give his security for the amount, and pay next year.

Mercury (to Jupiter). There are a great many come; so we had best begin at once, and not keep them waiting.

Jup. Begin the sale, then.

Merc. Whom shall we put up first?

Jup. This fellow with the long hair, — the Ionian. He's rather an imposing personage.

Merc. You, Pythagoras! step out, and show yourself to the company.

Jup. Put him up.

Merc. Gentleman, we here offer you a professor of the very best and most select description — who buys? Who wants to be a cut above the rest of the world? Who wants to understand the harmonies of the universe? and to live two lives?[1]

Customer (*turning the Philosopher round and examining him*). He's not bad to look at. What does he know best?

Merc. Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, and conjuring — you've a first-rate soothsayer before you.

Cust. May one ask him a few questions?

[1] Mr. Grote, in the introductory chapter of his Plato, thus sketches the Pythagorean doctrine of "The Music of the Spheres." "The revolutions of such grand bodies [the Sun and Planets] could not take place, in the opinion of the Pythagoreans, without producing a loud and powerful sound; and as their distances from the central fire were supposed to be arranged in musical ratios, so the result of all these separate sounds was full and perfect harmony. To the objection — Why were not these sounds heard by us? — they replied, that we had heard them constantly and without intermission from the hour of our birth; hence they had become imperceptible by habit."

The "two lives" is of course an allusion to Pythagoras's notion of the transmigration of souls. It is said of him that he professed to be conscious of having been formerly Euphorbus, one of the chiefs present at the siege of Troy, and of having subsequently borne other shapes. There is also a story of his having interfered on behalf of a dog which was being beaten, declaring that in its cries he recognized "the voice of a departed friend."

Merc. Certainly — (*aside*) and much good may the answers do you.

Cust. What country do you come from?

Pythagoras. Samos.

Cust. Where were you educated?

Pyth. In Egypt, among the wise men there.

Cust. Suppose I buy you, now — what will you teach me?

Pyth. I will teach you nothing — only recall things to your memory.[1]

Cust. How will you do that?

Pyth. First, I will clean out your mind, and wash out all the rubbish.

Cust. Well, suppose that done, how do you proceed to refresh the memory?

Pyth. First, by long repose, and silence — speaking no word for five whole years.[2]

Cust. Why, look ye, my good fellow, you'd best go teach the dumb son of Crœsus! I want to talk, and not be a dummy. Well, — but after this silence and these five years?

Pyth. You shall learn music and geometry.

Cust. A queer idea, that one must be a fiddler before one can be a wise man!

Pyth. Then you shall learn the science of numbers.

Cust. Thank you, but I know how to count already.

Pyth. How do you count?

[1] That "all knowledge is but recollection" is an assertion attributed both to Pythagoras and Plato.

[2] The injunction of a period of silence upon neophytes (the "five years" is most likely an exaggeration) was plainly meant as a check upon their presuming to teach before they had matured their knowledge.

Cust. One, two, three, four —

Pyth. Ha! what you call four is ten, and the perfect triangle, and the great oath by which we swear.[1]

Cust. Now, so help me the great Ten and Four, I never heard more divine or more wonderful words!

Pyth. And afterwards, stranger, you shall learn about Earth, and Air, and Water, and Fire,— what is their action, and what their form, and what their motion.

Cust. What! have Fire, Air, or Water bodily shape?

Pyth. Surely, they have; else, without form and shape how could they move? — Besides, you shall learn that the Deity consists in Number, Mind, and Harmony.

Cust. What you say is really wonderful!

Pyth. Besides what I have just told you, you shall understand that you yourself, who seem to be one individual, are really somebody else.

Cust. What! do you mean to say I'm somebody else, and not myself, now talking to you?

Pyth. Just at this moment you are; but once upon a time you appeared in another body, and under another name; and hereafter you will pass again into another shape still.

[After a little more discussion of this philosopher's tenets, he is purchased on behalf of a company of professors from Magna Grecia, for ten minæ.[2] The next lot is Diogenes, the Cynic.]

Merc. Who'll you have next? That dirty fellow from Pontus?

[1] Ten being the sum of 1, 2, 3, 4. Number, in the system of Pythagoras, was the fundamental principle of all things: in the Monad — Unity — he recognized the Deity.

[2] A mina is equal to about eighteen dollars.

Jup. Aye — he'll do.

Merc. Here! you with the wallet on your back, — you round-shouldered fellow! come out, and walk round the ring. — A grand character, here, gentlemen; a most extraordinary and remarkable character, I may say; a really free man here I have to offer you — who'll buy?

Cust. How say you, Mr. Salesman? Sell a free citizen?

Merc. Oh yes.

Cust. Are you not afraid he may bring you before the court of Areopagus for kidnapping?

Merc. Oh, he does n't mind about being sold; he says he's free wherever he goes or whatever becomes of him.

Cust. But what could one do with such a dirty, wretched-looking body — unless one were to make a ditcher or a water-carrier of him?

Merc. Well, or if you employ him as door-porter, you'll find him more trustworthy than any dog. In fact, "Dog" is his name.

Cust. Where does he come from, and what does he profess?

Merc. Ask him — that will be most satisfactory.

Cust. I'm afraid of him, he looks so savage and sulky; perhaps he'll bark if I go near him, or even bite me, I should n't wonder. Don't you see how he handles his club, and knits his brows, and looks threatening and angry?

Merc. Oh, there's no fear — he's quite tame.

Cust. (*approaching Diogenes cautiously*). First, my good fellow, of what country are you?

Diogenes (*surlily*). All countries.

Cust. How can that be?

Diog. I'm a citizen of the world.

Cust. What master do you profess to follow?

Diog. Hercules.

Cust. Why don't you adopt the lion's hide, then? I see you have the club.

Diog. Here's my lion's hide, — this old cloak. Like Hercules, I wage war against pleasure; but not under orders, as he did, but of my own free will. My choice is to cleanse human life.

Cust. A very good choice, too. But what do you profess to know best? or of what art are you master?

Diog. I am the liberator of mankind, the physician of the passions; in short, I claim to be the prophet of truth and liberty.

Cust. Come now, Sir Prophet, suppose I buy you, after what fashion will you instruct me?

Diog. I shall first take and strip you of all your luxury, confine you to poverty, and put an old garment on you; then I shall make you work hard, and lie on the ground, and drink water only, and fill your belly with whatever comes first; your money, if you have any, at my bidding you must take and throw into the sea; and you must care for neither wife nor children, nor country; and hold all things vanity; and leave your father's house and sleep in an empty tomb, or a ruined tower, — ay, or in a tub: and have your wallet filled with lentils, and parchments close-written on both sides. And in this state you shall profess yourself happier than the King of the East. And if any man beats you, or tortures you, this you shall hold to be not painful at all.

Cust. How! do you mean to say I shall not feel pain

when I'm beaten? Do you think I've the shell of a crab or a tortoise, man?

Diog. You can quote that line of Euripides, you know, — slightly altered.

Cust. And what's that, pray?

Diog.

"Thy mind shall feel pain, but thy tongue confess none."[1]

But the qualifications you will most require are these: you must be unscrupulous, and brazen-faced, and ready to revile prince and peasant alike; so shall men take notice of you, and hold you for a brave man. Moreover, let your speech be rough, and your voice harsh, and in fact like a dog's growl; and your countenance rigid, and your gait corresponding to it, and your manner generally brute-like and savage. All modesty and gentleness and moderation put far from you; the faculty of blushing you must eradicate utterly. Seek the most crowded haunts of men; but when there, keep solitary, and hold converse with none; address neither friend nor stranger, for that would be the ruin of your empire. Do in sight of all what others are almost ashamed to do alone. At the last, if you choose, choke yourself with a raw polypus, or an onion.[2] And this happy consummation I devoutly wish you.

Cust. (*recovering from some astonishment*). Get out with you! what abominable and unnatural principles!

Diog. But very easy to carry out, mind you, and not

[1] This unfortunate quibble of Euripides, which he puts into the mouth of Hippolytus in his play (*Hipp.* 612) as a defense of perjury, —

"My tongue hath sworn it — but my thought was free" —

was a never-failing subject of parody to his critics and satirists.

[2] The first mode of suicide was said to have been adopted by the philosopher Democritus.

at all difficult to learn. One needs no education, or reading, or such nonsense, for this system; it's the real short cut to reputation. Be you the most ordinary person, — cobbler, sausagemonger, carpenter, pawnbroker, — nothing hinders your being the object of popular admiration, provided only that you've impudence enough, and brass enough, and a happy talent for bad language.

Cust. Well, I don't require your instructions in that line. Possibly, however, you might do for a bargeman or a gardener,[1] at a pinch, if this party has a mind to sell you for a couple of oboli,[2] — I could n't give more.

Merc. (*eagerly*). Take him at your own bidding; we're glad to get rid of him, he is so troublesome, — bawls so, and insults everybody up and down, and uses such very bad language.

Jup. Call out the next — the Cyrenaic there, in purple, with the garland on.

Merc. Now, gentlemen, let me beg your best attention. This next lot is a very valuable one — quite suited to parties in a good position. Here's Pleasure and Perfect Happiness, all for sale! Who'll give me a bidding now, for perpetual luxury and enjoyment?

[*A Cyrenaic, bearing traces of recent debauch, staggers into the ring.*]

Cust. Come forward here, and tell us what you know: I should n't mind buying you, if you've any useful qualities.

Merc. Don't disturb him, sir, if you please, just now — don't ask him any questions. The truth is, he has

[1] For the accomplishments of the bargemen and vine-dressers in the way of bad language we have Horace's testimony (*Sat.* 1, 5 and 7).

[2] About eight cents.

taken a little too much; that's why he does n't answer — his tongue's not quite steady.

Cust. And who in their senses, do you suppose, would buy such a debauched and drunken rascal? Faugh! how he smells of unguents! and look how he staggers and goes from side to side as he walks![1] But tell us, now, Mercury, what qualifications he really has, and what he knows anything about.

Merc. Well, he's very pleasant company — good to drink with, and can sing and dance a little — useful to a master who is a man of pleasure and fond of a gay life. Besides, he is a good cook, and clever in made dishes — and, in short, a complete master of the science of luxury. He was brought up at Athens, and was once in the service of the Tyrants of Sicily, who gave him a very good character. The sum of his principles is to despise everything, to make use of everything, and to extract the greatest amount of pleasure from everything.

Cust. Then you must look out for some other purchaser, among the rich and wealthy here; I can't afford to buy such an expensive indulgence.

Merc. I fear, Jupiter, we shall have this lot left on our hands — he's unsalable.

Jup. Put him aside, and bring out another. Stay, — those two there, that fellow from Abdera who is always laughing, and the Ephesian, who is always crying; I've a mind to sell them as a pair.

Merc. Stand out there in the ring, you two. — We offer you here, sirs, two most admirable characters, the wisest we've had for sale yet.

[1] If this be really meant for Aristippus, the founder of the Cyrenaic philosophy, it is the most unfair presentation of all.

Cust. By Jove, they're a remarkable contrast! Why, one of them never stops laughing, while the other seems to be in trouble about something, for he's in tears all the time. Holloa, you fellow! what's all this about? What are you laughing at?

Democritus. Need you ask? Because everything seems to me so ridiculous — you yourselves included.

Cust. What! do you mean to laugh at us all to our faces, and mock at all we say and do?

Dem. Undoubtedly; there's nothing in life that's serious. Everything is unreal and empty — a mere fortuitous concurrence of indefinite atoms.

Cust. You're an indefinite atom yourself, you rascal! Confound your insolence, won't you stop laughing? But you there, poor soul (*to Heraclitus*), why do you weep so? for there seems more use in talking to you.

Heraclitus. Because, stranger, everything in life seems to me to call for pity and to deserve tears; there is nothing but what is liable to calamity; wherefore I mourn for men, and pity them. The evil of to-day I regard not much: but I mourn for that which is to come hereafter — the burning and destruction of all things. This I grieve for, and that nothing is permanent, but all mingled, as it were, in one bitter cup, — pleasure that is no pleasure, knowledge that knows nothing, greatness that is so little, all going round and round and taking their turn in this game of life.

Cust. What do you hold human life to be, then?

Her. A child at play, handling its toys, and changing them with every caprice.

Cust. And what are men?

Her. Gods — but mortal.

Cust. And the gods?

Her. Men — but immortal.

Cust. You speak in riddles, fellow, and put us off with puzzles. You are as bad as Apollo Loxias, giving oracles that no man can understand.

Her. Yea; I trouble not myself for any of ye.

Cust. Then no man in his senses is like to buy you.

Her. Woe! woe to every man of ye, I say! buyers or not buyers.

Cust. Why, this fellow is pretty near mad! — I'll have naught to do with either of them, for my part.

Merc. (*turning to Jupiter*). We shall have this pair left on our hands too.

Jup. Put up another.

Merc. Will you have that Athenian there, who talks so much?

Jup. Ay — try him.

Merc. Step out, there! — A highly moral character, gentlemen, and very sensible. Who makes me an offer for this truly pious lot?

[The morality which the satirist puts into the mouth of Socrates, in his replies to the interrogatories of his would-be purchaser, is that which was attributed to him — probably quite without foundation — by his enemies. The customer next asks where he lives.]

Socrates. I live in a certain city of mine own building, a new model Republic, and I make laws for myself.[1]

Cust. What is the main feature of your philosophy?

[1] It must be remembered that Plato, in his *Republic*, makes Socrates the expositor of his new polity throughout; he had probably derived at least the leading ideas from him.

Soc. The existence of ideals and patterns of all things in nature. Everything you see — the earth, and all that is on it, the heavens, the sea — of all these there exist invisible ideals, external to this visible universe.

Cust. And pray where are they?

Soc. Nowhere. If they were confined to any place, you see, they could not be at all.

Cust. I never see any of these ideals of yours.

Soc. Of course not: the eyes of your soul are blind. But I can see the ideals of all things. I see an invisible double of yourself, and another self besides myself — in fact, I see everything double.

Cust. Bless me! I must buy you, you are so very clever and sharp-sighted. Come (*turning to Mercury*), what do you ask for him?

Merc. Give us two talents[1] for him.

Cust. I'll take him at your price. I'll pay you another time.

Merc. What's your name?

Cust. Dion, of Syracuse.

Merc. (*makes a note*). Take him, and good luck to you. Now, Epicurus, we want you. Who'll buy this lot? He's a disciple of that laughing fellow, and also of the other drunken party, whom we put up just now. He knows more than either of them, however, on one point —he's more of an infidel. Otherwise, he's a pleasant fellow, and fond of good eating.

Cust. What's his price?

Merc. Two minæ.

Cust. Here's the money. But just tell us what he likes best.

[1] A Greek talent was equal to about eleven hundred dollars.

Merc. Oh, anything sweet — honey-cakes, and figs especially.

Cust. They're easily got; Carian figs are cheap enough.

Jup. Now then, call another — him with the shaven crown there, and gloomy looks — the one we got from the Porch yonder.

Merc. You're right. I fancy a good many of our customers who have come to the sale are waiting to bid for him. — Now I'm going to offer you the most perfect article of all — Virtue personified. Who wants to be the only man who knows everything?

Cust. What do you mean?

Merc. I mean that here you have the only wise man, the only handsome man, the only righteous man, the true and only king, general, orator, legislator, and everything else there is.

Cust. The true and only cook then, I conclude, and cobbler, and carpenter, and so forth?

Merc. I conclude so too.

Cust. Come then, my good fellow — if I'm to purchase you, tell me all about yourself; and first let me ask, with all these wonderful qualifications, are you not mortified at being put up for sale here as a slave?

Chrysippus. Not at all: such things are external to ourselves, and whatever is external to ourselves, it follows must be matters of indifference to us.

[The Stoic proceeds to explain his tenets, in the technical jargon of his school — which his listener declares to be utterly incomprehensible, and on which modern readers would pronounce much the same judgment. His great accomplishment lies, as he himself professes, in the skillful

handling of sophisms — "word-nets," as he calls them — in which he entangles his opponents, stops their mouths, and reduces them to silence. He gives an example of his art, which is a curious specimen of the kind of folly to which the wisdom of the ancients occasionally condescended. A crocodile is supposed to have seized a boy in crossing a river, and promises to restore him to his father if this latter can guess correctly what he intends to do with him. If he guesses that the crocodile means to give him back, he has guessed wrong, because the crocodile's real intention is to eat him. If he guesses that the crocodile means to eat him, why then, if the crocodile gives him back after all, the guess would plainly be proved wrong by the result; so that there seems no chance for the father, guess which he will. The philosopher assures his listener that this is but one out of many choice examples of the sophistical art with which he is prepared to furnish him; and when the other retorts upon him somewhat in his own style, the Stoic threatens to knock him down with an "indemonstrable syllogism," the effect of which, he warns him, will be to plunge him into "eternal doubt, everlasting silence, and distraction of mind." In the end, however, he is purchased by his interrogator for "self and company." The next who is put up for sale is "the Peripatetic," by whom Aristotle is clearly intended. With him the satirist deals briefly and lightly, as though he had some tenderness for that particular school. "You will find him," says the auctioneer, "moderate, upright, consistent in his life — and what makes him yet more valuable is that in him you are really buying *two* men." "How do you make that out?" asks the customer. "Because," explains Mercury, "he appears to be one person outside and another inside; and remember, if you buy him, you must call one '*esoteric*' and the other '*exoteric.*'" With such recommendations, the Peripatetic finds a ready purchaser for the large sum of twenty minæ. Last comes the Sceptic, Pyrrho, who figures, by a slight change of name, as Pyrrhia, a common appellation for a barbarian slave. The intending purchaser asks him a few questions.]

Cust. Tell me, now, what do you know?

Pyrrh. Nothing.

Cust. What do you mean?

Pyrrh. That nothing seems to me certain.

Cust. Are we ourselves nothing?

Pyrrh. Well, that is what I am not sure of.

Cust. Don't you know whether you are anything yourself?

Pyrrh. That is what I am still more in doubt about.

Cust. What a creature of doubts it is! And what are those scales for, pray?

Pyrrh. I weigh arguments in them, and balance them one against another; and then, when I find them precisely equal and of the same weight, why, I find it impossible to tell which of them is true.

Cust. Well, is there anything you can do in any other line of business?

Pyrrh. Anything, except catch a runaway slave.

Cust. And why can't you do that?

Pyrrh. Because, you see, I've no faculty of *apprehension.*[1]

Cust. So I should think — you seem to me quite slow and stupid. And now, what do you consider the main end of knowledge?

Pyrrh. Ignorance — to hear nothing and see nothing.

Cust. You confess yourself blind and deaf then?

Pyrrh. Yea, and void of sense and perception, and in no wise differing from a worm.

Cust. I must buy you. (*To Mercury.*) What shall we say for him?

[1] The pun here happens to be the same in English as in Greek. But the Athenians were fonder of such word-play than we are.

Merc. An Attic mina.

Cust. Here 't is. Now, fellow, have I bought you or not — tell me?

Pyrrh. Well, it's a doubtful question.

Cust. Not at all — at least I've paid for you.

Pyrrh. I reserve my opinion on that point; it requires consideration.

Cust. Follow me, at all events — that's a servant's duty.

Pyrrh. Are you sure you're stating a fact?

Cust. (*impatiently*). There's the auctioneer, and there's the money, and there are the bystanders to witness.

Pyrrh. Are you sure there are any bystanders?

Cust. I'll have you off to the grinding-house,[1] sir, and make you feel I'm your master by very tangible proofs.

Pyrrh. Stay — I should like to argue that point a little.

[The doubting philosopher is hurried off, still unconvinced, by Mercury and his new owner, and the sale is adjourned to the next day, when Mercury promises the public that he will have some cheaper bargains to offer. The whole scene reads like a passage from the old Aristophanic comedy; and though some of the allusions must necessarily lose much of their pungency from our comparative ignorance of the popular philosophy of Lucian's day, the humor of it is still sufficiently entertaining.]

[1] Slaves who misbehaved were put to work in the grinding-house as a punishment.

MARCO BOZZARIS

[1823]

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

[MARCO BOZZARIS was a Greek patriot of the War of Independence of 1821–29. He is famous for the night attack which he made near Carpenisi upon a Turkish force much larger than his own. The attack was successful, but the bold leader was slain.

The Editor.]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
The sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,

GREECE

When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

BY LORD BYRON

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might yet be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks on sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

THE ISLES OF GREECE

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

What, silent still, and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

GREECE

Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:

THE ISLES OF GREECE

In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!