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CLASSICAL GOLD

IN ENGLISH RENDERINGS.

CHOSEN BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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PREFACE.

"Classical Gold" is probably the first book of its kind. It aims at preserving in our schools by means of translations some intimate acquaintance with Greek and Roman life and literature. In the decay of the study of ancient languages, we are losing something valuable from our educational systems. The author's hope is that he is helping to bring home to boys and girls something of

"The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

It is hoped, too, that all teachers who have not studied the classics at first hand will find here the natural setting and a clear explanation of much in English literature that must otherwise be obscure. With that end in view, many of the translations are taken from the works of great English writers.

These two characteristics, great classic thought and great English translations, may possibly even recommend the book to such of the general reading public as love "*et vetera et nova*." No person, young or old, can fail to be stirred by Herodotus's account of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae.

The book will achieve its object if it helps in any degree to foster a noble patriotism and to keep fresh in young minds the stirring story of man's endeavour and sacrifice in the brave days of old.

The author's best thanks are due to Mr Frank Tate, Victorian Director of Education, both for his encouragement and for his very fine introduction.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the free permission granted by Messrs. Macmillan & Co, London, to use the fine selection—"Hector parts from his Wife and Child"—taken from the famous prose translation of Homer's *Iliad*, by Lang, Leaf and Myers.

Thanks are due also to Mr L A Adamson, M A, for his kindness in securing the right to use Dr Way's translation of Pericles' speech.

RICHARD LAWSON.

Melbourne,
September, 1912.

INTRODUCTION.

BY FRANK TATE, C.M.G., I.S.O., M.A.

Australian teachers should give a hearty welcome to "Classical Gold." The demand to-day in the best secondary schools is for a great increase in the amount of good reading matter prescribed for the study of English for both the Intermediate and Leaving standards. This reading matter should be of a kind to provoke independent reading—the best result of a teacher's work.

Great harm has been done to the teaching of English Literature in schools by the common practice of confining school studies to the intensive, analytical treatment of a very limited selection from the works of great authors. If we are to assist in the development within our students of an increasing interest in reading for its own sake, so that we may find in books "a substantial world both pure and good," we must adopt methods which make an aesthetic and not a purely intellectual appeal. Good literature was written to give fine pleasure, and the teacher who cannot so present his subject as to evoke admiration and love for it, has failed in his true object.

For the end of all true art teaching, as has been well said, "is in a word, Appreciation, which is a form of Appraising, which, shortly, is Praise, it is to learn the true value of a work of art that we may admire and love it." I feel that this point cannot be too strongly emphasized. We are really reading a poem only when we see the vision the poet saw, and feel some at least of the emotion he felt in his creation. Quite young students can be made to feel the

beauty of form and rhythm, the beauty of a happy choice of words, the beauty of a fine comparison. On the other hand, even one so lavishly endowed as Byron could write of his school-days

" I abhorred
Too much to conquer for the poets' sake
The drilled dull lesson forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth ;"

and again—

" Then, farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults but mine ; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

Let us then give our schools a greater choice of interesting reading, and let us treat it as literature written to give refined pleasure, and not as matter for an academical exercise. This anthology will help to supply suitable reading

In my visits to schools, I have had many opportunities of seeing how in the hands of an unimaginative but conscientious teacher a really fine bit of literature may become a deadly dull experience. I remember one very hot afternoon some years ago coming into a class-room where a weary and all forspent class was painfully annotating Campbell's stirring war lyric, " The Battle of the Baltic " The teacher had given scraps of history, scraps of etymology, and scrappy notes on phrases and allusions. The information was all correct enough, and may have been admirably suited for reproduction in a bad type of examination, but there was absolutely no life in the lesson as literature, and no stimulus to the reading habit. In another room of the same school I saw another teacher take the same subject. After a brief introduction by way of mental " preparation," he began to read the poem, and read it

well His reading alone was worth more than all the laboured notes of the former teacher. A sketch here and there on the board, an apt paraphrase of a difficult couplet, an attempt to visualize the scene, and, as the reading proceeded,

“There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

The important thing was that the boys felt the delight of the poem, and were stirred by its story.

I have drawn attention to the teacher's power of reading aloud, for this power is a very great aid in producing appreciation of a poem. It was a poet who advised us to—

“Lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.”

Much reading aloud (not necessarily in class lessons), and much memorizing of good passages, giving the rhythms a chance to produce their effect, are capital exercises for creating appreciation of poetry and even of verbal felicities therein. I was one day keenly interested to find, when questioning a class which had had two lessons on Shelley's “Arethusa,” that one of the boys had, without suggestion from his teacher, learned the whole poem. He gave as the cause of his interest in it that “it got you along the road.” He was a newspaper runner in the early mornings, and Shelley's lilting measure gave him delight as he trudged along. This boy's interest and his joy in the music of words and rhythm had taught him more in the way of true reading than all the formal lessons in oral expression.

There is undoubtedly room for such an anthology as “Classical Gold.” A good selection from acknowledged masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature translated by

master craftsman must have a value all its own in the schoolroom. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the study of the classics has been deposed from its old exclusive position as the chief if not the only source of real culture. Admitting that there are great and undoubted educational advantages to be derived from the study of the classical languages as such, may we not, while we forgo the advantages of language study, yet come under the influence of classical thought? It surely is no slight thing that we may hear in English, as I heard it lately, the great oration of Pericles upon the heroic dead who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian War, 431 B C. The occasion was the unveiling of a school Honour Roll, and no address could have been more appropriate to the occasion by reason of its simplicity, its directness, its patriotism, and its humanity. In its appeal it was as modern as a speech of Lloyd George or Clemenceau.

Again, could young Australia have any better stimulus to that love of country which issues in loyal and willing service than "The Greek Youth's Oath," which comes first in this volume?

The treasures of classical literature are too precious, and have influenced our own literature too greatly to be left to the study of those only who are able to read them more or less painfully in the original. The great masterpieces have been the subject of translations by scholarly men, themselves poets and we can thus get, if not all, at least a very substantial part of their message. Ralph Waldo Emerson, of whom so great a scholar and litterateur as Lowell said, "A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders" could write, "I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named, and all good books, in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment. . . . I should as soon think of

swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue." The greatest of all books, our Bible, is to an overwhelming majority of us only a translation, yet how great it is in all the qualities that make the highest literature! Who would change the rhythm and music and "the instinctive grace of the right word" of our English version for any other? Let us then frankly admit that a course in English in our schools may be made more complete by a study of fine English versions of the classics. Our own great writers could not escape their influence, and we need some acquaintance with classical life and thought to understand our own literature fully.

There is, too, a very special reason why such a book as this should appeal to Australians. Our environment yields many circumstances favourable to our mental and spiritual development, and many others which conspire against us. If it could be said with truth of Americans that they are "orphaned of the solemn inspirations of antiquity," with how much greater force can this be said of us Australians! Some of the least admirable traits in our national character are no doubt due to the lack of the sense of proportion, and the consequent lack of reverence which are inevitable in people who have little or no contact with the past. If we must inevitably miss the suggestion and inspiration that come from living in daily touch with great memorials of the world's history, there is no reason why we should also miss what we can readily secure by reading. Human nature has changed but little through the centuries, and we find the same loves and hopes and fears and aspirations expressing themselves through all literatures.

Moreover, it is a good thing to keep alive our delight in the beauty of the natural world, and maintain that faith

"which gave a hmadryad to each tree" To all of us has been the time when meadow, grove, and stream were "apparelled in celestial light" There is no better way to keep this fresh joyous outlook than through familiarity with the sincere expression of the life of those who lived "in the childhood of the world when Earth was nearer Heaven than now"

Many of the selections in this book are stories of action The events of the past five years have given young Australians a new interest in Mediterranean countries Slouch-hatted Australian soldiers have fought victoriously through countries steeped in historic tradition They have camped beside the Pyramids, and have marched along the roads taken by every invading army since the dawn of history—armies so far off in time that the Crusaders seem but of yesterday The story of Euryalus and Nisus has had its counterpart in many a "Noble Comradeship" in the ranks of the A I F

Australian boys may therefore be expected to take a keen interest in these records of the achievements of heroes of classical story when they realise that they themselves are children of

Fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that like so many Alexanders
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

"Classical Gold" appears at an opportune moment The selection has been made with judgment and taste.

FRANK TATE.

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CLASSICAL GOLD.

THE GREEK YOUTH'S OATH.

Greek youths at Athens, on reaching the age of 18, were called Ephebi, were registered as citizens, and took the following oath —

“ I will not dishonour my sacred arms , I will not desert my fellow-soldier, by whose side I shall be set , I will do battle for my religion and my country, whether aided or unaided I will leave my country, not less, but greater and more powerful, than she is when committed to me I will reverently obey the citizens who shall act as judges , I will obey the ordinances which have been established, and which in time to come shall be established, by the national will , and whosoever would destroy or disobey these ordinances, I will not suffer him, but will do battle for them whether aided or unaided ; and I will honour the temples where my fathers worshipped , of these things the gods are my witnesses.”

HECTOR PARTS FROM HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

Homer, greatest of poets, flourished about 850 B C., and wrote The Iliad and The Odyssey. The former deals with the siege of Troy or Ilion by the Greeks or Achæans, who went under the Atridae or sons of Atreus, i.e., Agamemnon and Menelaus, to recover Helen, the wife of the latter, and to punish Paris, who had carried her off from Greece.

The scene given here is renowned in literature. The Trojans are hard pressed, and Hector, their champion, son of King Priam and Hecabe (or Hecuba), goes to arouse his effeminate brother Paris Alexander, who dallies in his palace with the beautiful Greek Helen, the cause of the war; he reproaches Paris, and then goes to seek his wife Andromache (Androm'aké) and his son Astyanax, i.e., City King.

Paris Alexander answers Hector's Taunts.

And godlike Alexandros answered him :—"Hector, since in measure thou chidest me, and not beyond measure, therefore will I tell thee, lay thou it to thine heart and hearken to me. Not by reason so much of the Trojans, for wrath and indignation, sate I me in my chamber, but fain would I yield me to my sorrow. Even now my wife hath persuaded me with soft words and urged me into battle, and I, moreover, even I, deem that it will be better so; for victory shifteth from man to man. Go to, then, tarry awhile, let me put on my armour of war; or else fare thou forth, and I will follow, and I think to overtake thee."

Helen reproaches herself and Paris.

So said he, but Hector of the glancing helm answered him not a word. But Helen spake to him with gentle words: "My brother, even mine that am a dog, mischievous and abominable, would that on the day when my mother bare me at the first, an evil storm-wind had caught me away to a mountain or a billow of the loud-sounding sea, where the billow might have swept me away before all these things came to pass. Howbeit, seeing the gods devised all these ills in this wise, would that then I had been mated with a better man that felt dishonour and the multitude of men's reproachings. But as for him, neither hath he

now round heart, not ever will have, thereof deem I more-
over that he will reap the fruit. But now come, enter in
and sit thee here upon this bench, my brother, since thy
heart chiefly trouble hath encompassed, for the sake of me
that am a dog and for Alexandros' sin; on whom Zeus
bringeth evil doom, that even in days to come may be
a song in the ears of men that shall be hereafter."

Hector goes to his own home, seeking his wife.

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her :
" Bid me not sit, Helen, of thy love, thou wilt not persuade
me. Already my heart is set to succour the men of Troy,
that have great desire for me that am not with them.
But rouse thou this fellow, yea, let himself make speed to
overtake me yet within the city. For I shall go into mine
house to behold my household and my dear wife and
infant boy; for I know not if I shall return home to them
again, or if the gods will now overthrow me at the hands of
the Achæans."

So spake Hector of the glancing helm, and departed ;
and anon he came to his well-established house. But he
found not white-armed Andromaché in the halls; she, with
her boy and fair-robed hand-maiden, had taken her stand
upon the tower, weeping and wailing. And when Hector
found not his noble wife within, he came and stood upon the
threshold and spake amid the serving women " Come, tell
me now true, my serving women. Whither went white-
armed Andromaché forth from the hall? Hath she gone
out to my sisters or unto my brothers' fair-robed wives,
or to Athêné's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan
women propitiate the awful goddess?"

Then a busy housedame spake in answer to him :
" Hector, seeing thou straitly chargest us to tell thee true,
neither hath she gone out to any of thy sisters or thy
brothers' fair-robed wives, neither to Athêné's temple,
where all the fair-tressed Trojan women are propitiating
the awful goddess, but she went to the great tower of
Ilios, because she heard the Trojans were hard pressed and

great victory was for the Achæians. So hath she come in haste to the wall, like unto one frenzied; and the nurse with her beareth the child."

Andromache begs him to abide on the tower.

So spake the housedame, and Hector hastened from his house back by the same way down the well-built streets. When he had passed through the great city and was come to the Skaian gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came his bounteous wife running to meet him even Andromaché, daughter of great-hearted Eetion, Eetion that dwelt beneath wooded Plakos, in Thebé under Plakos, and was king of the men of Kilikia; for his daughter was wife to bronze-harnessed Hector. So she met him now and with her went the handmaid, bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Skamandrios, but all the folk Astyanax, for only Hector guarded Ilios. So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromaché stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his and spake and called upon his name. "Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow, for soon will the Achæians all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee, for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Moreover, I have no father nor lady mother, my father was slain of goodly Achilles, for he wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gate Thebé and slew Eetion, yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burnt him in his inlaid armour, and raised a barrow over him, and all about were elm-trees planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the self-same day went within the house of Hades, for fleet-footed goodly Achilles slew them all mid their kine of trailing gait and white-fleeced sheep. And my mother that was queen beneath wooded Plakos,

her brought he hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free; but in her father's halls was she smitten by the Archer Artemis. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city may be scaled and the wall is assailable. Thrice came hither the most valiant that are with the two Aiantes and famed Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus' valiant son, and assayed to enter, whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them on."

Hector answers her tenderly.

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her. "Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Moreover, mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea, of a surety I know this in heart and soul, the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabé's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foremen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from fount Messis or Hyperia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter and fresh grief will be thine for lack of

such an husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thralldom. But me in death may the heaped up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity.'

Hector prays for his son.

So spake glorious Hector and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horsehair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother, forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods: "O Zeus and all ye gods, vouchsafe ye that this my son may likewise prove even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great king of Ilios. Then may men say of him, 'Far greater is he than his father,' as he returneth home from battle; and may he bring with him bloodstained spoils from the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart be glad."

He parts from Andromache.

So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife's arms; and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully. And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name: "Dear one, I pray thee be not of oversorrowful heart; no man against my Fate shall hurl me to Hades, only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house and see to thine own tasks, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaidens ply their work, but for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios."

So spake glorious Hector, and took up his horsehair crested helmet, and his dear wife departed to her home oft looking back and letting fall big tears. anon she came

to the well-established house of man-slaying Hector, and found therein her many handmaidens, and stirred lamentation in them all. So bewailed they Hector, while yet he lived, within his house, for they deemed that he would no more come back to them from battle, nor escape the fury of the hands of the Achæians.

Paris appears in arms.

Neither lingered Paris long in his lofty house, but clothed on him his brave armour, bedight with bronze, and hasted through the city, trusting to his nimble feet. Even as when a stalled horse, full-fed at the manger, breaketh his tether and speedeth at the gallop across the plain, being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing stream, exultingly; and holdeth his head on high, and his mane floateth about his shoulders, and he trusteth in his glory and nimbly his limbs bear him to the haunts and pasturage of mares; even so, Priam's son Paris, glittering in his armour like the shining sun, strode down from high Pergamos laughingly, and his swift feet bare him. Forthwith he overtook his brother, noble Hector, even as he was on the point to turn him away from the spot where he had dallied with his wife. To him first spake godlike Alexandros: "Sir, in good sooth, I have delayed thee in thine haste by my tarrying, and came not rightly as thou badeest me."

"And Hector of the glancing helm answered him and said: "Good brother, no man that is right-minded could make light of thy doings in fight, seeing thou art strong; but thou art wilfully remiss and hast no care; and for this my heart is grieved within me, that I hear shameful words concerning thee in the Trojans' mouths, who for thy sake endure much toil. But let us be going: all this we will make good hereafter, if Zeus ever vouchsafe us to set before the heavenly gods that are for everlasting the cup of deliverance in our halls, when we have chased out of Troyland the well-greaved Achæians."

Homer: Iliad VI.,

By LANG, LEAF AND MYERS.

SINGLE COMBAT ON THE TROJAN PLAIN.

The Greek Champion, Achilles (Akil'-ez), Theus' son, having quarrelled with king Agamemnon, is sulking in his tent. Trojan Hector challenges the Greeks to send forth a warrior to do battle. Nine Greeks accept the challenge, and so one is chosen by lot on old Nestor's advice.

The lot falls to Ajax Telamon.

The lots produced, each hero signs his own.
 Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown,
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands :
 " Grant thou, Almighty ! in whose hand is fate,
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state :
 This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
 Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove."
 Old Nestor shook the casque By heaven inspired,
 Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.
 This from the right to left the herald bears,
 Held out in order to the Grecian peers ;
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
 Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own,
 Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,
 Then casts before him, and with transport cries :
 " Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy,
 Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy
 Now while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
 To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd
 But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
 And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear
 Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare
 In such a voice as fills the earth and air,
 Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread ?
 Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred !
 From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
 And, born to combat, fear no force on earth "

He said The troops with elevated eyes,
 Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies :

" O father of mankind, superior lord !
 On lofty Ida's holy hill adored .
 Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of gods ! unbounded and alone :
 Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
 The praise and conquest of this doubtful day ,
 Or, if illustrious Hector be thy care,
 That both may claim it, and that both may share."

Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on ,
 Sheathed in bright steel the giant-warrior shone ;
 He moves to combat with majestic pace ,
 So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
 When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars
 Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god ,
 Grimly he smiled , earth trembled as he strode ;
 His massy javelin quivering in his hand,
 He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band
 Through every Argive heart new transport ran ;
 All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man
 Even Hector paused , and with new doubt oppressed,
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ,
 Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
 As from a brazen tower, o'erlooked the field
 Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
 Of tough bull-hides , of solid brass the last,
 (The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd
 And in all arts of armoury excell'd)
 This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
 And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd :

He dares Hector, who replies.

" Hector ! approach my arm, and singly know
 What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
 Achilles shuns the fight , yet some there are,
 Not void of soul, and not unskil'd in war ,
 Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,

Indulge his wrath, and add our arms no more ;
 Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host
 Such as I am I come to prove thy might ;
 No more——be sudden, and begin the fight."

" O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !
 (To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)
 Me, as a boy, or woman, wouldst thou fright,
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer every call of war ;
 To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe."

They fight.

He said, and rising, high above the field
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
 Full on the brass descending from above
 Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
 Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw,
 Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
 His corselet enters, and his garment rends,
 And glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
 The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
 From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins drew,
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew ;
 Fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
 At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends,
 The blunted point against the buckler bends ;
 But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
 Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear ;
 It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd !
 Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.

Yet ceased not Hector thus , but stooping down,
 In his strong hand upheaved a flinty stone,
 Black, craggy, vast , to this his force he bends ;
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ,
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock .

Hector is Wounded Apollo saves him.

Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,
 Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous, let the ruin fly ;
 The huge stone thundering through his buckler **broke** :
 His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke ; ,
 Great Hector falls extended on the field,
 His bulk supporting on the shattered shield
 Nor warded heavenly aid Apollo's might
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight
 And now both heroes their broad falchions drew ;
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew ,
 But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
 The sacred ministers of earth and heaven
 Divine Talthylus, whom the Greeks employ,
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
 Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;
 And first Idæus' awful voice was heard

“ Forbear, my sons ! your further force to prove,
 Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove.
 To either host your matchless worth is known,
 Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
 But now the Night extends her awful shade ,
 The goddess parts you , be the night obey'd ”

They exchange Gifts.

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd ,
 “ O sage ! to Hector be these words address'd
 Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to fight,
 Let him demand the sanction of the night ;
 If first he ask it, I content obey,
 And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.”
 “ O first of Greeks ! (his noble foe rejoind)
 Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,

With strength of body, and with worth of mind !
 Now martial law enjoins us to forbear ;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war ,
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
 And let the gods decide of death or life !
 Since, then, the night extends her gloomy shade,
 And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd,
 Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ,
 As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
 Whom wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life
 But let us, on this memorable day,
 Exchange some gift that Greece and Troy may say,
 ' Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ,
 And each brave foe was in his soul a friend ' "

With that, a sword with stars of silver graced,
 The baldric studded, and the sheath enchased,
 He gave the Greek The generous Greek bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd
 Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ,
 This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train

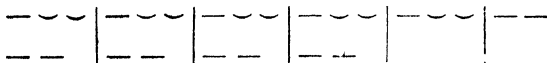
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
 And hail with joy the Champion of their state ,
 Escaped great Ajax, they survey him round,
 Alive, unarm'd, and vigorous from his wound ,
 To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead
 A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind
 The victim falls they strip the smoking hide,
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ,
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share
 The king himself (an honorary sign)
 Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine

Homer Iliad VII — By POPE.

THE CAMP FIRES BEFORE TROY.

Translation, or imitation of the original metre of Homer, the dactylic hexameter, used in Longfellow's Evangeline



This is also the metre in Latin of Vergil's Aeneid The Trojans, having driven back the Greeks, are camped in the fields

As in the heights of heaven the moon gleams clear, and
 around her
 Shine in their beauty the stars, nor is one cloud moving in
 ether,
 Shines forth every cliff, and the jutting peaks and the head-
 lands,
 Forest and glen then,—as opens the rifting firmament
 heavenwards,—
 Star is revealed upon star and gay is the heart of the
 herdsman,—
 Not in less number than they, from the Xanthus stream to
 the sea-sands,
 Glimmered the red watchfires that encompassed Ilion
 alway;—
 Glimmered amid Troy's host as a thousand stars, and at
 each one
 There sat threescore and ten, their face lighted up by the
 firebrand
 Meanwhile, each at his ear, till crowned in her glory the
 morning
 Roused them, their good steeds stood, white oats and
 barley before them

Iliad VIII.—By CALVERLEY.

(Tennyson has also translated this passage.)

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Æsop, father of fables, was a Greek slave about 600 B.C. The first two fables below are from Caxton's Æsop, 1484—one of the first printed English books. The other three are from Phædrus also a Greek slave, who was brought to Rome, learned Latin literature, and copied Æsop about 40 A.D.

The Oak and the Reed.

A great Oak would bow him for no wind, and a Reed which was at his foot bowed himself as much as the wind would.

And the Oak said to him, "Why dost thou not abide still as I do?"

And the Reed answered, "I have not the might which thou hast."

And the Tree said to the Reed proudly, "Then have I more strength than thou."

And anon after came a great wind which threw down to the ground the said great Tree, and the Reed abode in his own being. For the proud shall be always humbled, and the meek and humble shall be enhanced, for the root of all virtue is obedience and humility.

The Wolf and the Skull.

A Wolf found a dead man's head, which he turned upside down with his foot. And he said, "Ah ha! how fair hast thou been, and pleasant. And now thou hast in thee neither wit nor beauty; and thou art without voice and without any thought." Therefore men ought not only to behold the beauty and fairness of the body, but also the goodness and the courage

The Crab and Her Mother.

Said an old Crab to a young one, 'Why do you walk so crooked, child? walk straight!' "Mother," said the young Crab, "show me the way, will you? and when I see you taking a straight course, I will try to follow."

Example is better than precept.

The Hare and the Hound.

A Hound having put up a Hare from a bush, chased her for some distance, but the Hare had the best of it, and got off. A Goatherd who was coming by jeered at the Hound, saying that Puss was the better runner of the two. "You forget," replied the Hound, "that it is one thing to be running for your dinner, and another for your life."

The Camel and the Fly.

A Fly chancing to sit on the back of a Camel who was going along, weighed down with heavy burdens, was quite delighted with himself, as he appeared to be so much higher. After they had made a long journey, they came together in the evening to the stable. The Fly immediately exclaimed, skipping lightly to the ground. "See, I have got down directly, that I may not weary you any longer, so galled as you are." The Camel replied "I thank you, but neither when you were on me did I find myself oppressed by your weight, nor do I feel myself at all lightened now you have dismounted." He who, while he is of no standing, boasts to be of a lofty one, falls under contempt when he comes to be known.

A PRINCESS AND A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

After the sack of Troy, Ulysses (Odysseus) sailed for his island-home, Ithaca, but lost all his ships and comrades, and after many thrilling adventures was detained long years in Calypso's isle. Starting again thence alone on a raft, he is again wrecked, and finally guided by the goddess Athena, makes his way in to the mouth of a river in Phæacia, crawls ashore, and falls asleep under the bushes. Meantime the lady Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, comes down to the river with her maids to wash linen and play at ball.

Nausicaa and her maids at the river.

So when they came to the fair-flowing river,
Which feeds good lavatories all the year,
Fitted to cleanse all sullied robes soever,
They from the wain the mules unharnessed there,
And chased them, free to crop their juicy fare
By the swift river, on the margin green,
Then to the waters dark the vestments bare,
And in the stream-filled trenches stamped them clean,
Urging the welcome toil with emulation keen

Which having washed and cleansed they spread before
The sunbeams, on the beach, where most did lie
Thick pebbles, by the sea-wave washed ashore.
So having left them in the heat to dry,
They to the bath went down, and by-and-by,
Rubbed with rich oil, their mid-day meal essay,
Couched on green turf, the river rolling nigh;
And thence, unveiling, they rise up to play,
While the white-armed Nausicaa leads the choral lay.

Such as adown the Erymanthian hill,
Or tall Taigëtus, with arrows keen
Moves the fair Artemis, on chase to kill
Boars and the flying deer —around their queen,
Daughters of Zeus, the rural nymphs, are seen
At pastime, (gladdening sight hath Leto there);
She by the face and forehead towers, I ween,
Right easy to be known, but all are fair—
So did that virgin pure amid her train appear

But when she thought to yoke the mules and fold
 The raiment, then Athene erst to wake
 Odysseus, that the maid he might behold
 Ere she returned, and following in her wake
 To the Phæacian town her guidance take
 Just then by a false aim she flung the ball
 Far in the swirling river —the maidens brake
 Into a long, loud scream, whose echoing call
 Odysseus roused He sitting thus debated all :

Ulysses wakes all flee, but Nausicaa.

“ Ay me ! what mortal souls inhabit here ?
 Despiteful, wild, unjust ? —or love they well
 The stranger, and the immortal gods revere ?
 Surely but now the female cry did swell
 Of virgin nymphs who in the mountains dwell,
 Or haunt the cradles whence the rivers flow,
 Or green slope of the fountain-trickling dell—
 Am I with men that human language know ?

Come, I will soon explore what cheer these coasts bestow.”

Then from the olive-brake Odysseus came,
 And from the forest, all around him spread,
 Snapped a young shoot, thick-leaved, to veil his shame,
 And as a lion on the mountains bred,
 With rain and wind and hunger hard bested,
 Goes, trusting in his strength, his eyes on fire,
 Against the sheep and oxen making head,
 Or rending the wild deer, yea, fierce desire
 Drives him in quest of ravin, stung with the famine-fire,

Even a house well-built to essay—
 So to the fair-haired maidens would have gone
 Odysseus—such sore need upon him lay—
 Though naked, his dire anguish to make known
 But terror seized them when his form was shown,
 Squalid with brine, and diverse ways they fled,
 Hurrying along the bending banks Alone
 Stood firm Alcinous' child Athene fed [dread,
 Her soul with strength, and freed her tender limbs from

Him she stood fronting, while within his heart
 Pondered Odyseus whether now to press
 The virgin-knees and all his prayer impart,
 Or if aloof he should the maid address
 With gesture mild and voice of tenderness.
 Seemed best her spirit from afar to prove
 With gesture mild and voice of tenderness,
 Lest the knees clasping he should angu move
 He in a smooth set speech to gain her heart thus strove :

He addresses her and asks help.

“ Queen, hear me—art thou of the earth or skies ?
 If of the deities in heaven that dwell,
 To Artemis, the child of Zeus in size
 And form and beauty I thee liken well—
 Or if of mortals who on earth excel,
 Thrice fortunate thy mother and thy sire !
 Thrice fortunate thy brothers ! Haply swell
 Their hearts when they behold in fair attire
 Such scion of their house threading the mazy choir.

“ But he more fortunate than all beside,
 Who with rich gifts contending shall prevail
 To win thy hand and lead thee home a bride.
 No mortal form did ever these eyes hail,
 How amiable soever, but would fail,
 Or man or woman, to compare with thee ;
 Yea, as I gaze, much wonder makes me pale.
 Such once in Delos-isle a young palm-tree,
 Hard by Apollo’s altar, I did chance to see

“ I thither also in my wanderings went,
 By a large host attended, on a way
 Fraught with deep loss and many a dark event ;
 But when this fair palm did its form display,
 Gazing I paused long time, and on me lay
 (Since never from the earth upsprang there such)
 The same strange wonder that I feel to-day.
 Lady, I reverence thee, and fear to touch
 Thy knees—yet wounding griefs assail me overmuch.

“ But yester-even, on the twentieth day,
 I was delivered from the white-dark deep,
 Me all that time the waves and storms affray,
 While from Ogygia’s isle I onward sweep
 Now fortune hurls me hither—perchance to weep.
 It cannot be the gods will hold their hand
 O queen, have mercy ! To thee first I creep,
 Broken with sorrow, and thy help demand
 No mortal else I know inhabiting this land

“ Show me the city, and some shred bestow
 To shield my nakedness, if aught thou hast ,
 And unto thee the heavenly gods make flow
 Whate’er of happiness thy mind forecast,
 Husband and home and spirit-union fast !
 Since nought is lovelier on the earth than this,
 When in the house, one-minded to the last,
 Dwell man and wife—a pain to foes, I wis, [bliss ”
 And joy to friends—but most themselves know their own

She bids her maids minister to him.

To whom Nausicaa the white-armed replied
 “ Stranger, who seemest neither vile nor vain,
 Zeus both to good and evil doth divide
 Wealth as he listeth He perchance this pain
 Appointed , thou thy sorrow must sustain.
 But, since thou comest to our land and state,
 Nor succour shalt thou lack, nor welcome fain,
 Raiment, nor any comfort, small or great,
 Such as doth aye behove on suppliant wretch to wait.

“ Now to the city will I guidance give,
 And in thy ears unfold this people’s name.
 Know, the Phæacians in this land do live—
 My father is Alcinous, first in fame,
 Large-hearted, who the regal power doth claim,
 And sways the sceptre of Phæacia’s might.”
 She spake, and to her maidens cried “ For shame !
 How then hath one man’s form put you to flight !
 Deem ye a wretch like this some trampler down of right ?

"That mortal is not living nor can be,
 Who brings us sword and fire Far off we dwell,
 Loved by the gods, and zoned by the deep sea,
 Nor can men hitherward their barks impel
 Now comes this wand'ring—let us treat him well;
 All strangers and all poor by Zeus are sent,
 And love can make a little gift excel
 Come, to this stranger food and drink present,
 And in wind-sheltered stream lave ye his limbs sore
 spent "

Thereat they standing each to other cried,
 'Thou to wind-sheltered stream Odysseus brave
 Led, and a robe and tunic at his side
 Placed, and the golden cuse of oil they gave,
 And bade him wash there, in the river's wave
 Then said divine Odysseus "Keep thus clear,
 While I the salt brine from my shoulders lave,
 And limbs anoint which oil long comes not near.
 Shames me with fair-haired maidens naked to appear "

So spake he, and they passed aloof and told
 The princess But divine Odysseus there
 In the clean stream dissolved the sea-scurf, rolled
 In flakes about his shoulders, loins, and hair,
 Then rubbed his skin with oil, and donned with care
 The raiment And behold! Athene shed
 New grace, and made him ampler and more fair
 Hued like the hyacinth his locks disspread,
 Streaming in loose array from his thrice glorious head.

As when some artist, fired with plastic thought,
 Silver doth overlay with liquid gold,
 One by Hephæstus and Athene taught
 Fair-shining forms, instinct with love, to mould,
 She thus his shoulders did with grace enfold
 And glorious head Then silent by the main
 He, clothed in beauty, glistening to behold,
 Sat—whom the princess marked with wonder fain,
 And thus admiring spake amid the bright-haired train

"White-armed attendants, hear and I will speak
 Not wholly hated by the gods, I trow,
 This man to the Phæacian race doth seek.
 To me he seemed a little while ago
 Strange, formless, and uncouth, who now doth show
 Like to the gods who in Olympus dwell
 Fain would I in our isle such husband know,
 Or that to linger here might please him well!—
But come, set food and drink his famine-pangs to quell."

She ended, and they hearing straight obey,
 And by divine much-toiled Odysseus set
 Good sustenance, his hunger to allay,
 And wine. He ravenously drank and ate—
 Foodless long time, nor had his lips been wet
 Save with the sea. White-armed Nausicaa fair
 Folded each tunic, robe, and coverlet,
 And stowed them in the wain and yoked the pair
 Of mules hard-hooved, and thus bespake Odysseus there

She invites him to her father's palace.

"Stranger, bestir thyself to seek the town,
 That to my father's mansion I may lead
 Thee following, there to meet the flower and crown
 Of the Phæacian people. But take heed,
 (Not senseless dost thou seem in word or deed)
 While 'mid the fields and works of men we go,
 After the mules, in the wain's track, to speed,
 Gilt with this virgin company, and lo!
I will myself drive first, and all the road will show.

"When we the city reach—a castled crown
 Of wall encircles it from end to end,
 And a fair haven, on each side the town,
 Framed with fine entrance, doth our barks defend,
 Which, where the terrace by the shore doth wend,
 Line the long coast, to all and each large space.
 Docks, and deep shelter, doth that haven lend,
 There, paved with marble, our great market-place
 Doth with its arms Poseidon's beauteous fan embrace.

“ All instruments marine they fashion there,
 Cordage and canvas and the tapering oar ,
 Since not for bow nor quiver do they care,
 But masts and well-poised ships and naval store,
 Wherewith the foam-white ocean they explore
 Rejoicing There I fear for my good name,
 For in the land dwell babblers evermore,
 Proud, supercilious, who might work me shame
 Hereafter with sharp tongues of cavil and quick blame

“ Haply would ask some gossip, meeting me,
 ‘ Where did she find this stranger tall and brave ?
 Who is it ? He then will her husband be—
 Perchance some far-off foreigner—whom the wave
 (For none dwell near us) on our island drive
 Or have her long prayers made a god come down,
 Whom all her life she shall for husband have ?
 Wisely she sought him, for she spurns our town,
 Though wooed by many a chief of high worth and
 renown ’

“ So will they speak this slander to my shame ,
 Yea, if another made the like display,
 Her I myself should be the first to blame,
 If in the public streets she should essay
 To mix with men before her marriage-day,
 Against her father’s and her mother’s will
 Now, stranger, we’ll remember what I say,
 So mayst thou haply in good haste fulfil
 Thy journey, with safe-conduct, by my father’s will .—

“ Hard by the road-side an illustrious grove,
 Athene’s, all of poplar, thou shalt find
 Through it a streaming rivulet doth rove,
 And the rich meadow-lands around it wind
 There the estate lies, to my sire assigned,
 There his fat vineyards—from the town so far
 As a man’s shout may travel There reclined
 Tarry such while, and thy approach debar,
 Till we be like within my father’s mansion arc

“ Then to the town Phæacian, and inquire
 (Plain is the house, a child might be thy guide)
 Where dwells Alcinous my large-hearted sire
 Not like the houses reared on every side
 Stands that wherein Alcinous doth abide,
 But easy to be known But when the wall
 And court enclose thee, with an eager stride
 Move through the noble spaces of the hall,
 And with firm eye seek out my mother first of all

“ She is the firelight near the hearth doth twine,
 Sitting, the purpled yarn, her maids are seen.
 Behind her, there my sire, enthroned, his wine
 Quaffs like a god, both on the pillar lean
 Him passing urge thy supplication keen
 My mother's knees enclosing If but she
 Think kindness in her heart, good hope, I ween,
 Remains, however far thy bourne may be,
 That country, friends, and homethou yet shalt live to see ”

She ended, and the mules with glittering lash
 Phed, who soon leave the river in their rear
 Onward continuously then swift feet flash
 She like an understanding charioteer
 Scoured them with judgment, and their course did steer
 So to precede Odysseus and the rest
 And the sun fell and they the grove came near
 There on the earth sat down with anxious breast
 Odysseus, and in prayer the child of Zeus addressed

“ Virgin, whose eyelids slumber not nor sleep,
 Hear, child of Zeus ! who in the time forepast
 Heardest me not, when in the rumous deep
 Poseidon whirled me with his angry blast
 Let me find pity in this land at last ! ”
 So prayed he, and Athene heard, but she
 Not yet revealed herself in form, so vast
 Loomed in her eyes her uncle's fierce decree
 Against divine Odysseus, ere his land he see

Homer Odyssey VI —BY WORSLEY.

ULYSSES AND THE BLIND BARD.

Ulysses (when he presents himself alone and begs aid) is nobly entertained by Alcinous and Arete, parents of Nausicaa. Next day a banquet is prepared he is given rich robes wherein to array himself worthy of his rank as king. But none knows his name.

He meets Nausicaa again.

Him then the maidens bathe and rub with oil,
And in rich robe and tunic clothe with care
He from the bath, cleansed from the dust of toil,
Passed to the drinkers, and Nausicaa there
Stood, moulded by the gods exceeding fair
She, on the roof-tree pillar leaning, heard
Odysseus, turning she beheld him near
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low, sweet voice she spake this wingéd word.

“Hail, stranger-guest! when fatherland and wife
Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life.”
And to the royal virgin answered he
“Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
That I my home and dear return yet see,
There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my saviour from dark
death.”

He spake, and by Alcinous sat, but they
Portioned the meat to each, and mingled wine.
Then came the herald, leading on his way
Beloved Demodocus, the bard divine,
Whom in the middle space he made recline,
Leaning on shaft magnificent and tall,
Then carving a choice portion from the chine
Of white-toothed boar with fat enfolded all,
Thus to the herald spake Odysseus in the hall

“ Herald, take this, and bid the minstrel eat !
 Greet him from me — Al’ mortal reverence pay
 That tribe whose voice the loving Muse made sweet,
 And taught their fingers on the harp to play ”
 Then did the herald the choice gift convey
 To great Demodocus, who silent smiled
 They eager hands upon the banquet lay,
 And sat a then spirit with the dainties piled.
 Then to the bard spake forth Laertes’ godlike child :

He asks Demodocus to sing of the wooden Horse.

“ Demodocus, thy strain exceeds my thought
 Of minstrelries, thee first of bards I hold,
 Whether the Muse, the child of Zeus, thee taught,
 Or great Apollo did thy music mould,
 Since excellently well thou hast unrolled
 The doom of the Achæans in thy song
 Their works and toils and sufferings manifold,
 As thou thyself hadst languished in them long,
 Or from eyewitness heard their sorrowings deep and strong.

“ Come now, pass over this lamented theme,
 And for my sake lift up thy strain and sing
 That Horse, Epeus’ and Athene’s scheme,
 And how by policy the wondrous thing
 Odysseus to the Acropolis did bring,
 Filled with the heroes who laid Ilion low.
 If to this story thou thy harp shalt string,
 And paint it truly, all I meet shall know
 What songs divine some god on thee deigns to bestow.”

Then did the god the minstrel’s heart inspire,
 And he the strings swept, and took up the lay
 Where the Achæans to their camp set fire,
 And in the war ships seem to sail away,
 While in the Horse their chiefs in armed array
 Lurk with renowned Odysseus on the steep
 Of Ilion—by the Trojans drawn that day
 Clean past the bulwarks of their central keep.—
 These round the great bulk urge deliberation deep.

Three way their counsel tended— to break through
 The hollow timber with the ruthless steel,
 Or down the rocks to hurl it out of view,
 Or leave it hallowed, wrath divine to heal,
 Which thing by destiny their doom did seal—
 For, so the Fates enacted, they must fall
 When through their gates the wooden Horse they wheel,
 Whence, from dark lair, should Argive heroes all
 Burst to wreak murderous bale on Trojans great and
 small.

And he sang how issuing from the lair
 With sword and fire the guardless town they smite,
 While each on several way the chieftains fare,
 How to Deiphobus at dead of night
 Odysseus came, like Ares fierce in fight,
 With Menelaus, and did aye ensue
 Conquest not bloodless by Athene's might
 All this he sang— Odysseus, melted through,
 Sat listening while the tears his pale worn cheek bedew.

Even as a wife, who sees her husband die,
 Flings herself round him with a piteous wail,
 Where he the foe met in his people's eye,
 And fell down, pierced, beneath their iron hail,
 And all to ward off wrong and bitter bale
 From home and fatherland and children dear,
 Him, when her help can now no more avail,
 Dying she marks and the last sob can hear;
 Deep in her arms she folds him, the long shriek rings clear.

And lo! the foemen to her side advance,
 Led by the wildness of her yearning cry,
 Spurn the weak shoulders with the shafted lance,
 Unclasp her, and to doom of slavery,
 Alone in sorrow, weeping bitterly,
 Lead her—too hard in their inhuman haste!—
 Thenceforward in extremest agony
 Wrongs undeserved, the living death, to taste;
 While still the thin white cheeks for ever pine and waste.

Alcinous sees Ulysses weep.

Wrung with like misery Odysseus shed
 Full many a feeling tear from eyes dark-browed,
 Tranced in far thought and dreaming of the dead,
 But kept his weeping secret from the crowd
 Only Alcinous marked him, as he bowed
 Over his breast in pain, and evermore
 Traced the salt tear drops which he fain would shroud,
 And, near him seated, heard him groaning sore —
 He then with voice harangued those masters of the oar :

“ Hear now, ye chiefs that feast within our hall,
 And let Demodocus his shrill-voiced lyre
 Stop, what he singeth is not sweet to all,
 For since the minstrel whom the gods inspire
 First from his lips let fall the hallowed fire,
 We all the while in silence feasting on,
 This stranger, veiling with his dark attire
 His tear-dimmed eyes, hath never ceased to groan ;
 Haply the strain hath struck some mournful inward tone.

“ Cease then the song, that we may pleasure take,
 Both host and guest, for it is nobler so—
 These things are done for reverend strangers' sake,
 On whom with grudgeless hand we have bestow
 Safe-conduct and sweet gifts, that they may know
 How from a lavish soul our love we shed
 For unto every man in whom doth glow
 One spark of kindness in heart or head,
 The suppliant stranger still doth count in brother's stead.

And asks him to declare his name.

“ Thou too, no longer by thy speeches fair
 And fine evasions fence with my request
 Now is thine hour the full truth to declare
 Make known, then, in what name thou art address
 By father, mother, neighbours, and the rest ;
 Since none, however we esteem his worth,
 Whether we rank him with the worst or best,
 Lives altogether nameless on the earth ;
 Always the parents fix some title at the birth

"Also thy people and thy land make plain,
 That nought the instinct of our ships delay
 For unto us no pilots appertain,
 Rudder nor helm which other barks obey
 These, ruled by reason, their own course essay
 Sharing men's mind Cities and climes they know,
 And through the deep sea-gorges cleaving way,
 Wrapt in an ambient vapour, to and fro
 Sail in a fearless scorn of scathe or overthrow.

"Nathless of old I heard Nausithous say,
 My father, how Poseidon liked not well
 That we send all men harmless on their way;
 And this old prophecy he used to tell—
 How on a day, while we good course impel
 Homeward, Poseidon should the convoy break,
 And hide with hills the city where we dwell—
 Such was the prophecy the old man spake,
 Whereof the god or failure or fulfilment make!

"But come now, tell me this and tell me true—
 Where thou hast wandered, to what lands hast gone,
 And of the well-built cities fair to view,
 And of the tribes of men whom thou hast known,
 Despiteful, wild, unjust, and those which own
 Fear of the gods and love the stranger well
 Nor fail to show me why thy breast did groan,
 And why the dark tear from thine eyelids fell,
 Hearing how Danaan Argives did fair Ilion quell.

"Thus the gods fated, and such ruin wove,
 That song might flourish for posterity
 Didst thou by castled Ilion lose a love,
 Near thee by marriage? for such ever be,
 Next to our own blood, dear exceedingly.
 Or in that field did some companion fall,
 One generous, brave, and good, and knit to thee?
 Surely the friend whom love makes liberal
 Not even to a brother yields in worth at all!"

Odyssey VIII.

Ulysses now discloses his name and begins his story, which occupies books 9 to 12 of the Odyssey.

THE ODYSSEY—BOOK VII.

In this book Ulysses, who had been found by Nausicaa and welcomed by Alcinous, concludes his narrative. He has described the loss of all his ships but one, and the eating of the sailors by the Iæstrygonian cannibals. He has just described the visit to Hades.

Ulysses returns to Ææa, Circe's isle, and buries Elpenor.

But when the Ocean river in our wake
Streamed afar off, borne through the wide-wayed deep
Straight for Ææa's isle our course we take,
To where the young-eyed Morning loves to keep
Her pastime, and the Sun wakes up from sleep
Thither arrived, on the smooth shore we run
The keel, and to the land our sailors leap,
And, all night slumbering on the sands, each one
Waits for the Dawn divine and the returning Sun

But when the rosy-fingered Dawn was come,
Child of the mist, my comrades forth I sent
To fetch the dead Elpenor from the home
Of Circe. Then to the utmost cape we went,
And cut wood, and with tears and sad lament
Paid the funereal rites. So when with all
His arms the dead was burned, a monument
Of earth, and grave-stone to record his fall
We reared, and in the midst the shapely oar sprang tall.

We then, reminded of our labours past,
Talked over all that we had seen and known,
And Circe knew that through the billows vast
From Hades' realms we had returned, and soon
In shining raiment to the shore came down,
While in her train paced many a maiden fair,
Who corn and flesh, and sparkling wine, the crown
Of banquets, in white hands uplifted bare
Then, standing in the midst spake the divine one there

Circe tells Odysseus of the dangers ahead.

' Ah ! desperate who have trod with living feet
The house of Hades and the sunless way,
Twice dead, while others die but once ! Haste, eat
Both corn and flesh in plenty while ye may,
And, sitting here, drink wine the livelong day !
Hence in the morning shall ye sail, and I
Will point your path, nor any more delay
To warn you and each danger signify,
Lest or by land or wave you find adversity !

She ended, and our manly heart obeyed
So through the livelong day on corn, flesh, wine,
We feasted, till the sun fell and the shade
Descended Then the mariners recline
Hard by the black ship, but the queen divine
Led me apart from my companions dear,
And bode with me, and asked each word and sign
Of the late work, which I unfolded clear,
And at the last spake Circe in my listening ear.

How to avoid the Sirens.

' These things are ended Harken now my word !
Yea, God himself shall call it to thy mind
First shalt thou reach the Sirens, who once heard,
Charm with their strains the souls of all mankind
If unawares come floating on the wind
That clear sweet music which the Sirens pour,
He who hath quaffed it with his ears shall find
No voice, no welcome, on his native shore,
Shall on his dear wife gaze and lisping babes no more

' For the shrill Sirens, couched among the flowers,
Sing melodies that lure from the great deep
The heedless mariner to their fatal bowers,
Where round about them, piled in many a heap,
Lie the bleached bones of mouldering men that sleep

For ever, and the dead skins waste away.
 Thou though the waves thy course right onward keep,
 And stop with wax thy comrade's ears, that they
 Hear not the sweet death-songs which through the wide
 air stray

' But if thyself art fain to hear their song,
 Let thy companions bind thee, hands and feet,
 Upright against the mast with cordage strong
 So mayst thou hearken to the voices sweet
 Of the twin Sirens, as thy white sails fleet
 Along the perilous coast, yet, though thou yearn
 To linger, and with tears thy friends entreat,
 Let them remain hard-hearted, doubly stern,
 Yea, with more chains enwind thee, and thine angry
 spurn

The perils of the passage by the Strikers.

' These once escaped, no more I plainly tell
 Which way be safer, thou shalt think, but I
 Both will proclaim, for there wild rocks upswell,
 Vast, overshadowing, round whose bases cry
 Dark Amphitrite's billows Gods on high
 These rocks call Strikers, and no winged thing
 That place hath passed, or can pass, harmless by—
 No, not the doves, those tremblers, wont to bring
 Ambrosia, heavenly food, to Father Zeus their king.

' One of their number the fell rock doth slay,
 But aye another doth the Father send
 His convoy to complete Nor by that way
 Ever did bark of mortal courage wend,
 For waves and fiery storms the timbers rend,
 And the men murder Of all ships that sail,
 Argo, beloved one, did alone transcend
 That ruin She too had been brought to bale,
 But that queen Hera's love for Jason did prevail

She warns him of Scylla and Charybd's.

' Guarding a narrow gulf two rocks there are,
 Whereof the one sky-threatening, a black cloud
 Not pierceable by power of sun, moon, star,
 Doth everlastingly with gloom enshroud
 Summer nor autumn to that vile dark-browed
 Lends a clear ether, nor could mortal wight,
 Albeit with twenty hands and feet endowed,
 Climb or descend that sheer and perilous height,
**Which, smooth as burnished stone, darts heavenward out
 of sight**

' Deep in the mid rock lies a murky cave,
 Whose mouth yawns westward to the sullen dark
 Of Erebus, and thou, Odysseus brave,
 Must by this way direct the hollow bark
 Nor yet could any archer taking mark,
 No, not a strong man in his life's full bloom,
 A swift-winged shaft from that same hollow bark
 Shoot to the vault, within whose hideous womb
Scylla in secret lurks, dread-howling through the gloom.

' Her voice is like the voice of whelps new-born,
 Yet she such monster as no eyes can meet
 Rejoicing, or with glance of careless scorn,
 Not though a god should pass her dire retreat
 Twelve feet she has, twelve huge misshapen feet,
 And six long necks, wherefrom she quivereth
 Six heads of terror, and her prey doth eat
 With grim jaws, armed with triple ranks of teeth,
Frequent and thickly sown and teeming with black death.

' Her waist is hidden in the hollow cave,
 But all her heads from the infernal lair
 She thrusts, to fish with, in the whirling wave,
 And, feeling round the rock with eager care,
 For dolphins dips and sea-dogs, or if there
 Perchance some larger weightier bulk she catch,
 Such as the deep in myriads feeds—and ne'er
 Have mariners eluded her dire watch,
Who for each head one victim from the ship doth snatch.

' The other rock, a little space remote,
 (Yea with an arrow thou couldst reach it well)
 More flat by far, Odysseus shalt thou note
 Crowned with a fig-tree wild Charybdis fell
 Sucks the black water in her throat's deep hell
 Beneath it, thrice disgorges in the day,
 And thrice again sucks up the eddying swell.
 Heaven from that suction keep thee far away!
 Not the Earth-shaker's self could then thy doom delay.

' Rather to Scylla's rock, whate'er befall,
 Cleave in thy steering, when thou passest by,
 Since it is better to lose six than all '
 Thewith she ended and I made reply.
 ' This one thing more, kind goddess, signify—
 If I may yet take counsel not in vain
 Whirling Charybdis to evade or fly,
 And ward off Scylla, ere my friends be slain ? '
 I ceased, and the divine one answering spake again :

' Ah ! desperate heart ! and wilt thou never turn
 From weariest toil and feats of warlike fame,
 Nor even to the gods submission learn ?
 She is no mortal whom thou fain wouldst tame,
 This mischief, but of race immortal came,
 Fierce and unconquerable and wild and strong,
 No force compels her and no steel can maim
 There is no remedy against this wrong—
 Flight is your help, one moment's tarrying were too long

' For by the rock but linger to equip
 Thy limbs for battle, and in sooth I fear
 Lest she again forth issuing on the ship,
 Find thee with all her ravenous heads, and bear
 Six more aloft of thy companions dear
 Thou rather dive impetuous through the main,
 And on Krataus call, that she may hear,
 Mother of Scylla, who brought forth this bane
 Of mortals she her child forth issuing will restrain.

She tells him of Thrinacria and the herds of Hyperion the Sun.

‘ Soon shall thy bark Thrinacria’s island reach,
Where feed the Sun’s sleek oxen and fat sheep ,
Seven are the herds and fifty kine in each,
And of the flocks like reckoning he doth keep
Seed have they none , nor do the seasons reap
Aught of their vigour Nymphs with flowing hair
Attend them in their pastures by the deep,
Bright Phaethusa and Lampetia fair,
Whom to the heavenly Sun divine Neaera bare

‘ She to Thrinacria sent them there to dwell,
Tending their father’s flocks and herds These leave
Unscathed, and all may in the end be well,
Though to your land returning sore ye grieve ,
But scathe them, and the gods, I well perceive,
Shall break your bark up and your sailors kill ,
And though thine own life they may chance reprieve,
Yet to thy country, at a stranger’s will,
Shalt thou come lone and late and overwhelmed with ill.’

Odysseus sets sail.

She ceasing, came the golden-thronèd Morn
Then passed the goddess inland , but I went
And bade the men embark They, outward borne,
Winnow with oars the foaming element
Soon in our lee the fair-haired Circe sent
A helpmate good, a canvas-swelling breeze
We, on the tackling of our bark intent,
All things arranged , then, sitting at our ease,
Steersman and prosperous wind impelled us through the
seas.

Then sorely grieving, I the tidings break
‘ Friends, it is fitting that now one nor two
Should know the oracles which Circe spake,
Divine one, in these ears ; but all my crew
Shall hear them, that together we may rue

Death not unknowingly, if death should chance,
 Or haply, should we yet pass safely through
 These perils, then in no blind ignorance
 We may awhile escape Fate's evil ordinance

' First of the Sirens, couched among the flowers,
 She warns us fly from the delusive song
 I only, as we pass the fatal bowers,
 Have leave to listen, yet with many a thong
 Need is ye bind me, and with cordage strong,
 Against the socket of the mast upright,
 Lest I should move, and though I urge you long''
 To loose me, and implore with all my might,
 Still bind me with more cords and strain them yet more
 tight '

Odysseus hears the Sirens' song, unharmed.

Thus were my comrades of each several charge
 Admonished, and the well-built ship meanwhile
 Cut lightly through the waves, and neared the marge
 Of that fell coast, the sister-Sirens' isle
 Anon the wind slept, and for many a mile
 Some god in silence hushed the marble mere
 Forthwith our men the canvas furl and pile
 Safe in the hollow ship their naval gear,
 Lean to their oars, and whiten the blue waters clear.

Then did I haste to sever with iron keen
 In morsels a great roll of wax, which lay
 Stored in the hollow ship, and in between
 My strong palms pressed and chafed it every way.
 Soon the wax warmed, for the great Lord of Day,
 Hyperion's offspring, the imperial Sun,
 Came to my succour with his burning ray.
 So when the mass with heat was nigh to run,
 I filled my comrade's ears, in order, one by one

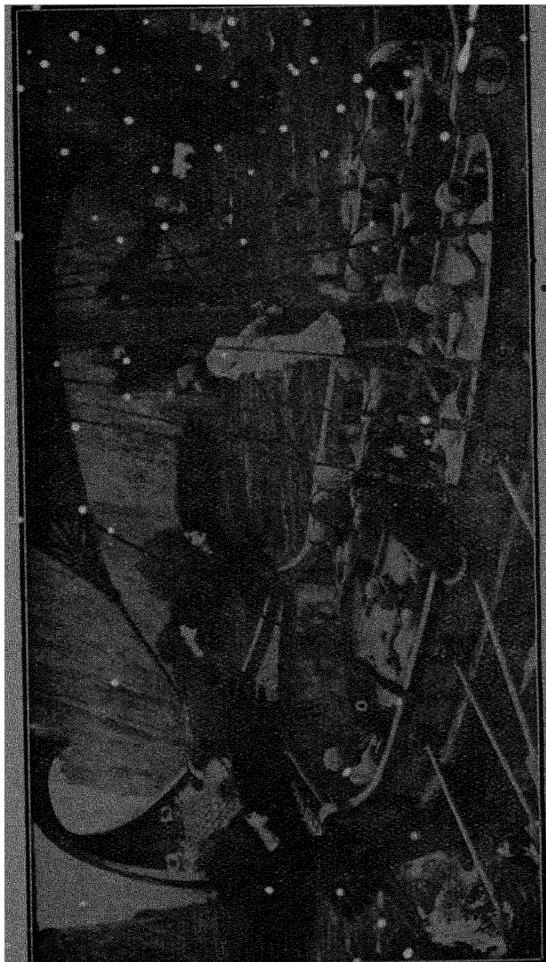
Then did they bind me by the hands and feet
 Upright against the mast with cordage strong,
 And each again retiring to his seat
 Smote the calm sea with furrows white and long.
 We, lightly drifting the blue waves among,
 Soon in our course such interval attain
 As that the ear might catch the Sirens' song
 Nor did the swift ship moving through the main
 Escape them, while they sang this sweet, soul-piercing
 strain ;

*Hither, Odysseus, great Achaean name,
 Turn thy swift keel and listen to our lay,
 Since never pilgrim near these regions came
 In black ship, on the azure fields astray,
 But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed away,
 And in his joy passed on, with ample mind
 We know what labours were in ancient day
 Wrought in wide Troia, as the gods assigned ,
 We know from land to land all toils of all mankind*

While their sweet music took my spirit thus,
 I with drawn brows made signal for release ,
 But Perimedes and Eurylochus
 Bind me yet faster and the cords increase,
 Nor for my passion would the seamen cease
 Their rowing When no more the Sirens' song
 Thrilled the deep air, and on my soul came peace,
 My trusty mariners unsealed ere long
 Their ears, and from my limbs unwound the cordage strong.

The surf and smoke at the Striker Rocks.

When we had left the island in our lee,
 I looked, and straight in front toward heaven uprolled
 Smoke, and the noises of a roaring sea,
 So that with terror every heart sank cold,
 And from the feeble fingers' trembling hold
 Each oar dropt, whirling in the downward flood.
 Dead paused the ship, no longer now controlled
 By slantless oar-blades ; and I passed and stood
 Near each, and thus essayed to calm his fearful mood :



’
ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS

From a painting by A Waterhouse in the National Gallery, Melbourne **By permission**

‘ Friends, we are not in dangers all unlearned,
 Nor have we lighted on a vaster woe
 Than when the Cyclops, who all justice spurned,
 Held us immured, disdaining to let go
 His captive guests Yet verily even so
 This mind and arm a great deliverance wrought
 And surely at this hour I feel, I know,
 That we shall yet live to recount in thought
 These labours Come, take heart, obey me, as ye ought!

‘ Lean to your oars and the wild breakers sweep,
 If haply Zeus vouchsafe our souls to spare
 Thou, steersman, in thy breast this mandate keep,
 Since of the hollow ship thou hast chief care
 And at thy will dost wield her here and there —
 Hold her well clear of this smoke-clouded sea,
 And hug the adverse rock, lest unaware
 We to the whirling gulf drift violently,
 And thou o’erwhelm us all in dire calamity ’

I spake, and they right readily to my hest
 Attended, but not yet did I unfold
 Aught touching Scylla, that destroying pest
 Inevitable, lest they by fear controlled
 Should cease from toil, and huddling in the hold
 Let the ship drive Moreover a brave alarm
 There in a moment from my spirit rolled
 All Circe’s counsel to avoid new harm,
 Who for my own head’s sake adjured me not to arm.

I my illustrious mail assuming now,
 Holding in each hand a long-shafted spear,
 Move to the black ship’s bulwark near the prow,
 First on that side expecting to appear
 Rock-lurking Scylla, destined soon to bear
 Such dread disaster to my comrades brave
 Nor yet could I discern her anywhere,
 Though still my tired eyes straining glances gave,
 And pored both far and deep to pierce her murky cave.

In the Strait Scylla attacks.

We groaning sailed the strait Here Scylla lay,
 And there divine Charybdis, with huge throat
 Gorging salt waves, which when she cast away
 She spumed¹ with hisses (as when fire makes hot
 Some caldron) and the steamy froth upshot
 Wide o'er both rocks But when she gorged again,
 Drunk with abysmal gurglings, one might note
 The dark sands of the immeasurable main
 Gleam iron-blue The rocks loud-bellowing roared amain.
 We pale with dread stared at her, fearing death
 But ravenous Scylla from the hollow bark
 Six of our bravest comrades at a breath
 Seized with her six necks Turning round I mark
 Their forms quick vanishing toward the cavern dark,
 And feet and fingers dangling in mid air,
 Yea, and my ear each several voice could mark
 Which for the last time shrieked, with no one there
 To help them—on my name they called in wild despair.
 As when some fisher angling in the deep
 Casts with a long rod for the smaller fry
 Baits, and a horned hook, from some jutting steep,
 And hurls the snared prey to the land close by
 Gasping, so these were to the rocks on high
 Drawn gasping, and the monster gorged them down
 Stretching their hands with a loud bitter cry
 Toward me their captain This was my grief's crown—
 Never in all my toils like anguish have I known

Arrival at Thrinacia.

Escaped from Scylla and Charybdis fell,
 We, sailing, to the blameless isle came near,
 Where the Sun's sheep and wide-browed oxen dwell
 I lowing herds and bleating flocks could hear
 Even on the deep That word of the blind seer,
 Theban Tiresias, then rose anon
 And of Ææan Circe—still to steer
 Our forward course, and above all things shun
 The island-pastures green of the bliss-giving Sun.

So I within my spirit grieving sore
 Turned to my comrades bold, and thus begun :
 ‘ Harken, though pressed with ill, while I ‘ell o’er
 How Circe and Tiresias bade me shun
 The blameless isle of the bliss-giving Sun
 There—so they warned me ever with warnings dread—
 In some dire evil shall we fall undone
 Ye then obey what holy lips have said
 Nor linger near this land, but steadily steer ahead ’

So did I charge them and their dear heart brake,
 And thus in answer to my warning tongue
 Eurylochus in bitter accents spake
 ‘ O man, thou art unfeeling, overstrong,
 Nor can thy limbs grow tired, though sore and long
 Thy labours, iron are thy nerves and bones
 But we, thy servants, are a feebler throng,
 And thou wilt drive us, half asleep with groans
 And toil, not let our feet touch the earth’s welcome stones.

‘ Here in this sea-girt isle we might prepare
 A dainty meal, but thou through the whole night
 Bidd’st us at random in a murky air
 Still wander on the waters void of light,
 While in the darkness hard winds rave, that smite
 Fleets—and if suddenly fierce Zephyr blow
 Or Notus, whither could one take to flight ?
 These winds, despite what the god-kings can do,
 Often with torn ship-timbers the wild ocean strow.

‘ Nay rather let us yield to the black night,
 And here beside our swift ship on the shore
 Prepare a feast, and with the morning light
 We on the waves will launch our bark once more,
 And lean again to the life-wearying oar ’
 So spake Eurylochus, and all the rest
 Consented Then I knew that some dark store
 Of doom the god was hoarding in his breast,
 And lightly in winged words him answering I addressed :

**Surely, Eurylochus, ye now constrain
 One man, yourselves being man? Come then all
 Swear me a strong oath, neither void nor vain,
 That should our glances on a rich flock fall
 Of sheep, or herd of beeves majesticall,
 None in the folly of his heart will slay,
 Or ox or cheep, but each his leader's call
 Hearken, and with that food his hunger stay
 Which the immortal Circe in our ship did lay '**

So spake I, and they swore, and having sworn
 And ended all their oath, the bark they bring
 For shelter to the hollow haven-bourne,
 There quickly disembark, near a fresh spring,
 And turn with pleasure to their banqueting,
 But when desire had ceased of drink and meat,
 Wailing they wept, those lost remembering
 Whom Scylla from our ship did seize and eat,
 Till their grief-streaming eyes were sealed in slumbers
 sweet.

But in the third watch of the night, when now
 The stars had wheeled, and all were sunk in sleep,
 Zeus sent a whirling hurricane forth to blow,
 While with thick clouds he veiled both land and deep,
 And Night came rushing from heaven's stormy steep!
 We, soon as Dawn appeared, our bark advance
 Into a far recess, where the Nymphs keep
 Soft seats, and lawny levels for the dance—
 There I a council called and spake this ordinance

'Friends, in our stores lie corn and wine Let none
 Dare for his life to touch these sacred steers
 These are the sheep and beeves of the dread Sun
 Who all things overlooks and overhears '
 So did I charge them, and my valiant peers
 Assented. All that month the south wind blew
 Unceasing, without pause, nor ever veers
 Save to the eastward They, while yet they drew
 Sustenance from the ship, nor sheep nor oxen slew.

Mad with hunger, they kill the cows of Hyperion, the Sun.

Put when the whole was finished, then they snared
 Fishes and birds, whatever came to hand,
 Gnawed by sharp famine I myself repaired
 With secret steps some issue to demand
 From heaven, and in a spot of sheltered land
 Washed and with prayers besought the Olympian race,
 They with sweet sleep my weary eyelids fanned
 Then rose Eurylochus with counsels base,
And thus to their own ruin urged my friends apace .

‘ Friends, though to wretched man all deaths are dire,
 Yet is it far most miserable to pine
 With pangs of famine and for want expire
 Come, let us choose the best of the Sun’s kine,
 And seek with sacrifice the powers divine ,
 Then for the rest, if haply we attain
 To Ithaca, snatched from the perilous brine,
 Soon might we build Hyperion a rich fane,
And with full many a gift his noble shrine sustain.

‘ But if, for these horned beeves majestic,
 Anger he feel, and yearn our ship to smite,
 And win thereto all powers celestial,
 Then would I rather, once for all, outright
 Choke in the billows, and eternal night
 Inherit, than waste piecemeal day by day,
 With slow disease and withering undelight,
 Pent in a desert island ’ Thus did say
Eurylochus The rest that fatal word obey.

Quickly the best of the Sun’s kine they drave,
 Which then not far from the cerulean prow
 Of the swift ship stood feeding by the wave,
 Horn-twisted, beautiful, and wide of brow.
 These they encircle, pouring many a vow
 In supplication to the gods on high,
 And strip young leaflets from the shadowy bough
 Of lofty-foliaged oak, since no supply
Of the white barley-meal within the ship did lie.

After their prayers, when they had killed and layed
 The victims, from the trunk they cut the thighs,
 Folded them in with fat, and overlaid
 With pieces raw But nought could they devise
 To pour upon the burning sacrifice
 Save water, since for wine vain were the quest.
 So did they roast the inward When the thighs
 Were burned, and entrails tasted, then the rest
 They carved in pieces small and on the sharp spits
 dressed.

In that same hour sweet slumber fled mine eyes,
 And I moved downward to the barren shore.
 Soon as I neared the bark there seemed to rise
 A savoury steam which the wind inland bore.
 Then to the gods I cried in anguish sore :
 ' O Father Zeus, and ye immortals blest,
 Surely to work me ruin for evermore
 Ye with a ruthless sleep mine eyelids pressed ;
 These to such heinous act meanwhile their heart
 addressed "

Hyperion, the Sun, demands vengeance of Zeus.

Swift with the tidings to Hyperion came
 The flowing robed Lampetia He on high
 Harangued the immortals with his heart aflame ;
 ' O Father Zeus, and each divinity,
 Avenge me on Odysseus' company,
 Who in their insolence have slain my kine,
 Wherein rejoicing I both scaled the sky
 And earthward sloped ! Do thou exact full fine,
 Else will I hide in Hades on the dead to shine ! '

And cloud-compelling Zeus in answer said :
 ' O Sun, do thou among the immortal train
 Shine on, so surely, and kindly influence shed
 For mortal men on vale and fruitful plain

As I now t under upon these fools profane,
 And splinter with white fire, for this thy word,
 Their swift ship i' the midst of the wine-dark main ! *
 This fair Calypso told me, who averred
 That from the herald Helios she the story heard.

But when I came down to the bark and sea,
 There did I each upbraid in my fierce heat
 Of anger, yet could find no remedy
 The sacrilege was done, the sin complete ,
 And there the beeves lay dead before our feet
 Soon there appeared full many a wondrous sign ;
 For the skins crept, and on the spits the meat
 Sent forth a lowing sound, omen divine,
 Loth roast and raw The voice was as the voice of **kine**.

Six days they feasted On the seventh day
 The wind ceased raving Then the mast we rear,
 Spread the white canvas-wings, and sail away.
 But when the island was no longer near,
 Nor from the deep did any land appear,
 Nor aught was visible but sea and sky,
 Then Zeus Kronion in his wrath severe
 Hung forth a thick cloud iron-dark on high ;
 And round the hollow ship the sea gloomed suddenly.

Shipwreck All perish but Odysseus.

Not long she ran Soon in wild fury passed
 Loud-roaring Zephyrus The storm of wind
 Snapt like a thread both fastenings of the mast,
 Which then fell backward, o'er the stern inclined,
 With all its tangled armour drawn in blind
 Confusion to the hold Destruction dread
 Seized on the pilot at his post assigned,
 Such a resistless ruin upon his head
 Smashed the skull-bones, and smote him in a moment
 dead

He like some diver of the deep I ween
 Shot from the bulwarks, and thro' manly soul
 Passed from his bones Zeus o'er the gloomy scene
 Made his loud thunder-peals in tumult roll,
 And rived the ship with lightnings from the pole
 While in the blazing valley of Zeus she reeled
 Filled with red fire and smoke of sulphurous coal,
 Men in the waves like sea-gulls shone revealed,
 Till their returnless eyes the god for ever sealed.

I through the ship kept hurrying to and fro,
 Till sundered from the ribs the keel at last
 Rushed naked on the surge Some chance did throw
 Lengthwise upon the keel the covering mast,
 Twined with a thong of ox-hide Firm and fast
 Both did I lash together, and sat thereon,
 Borne by the furious winds Soor Zephyr's blast
 Ceased, and wild Notus following made me groan,
 Doomed to behold once more Charybdis' pools alone.

He is drifted back to the Strait, but escapes.

All night I drifted on the billowy swell,
 And on the next day with the rising sun
 Came upon Scylla and Charybdis fell
 She the salt brine was gorging, but I won,
 Lifted sublime, the fig-tree, and thereon
 Clung like a bat, but vainly everywhere
 Sought resting to my feet, for scay was none.
 Far were the roots, the branches wide in air,
 Long, large, and overshadowing her abysmal lair
 Grimly I clung, till she the mast and keel
 Disgorge, and to my prayer they came at eve,
 What time a chief doth rise up for his meal,
 And tired with suits the place of judgment leave.
 I at the sight my shuddering clasp unweave,
 And drop with dread sound in the foaming tide,
 There the long timbers in my reach perceive,
 Which oaring with my hands I fled, unspied
 By Scylla, so willed Zeus—else surely I had died.

Thence for nine days upon the deep I rode,
 And to Ogygia's isle on the tenth night
 Came, guided by the gods, to the abode
 Of a fair nymph divine, Calypso bright,
 Voiced like a mortal, who did well requite
 With tender ministrations toil and pain
 But why of these things prate, which yesternight
 You selves have heard me in these halls explain
 The wordy tale, once told, were hard to tell again "

WORSLEY.

HOME AT LAST.

*After 20 years Ulysses reaches his home in Ithaca His old dog
 Argus recognises him, feebly wags his tail with joy, and then dies
 His old nurse Eurycleia recognises him by a scar inflicted years before
 by a boar's tusk The hero at last persuades his wife Penelope that
 it is really he*

Now, wary-wise Odysseus, hail to thee,
 Who with much virtue hast regained thy bride
 O the kind heart of pure Penelope !
 O to her first one love how true was she !
 Nought shall make dim the flower of her sweet fame
 For ever, but the gods unceasingly
 Shall to the earth's inhabitants her name,
 Wide on the wings of song, with endless praise proclaim.

Homer's Odyssey XXIV —BY WORSLEY.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

The Romans claimed descent from the Trojans, and so Vergil, 70-19 B C, greatest of Roman poets, tells how Trojan Aeneas, after the fall of Troy, sailed away to found a new kingdom, i.e., Rome. Aeneas on his way calls at Carthage, is hospitably entertained by Queen Dido, and at her request relates the story of the wooden horse. Note that Ulysses (Ithacus) is here represented as a cunning villain—very different from the much-enduring, many-counselled hero of Homer 800 years earlier.

Aeneas bemoans Troy's fate.

All were attentive to the godlike man,
 When from his lofty couch he thus began
 "Great queen, what you command me to relate,
 Renews the sad remembrance of our fate.
 An empire from its old foundations rent,
 And every woe the Trojans underwent,
 A peopled city made a desert place,
 All that I saw, and part of which I was,
 Not e'en the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell, without a tear
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite
 But since you take such interest in our woe,
 And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
 What in our last and fatal night befell

The Greeks build the Horse and pretend to sail away.

"By destiny compelled, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
 And by Minerva's aid, a fabric reared,
 Which like a steed of monstrous height appeared
 The sides were planked with pine they feigned it made
 For their return, and thus the vow they paid
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide
 With inward arms the dire machine they load,
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode

In sigh of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renowned for wealth, but since, a faithless bay
 Where ships exposed to wind and weather lay
 There was their fleet concealed. We thought, for Greece
 Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release
 The Trojans, cooped within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng
 Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
 The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay.
 The quarters of the several chiefs they showed.
 Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode,
 Here joined the battles, there the navy rode
 Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ—
 The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy.
 Thymoetes first ('tis doubtful whether hired,
 Or so the Trojan destiny required)
 Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames designed,
 Or to the watery deep at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.

Laocoon's advice.

Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
 Ran from the fort, and cried from far, aloud
 'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
 What more than madness has possessed your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must inclose
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes,
 Or 'tis an engine raised above the town
 To overlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure designed by fraud or force:

Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse '
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood
 The sides, transpierced, return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks inclosed come issuing through
 the wound
 And had not Heaven the fall of Troy designed,
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done to inspire a better mind
 Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,
 And Ilium towers and Priam's empire stood

A treacherous Greek lies to the Trojans.

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
 A captive Greek in bands, before the king—
 Taken, to take—who made himself their prey
 To impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
 Fixed on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
 About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguised:
 Behold a nation in a man comprised!
 Trembling the miscreant stood unarmed and bound,
 He stared, and rolled his haggard eyes around,
 Then said, 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
 Is open to receive unhappy me?
 What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
 Scorned by my foes, abandoned by my friends?'
 He said, and sighed, and cast a rueful eye
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die
 We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence
 What news he could impart we long to know
 And what to credit from a captive foe
 His fear at length dismissed, he said, 'Whate'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere ,
 I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim
 Greece is my country, Sinor is my name
 Though plunged by Fortune's power in misery ,
 'Tis not in Fortune's power to make me lie '

He feigns that Ulysses had doomed him.

His former trembling once again renewed,
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursued
 ' I long had the Grecians (tired with fruitless care,
 And, wearied with an unsuccessful war)
 Resolved to raise the siege, and leave the town ,
 And had the gods permitted, they had gone
 But oft the wintry seas, and southern winds,
 Withstood their passage home, and changed their minds
 Portents and prodigies their souls amazed ,
 But most, when this stupendous pile was raised ,
 Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen
 And thunders rattled through a sky serene
 Dismayed, and fearful of some dire event,
 Eurypylus, to inquire their fate, was sent
 He from the gods this dreadful answer brought
 ' O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
 Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought
 So must your safe return be bought again,
 And Grecian blood once more atone the main !'
 The spreading rumour round the people ran ,
 All feared, and each believed himself the man.
 Ulysses took the advantage of their fright ,
 Called Calchas, and produced in open sight ,
 Then bade him name the wretch, ordained by fate
 The public victim, to redeem the state
 Already some presaged the dire event,
 And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant
 For twice five days the good old seer withstood
 The intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
 Till, tired with endless clamours and pursuit
 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,

But, as it was agreed, pronounced that I
 Was destined by the wrathful gods to die.
 All praised the sentence, pleased the storm should fall
 On one alone, whose fury threatened all
 The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
 Their leavened cakes, and fillets for my hair
 I followed nature's laws, and must avow,
 I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
 Secure of safety when they sailed away
 But now, what further hopes for me remain
 To see my friends, or native soil again,
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they, returning, will to death require,
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
 Which, O! if pity mortals' minds can move,
 If there be faith below, or gods above,
 If innocence and truth can claim desert,
 Ye Trojans from an injured wretch avert!

The Trojans believe the lie.

False tears true pity move the king commands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands,
 Then adds these friendly words 'Dismiss thy fears;
 Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs,
 But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
 Or some religious end, you raised the pile?'
 Thus said the king He ful' of fraudulent arts,
 This well-invented tale for truth imparts.
 'Ye lamps of heaven! (he said, and lifted high
 His hands, now free) Thou venerable sky!
 Inviolable powers, adored with dread!
 Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
 Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
 Be all of you adjured, and grant I may
 Without a crime, the ungrateful Greeks betray
 Reveal the secrets of the guilty state.

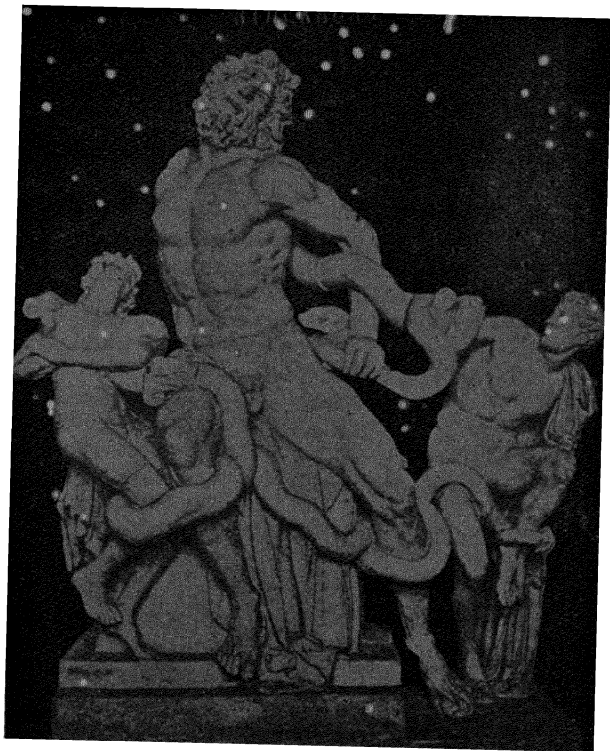
And justly punish whom I justly hate !
 But you, O king ! preserve the faith you gave,
 If I to save myself, your empire save

He tricks them into receiving the Horse.

' We raised and dedicate this wondrous frame,
 So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ,
 And Troy may then a new Palladium boast
 For so religion and the gods ordain,
 That, if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn ,
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Graecia turn !)
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands ,
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return '
 With such deceits he gained their easy hearts ,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts
 What Diomedes, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
 False tears and fawning words the city won

Laocoon's death.

A greater omen, and of worse portent,
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
 Concurring to produce the dire event
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrificed a steer ,
 When (dreadful to behold !) from sea we spied
 Two serpents, ranked abreast, the seas divide,
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide
 Their flaming crests above the waves they shew ,
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below ,
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
 And now the strand, and now the plain, they held :



LAOCOON

(The sculptor of this famous work, which was discovered 1506 and is now in the Vatican, was Agésander, who, with two other sculptors, carried out the work for the emperor Titus 80 A D)

Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were filled ,
Their nimble tongues they brandished as they came,
And licked their hissing jaws that sputtered flame
We fled amazed , their destined way they take.

And to Laocoon and his children make .
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies
 grind.

The wretched father, turning to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes rolled ,
 And twice about his gasping throat they fold
 The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
 And towering o'er his head in triumph ride
 With both his hands he labours at the knots ;
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots ,
 His roaring fills the fitting air around
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks performed, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tower of Pallas make their way
 Couched at her feet they lie, protected there
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.

Amazement seizes all the general cry
 Proclaims Laocoon justly doomed to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dared to violate the sacred wood.

The Trojans admit the Horse.

All vote to admit the steed , that vows be paid
 And incense offered, to the offended maid
 A spacious breach is made the town lies bare
 Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare,
 And fasten to the horse's feet the rest
 With cables haul along the unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls .
 At length, the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction Boys with chaplets crowned,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around
 Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.

O sacred city, built by hands divine !
 O valiant heroes of the Troja line !
 Four times it struck as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound,
 Yet mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We haul along the horse in solemn state ,
 They place the dire portent within the tower
 Cassandra cried, and cursed the unhappy hour ;
 Foretold our fate , but, by the god's decree,
 All heard, and none believed the prophecy ,
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
 In jollity the day ordained to be the last.

The Greek fleet returns at night.

Meantime the rapid heavens rolled down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rushed the night
 Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held ,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compelled
 The Grecians had embarked their naval powers
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by the imperial galley's light ,
 When Sinon, favoured by the partial gods,
 Unlocked the horse, and opened his dark abodes.
 Restored to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Thessander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide .
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste ;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
 Nor injured Menelaus, nor the famed
 Epeus, who the fatal engine framed.
 A nameless crowd succeed , their forces join
 To invade the town, oppressed with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their fate ;
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate."

Vergil : Aeneid II.—By DRYDEN.

ROME'S GREATNESS FORETOLD.

*Aeneas, Trojan prince, arrives in Italy and then descends to the Underworld to visit the Shade of his father Anchises (ch=*k*), who shows him the future heroes of Rome. Poets claimed that the Caesars were descended from Aeneas, who in turn was son of the goddess Venus. Anchises in the Underworld lets Aeneas see Romulus, son of the war god Mars, who was afterwards to come to earth and to found Rome in 752 B.C.*

The future Founder

' See Romulus the great ' born to restore
The crown that once his injured grandsire wore.
This prince, a priestess of our blood shall bear ,
And like his sire in arms he shall appear
Two rising crests his royal head adorn
Born from a god, himself to godhead born ,
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amidst the deities
Auspicious chief ! thy race in times to come
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome whose ascending towers shall heaven invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade ,
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud like her of an immortal race "

Aeneas sees Julius Caesar and Augustus, the first Emperor.

" Now fix your sight, and stand intent to see
Your Roman race and Julian progeny !
There mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world and grasps his promised power
But next behold the youth of form divine—
Caesar himself exalted in his line—
Augustus, promised oft and long foretold,
Born to restore a better age of gold

Aric and India shall his power obey
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar line beyond the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crowned "

Let others excel in Arts Rome shall excel in Ruling.

" Let others better mould the running mass
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh a marble face ,
 Plead better at the bar , describe the skies,
 Know when the stars descend and when they rise
 But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
 To rule mankind and make the world obey,
 Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way
 To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free,
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee "

Vergil , Aeneid VI —By DRYDEN.

THE SPARTAN.

(Translation from the Greek by Cowper.)

A Spartan, his companions slain,
 Alone from battle fled ,
 His mother kindling with disdain
 That she had borne him, struck him dead.
 For courage, and not birth alone,
 In Sparta, testifies a son.

ROMAN HEROISM.

I.—HOW HORATIUS KEPT THE BRIDGE.

In 509 B C the Romans expelled their king, Lucius Tarquinius Superbus—Tarquin the Proud—and set up a republic which lasted till just before Christ's birth. In 508 B C., Lars Porsena, the Etruscan ruler of Clusium, advances on Rome with a vast army to restore Tarquin the senators are in terror capture and slavery face them The Janiculum hill is just across the Tiber from the city

Horatius rallies his comrades.

The city was protected on one side by the walls, on the other by the Tiber channel. But the enemy would have secured a passage by the Sublician bridge had not one man, Horatius Cocles, supported the tottering fortunes of Rome on that eventful day. By good hap he was on sentry duty at the bridge head, from which he could see the Janiculum fortress taken by a surprise attack, then down the hill came the enemy in a wild charge, he saw his own comrades in utter terror and disorder throwing away their weapons and running for their lives, frantically clutching at anyone in their way, and wildly calling on gods and men for help. Horatius called aloud: "Flight will not save you, if you desert your posts. If you run from the bridge and leave it in our rear, the enemy will soon be over in crowds from the Janiculum into the Palatium and the Capitol. I beg and command you, destroy the bridge by sword, by fire, by any means at all. I will do my best to hold up the enemy in the entrance."

At the bridge entrance.

He takes his stand right in the centre of the bridge entrance, where he can be easily distinguished from those who turn their backs and run. How he faces up to engage the foe hand to hand, and how his wondrous heroism hurls back his assailants in terror! Two men indeed felt the promptings of a noble shame and stood by him—Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius, as distinguished for their noble birth as they were famed for their gallant deeds. Supported by these, Horatius for a brief period staved off the first storm of danger, though with deadly peril of his life.

But now those who were cutting away the bridge kept shouting to the three heroes "Retire! Retire!" so Horatius bade his two friends betake them to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then he swept the officers of the Etrurian attackers with a contemptuous look, hurling insults, now upon individuals, now upon the whole party—"You slaves of haughty tyrants, you cannot value your own freedom, you would rob the freedom of others." They paused each looked at the others, but for some time none advanced to the fight. Then for sheer shame the army moved up they uttered a yell, and from all sides rained weapons on their solitary opponent.

Facing fearful odds : Horatius prays.

The hero caught their missiles in his protecting shield, and still, with dauntless foot advanced, held the bridge. They now decided to rush him and thrust him from his post, when suddenly a loud crash from the falling bridge, and a joyous cheer from the Romans at having completed their purpose, checked their ardour with a sudden fear. Then Horatius prayed aloud "Holy father Tiber, receive thou, I pray, these arms, and me thy soldier, in thy propitious stream." All armed as he was, into the river he leaped, amid showers of enemy spears, yet safe he swam across to his friends, after performing a deed which future ages will glorify and yet will scarce believe.

The State rewards its preserver : private citizens also.

The State was grateful for such heroism ; a statue was erected to him in the comitium, and as much land was given to him as he could plough a furrow around in one day. Private citizens also vied with the State in doing honour to the hero. For though there was a great scarcity of necessaries in the city, yet every man contributed something according to his means, even though he had to deprive himself of what was needed for his own support.

II. HOW MUCIUS GOT HIS NAME SCAEVOLA (LEFT HANDED).

Porsena blockades Rome.

Porsena being repulsed in his first attempt, now changed his siege into a blockade—he put a garrison into the Janiculum Hill, and pitched his camp in the plain along the Tiber banks. Then he collected boats from all directions, both to prevent provisions from coming by river into Rome, and also to transport his soldiers where he liked in order to plunder the surrounding districts. The whole of the countryside round Rome was so harried that the Romans were compelled to bring everything, even their very cattle, within the walls, and none durst venture without the gates.

Mucius sets out on a forlorn hope.

As the blockade continued, corn grew scarcer and scarcer, and the price rose enormously. Porsena hoped to be able to force the city to a surrender. But a certain young nobleman, C. Mucius, recalling that the Romans, even when oppressed by the tyranny of kings, had never by any enemy in any war been forcibly shut behind their walls, and thinking it a dreadful disgrace that now when they were a free people, they should be blocked up by those very Etrurians whom they had so often routed on the field, determined to wipe out the stain by some great and daring act. At first he determined to act quite alone, and penetrate into the enemy's camp. Then he feared that he might be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter—a charge which under the circumstances would be only too readily believed—if he left the city without telling anyone of his intention or getting permission from the consuls. So he went to the Senate. "Fathers," said he, "I mean to cross the Tiber and enter the enemy's camp if I can, not for plunder, nor yet again to avenge their devastations of our land. I purpose something much greater, if the gods will but assist."

The Senate approves his design. With a sword hidden beneath his clothes, he set forth. Arrived at the desired spot, he stationed himself where the throng was thickest, near king Porsena's tribunal. There the soldiers were receiving their pay, the king's secretary was by his side, dressed almost exactly like the king, very busy he was, too, for the men generally applied to him. Now Mucius did not know which of them was Porsena, and he was afraid to ask anyone, because his ignorance would immediately betray him as an intruder. So he left the matter blindly to luck, aimed his blow, and killed, not the king, but the secretary. Then with reeking dagger he darted off through the onlookers, who began to fall back in dismay, but the disturbance brought up a numerous body, and the king's guards quickly seized him, brought him back, and stood him forth alone before the king.

"I am a Roman Citizen" : a King's noble revenge.

Even then when Fortune scowled on him, he seemed formed to inspire dread in others rather than to feel it in himself, as he exclaimed "I am a Roman citizen, my name is Caius Mucius, foe I am; foeman would I slay, I am as ready to suffer death as I was to inflict it. A Roman's duty is to act and to endure with fearlessness. I am not alone in this resolve against you, there cometh after me a long succession of others eager to aspire to the same honour. Therefore, if you will have it so, prepare yourself to be in deadly peril every hour of your life, to have the sword and the foe in the very entrance to your tent. Such is the war that we, the young men of Rome, declare against you. 'Tis not an army in array, nor battle-danger you must dread, but you must face alone the issue with each one of us in turn."

The king, highly enraged at this, yet terrified too by his danger, assumed a threatening guise, and gave orders that Mucius should be immediately raged about with fire, unless he divulged the plots so darkly hinted at in his

threats. Mucius replied "Look on me that you may understand how poor a thing the body is to those who aim at high renown"—and immediately he thrusts his hand into the fire that was lighted for sacrifice. As he continued to let it burn as if insensible to pain, the king, amazed at the sight, leaped from his throne and bade them take the youth away from the altar, saying—"Go hence, thou hast been more thine enemy than I have been. Were but thy valour given in my country's cause, I should bid thee God-speed. Go hence, untouched, unhurt, thou art exempt from further harm by us."

Then said Mucius, touched by this generosity. "Since thou dost honour courage, and since thou hast got from me by kindness what threats could not extort, know then, three hundred of us Roman youths have sworn to come upon you in this way. My lot fell first. The rest will follow each in turn as fortune's lot decrees, unless some lucky chance shall first expose thee to our blows."

Peace made. Mucius honoured.

So Mucius was set free and returned to Rome, where he received the added name Scaevola, or Left-hand, because he had burnt his right hand in the fire. At the same time Porsena despatched envoys to Rome, for his hair-breadth escape from death, from which he had escaped only by the merest accident, and the fact that he would have to face the same risk at the hands of each one of the men sworn to seek his life, had wrought upon him so strongly that he had determined upon making peace proposals to the Romans. Peace was made on the condition that the Etrurians should withdraw from the Janiculum fortress while the Romans, on their side, were forced to hand over hostages to Porsena, who then withdrew his garrison from the Janiculum and evacuated Roman territory. The Fathers of the city gave Mucius, in recognition of his heroism, some lands across the Tiber, which were afterwards known as the fields of Mucius.

A HEROINE.

The honour thus paid to heroism aroused in the breasts of women also a resolution to earn the applause of their country. Now the camp of the Etrurians had been pitched not far from the banks of the Tiber, and here were kept the hostages, some of them women, amongst whom was a young lady named Clælia. This youthful heroine, having eluded the vigilance of her keepers, swam over the river at the head of a band of Roman maids, and despite the darts which rained upon them from the shore, she brought them all safe in to their friends.

When the news was told to king Porsena he waxed exceedingly wroth, and sent unto Rome demanding that the hostage Clælia be given up to him, he cared naught for the others, he wanted Clælia only. But soon his wrath gave way to admiration for her daring and he said "This deed outdoes those of Horatius and Mucius," and he added "As I will regard the treaty as broken if the maid be not given up to me, even so, if she be given up, will I restore her safe to her friends."

Both sides kept their plighted faith; the Romans gave up Clælia, whom they had handed over as a pledge of peace, while with the king of Etruria Clælia found not safety only, but honour also. Porsena praised her for her conduct, and bade her accept as a present half of the hostages, choosing whom she would. When all the hostages were brought out, she is said to have chosen the young boys rather than men—a course which did honour to her maidenly modesty, and which further was approved by the hostages themselves, "for," said they, "those who are least capable of protecting themselves from injury should be freed from the enemy's grasp."

When peace was finally re-established, the Romans signalled their appreciation of this extraordinary valour, by an extraordinary kind of statue; for at the top of the Sacred Road they erected the image of a lady sitting on horseback.

CROESUS AND SOLON.

Herodotus, "the father of history" (5th century, B.C.), traveller and story-teller, tells in Greek the story of Croesus the Rich Man, and Solon, 'the Wise Man' Croesus has his court at Sardis, the capital of Lydia, in Asia Minor, about 560 B.C.

Solon visits Croesus.

When all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at that time, and among them Solon the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent 10 years, under the pretence of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which, at the request of the Athenians, he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for 10 years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

The happiest man.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Croesus at Sardis. Croesus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasures, and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and so far as time allowed, inspected them, Croesus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom, of all the men that thou hast seen, thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals, but Solon

answered him without flattery according to his true sentiments "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he heard, Croesus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied, "First because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up, and further because, after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbours near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honours."

The second-happiest.

Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Croesus inquired a second time, who, after Tellus, seemed to him the happiest, expecting that, at any rate, he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered. "They were of Argive race, their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of them.—There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five and forty furlongs did they draw her and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshippers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men who stood around the car extolled the vast

strength of the youths, and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons, and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Biton, the sons who had so mightily honoured her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the Shrine at Delphi."

"Look to the end."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Croesus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens, is my happiness, then, so utterly set at nought by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?" "O Croesus!" replied the other, "thou askest a question concerning the condition of man, of me who know that the power above is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these 70 years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, 25 thousand and 200 days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be besides the seventy years, 35 such months, making an addition of 1050 days. The whole number of the days contained in the 70 years will thus be 26,250,* whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Croesus! I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations, but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast *closed thy life*

* Average 375 days per year. Herodotus, in Book II., gives 345 days.

happily. For assuredly, he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of his life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavoured of Fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects, these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children and comely to look upon. If, in addition to all this, he end his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy, but fortunate. Scarcely indeed can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each, while it possesses some things, lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most, so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably, that man alone, sure, is in my judgment entitled to bear the name of ‘happy.’ But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end: for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness and then plunges them into ruin.”

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Croesus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honour. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

Misfortunes now fell upon Croesus His son was killed When he consulted the oracle, he was told that "if he attacked the Persians he would destroy a great empire." In the ensuing war against Cyrus he was completely beaten

Croesus, about to be burnt, remembers Solon.

Thus was Sardis taken by the Persians, and Croesus himself fell into their hands after having reigned 14 years, and being besieged in his capital 14 days, thus, too, did Croesus fulfil the oracle, which said that he should destroy a mighty empire—by destroying his own. Then the Persians, who had made Croesus prisoner, brought him before Cyrus. Now, a vast pile had been raised by his orders, and Croesus, laden with fetters, was placed upon it, and with him twice seven of the sons of the Lydians. I know not whether Cyrus was minded to make an offering of the first fruits to some god or other, or whether he had vowed a vow and was performing it, or whether, as may well be, he had heard that Croesus was a holy man, and so wished to see if any of the heavenly powers would appear to save him from being burnt alive. However it might be, Cyrus was thus engaged, and Croesus was already on the pile, when it entered into his mind in the depth of his woe, that there was a divine warning in the words which had come to him from the lips of Solon, "No one while he lives is happy." When this thought smote him, he fetched a long breath, and breaking the deep silence, groaned out aloud, thrice uttering the name of Solon. Cyrus caught the sounds and bade the interpreters inquire of Croesus who it was he called on. They drew near and asked him, but he held his peace, and for a long time made no answer to their questioning, until, at length, forced to say something, he exclaimed, "One I would give much to see converse with every monarch." Not knowing what he meant by this reply, the interpreters begged him to explain himself, and as they pressed for an answer and grew to be troublesome, he told them how, a long time before, Solon, an Athenian, had come and seen all his splendour and made light of it, and how whatever he had said to him, had

fallen out exactly as he foreshowed, although it was nothing that especially concerned him, but applied to all mankind alike, and most to those who seemed to themselves happy. Meanwhile, as he thus spoke, the pile was lighted, and the outer portion began to blaze. Then Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Croesus had said, relented, lethinking himself that he too was a man, and that it was a fellow-man and one who had once been as blessed by fortune as himself, that he was burning alive—afraid, moreover, of retribution, and full of the thought that whatever is human is insecure. So he bade them quench the blazing fire as quickly as they could, and take down Croesus and the other Lydians—which they tried to do, but the flames were not to be mastered.

A lucky storm for Croesus.

Then, the Lydians say that Croesus, perceiving by the efforts made to quench the fire that Cyrus had relented, and seeing also that all was in vain, and that the men could not get the fire under, called with a loud voice upon the god Apollo, and prayed him if he had ever received at his hands any acceptable gift, to come to his aid and deliver him from his present danger. As thus with tears he besought the god, suddenly, though up to that time the sky had been clear, and the day without a breath of wind, dark clouds gathered, and the storm burst over their heads with such violence that the flames were speedily extinguished. Cyrus, convinced by this that Croesus was a good man and a favourite of heaven, asked him after he was taken off the pile, "Who was it that had persuaded him to lead an army into his country, and so become his foe rather than continue his friend?" To which Croesus made answer as follows: "What I did, O king! was to thy advantage and to my own loss. If there be blame it rests with the god of the Greeks, who encouraged me to begin the war. No one is so foolish as to prefer war to peace, in which, instead of sons burying their fathers, fathers bury their sons. But the gods willed it so."

Herodotus—BY RAWLINSON

WHAT IS WEALTH ?

Fond youth ! who dreamst that hoarded gold
Is needful, not alone to pay
For all thy various items sold,
To serve the wants of every day,

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
For savoury viands seasoned high,
But somewhat more important yet—
I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treasure, hadst thou more amassed
Than fame to Tantalus assigned,
Would save thee from a tomb at last,
But thou must leave it all behind

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise,
Confide not vainly in thy store,
However large—much less despise
Others comparatively poor.

But in thy more exalted state
A just and equal temper show,
That all who see thee rich and great
May deem thee worthy to be so

By Menander a Greek poet —BY COWPER.

AN IMMORTAL FEAT OF ARMS.

Leonidas and his 300 at Thermopylae, 480 B.C.

Herodotus describes how Xerxes, king of the Persians, marches to invade Greece with over 5,000,000 men modern historians say 300,000. Before crossing the Hellespont, Xerxes seated on a throne of white marble upon a hill at Abydos, near Troy, looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet and all the shore and every plain about Abydos as full as possible of men and congratulated himself on his good fortune, but after a while he wept " " were came upon me," said he, " a sudden pity, when I thought of the shortness of man's life, and considered of all this host, so numerous as it is, not one will be alive when a hundred years are gone by " Then he crossed the Hell spont on a bridge of boats, and numbered his troops

Xerxes goes amid his hosts.

Now, when the numbering and marshalling of the host was ended, Xerxes conceived a wish to go himself throughout the forces, and with his own eyes behold everything. Accordingly he traversed the ranks seated in his chariot, and, going from nation to nation, made manifold inquiries, while his scribes wrote down the answers, till at last he had passed from end to end of the whole land army, both the horsemen and likewise the foot. This done, he exchanged his chariot for a Sidonian galley, and, seated beneath a golden awning, sailed along the prows of all his vessels (the vessels having now been hauled down and launched into the sea), while he made inquiries again, as he had done when he reviewed the land-force, and caused the answers to be recorded by his scribes. The captains took their ships to the distance of about four hundred feet from the shore, and there lay to, with their vessels in a single row, the prows facing the land, and with the fighting-men upon the decks accoutred as if for war, while the king sailed along in the open space between the ships and the shore, and so reviewed the fleet.

He inquires concerning the Greeks.

Now after Xerxes had sailed down the whole line and was gone ashore, he sent for Demaratus the son of Ariston, who had accompanied him in his march upon Greece, and bespake him thus —

“ Demaratus, it is my pleasure at this time to ask thee certain things which I wish to know. Thou art a Greek, and, as I hear from the other Greeks with whom I converse, no less than from thine own lips, thou art a native of a city which is not the meanest or the weakest in their land. Tell me therefore, what thinkest thou? Will the Greeks lift a hand against us? Mine own judgment is, that even if all the Greeks and all the barbarians of the West were gathered together in one place, they would not be able to abide my onset, not being really of one mind. But I would fain know what thou thinkest hereon.”

Thus Xerxes questioned, and the other replied in his turn — “ O king! is it thy will that I give thee a true answer, or dost thou wish for a pleasant one?”

Then the king bade him speak the plain truth, and promised that he would not on that account hold him in less favour than heretofore.

So Demaratus, when he heard the promise, spake as follows —

“ O king! since thou biddest me at all risks speak the truth, and not say what will one day prove me to have lied to thee, thus I answer. Want has at all times been a fellow-dweller with us in our land, while Valour is an ally whom we have gained by dint of wisdom and strict laws. Her aid enables us to drive out want and escape thralldom. Brave are all the Greeks who dwell in any Dorian land, but what I am about to say does not concern all, but only the Lacedaemonians. First then, come what may, they will never accept thy terms, which would reduce Greece to slavery, and further, they are sure to join battle with thee, though all the rest of the Greeks should submit to

thy will. As for their numbers, do not ask how many they are, that their resistance should be a possible thing; for if a thousand of them should take the field, they will meet thee in battle, and so will any number, be it less than this, or be it more."

When Xerxes heard this answer of Demaratus, he laughed and answered—

"What wild words, Demaratus! A thousand men join battle with such an army as this! Come then, wilt thou—who wert once, as thou sayest, their king—engage to fight this very day with ten men? I trow not. And yet, if all thy fellow-citizens be indeed such as thou sayest they are, thou oughtest, as their king, by thine own country's usages, to be ready to fight with twice the number. If then each one of them be a match for ten of my soldiers, I may well call upon thee to be a match for twenty. So wouldest thou assure the truth of what thou hast now said. If, however, you Greeks, who vaunt yourselves so much, are of a truth men like those whom I have seen about my court, as thyself, Demaratus, and the others with whom I am wont to converse,—if, I say, you are really men of this sort and size, how is the speech that thou hast uttered more than a mere empty boast? For, to go to the very verge of likelihood,—how could a thousand men, or ten thousand, or even fifty thousand, particularly if they were all alike free, and not under one lord,—how could such a force, I say, stand against an army like mine? Let then be five thousand, and we shall have more than a thousand men to each one of theirs. If, indeed, like our troops, they had a single master, their fear of him might make them courageous beyond their natural bent, or they might be urged by lashes against an enemy which far outnumbered them. But left to their own free choice, assuredly they will act differently. For mine own part, I believe that if the Greeks had to contend with the Persians only, and the numbers were equal on both sides, the Greeks would find it hard to stand their ground. We too have among us such men as those of whom thou spakest—not many indeed, but still

we possess a few. For instance, some of my body-guard would be willing to engage singly with three Greeks. But this thou didst not know, and therefore it was thou talkedst so foolishly."

"The Lacedaemonians (Spartans) will obey their Law."

Demaratus answered him,—“I knew, O king! at the outset, that if I told thee the truth, my speech would displease thine ears. But as thou didst require me to answer thee with all possible truthfulness, I informed thee what the Spartans will do. And in this I spake not from any love that I bear them—for none knows better than thou what my love towards them is likely to be at the present time, when they have robbed me of my rank and my ancestral honours, and made me a homeless exile, whom thy father did receive, bestowing on me both shelter and sustenance. What likelihood is there that a man of understanding should be unthankful for kindness shown him, and not cherish it in his heart? For mine own self, I pretend not to cope with ten men, nor with two,—nay, had I the choice, I would rather not fight even with one. But if need appeared, or if there were any great cause urging me on, I would contend with right good will against one of those persons who boast themselves a match for any three Greeks. So likewise the Lacedaemonians, when they fight singly, are as good men as any in the world, and when they fight in a body, are the bravest of all. For though they be freemen, they are not in all respects free, Law is the master whom they own, and this master they fear more than thy subjects fear thee. *Whatever he commands they do*, and his commandment is always the same, it *forbids them to flee in battle, whatever the number of their foes*, and requires them to stand firm, and either to conquer or die. If in these words, O king! I seem to thee to speak foolishly, I am content from this time forward evermore to hold my peace. I had not now spoken unless compelled by thee. Certes, I pray that all may turn out according to thy wishes.”

Such was the answer of Demaratus, and Xerxes was not angry with him at all, but only laughed, and sent him away with words of kindness.

After 'his interview', and after he had made Mascames the son of Megadostes governor of Doriscus, setting aside the governor appointed by Darius, Xerxes started with his army and marched upon Greece through Thrace

The scene which follows is immortal in man's history.

*They fell devoted, but undying,
The very gale their name seemed signing;
The waters murmured of their name,
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claym'd kindred with their sacred clay,
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;—
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth,—
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head,
He looks to her, and rushes on,
Where life is lost, or freedom won*

—Byron.

The Greeks determine to oppose the onpouring host in the pass of Thermopylae, but begin to debate the advisability of retreat as the Persians draw near

Xerxes sends a spy.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks and note how many they were, and see what they were doing. He had heard before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians (Spartans), under Leonidas a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp and looked about him, but did not see the whole army, for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold;

but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly, for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

The Spartans comb their hair for death.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth, namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments—sent and called to his presence, Demaratus, the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behaviour on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said,—“I spake to thee, O king! concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece, thou however didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I strive at all times to speak truth to thee, sire, and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us, and it is for this they are now making ready. ’Tis then custom, when about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men.”

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, “how was it possible for so small an army to contend with his?”

“O king!” answered Demaratus, “let me be treated as a liar if matters fall not out as I say.”

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more.

Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. . . .

Xerxes then attacked two days in succession, but suffered great losses. Thrice he leapt from the throne on which he sat watching the fight. The Persians thus found their way barred.

But a traitor, named Ephialtes, showed the Persians a secret path round Mount Oeta, along which they hurried up troops through the night. The Spartan King, Leonidas, was in command of the Greek force. He had only 300 Spartans, supported by 700 Thespians against the Persian hosts.

Megistias, the seer, warns the Greeks . some retire.

The Greeks at Thermopylae received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them, from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills, it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided. Some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states, part however resolved to remain and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

The Spartans abide. Warning of the Oracle.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honour, knowing that if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that

Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war, sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the Pythoness was—"that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish." The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse and ran thus —

"O ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedaemon!
 Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the
 children of Perseus,
 Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian
 country
 Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great
 Heracles
 He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls nor of
 lions,
 Strive as they may, he is mighty as Jove, there is
 nought that shall stay him
 Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious
 city."

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarrelled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

Megistias refuses to retire, but sends away his only son.

The Thespians stand firm.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans, and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas

and his followers So they abode with the Spartans and died with them Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes

The Persian hosts attack.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker and the distance much shorter than the way round the hills and the ascent So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh, and the Greeks under Leonidas as they now were forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this they had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps Behind them, the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows Many were thrust into the sea and there perished, a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers, no one heeded the dying For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety, and desperate since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valour against the barbarians

Leonidas falls, and all his Spartans with him.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians, and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the 300 . And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedaemonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at

last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with *Alphialtes* approached, and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back to the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits where the stone lion stands which was set up in honour of *Leonidas*. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth, till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

The Persian arrows darken the sun.

Thus nobly did the whole body of *Lacedæmonians* and *Thespians* behave, but nevertheless, one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, *Dioneces* the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the *Medes*, remains on record. One of the *Trachinians* told him, "Such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." *Dioneces*, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our *Trachinian* friend brings us excellent tidings. If the *Medes* darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are reported to have been left on record by this same person.

Immortal in their death.

The slain were buried where they fell; and in their honour, nor less in honour of those who died before *Leonidas* sent the allies away, an inscription was set up, which said :

AN IMMORTAL FEAT OF ARMS.

“ Here did four thousand men from Pelops’ land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand ”

This was in honour of all Another was for the Spartans
alone —

“ Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passed by
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie ”

This was for the Lacedaemonians The seer had the
following —

‘ The great Megistias’ tomb you here may view,
Whom slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheus’ fords.
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords ”

A blind hero and a renegade.

Two of the 300, it is said, Aristodemus and Eurytus having been attacked by a disease of the eyes, had received orders from Leonidas to quit the camp, and both lay at Alpeni in the worst stage of the malady. These two men might, had they been so minded, have agreed together to return alive to Sparta, or if they did not like to return they might have gone both to the field and fallen with the countrymen. But at this time, when either way was open to them, unhappily they could not agree, but took contrary courses. Eurytus no sooner heard the Persians had come round the mountain than straightway he called for his armour, and having buckled it on, bade his Helot lead him to the place where his friends were fighting. The Helot did so and then turned and fled, but Eurytus plunged into the thick of the battle and so perished. Aristodemus on the other hand, was faint of heart and remained at Alpeni. It is my belief that if Aristodemus only had been sick and returned, or if both had come back together, the Spartans would have been content and felt no anger, but when there were two men with the very same excuse, and one of them was chary of his life, while the other freely gave it, they could not but be very wroth with the former.

The Renegade a hero too.

When Aristodemus returned to Lacedaemon reproach and disgrace awaited him, disgrace, inasmuch as no Spartan would give him a light to kindle his fire, or so much as address a word to him, and reproach, since all spoke of him as "the craven." However he wiped away all his shame afterwards at the battle of Plataea *

Thus fought the Greeks at Thermopylae And Xerxes, after the fight was over, called for Demaratus to question him, and began as follows —

"Demaratus, thou art a worthy man, thy true-speaking proves it All has happened as thou didst forewarn"

* NOTE —The next year—479 B C —The Greeks defeated the Persians at Plataea

Herodotus says "The bravest man by far on that day was, in my judgment, Aristodemus, the same who alone escaped from the slaughter of the 300 at Thermopylae, and who on that account had endured disgrace and reproach next to him were Posidonius, Philocyon and Amomphaetus the Spartan. The Spartans, however, who took part in the fight, when the question of 'who had distinguished himself most,' came to be talked over among them, decided—'that Aristodemus, who on account of the blame which attached to him, had manifestly courted death, and had therefore left his place in the line and behaved like a madman, had done of a truth very notable deeds, but that Posidonius, who with no such desire to lose his life, had quitted himself no less gallantly, was by so much a braver man than he.' Perchance, however, it was envy that made them speak after this sort. Of those whom I have named above as slain in this battle, all save Aristodemus received public honours. Aristodemus alone had no honours because he courted death for the reason which I have mentioned."

Herodotus—BY RAWLINSON

PROMETHEUS NAILED ON THE CRAG.

The Titan god Prometheus (Forethinker), was the Fire-bringer and Hope-giver to man. Zeus, king of the gods, who wished to destroy mankind, punished Prometheus, the Philanthrôpos, the Man-lover, by leaving him bound upon a rock in the Caucasus Mountains, where a vulture devoured his liver daily each night it was restored

Aeschylus, first and perhaps greatest of tragic dramatic poets (525-456 B C) represents the god Hephaestus, with Might and Force, nailing Prometheus to the rock. The chorus of Ocean Nymphs visits him and speaks in the first person singular

Heph Let us away. He's fettered limb and thigh.

Might. There lie, and feed thy pride on this bare rock,
 Filching god's gifts for mortal men. What man
 Shall free thee from these woes? Thou hast been
 called
 In vain the Provident had thy soul possessed
 The virtue of thy name, thou hadst foreseen
 These cunning toils, and hadst unwound thee from
 them.

Exeunt all except Prometheus, who is nailed to the rock.

Prom O divine ether, and swift-wingèd winds,
 And river-fountains, and of ocean waves
 The multitudinous laughter, and thou Earth,
 Boon mother of us all, and thou bright round
 Of the all-seeing Sun, you I invoke!
 Behold what ignominy of causeless wrongs
 I suffer from the gods, myself a god
 See what piercing pains shall goad me
 Through long ages myriad-numbered!
 With such wrongful chains hath bound me
 This new leader of the gods
 Ah me! present woes and future
 I bemoan. Oh! when, Oh! when
 Shall the just redemption dawn.

Yet why thus prate ? I know what ills await me.
 No unexpected torture can surprise
 My soul prophetic, and with quiet mind
 We all must bear our portioned fate, nor idly
 Court battle with a strong necessity
 Alas ! alas ! 'tis hard to speak to the winds ;
 Still harder to be dumb ! my well-deservings
 To mortal men are all the offence that bowed me
 Beneath this yoke. The secret fount of fire
 I sought, and found, and in a reed concealed it,
 Whence arts have sprung to man, and life hath
 drawn

Rich store of comforts For such deed I suffer
 These bonds, in the broad eye of gracious day,
 Here crucified Ah me ! ah me ! who comes ?
 What sound, what viewless breath, thus aunts the
 air,

God-sent, or mortal, or of mingled kind ?
 What errant traveller ill-spiced comes to view
 This naked ridge of extreme Earth, and me ?
 Whoe'er thou art, a hapless god thou see'st
 Nailed to this crag, the foe of Jove thou see'st.

Him thou see'st whom all the Immortals
 Whoso tread the Olympian threshold,
 Name with hatred, thou beholdest
 Man's best friend, and, therefore, hated
 For excess of love

Hark, again ! I hear the whirring
 As of winged birds approaching,
 With the light strokes of their pinions
 Ether pipes ill-boding whispers !—
 Alas ! alas ! that I should fear
 Each breath that nears me

The Oceanides approach, borne through the air in a winged car.

Chorus Fear nothing for a friendly band approaches ;
 Fleet rivalry of wings
 Oar'd us to this far height, with hard consent
 Wrung from our careful sire,

The winds swift-sweeping bore me · for I heard
The harsh hammer's note deep, deep in ocean caves
And throwing virgin shame aside, unshod
The winged car I mounted.

Prom Ah ! ah !
Daughters of prolific Tethys,
And of ancient father Ocean,
With his sleepless current whirling
Round the firm ball of the globe.
Look ! with rueful eyes behold me
Nailed by adamantine rivets,
Keeping weary watch unenvied
On this tempest-rifted rock !

Chorus I look, Prometheus , and a tearful cloud
My woeful sight bedims,
To see thy goodliest form with insult chained,
In adamantine bonds,
To this bare crag, where pinching airs shall blast
thee
New gods now hold the helm of Heaven , new laws
Mark Jove's unrighteous rule , the giant trace
Of Titan times hath vanished.

Prom Deep in death-receiving Hades
Had he bound me, had he whelmed me
in Tartarean pit, unfathomed,
Fettered with unyielding bonds !
Then nor god nor man had feasted
Eyes of triumph on my wrongs,
Nor I, thus swung in middle ether,
Moved the laughter of my foes

Aeschylus : Prometheus Bound

—BY J S BLACKIE.

A NOBLE COMRADESHIP.

This beautiful story, told by Virgil, the great Roman poet, is celebrated in literature. Byron has paraphrased it: The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus. Aeneas, fleeing from ruined Troy, comes to Italy to found a new kingdom. He is opposed by a native king, Turnus. During Aeneas's absence, his Trojans are in sore straits, and wish to recall him. Meanwhile, they post their guards upon the wall, being hemmed around by Turnus and his Rutulians.

The Two Sentinels.

Nigh where the toes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus, of noble blood,
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear;
But better skilled unerring shafts to send.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend—
Euryalus, than whom, the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast:
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.
One was their care, and their delight was one:
One common hazard in the war they shared;
And now were both by choice upon the guard

A bold project.

Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A generous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure. how faintly shine
Their scattered fires. the most, in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie.
The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply,
All hushed around. Now hear what I revolve—
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.

Our absent prince both camp and council mourn ;
 By message both would hasten his return :
 If they confer what I demand, on thee
 (For fame is recompense enough for me),
 Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
 A way that safely will my passage guide."
 Euryalus stood listening while he spoke ;
 With love of praise and noble envy struck ;
 Then to his ardent friend exposed his mind :
 " All this, alone, and leaving me behind !
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be joined ?
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee, unassisted, to the field ?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms—
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms.
 No is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend
 The thing called life with ease I can disclaim,
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame."

A noble objection.

Then Nisus thus : " Alas ! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears
 So may the gods who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy loved embrace with life.
 Condemned to pay my vows (as sure I trust),
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance—as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life . I would not perish all.
 Thy blooming youth deserves a longer date :
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,
 To bear my mangled body from the foe,
 Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O ! let not me the widow's tears renew ,

Not let a mother's curse my name pursue—
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When every weary matron stayed behind ”
 To this, Euryalus “ You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain
 No more delays ! but haste ! ” With that, he wakes
 The nodding watch each to his office takes

*They receive permission from the Council of Chiefs and from
 Ascanus, son of Aeneas, to try the dangerous enterprise of breaking
 through the ring of the enemy's troops Euryalus grieves at the thought
 of leaving his mother*

A Good Son.

Then thus the young Euryalus replied
 “ Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
 The same shall be my age as now my youth,
 No time shall find me wanting to the truth
 This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain).
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
 And sure the best that ever bore the name—
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
 From me departing, but o'er serpent and o'er,
 My fate she followed Ignorant of this
 (Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss
 Nor pious blessing taken, here I leave,
 And in this only act of all my life deceive
 By this right hand and conscious Night, I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear
 Be you her comfort, fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace),
 Support her age, forsaken and distressed
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes and of fears ”
 He said The moved assistants melt in tears

Ascanus promises o care for his mother Then the pair, issuing forth, find their enemies drunk and unready They slay many Euryalus dons the helmet of a fallen foe, which unluckily gleams in the moonlight and betrays the heroes to a troop of horse under their leader Volscens

Discovered and separated.

“ ’Tis not for nought (cried Volscens from the crowd),
 These men go there (then raised his voice aloud)
 Stand ! stand ! why thus in arms ? and whither bent ?
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent ? ”
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight .
 To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
 The speedy horse all passages belay,
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood
 Black was the forest thick with beech it stood,
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn
 Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear, misled the younger from his way
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste
 And thoughtless of his friend, the forest passed,
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And missed his friend, and cast his eyes around
 “ Ah, wretch ! (he cried) where have I left behind
 The unhappy youth ? where shall I hope to find ?
 Or what way take ? ” Again he ventures back,
 And treads the mazes of his former track

Nisus returns to his comrade.

He winds the wood, and, listening, hears the noise
 Of trampling coursers, and the riders’ voice
 The sound approached, and suddenly he viewed
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
 Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain
 What should he next attempt ? what arms employ,
 What fruitless force, to free the captive boy ?

Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
 With odds oppressed, in such unequal strife ?
 Resolved at length, his pointed spear he shook ;
 And, casting on the moon a mournful look :
 " Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night !
 Fair queen ! (he said) direct my dart aright.
 If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
 Or I increased them with my sylvan toils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
 Give me to scatter these " Then from his ear
 He poised, and aimed, and launched the trembling
 spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove ,
 Pierced his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood
 He staggers round , his eyeballs roll in death ;
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath
 All stand amazed —a second javelin flies
 With equal strength, and quivers through the skies.
 This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,
 And in the brain right warmly buried lay
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
 Descried not him who gave the deadly wound,
 Nor knew to fix revenge . " But thou (he cries),
 Shalt pay for both," and at the prisoner flies
 With his drawn sword.

Noble self-sacrifice.

Then, struck with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear ;
 Eut from his covert rushed in open view
 And sent his voice before him as he flew :
 " Me ! me ! (he cried) turn all your swords alone
 On me—the fact confessed, the fault my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth !

His only crime (if friendship can offend)
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend "
 Too late he speaks the sword, which fury guides,
 Driven with full force, had pierced his tender sides.
 Down fell the beauteous youth the yawning wound
 Gushed out a purple stream, and stained the ground,
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
 Like a fair flower by the keen share oppressed—
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
 Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain.

United in death.

Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vowed,
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd
 Volscians he seeks, on him alone he bends
 Borne back and borel by his surrounding friends.
 Onward he pressed, and kept him still in sight,
 Then whirled aloft his sword with all his might
 The unerring steel descended while he spoke,
 Pierced his wide mouth, and through his weazon broke.
 Dying, he slew, and staggering on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain,
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
 Content, in death, to be revenged so well.

O happy friends ! for, if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
 Fixed as the Capitol's foundation lies,
 And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies !

Vergil: Aeneid IX.—By DRYDEN.

TRIAL OF SOCRATES (PART I.)

Plato, one of the greatest of all thinkers upon man and his soul, describes how his master Socrates was tried and put to death at Athens, 399 B C, on a charge of corrupting the youth of the city, and of not worshipping the gods of the city. The oracle had declared Socrates to be "the wisest of men," which caused him to go about the city questioning people to see who was really wise. He found that many men pretended to be wise, but were not really so. He himself was wise in knowing his own ignorance. He left nothing in writing, yet he has profoundly influenced the world. His method of questioning gave rise to what is known as Socratic teaching.

He thinks his accusers, Meletus, Anytus and Lyco, may be inclined to dismiss him, if he promises to give up his questioning of the citizens. So he speaks as follows in his Apology or Defence.

"I must question you."

Men of Athens, I honour and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and as long as I breathe and am able, I shall never give up seeking wisdom, nor stop exhorting you and warning anyone I may meet, saying in my usual way,—“Good sir, seeing you are an Athenian, of a city the most powerful and most renowned for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being careful for Riches, how you may acquire them in greatest abundance, and for glory and honour, but care not nor take any thought for wisdom and truth, and for your soul how it may be made most perfect?”

And if any one of you question my assertion, and affirm that he does care for these things, I shall not at once let him go, nor depart, but I shall question him, sift and prove him. And if he should appear to me not to possess virtue, but to pretend that he does, I should reproach him for setting the least value on things of the greatest worth, and the highest on things that are worthless. Thus I shall act to all whom I meet, both young and old, stranger and citizen.

but rather to you, my fellow-citizens, because ye are more nearly allied to me. For be well assured, this the Deity commands. And I think that no greater good has ever befallen you in the city than my zeal for the service of the god. For I go about doing nothing else than persuading you, both young and old, to take no care either for the body or for riches more than for the perfection of your souls, telling you that Virtue does not spring from Riches, but Riches and all other human blessings both private and public, from Virtue. If then by saying these things I corrupt youth, these things must be mischievous, but if anyone says that I speak other things than these, he misleads you. Therefore, I must say, men of Athens, either yield to Anytus or not, dismiss me or not, since I shall not act otherwise, even though I must die many deaths.

"Death is no evil, I am sent by God." A mysterious voice.

Be well assured, then, if you put me to death, being such a man as I say I am, you will not injure me more than yourselves. For neither could Meletus nor Anytus harm me, they have not the power, for I do not think it is God's will that a better man be injured by a worse. He may perhaps have me condemned to death, or banished or deprived of civil rights, and he or others may perhaps consider these as mighty evils. I, however, do not consider them so, but that it is much more so to do what he is now doing, to endeavour to put a man to death unjustly. And so, men of Athens, I am not now making a defence on my own behalf, as one might think, but I do so on your behalf, lest by condemning me you should err at all with respect to the gift of the Deity to you. . . . Such another is not likely to come to you, gentlemen. . . . That I am a person who has been given by the Deity to this city, you may discern from hence: for it is not like ordinary human conduct, that I should have neglected all my own affairs and suffered my private interests to be neglected for so many years, and that I should constantly attend to your concerns, addressing myself to each of you separately like a

father, or elder brother persuading you to the pursuit of virtue. . . . Perhaps, however, it may appear absurd that I, going about thus, advise you in private and interfere, but never venture to present myself in public before your assemblies and give advice to the city. The cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence which also Meletus has scoffed at in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which when present, always holds me back from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. This it is which opposed my meddling in politics. . .

He is declared guilty on the votes and sentenced: he continues, after stating that "the unexamined life is not worth living."

"Punishment will come upon you."

And now I desire to prophesy unto you, O ye who have condemned me for I am now in that state in which men most frequently prophesy, namely, when they are about to die. I say then to you, O Athenians, who have condemned me to death, that immediately after my death, a punishment will overtake you far more severe by Zeus than that which you have inflicted on me. . . But with those who have voted for my acquittal, I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. . . A strange thing has happened. for the wonted prophetic voice of my guardian deity, on every former occasion, even in the most trifling affairs, opposed me if I was about to do anything wrong; but now that has befallen me which you yourselves behold, and which any one would think to be the extremity of evil, yet neither when I departed from home in the morning did the warning of the god oppose me, nor when I came up here to the place of trial, nor in my address when I was about to say anything, yet on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now, it has never throughout this proceeding opposed me, either in what I

said or did. What then do I suppose to be the cause of this? I will tell you. What has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly in supposing that death is an evil. . . .

“ No evil can come to a good man.”

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to regard death hopefully and to meditate on this one truth, that no evil can come to a good man either in life or death nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance, but this is clear to me that now to die and be freed from my cares is better for me. That is the reason why the warning in no way turned me aside, and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, nor against my accusers,— although it was not with this in view that they condemned and accused me, but wishing to injure me: in this they deserve to be blamed.

Thus much however I beg of them. Punish my sons when they grow up, O judges, troubling them as I have troubled you, if they appear to you to care for riches or anything else before virtue, and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are worth nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met with just treatment at your hands.

But it is now time to depart,—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is known to none but God.—(From the Apology).

SOCRATES (PART I).—PRISON AND DEATH.

The noble old man—he is 70 years of age—is kept some time in prison, where his friends visit him. One of these, Crito, offers to provide means of escape. Socrates refuses to violate the law, even to save his own life. Another friend, Phaedo, describes the closing hours in which Socrates remains calm in the face of death and encourages his friends to follow the true path ever.

“ You bury only my body.”

“ We shall certainly try hard to do so,” said Crito ;
“ 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 the Socrates who is now conversing and arranging the points of his argument is really I , but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold as a corpse, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I have been saying at some 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 vainly to have argued. he thinks I merely spoke in that way to console both you and myself. So be ye then my sureties to Crito, in an obligation the very opposite of that which he made to the judges , for he undertook that I should remain , but be ye 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 troubled about me, as if I were suffering some dreadful affliction, nor say at my funeral that he is laying out Socrates, or carrying him out or burying him. For be well assured,” he said, “ most excellent Crito, that to speak thus improperly is not only wrong in itself, but likewise occasions some injury to our souls. You must be of good courage then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it as you please, and as you think most seemly.”

Noblest, Gentlest and Best.

When he had said this 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 of 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 lives as orphans. When he had bathed and his children were brought to him,—for he had two little sons and one big one,—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 sun-set, 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 (rulers) came in, and standing near him said: "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, for being angry with me and cursing me, when by order of the Archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you in every way during the time you have been here, I have found to be the noblest, gentlest and best man who has ever come into this place, and therefore I am now well convinced that you are not 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 endeavour to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible." And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned and went away.

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

"Bring the poison."

But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let someone 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 mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after the order has been given to them, and have supped and drunk freely, and some of them have enjoyed the society of those they loved. 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 the poison a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life and sparing of it when there is nothing more in it. 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 stood 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," he replied, "but drink it and 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, neither trembling, nor changing at all in colour 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 anyone, 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.

"Why weep ye?"

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 to weep, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of everyone present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my strange 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 in silence. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

The best of all of his time.

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 groin 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 Aesculapius; 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 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 wisest and most righteous

—(From the *Phædo*)

A prayer of Socrates, under a plane-tree, by the river Ilissus, outside the walls of Athens, is given in the dialogue with his friend Phædrus as follows —

Socr O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in my soul within, and that whatever outward things I have, may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ

Do we need anything else, Phædrus? for myself I have prayed enough.

Phæ Make the same prayer for me, too, for the possessions of friends are common.

Socr. Let us depart.

Plato—BY CARY (REVISED BY R.L.)

SPIRIT OF PLATO.

(*Translation by Shelley*).

Eagle! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-ypaven home
Floatest thou?—

I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven, Athens doth inherit
His corpse below.

THE LIGHT OF REASON.

Lucretius 98-55 B C , Latin philosophical poet, wrote De Rerum Natura—On the Nature of Things—a poem in six books, expounding the doctrine of Epicurus, and in a general sense anticipating the theory of evolution. He is said to have died by his own hand, see Tennyson's poem, "Lucretius" Colverley imitates the original metre.

Sweet, when the great sea's water is stirred to his depths by
the storm-winds,
Standing ashore to descry one afar-off mightily struggling :
Not that a neighbour's sorrow to you yields dulcet enjoyment,
But that the sight hath a sweetness, of ills ourselves are
exempt from
Sweet 'tis too to behold, on a broad plain mustering, war-
hosts
Arm them for some great battle, one's self unscathed by the
danger
Yet, still happier this —To possess, impregnably guarded,
Those calm heights of the sages, which have for an origin
Wisdom,
Hence to survey our fellows, observe them this way and
that way
Wander amidst Life's paths, poor stragglers seeking a
highway.
Watch mind battle with mind, and escutcheon rival
escutcheon,
Gaze on that untold strife, which is waged 'neath the sun
and the starlight,
Up as they toil on the surface whereon rest Riches and
Empire
O race born unto trouble ! O minds all lacking of eyesight !
'Neath what a vital darkness, amidst how terrible dangers,
Move ye through this thing, Life, this fragment ! Fools,
that ye hear not

Nature clamour aloud for the one thing only, that, all
 pain
 Parted and past from the Body, the Mind, too bask in a
 blissful
 Dream all fear of the future, and all anxiety over !
 Now, as regards Man's body, a few things only are needful,
 (Few, tho' we sum up all), to remove all misery from him,
 Aye and to strew in his path such a liberal carpet of pleasures
 That scarce Nature herself would at times ask happiness
 anpler
 Statues of youth and of beauty may not gleam golden
 around him,
 Each in his right hand bearing a great lamp lustrously
 burning,
 (Whence to the midnight revel a light may be furnished
 always),
 Silver may not shine softly, nor gold blaze bright in his
 mansion,
 Nor to the noise of the tabret his halls gold-corniced echo —
 Yet still he, with his fellow, reposed on the velvety green-
 sward,
 Near to a rippling stream, by a tall tree canopied over,
 Shall, though they lack great riches, enjoy all bodily
 pleasure
 Chiefest then when above them a fair sky smiles, and the
 young year
 Flings with a bounteous hand over each green meadow the
 wild-flowers
 Not more quickly depart from his bosom fiery fevers,
 Who beneath crimson hangings and pictures cunningly
 brodered
 Tosses about, than from him who must lie in beggarly
 raiment.
 Therefore, since to the Body avail not Riches, avails not
 Heraldry's utmost boast, nor the pomp and pride of an
 empire,
 Next shall you own, that the Mind needs likewise nothing
 of these things.

.

These things show that at times we are bankrupt surely of
Reason,

Think too that all Man's life thro' a great Dark laboureth
onward

For, as a young boy trembles, and in that mystery, Darkness,
Sees all terrible things so do we too, ev'n in the daylight,
Oft-times shudder at that which is not more really alarming
Than boys' fears, when they waken, and say some danger is
o'er them

So this panic of mind, these clouds which gather around us,
Fly not the bright sunbeam, nor the ivory shafts of the
Day-star.

Nature, rightly revealed, and the Reason only, dispel them.

THE UNSHAKEN SOUL.

*From the Roman poet Horace, who died 8 B C He was a friend
of Vergil and of the Emperor Augustus.*

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ,
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar and strength to fly
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In rain and confusion hurled,
He unconcerned would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amid a falling world

Addison.

AN OLD-WORLD TRIBUTE TO THE HEROIC DEAD.

Periclēs (or Perikles), greatest statesman of the greatest city of Ancient Greece—Athens—in the prime of her glory, delivers the most famous of funeral orations on the brave dead who fell in the first year (431 B.C.) of the long war against Sparta—known as the Peloponnesian War. The greatest of Greek historians, Thucydides, a contemporary of Periclēs, has described this war in full. Periclēs after exalting the glory of Athens, her democracy, her supremacy in art and letters, passes on to speak of the fallen

The Praises of the City.

Such is the country for which these men, fixed in their resolve not to lose their inheritance in her, so nobly have fought and died, and sure may we be that every yet living son of hers will gladly so spend and be spent for her. I have dwelt upon the greatness of our land, because I want you to bear in mind that the rights and privileges for which we contend are beyond comparison greater than those possessed by the dwellers in less favoured lands, and because I want to establish by manifest proofs that it is no vain praise which is now uttered over these fallen heroes. I have sung the praises of our country, but it was the heroism of these men, and such as these, that has made her so glorious. Few there are in neighbouring States whose achievements have so rarely fallen below their olden renown.

The Praises of the Fallen.

¹ The sacrifice of their lives, which we mourn this day has for some of them been the first revelation of the heroism that was in them for all it has been the final confirmation thereof. There may have been some among them whose previous lives were not worthy of them, but Justice bids look to the end, to the heroism that lay deep in all, all these who died for fatherland. Not the evil done, but the good,

lives after these, who have thus more than atoned to their country for all shortcomings. Some of them were wealthy—the lure of riches made no headway—some of them looked to become so—none flinched from peril by reason of that hope of good days to be. The task they set themselves was to smite our foes—that was the one thing desirable in their eyes. They faced danger—and that they accounted most glorious. Their one high resolve was to wrest victory from peril's grip—that was the goal to which they strained. They had turned their backs on old dreams of success in life. It was the hour for deeds. They looked the imminent peril in the face. They were proved to be true to themselves. In the midst of death they held it a nobler thing to fight and fall than to flinch and live. The one thing they shrank from was a dishonoured name. Holding their lives in their hands they abode the issue. And then, in the flash of an instant, were their spirits caught up from a scene, not of terror, no, of glory! A misfortune for them?—nay, rather was it the crown of all their fortunes. Worthy were they of their country, these who proved their manhood thus!

“The Whole Earth is the Sepulchre of heroes”

You who are yet alive may indeed hope that in the day of battle death may pass you by. But you cannot hope to bear a more gallant spirit in facing his terrors. One might talk endlessly of the advantages to be won by such resistance to wrong, might dilate on the peace, the prosperity thus to be attained—but you know all that as well as I do, and it is not on profit and loss that you are called to fix your eyes. No—let your thoughts dwell day by day on your country's true greatness, till you become her lovers, her passionate lovers. And when you realise all her grandeur, bethink you that it was a heritage won for you by dauntless men who knew their duty and did it. In the hour of trial the one thing they feared was dishonour. If victory was denied to them, did they then fail their fatherland, denying to her the supreme sacrifice?—not one! They laid those bright, those gallant lives at her feet, their

fairest gift of a lover's devotion. In one great host did they give themselves to death—but each one, man by man, has won imperishable praise, each has gained a glorious grave—not that sepulchre of earth wherein they lie, but the living tomb of everlasting remembrance wherein their glory is enshrined, remembrance that will live on the lips, that will blossom in the deeds of their countrymen the world over. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of heroes, monuments may rise and tablets be set up to them in their own land, but on far-off shores there is an abiding memorial that no pen or chisel has traced—it is graven, not on stone or brass, but on the living heart of humanity.

“Imitate their great example.”

Take these men, then, for your ensamples. Like them, remember that prosperity can be only for the free, that freedom is the sure possession of those alone who have courage to defend it. Scorn to be haunted by thoughts of the horrors of war. It is not the wastrel who has nothing to lose, who has no right to look for prosperous days, that is readiest to lay down his life in a great cause—no, it is they who have everything to lose, from whose hands, if they fall, life's fairest prizes slip—these are the stuff of which our myriad heroes are made. To such high, heroic souls the thought of playing the coward is more abhorrent than any bitterness of death. Death? it is the angel whose silent-sweeping wings, whose unfelt hands, snatch the soldier from earth in the very fulness of strength and hope.

“Lift up your hearts.”

Wherefore I will not condole with the parents of our heroic dead. I will rather bid them lift up their hearts. You know that from childhood up you have found no absolute certainty of happiness. Those may be called most fortunate who have gained most true honour, be it such as yours in proud affliction, or such as theirs in glorious death, whose life was so ordered that its last day was its very

crown. I know that it is not easy, thus early, to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others, the unbereaved, will so often remind you of your own bright past which sleeps with your sleepers. True it is that sorrow's crown of sorrow is not the missing of anticipated good, but the remembrance of happier things, the sweetness that had twined itself round our hearts. Some of you may win strength and healing from the love of little ones still with you. These will bring balm to your wounds, till memory is no longer pain, and in your rearing of them you will be making your country the richer—a land repeopled, a land strong in the strength of brave defenders. For no man's policy can be fair and just, if in time of danger he has no children to stake on equal terms with his neighbours. But they whose house is left unto them desolate, desolate to remain, may still relive in thought the good days gone by—yet a little while, and they will go to those who may not return to them, and their loved ones' glory will make bright the eventide of their days. For the love of honour is for ever young, it is not riches, but the honour and respect of our fellow men, that are the crown of rejoicing of old age.

“The State will support their children.”

For those of you, on the other hand, who are sons or brothers of the dead, great is the struggle which is set before them. Every one is wont to praise the man who is no more. Scarcely even if you transcended them in merit would you be thought, I do not say their equals, but nearly as good. For the living are exposed to envy in their rivalry, but those, who are in no one's way, are honoured with a good will, free from all opposition. And, if I must speak of high excellence in a woman also—for those who will now be in widowhood, I will express it all in one short piece of counsel. Great will be the glory when you do not fall below the natural character that belongs to you, and great indeed is he who is least talked of amongst the men, either for good or for evil. I have now expressed *in words*,

as the law required, what I had to say befitting the occasion; and, *in deed*, those who are here interred have already received part of their honours, while for the remaining part, the state will bring up their sons at the public expense from this time to their manhood, thus offering both to these and their posterity, a beneficial reward for such contests. For where the greatest prizes for virtue are given, there also the most virtuous men are found amongst the citizens. And now, having finished your lamentations for your several relatives, depart!

Thucydides—BY DR. WAY

LAMENT FOR A POET.

Callimachus (3rd century, B C) laments the death of *Heracitus* of *Caria* in *Asia Minor*, who had written a book of poems called "Nightingales." This lament has survived in a very old collection known as the *Greek Anthology*. The beautiful translation is by *W. Cory*.

They told me, *Heracitus*, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed

I wept as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the
sky

And now that thou art lying, my dear old *Carian* guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

TITUS MANLIUS FIGHTS A GIANT.

Livy tells how the Gauls advanced against the Romans as far as the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, 361 B C. A Dictator has been appointed during the peril'

On the bridge a challenge.

In that year the Gauls pitched their camp at the third milestone on the Salarian Road, at the farther side of the bridge over the Anio. The Roman Dictator, after issuing a proclamation that all civil business must cease, conscribed and bound under a military oath all the younger citizens, then with a very large force he marched out of the city, and pitched his camp on the near side of the Anio. Between the two armies lay the bridge, but neither side attempted to destroy it, fearing that such an act would look like cowardice. So they fought frequently for the possession of the bridge, but as the struggle proved indecisive, neither side could claim a mastery of the bridge. Then a Gaul of giant size advanced on to the bridge, which was at the moment unoccupied, and cried with a very loud voice, "Let Rome now send forth the bravest man she has to do battle with me, and whoever conquers, then his nation shall be the victor in the war."

For a long time there was a silence among the young Roman nobility, for they were ashamed to decline the duel, and yet none seemed willing to take upon himself the chief post of danger.

Manlius accepts combat.

Then forth stepped Titus Manlius from his station, and he spake to the Dictator: "General, without your orders, I would never fight except in the regular way, not even though I saw certain victory before me. But with your permission,

I will show yon brute who arrogantly vaunts over us in front of the foe's line that I am sprung of that family which dislodged the Gauls from the Tarpeian rock'

To him spake the Dictator "Titus Manlius, may Fortune speed you for your courage, and your devotion to your father and your native land Go, and with the aid of the gods, make good the invincibility of the Roman name"

His comrades fit his armour on, he takes a footsoldier's shield and girds himself with a Spanish sword, used in close fighting Then they escort him forth, all armed and ready for the fray Meanwhile the Gaul stood firm and contemptuous, and in derision of his foe thrust forth his tongue The comrades now return to their station, leaving in the middle space the two antagonists in arms More like a public spectacle it seemed, than a fixed, deadly combat, for they looked an ill-matched pair The one had a body of gigantic size, all gleaming in a many-coloured vest, in armour painted and with gold inlaid, the other was but of middle stature like that of an ordinary soldier, his bearing without pomp, his arms made for use rather than for show He sang no song, he made no caperings, no vain flourishing of arms, but his heart, swelling with courage and silent rage, had pent up all its fury for the struggle which was to decide his own and his country's fate.

They fight.

Then stood they forth between the two armies, the minds of many who looked upon them trembling between hope and fear The Gaul towered like a huge rock threatening to crush all beneath it, as he stretched forth his shield with his left hand, and with great noise delivered a harmless blow with his sword upon the armour of the foe who came against him

The Roman pushed aside the lower part of the Gaul's shield with his own, raised the point of his sword, and closed with his adversary in such a way that he could not be

wounded, having worked his whole body in between his foe's arms and body, then with two sharp thrusts he pierced him through and through and stretched his mighty bulk prostrate on the earth. So the great form lay fallen, covering much ground. Titus offered him no insult, now he was laid low only he took from him a chain (torqués), which, stained as it was with battle, he cast around his own neck. Amazement and dismay held the Gauls motionless, while the Romans, wild with joy, ran out to greet their champion, and with praise and congratulation brought him before the Dictator.

The soldiers in their usual way passed round their rough jests and bits of comic verse in which occurred the name Torquatus (The Man with the Collar), a name which was afterwards proudly borne and regarded as an honour handed down in the family.

The Dictator added a present of a gold crown and in a public meeting bestowed the very highest praises on the hero's act. And in very truth, the combat had such an effect on the whole struggle, that on the very next night the Gauls broke up their camp in wild disorder and passed over into the territory of Tibur and soon after from there into Campania.

Livy — BY R L

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN ROME.**362 B.C.**

In this year the middle of the forum is said to have opened up and formed a great cavity of immense depth, as the result of earthquake or some other violent cause. They threw in earth to fill up the chasm, and everyone worked with might and main, but all to no purpose—the chasm still remained. Then were they admonished by their gods to make inquiry and find wherein lay the chief strength of the Roman people. “For,” said the soothsayers, “if ye desire that the Roman state shall last for ever, then must ye devote to that chasm the chief strength of Rome.”

Then stood forth Marcus Curtius, a youth famed in warlike exploits, and cried, “Why stand we hesitating? Is there for Romans any strength more precious than that of arms and valour?”

A hush fell on the assemblage. He turned his eyes now up to the temples of the immortal gods around the forum, and now to the Capitol, stretching out his hands now towards heaven and now toward the gods of the underworld down through the yawning gulf, so there he dedicated himself. Then mounted on a charger most gorgeously caparisoned, in he plunged in full war-harness down into the gaping hole. And the multitude of men and women who stood around threw in over him offerings and the fruits of the earth; and from this deed was the lake called The Lake of Curtius.

Livy.—By R.L.

THE OLD ROMAN VIRTUE, AND HOW IT WAS CORRUPTED.

By Sallust, a Roman Historian. 50 B.C.

Give service rather than accept it.

I shall briefly sum up and set forth the civil and military methods of our ancestors, their mode of governing the state, the size to which they raised it, and I shall show how its grandeur and its splendour were gradually corrupted to villany and crime.

The city of Rome, according to the most trustworthy legend, was originally founded by wandering Trojans, exiles without a home, who first took up their abode there under their chief, Aeneas. They were joined by the natives of the land, an untamed and uncivilised people, without any settled form of government.

With an ease that seems almost incredible these two peoples, so different in race and language, and mode of living, became welded into one as a result of living within the same walls. Their state grew in numbers, wealth and lands, their strength increased with their prosperity, but with these, as so often happens in man's prosperity, there grew up an envy against them amongst the neighbour kings and peoples. An attack soon followed, very few of their allies stood fast, or offered any aid, for they were in terror of the lives. The Romans however quickly got ready for action, for their energy was equally great at home or in the field. Calling each other to the fray, they bore up against their foes, and by force of arms secured safety for themselves and their kindred, and freedom for their country. Then, after they had saved themselves, they supported their allies and friends, ever increasing their hold by being always more ready to give than to accept a service.

The Kingship formed and then abolished.

They formed a kingship, with a proper constitution. The State Council was composed of old men, weak in body, strong in the wisdom of experience. These men were called Fathers either because of their age or from the semi-paternal tasks they had to discharge. At first the king's power was a strong support of liberty and public well being, but it afterwards became a mere instrument of pride and despotism. The constitution was then changed, and annual magistracies and pairs of magistrates were set up, in order to act as a check on the natural tendency of the human mind to abuse a privilege. Individual talent began about this time to make itself prominent, and distinction became more common. For kings are always prone to be suspicious of good men rather than of bad. merit in other men arouses resentment always.

Freedom the young men dare all dangers.

Once public freedom was gained, the state advanced with marvellous rapidity, so great was the thirst for glory that had ensued. Now, for the first time, the young men, as soon as they were old enough to take the field, undertook the severe experience of camp life. Women and wine gave way to fine arms and handsome war-horses. These men shrank no toil. no ground was too rough or steep, no enemy was too terrible, their courage overcame everything. But their greatest contests were those amongst themselves in their rivalry for fame. Every man wanted to be the first over the wall, the first to strike the foe before the eyes of all his comrades. this was their wealth, this was their fame, this was even as the highest birth. Though they were greedy for glory, yet were they generous with their money, and if they longed for glory that might be excessive, they prayed their wealth might be honorably won. But for its taking me away from my subject I could tell how in many places a small Roman force routed large bodies of the enemy, and how Roman soldiers captured by direct assault fortresses regarded as naturally impregnable.

Men of action compared with writers.

Fortune however is everywhere queen : as she will, she rates every action, glorifying or diminishing it not by its real worth, but according to her own caprice. The deeds of the Athenians were in my opinion certainly noble and splendid, and yet less than fame would make them. At Athens there flourished historians of genius who were able to make the achievements of the Athenians ring throughout the world. Even so the position of men of affairs in history must ultimately depend upon the talents of the writers who chronicle their exploits. Now the Roman people have never excelled in this respect. the ablest men they had were always those who were the most fully occupied none of them developed his mental, apart from his bodily, powers. the best of them preferred to act rather than to narrate, and to do deeds worthy of being praised by others rather than themselves to be the annalists of others' prowess.

Courage in war generosity in peace.

So, as I have shown, they practised virtue both at home and in the field. A spirit of complete harmony prevailed everywhere amongst them. avarice was most uncommon, they did what was right and just, not because of the law, but by their own natural prompting, fighting, ill-will and hatred they reserved for their country's foes. with their fellow-citizens they strove only for the prize of superior excellence. They offered unstintingly to their gods, they lived frugally in their private lives, they lived always true to their friends. They had two safeguards for their own honour and that of their country—courage in war, generous kindness in peace. To give a striking proof of what I say — in war punishment had to be meted out more often to those who persisted in attacking the enemy contrary to orders than to those who were cowardly enough to desert the standard or run away when hard put to it. And in peace

their government was inspired rather by kindness than by fear. If they had been subjected to an injury, they were great-minded enough to overlook it rather than avenge it.

Fortune turns cruel. Wealth, leisure, decay.

So by hard effort and just dealing Rome grew great. Mighty kings were warred down, savage races tamed, vast peoples subdued by arms, Carthage, the rival of the Roman Empire, was humbled to the dust, no land, no sea but lay open to our mighty name.

Then at last Fortune changed, and turned cruel. What she had done, she now began to undo. All was confusion. Leisure and money, so desirable under proper conditions, became a burden and a curse to a race of men who with dauntless hearts had lightly fronted dangers, and coils and doubtful fortunes and desperate crises.

First of all the greed for money grew, and then the greed for power—and these two may fairly be called the roots of all evil. Greed undermined loyalty, honour and every other noble quality, greed made men proud, cruel, irreligious, made men think that all things have their price. Self-seeking brought deceit into men's hearts, they had one thought buried in the breast, another lying on the tongue. Real worth was not the test of friendship or of enmity, but these were both a question of selfish interest. The appearance of honourable men remained on their faces, but the reality of it was gone.

These evils were gradual at first, and were sometimes condemned, but later the vile corruption spread like a pestilence, and the state was utterly transformed from one of the best and justest, into one of the most cruel and tyrannous. It was at first ambition rather than avarice which urged on men's hearts. Ambition is certainly a vice, yet it is a brother of virtue. For position, power, and distinction in the state are aimed at by good and bad alike; but the good strive to succeed by honourable means,

while the bad supply the lack of honourable means by every artifice of craft and villainy. Avarice, on the contrary, arises from a worship of gold, —a thing which has always been contemptible to the truly wise. Avarice corrupts the mind and the body of the strong, acting like some deadly poison ; it knows no limits, it can never be satisfied : it grows by what it feeds on.

Sulla's example : its ill effects, 82-81 B.C.

After Lucius Sulla had forcibly seized the government and had ended badly what began so well, robbery and pillage became general. The victors gave reins to their passions—one would seize a house, another a farm, others perpetrated the most detestable outrages on the citizens. What increased the misery was Sulla's indulgence to his army from Asia, for, contrary to all military usage, he had allowed them the widest freedom, in order to bribe them into loyalty to himself. The bold spirit of his men became enfeebled amid the luxurious pleasures provided for them in times of peace. Asia was the first place that begat vile and intemperate habits in a Roman army. Here they learned to covet and to steal statues, paintings and plate both from public and private owners, to plunder shrines, and degrade everything whether sacred or not. Soldiers of this type, after a victory, stripped the vanquished of everything. Even the best of men find it difficult to keep themselves free from taint in great success. Men of this low type gave way altogether to the wildest excesses.

The great fall.

Wealth opened the door to distinction and fame, and wealth bought positions of power and prestige. The fine sense of honour was soon blunted, poverty was considered a disgrace, integrity a piece of folly. Under this blighting influence, the young men gave way to insolence, avarice, and luxury. They pillaged, they squandered, dissipated their own property, then coveted what belonged to others, they mocked at virtue and simplicity, they feared neither God nor man ; they were shameless and utterly depraved.

Anyone acquainted with the great houses and villas of our country will find it of interest to examine the temples built by our forefathers, those men of deep religious feeling. With pious reverence they adorned the altars of the gods, their own homes they adorned with glory, but when they conquered their foes they robbed them of nothing save their power to do harm. But in our generation we see our own allies robbed by vile miscreants of everything which our honest old sires had left inviolate in the hour of triumph. To do violence seems now to be the meaning of Empire. What need to relate things which must be incredible to all who have not witnessed them, how even private citizens have made mountains flat, and have built out their palaces above the sea? Such waste of wealth is an abuse of privileges which they might have used for honourable purposes. Hand in hand with the lust of wealth, went degradation, gluttony, self-indulgence. Both sexes alike trod their modesty in the dust. Sea and land were ransacked to supply their table with luxuries. Men went to sleep through sheer indulgence in sloth. They created an artificial hunger or thirst or cold or fatigue, in order merely to gratify their artificial desires. When money failed, crime naturally followed. For luxury must have money. The young men, corrupted with vile practices, could not endure the loss of their sensualities, and so they gave themselves over with ever-increasing recklessness to every species of getting and spending.

R L.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander, king of Macedonia, 336-323 B.C. son of the famous king Philip, but far outdoing his father as conqueror and hero. He subdued Greece, passed into Asia, and Egypt, conquering everywhere, overthrew the great Persian Empire of Darius, founded Alexandria, took Babylon, and penetrated to the Indus in India, where he defeated and took prisoner Porus, an Indian king. His troops then refused to advance further. Alexander reluctantly turned back. He died on the return march.

This translation is from the Greek of Plutarch's lives (100 A.D.), a source-book for Shakespeare: he used North's translation of 1579.

A noble Prince.

His continence showed itself at an early period, for though he was vigorous, or rather violent, in his other pursuits, he was not easily moved by the pleasures of the body, and if he tasted them, it was with great moderation. But there was something superlatively great and sublime in his ambition, far above his years. It was not all sorts of honour that he courted, nor did he seek it in every track, like his father Philip, who was as proud of his eloquence as any sophist could be, and who had the vanity to record his victories in the Olympic chariot race in the impression of his coins. Alexander, on the other hand, when he was asked by some of the people about him, whether he would not run in the Olympic race, for he was swift of foot, answered, "Yes, if I had kings for my antagonists".

Ambassadors from Persia happening to arrive in the absence of his father Philip, and Alexander receiving them in his stead, gained upon them greatly by his politeness and solid sense. He asked them no childish or trifling questions but inquired the distances of places, and the roads through the upper provinces of Asia. He desired to be informed of the character of their king, in what manner he behaved to

his enemies, and in what the strength and power of Persia consisted. The ambassadors were struck with admiration, and looked upon the celebrated shrewdness of Philip as nothing in comparison of the lofty and enterprising genius of his son. Accordingly, whenever news was brought that Philip had taken some strong town, or won some great battle, the young man, instead of appearing delighted with it, used to say to his companions, "My father will go on conquering, till there be nothing extraordinary left for you and me to do." As neither pleasure nor riches, but valour and glory were his great objects, he thought, that in proportion as the dominions he was to receive from his father grew greater, there would be less room for him to distinguish himself. Every new acquisition of territory he considered as a diminution of his scene of action, for he did not desire to inherit a kingdom that would bring him opulence, luxury, and pleasure, but one that would afford him wars, conflicts, and all the exercise of great ambition.

He masters a ferocious horse.

When Philonicus, the Thessalian, offered the horse named Bucephalus (Bull-head) in sale to Philip at the price of 13 talents (£2500), the king, with the prince and many others, went into the field to see some trial made of him. The horse appeared extremely vicious and unmanageable, and was so far from suffering himself to be mounted, that he would not bear to be spoken to, but turned fiercely upon all the grooms. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse, and bade them take him away. But Alexander, who had observed him well, said— "What a horse are they losing for want of spirit and skill to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of this, but upon the prince's often repeating the same expression, and showing great uneasiness, he said, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better."

"And I certainly could," answered the prince.

"If you should not be able to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?"

"I will pay the price of the horse."

Upon this all the company laughed; but the king and prince agreeing as to the forfeiture, Alexander ran to the horse, and laying hold of the bridle, turned him to the sun, for he had observed, it seems, that the shadow which fell before the horse, and continually moved as he moved, greatly disturbed him. While his fierceness and fury lasted, he kept speaking to him softly and stroking him, after which he gently let fall his mantle, leaped lightly upon his back, and got his seat very safe. Then, without pulling the reins too hard, or using either whip or spur, he set him a-going. As soon as he perceived his uneasiness abated, and that he wanted only to run, he put him in a full gallop, and pushed him on both with voice and spur.

Philip and all his court were in great distress for him at first, and a profound silence took place. But when the prince had turned him and brought him straight back, they all received him with loud acclamations, except his father, who wept for joy, and kissing him, said, "Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy thy abilities, for Macedonia is too small for thee."

The great Aristotle is his tutor.

Perceiving that he did not easily submit to authority, because he would not be forced to anything, but that he might be led to his duty by the gentler hand of reason, he took the method of persuasion rather than of command. He saw that his education was a matter of too great importance to be trusted to the ordinary masters in music and the common circle of sciences; and that his genius (to use the expression of Sophocles) required

The rudder's guidance and the curb's restraint

He therefore sent for Aristotle, the most celebrated and learned of all the philosophers, and the reward he gave him for forming his son was not only honourable, but remarkable for its propriety. He had formerly dismantled the city of Stagira, where that philosopher was born, and now he rebuilt it and re-established the inhabitants, who had either fled or been reduced to slavery. He also prepared a lawn, called Mieza, for their studies and literary conversations, where they still show us Aristotle's stone, seats, and shady walks.

After Philip's death, Alexander puts the affairs of Greece in order, prepares to invade Persia, crosses the Hellespont, and overruns Asia Minor.

He cuts the Gordian knot.

After this he subdued such of the Pisidians as had revolted, and conquered Phrygia. Upon taking Gordium, which is said to have been the seat of the ancient Midas, he found the famed chariot fastened with cords, made of the bark of the cornel tree, and was informed of a tradition firmly believed among the barbarians, "That the fates had decreed the empire of the world to the man who should untie the knot." Most historians say that it was twisted so many private ways and the ends so artfully concealed within, that Alexander, finding he could not untie it, cut it asunder with his sword, and so made many ends instead of two. But Aristobulus affirms that he easily untied it by taking out the pin which fastened the yoke to the beam, and then drawing out the yoke itself.

After capturing Persepolis, the magnificent capital of Persia, he falls under the sway of Thais, a beautiful Athenian woman.

A frenzied deed.

When she had gained Alexander's attention by her flattery and humorous vein, she addressed him over her cups in a manner agreeable to the spirit of her country,

but far above a person of her stamp "I have undergone great fatigues," said she, "in wandering about Asia, but this day has brought me a compensation, by putting it in my power to insult the proud courts of the Persian kings. Ah! how much greater pleasure would it be to finish the carousal with burning the palaces of Xerxes, who laid Athens in ashes, and set fire to it myself in the sight of Alexander. Then shall it be said in times to come that the very women of his train more signaly avenged the cause of Greece upon the Persians than all the generals before him could do by sea or land."

This speech was received with the loudest plaudits and most tumultuary acclamations. All the company strove to persuade the king to comply with the proposal. At last, yielding to their instances, he leaped from his seat, and with a garland on his head, and a flambeau in his hand, led the way. The rest followed with shouts of joy, and dancing as they went, spread themselves round the palace. The Macedonians, who got intelligence of this frolic, ran up with lighted torches, and joined them with great pleasure, for they concluded, from his destroying the royal palace, that the king's thoughts were turned towards home, and that he did not design to fix his seat among the barbarians. Such is the account most writers give us of the motives of this transaction. There are not, however, wanting those who assert that it was in consequence of cool reflection. But all agree that the king soon repented, and ordered the fire to be extinguished.

A bounteous king.

As he was naturally munificent, that inclination increased with his extraordinary acquisitions, and he had also a gracious manner, which is the only thing that gives bounty an irresistible charm. To give a few instances: Ariston, who commanded the Paeonians, having killed one of the enemy, and cut off his head, laid it at Alexander's feet, and said, "Among us, sir, such a present is rewarded

with a golden cup." The king answered with a smile, "An empty one, I suppose; but I will give you one full of good wine, and here, my boy, I drink to you." One day, as a Macedonian of mean circumstances was driving a mule, laden with the king's money, the mule tired, the man then took the burden upon his own shoulders, and carried it till he tottered under it, and was ready to give out Alexander happening to see him, and being informed what it was, said, "Hold on, friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your own tent, for it is yours." Indeed, he was generally more offended at those who refused his presents, than at those who asked favours of him. Hence he wrote to Phocion, "That he could no longer number him among his friends, if he rejected the marks of his regard." He had given nothing to Serapion, one of the youths that played with him at ball, because he asked for nothing. One day, when they were at their diversion, Serapion took care always to throw the ball to others of the party, upon which Alexander said, "Why do you not give it me?" "Because you did not ask for it," said the youth. The repartee pleased the king much. he laughed and immediately made him very valuable presents

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Took all risks.

He found that his great officers set no bounds to their luxury, that they were most extravagantly delicate in their diet, and profuse in other respects, insomuch, that Agnon, of Teos, wore silver nails in his shoes, Leonatus had many camel-loads of earth brought from Egypt to rub himself with when he went to the wrestling-ring, Philotas had hunting-nets that would enclose the space of a hundred furlongs, more made use of rich essences than oil after bathing, and had their grooms of the bath, as well as chamberlains who excelled in bed-making. This degeneracy he reproved with all the temper of a philosopher. He told them, "It was very strange to him that, after having

undergone so many glorious conflicts, they did not remember that those who come from labour and exercise always sleep more sweetly than the inactive and effeminate, and that in comparing the Persian manners with the Macedonian, they did not perceive that nothing was more servile than the love of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil. How will that man," continued he, "take care of his own horse or furbish his lance and helmet, whose hands are too delicate to wait on his own dear person? Know you not that the end of conquest is, not to do what the conquered have done, but something greatly superior?" After this he constantly took the exercise of war or hunting, and exposed himself to danger and fatigue with less precaution than ever, so that a Lacedaemonian ambassador who attended him one day, when he killed a fierce lion, said, "Alexander, you have disputed the prize of royalty gloriously with a lion."

Alexander and Diogenes.

A general assembly of the Greeks being held at the Isthmus of Corinth, they came to a resolution to send their quotas with Alexander against the Persians, and he was unanimously elected captain-general. Many statesmen and philosophers came to congratulate him on the occasion, and he hoped that Diogenes of Sinope, who then lived at Corinth, would be of the number. Finding, however, that he made but little account of Alexander, and that he preferred the enjoyment of his leisure in a part of the suburbs called Cramus, he went to see him. Diogenes happened to be lying in the sun, and at the approach of so many people he raised himself up a little, and fixed his eyes upon Alexander. The king addressed him in an obliging manner, and asked him "If there was anything he could serve him in?" "Only stand a little out of my sunshine," said Diogenes. Alexander, we are told, was struck with such surprise at finding himself so little regarded, and saw something so great in that carelessness, that, while his courtiers were ridiculing the philosopher as a monster, he said, "If I were not Alexander I should wish to be Diogenes."

Plutarch's Lives—By LANGHORNE.

HANNIBAL.

Hannibal, one of the greatest of soldiers, and the greatest enemy of Rome, invaded Italy in 218 B.C., inflicted terrible defeats on the Romans, and maintained himself in Roman territory for 15 years. This was in the 2nd Punic or Carthaginian War. Before starting from Spain, Hannibal took Saguntum after an 8 months' siege. Then he crossed the Pyrenees, and marched through Gaul, forcing his way over the river Rhone. Livy, the Roman historian, 59 B.C.—17 A.D., writes, of course, as an enemy. The Carthaginians left no literature.

Hannibal swears undying enmity to Rome.

To this division of my work, I may be allowed to prefix a remark, which most writers of history make in the beginning of their performance—that I am going to write of a war, the most memorable of all that was ever waged, that which the Carthaginians, under the conduct of Hannibal, maintained with the Roman people. For never did any other states and nations, of more potent strength and resources, engage in a contest of arms: nor did these same nations at any other period, possess so great a degree of power and strength. The arts of war also, practised by each party, were not unknown to the other, for they had already gained experience of them in the first Punic war, and so various was the fortune of this war, so great its vicissitudes, that the party which proved in the end victorious was, at times, brought the nearest to the brink of ruin. Besides, they exerted, in the dispute, almost a greater degree of rancour than of strength, the Romans being fired with indignation at a vanquished people presuming to take up arms against their conquerors: the Carthaginians, at the haughtiness and avarice, which they thought the others showed in their imperious exercise of the superiority which they had acquired. We are told that, when Hamilcar was about to march at the head of an army into Spain, after the conclusion of the war in Africa, and was offering sacrifices on the occasion, his son Hannibal, then about nine years of

age, solicited him, with boyish fondness, to take him with him, whereupon he brought him up to the altars, and compelled him to lay his hand on the consecrated victims, and swear, that as soon as it should be in his power, he would show himself an enemy to the Roman people. Being a man of high spirit he was deeply chagrined at the loss of Sicily and Sardinia for he considered Sicily as given up by his countrymen through too hasty despair of their affairs, and Sardinia as fraudulently snatched out of their hands by the Romans, during the commotions in Africa, with the additional insult of a further tribute imposed on them.

Hamilcar dies - and Hannibal, eight years later, is chosen leader

Hannibal shows his bold spirit.

Hannibal was sent into Spain, and on his first arrival attracted the notice of the whole army. The veteran soldiers imagined that Hamilcar was restored to them from the dead, observing in him the same animated look, and penetrating eye, the same expression of countenance, and the same features. Then, such was his behaviour, and so conciliating, that, in a short time, the memory of his father was the least among their inducements to esteem him. Never man possessed a genius so admirably fitted to the discharge of offices so very opposite in their nature as obeying and commanding so that it was not easy to discern whether he were more beloved by the general or by the soldiers. There was none to whom Hasdrubal rather wished to intrust the command in any case where courage and activity were required, nor did the soldiers ever feel a greater degree of confidence and boldness under any other commander. With perfect intrepidity in facing danger, he possessed, in the midst of the greatest, perfect presence of mind. No degree of labour could either fatigue his body or break his spirit. Heat and cold he endured with equal firmness. the quantity of his food and drink was limited by natural appetite, not by the pleasure of the palate. His

seasons for sleeping and waking were not distinguished by the day, or by the night, whatever time he had to spare, after business was finished, that he gave to repose, which, however, he never courted, either by soft bed or a quiet retirement. he was often seen, covered with a cloak, lying on the ground in the midst of the soldiers on guard, and on the advanced posts. His dress had nothing particular in it, beyond that of others of the same rank; his horses and his armour he was always remarkably attentive to. and whether he acted among the horsemen, or the infantry, he was eminently the first of either, the foremost in advancing to the fight, the last who quitted the field of battle. These great virtues were counterbalanced in him by vices of equal magnitude, inhuman cruelty, perfidy beyond that of a Carthaginian, a total disregard of truth, and of every obligation deemed sacred, utterly devoid of all reverence for the gods, he paid no regard to an oath, no respect to religious scruples. Endowed with such a disposition, a compound of virtues and vices, he served under the command of Hasdrubal for three years, during which he omitted no opportunity of improving himself in every particular, both of theory and practice, that could contribute to the forming of an accomplished general.

But, from the day on which he was declared chief, he acted as if Italy had been decreed to him as his province, and he had been commissioned to wage war with Rome.

He prepares for war and captures Saguntum, which had been declared neutral territory. The Romans send envoys to Carthage. War is declared.

His strange dream - he sets forth.

From Cadiz he returned to Cartagena, the winter-quarters of the army. Then, putting his troops in motion, he led them by the city of Ebrovissa to the Ebro, and the sea coast. Here, as is said he saw, in his sleep, a youth of divine figure, who told him that he was sent by Jupiter to guide him into Italy, and bade him therefore to follow

and not turn his eyes to any side. Filled with terror, he followed at first without looking to either side, or behind ; but afterwards, out of the curiosity natural to mankind, considering what that could be at which he was forbidden to look back, he could no longer restrain his eyes he then saw behind him a serpent of immense size, moving along and felling all the bushes and trees in its way and after it, followed a dark cloud with loud thundering in the air On which, asking what was the nature of this great commotion, or what it portended, he was told that it meant the devastation of Italy, he was then ordered to proceed in his course, and not to enquire further, but let the decrees of the destinies remain in obscurity.

Overjoyed at this vision, he led his forces in three divisions over the Ebro, having sent forward emissaries to conciliate by presents the friendships of the Gauls, through whose country the army was to pass, and to explore the passes of the Alps The number of forces which he brought across the Ebro was ninety thousand foot, and twelve thousand horse.

PORSENA AND MUCIUS SCAEVOLA.

By Martial, Roman Satirist and Epigrammatist, 100 A.D.

The hand which struck the servant for the king,
 Did in the fire itself a victim fling.
 The dreadful wonder moved the pious foe.
 He snatched the man from flames and let him go.
 Mucius unmoved the hand to burn decreed,
 Porsena could not view the tragic deed
 That hand by failing gaired a nobler fame ;
 And less had done, had it not missed its aim.

Hay.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

He now crosses the Pyrenees, and makes his way through Gaul over the Rhone. the elephants of his army were taken over the river on rafts. He then moves towards the Alps.

Terrors of the Alps.

From the Druentia, Hannibal, passing through a tract in general level, without any molestation from the Gauls inhabiting those regions, arrived at the Alps. And now, notwithstanding that the men had already conceived notions of the scene from report, which, in cases capable of misrepresentation, generally goes beyond the truth, yet the present view exhibited such objects as renewed all their terrors, the height of the mountains, the snows almost touching the sky, the wretched huts standing on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts shivering with the cold, the people squalid and in uncouth dress, all things, in short, animate and inanimate stiffened with frost, besides other circumstances more shocking to the sight than can be represented in words. As they marched up the first acclivities, they beheld the eminences which hung over them covered with parties of mountaineers, who, if they had posted themselves in the valleys out of view, and, rushing out suddenly, had made an unexpected attack, must have occasioned the most terrible havoc and dismay. Hannibal commanded the troops to halt, and having discovered from some Gauls, whom he sent forward to examine the ground, that there was no passage on that side, encamped in the widest valley which he could find, where the whole circuit around consisted of rocks and precipices. Then, having gained intelligence by means of the same Gauls (who differed not much from the others in language or manners, and who had entered into conversation with them), that the pass was blocked up only by day, and that, at night, they separated to their several dwellings, he advanced at the first dawn to the eminences, as if with the design of forcing his way through the pass. This feint he carried on through the whole day, his men at the same time fortifying a camp in

the spot where they were drawn up. As soon as he understood that the mountaineers had retired from the heights, and withdrawn their guards, he made, for a show, a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the troops who remained in the camp, and, leaving behind the baggage, with the cavalry and the greatest part of the infantry, he himself, with a light-armed band, composed of the most daring men in the army, pushed rapidly through the pass, and took post on those very eminences of which the enemy had been in possession.

Fight for the Pass.

At the first dawn of the next day, the rest of the army began to march forward. By this time the mountaineers, on a signal given, were coming together out of their fortresses to their usual station, when, on a sudden, they perceived a part of the enemy over their heads in possession of their own strong post, and the rest passing along the road. Both these circumstances striking them at once, they were for some time incapable of thought, or of turning their eyes to any other object. Afterwards, when they observed the confusion in the pass, and that the body of the enemy was disordered on their march, by the hurry among themselves, and particularly by the unruliness of the affrighted horses, it was imagined that, to augment in any degree the terror under which they already laboured, were effectually to destroy them. they therefore ran down the rocks in an oblique direction through pathless and circuitous ways, which habitual practice rendered easy to them: and now the Carthaginians had to contend, at once, with the Gauls and the disadvantage of the ground; and there was a greater struggle among themselves than with the enemy, for every one strove to get first out of danger. But the greatest disorder was occasioned by the horses which, affrighted at the dissonant clamours, multiplied by the echoes from the woods and valleys, became nearly unmanageable; and when they happened to receive a stroke or a wound, grew so unruly as to overthrow numbers of men, and heaps of baggage of all sorts, and as there were abrupt

precipices on each side of the pass, their violence cast down many to an immense depth, so that the fall of such great masses produced a dreadful effect. Although these were shocking sights to Hannibal, yet he kept his place for a while, and restrained the troops that were with him, lest he should increase the tumult and confusion. Afterwards, seeing the line of the army broken, and that there was danger of their being wholly deprived of their baggage, in which case the effecting of their passage would answer no purpose, he hastened down from the higher ground ; and while, by the mere rapidity of his motion, he dispersed the forces of the enemy, he at the same time increased the confusion among his own. But this, when the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers, was instantly remedied, and the whole army was soon brought through the pass not only without disturbance but almost without noise. He then seized a fort, which was the capital of that district, and several villages that lay round it, and fed his army for three days with cattle taken from the fugitives. During these three days, as he was not incommoded by the mountaineers, nor much by the nature of the ground, he made a considerable progress in his march.

A trick.

He then reached the territory of another state, which was thickly inhabited for a mountainous country. There, he was very near suffering a defeat, not by open force, but by his own arts—treachery and ambush. Some men of advanced age, governors of their forts, came to the Carthaginian as ambassadors, with humble representations that, “ as the calamities of others had afforded them a profitable lesson, they wished to make trial of the friendship, rather than of the strength, of the Carthaginians. That they were therefore resolved to yield obedience to all his commands, and requested him to accept of provisions and guides on his march, and hostages to ensure the performance of their engagements.” Hannibal

neither hastily crediting, nor yet slighting, their offers, lest, if rejected they might declare openly against him, after returning a favourable answer, accepted the hostages, and made use of the provision which they had, of their own accord brought to the road ; but followed the guides, not as through a friendly country, but with the strictest order in his march. The elephants and cavalry composed the van, and he himself followed with the main body of the infantry, carefully inspecting every particular. On their coming into a road narrower than the rest, confined on one side by an impending hill, the barbarians rising upon all sides from places where they had lain concealed, assailed them in front and rear, in close and in distant fight, rolling down also huge rocks on the troops. The most numerous body pressed on the rear. There, the main force of infantry was ready to oppose them ; but had not that been very strong, it must undoubtedly, in such a difficult pass, have suffered very great loss, even as the case stood it was brought to the extremity of danger and almost to destruction. For whilst Hannibal hesitated to lead down his horsemen into the narrow road, though he had left no kind of support at the back of the infantry, the mountaineers, rushing across and breaking through between the two divisions of the army, took possession of the pass, and Hannibal spent one night separated from his cavalry and baggage.

From the summit they view Italy.

Next day, the barbarians having relaxed the violence of their attacks in the centre, the troops were re-united, and carried through the defile, but not without loss ; the destruction, however, was greater among the beasts of burthen than among the men. Thenceforward, the mountaineers made their attacks in smaller parties, more like robbers than an army, at one time, on the van, at another, on the rear, just as the ground happened to afford them an advantage, or as stragglers advancing

before the rest, or staying behind, gave them an opportunity. As he driving the elephants through the narrow roads even with all the haste that could be made, occasioned much loss of time, so wherever they went, they effectually secured the troops from the enemy, who, being unaccustomed to such creatures, dared not to come near them. On the ninth day the army completed the ascent to the summit of the Alps, mostly through pathless tracts and wrong roads, into which they had been led, either by the treachery of their guides, or, when these were not trusted, rashly, on the strength of their own conjectures, following the courses of the valleys. On the summit they remained encamped two days, in order to refresh the soldiers, who were spent with toil and fighting, and, in this time, several of the beasts, which had fallen among the rocks, following the tracks of the army, came into the camp. Tired as the troops were of struggling so long with hardships, they found their terrors very much increased by a fall of snow, this being the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades (November). The troops were put in motion with the first light, and as they marched slowly over ground which was entirely covered with snow, dejection and despair being strongly marked in every face, Hannibal went forward before the standards, and ordering the soldiers to halt on a projecting eminence, from which there was a wide-extended prospect, made them take a view of Italy, and of the plains about the Po, stretching along the foot of the mountains; then told them that "they were now scaling the walls, not only of Italy, but of the city of Rome. That all the rest would be plain and smooth, and after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the bulwark and capital of Italy in their power and disposal." The army then began to advance, the enemy now desisting from any farther attempts on them, except by trifling parties for pillaging, as opportunity offered. But the way was much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, the declivity, on the Italian side of the Alps, being, in most places, shorter, and consequently more perpendicular;

while the whole way was narrow and slippery, so that the soldiers could not prevent their feet from sliding, nor, if they made the least false step could they, on falling, stop themselves in the place; and thus men and beasts tumbled promiscuously over one another.

A difficult place.

They then came to a ridge much narrower than the others, and composed of rock so upright, that a light-armed soldier making the trial, could, with much difficulty, by laying hold of bushes and roots, which appeared here and there, accomplish the descent. In this place the precipice, originally great, had, by a late falling away of the earth, been increased to the depth of at least one thousand feet. Here the cavalry stopped, as if at the end of their journey, and Hannibal, wondering what could be the cause of the troops halting, was told that the cliff was impassable. Then going up himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army in a circuit, though ever so great, and through tracts never trodden before. That way, however, was found to be impracticable. The old snow, indeed, had become hard, and being covered with the new of a moderate depth, the men found good footing as they walked through it, but when that was dissolved by the treading of so many men and beasts, they then trod on the naked ice below. Here they were much impeded, because the foot could take no hold on the smooth ice, and was besides more apt to slip, on account of the declivity of the ground; and whether they attempted to rise, either by the aid of hands or knees, these slipping, they fell again; add to this, that there were neither stumps nor roots within reach, on which they could lean for support; so that they wallowed in the melted snow on one entire surface of slippery ice. This the cattle sometimes penetrated as soon as their feet reached the lower bed, and sometimes, when they lost their footing, by striking more strongly with their hoofs in striving to keep themselves up, they

broke it entirely through; so that the greatest part of them, as if caught in traps, stuck fast in the hard, deep ice.

Breaking the rocks. Success.

At length, after men and beasts were heartily fatigued to no purpose, they fixed a camp on the summit, having with very great difficulty cleared even the ground which that required, so great was the quantity of snow to be dug and carried off. The soldiers were then employed to make a way down the steep, through which alone it was possible to effect a passage, and, as it was necessary to break the mass, they felled and lopped a number of huge trees which stood near, which they raised into a vast pile, and as soon as a smart wind arose, to forward the kindling of it, set it on fire, and then when the stone was violently heated, made it crumble to pieces by pouring on vinegar. When the rock was thus disjointed, by the power of the heat, they opened a way through it with iron instruments, and inclined the descents in such a manner, that not only the beasts of burthen, but even the elephants, could be brought down. Four days were spent about this rock, during which the cattle were nearly destroyed by hunger, for the summits are, for the most part, bare, and whatever little pasture there might have been, was covered by the snow. In the lower parts are valleys and some hills, which, enjoying the benefit of the sun, with rivulets at the side of the woods are better suited to become the residence of human beings. There the horses were sent out to pasture, and the men, fatigued with their labour on the road, allowed to rest for three days. They then descended into the plains, where the climate, and likewise the temper of the inhabitants, were of a still milder cast.

☞ In this manner, as nearly as can be ascertained, they accomplished their passage into Italy, in the fifth month, according to some authors, after leaving Cartagena, having spent 15 days in crossing the Alps.

Livy's History—BY BAKER.

CATULLUS (85-57 B.C.).

*'Tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen hundred years ago.' His
Lesbia unhappily seems only to have caused him pain*

THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Ye Cupids droop each little head,
Not let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favorite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved :
For he was gentle and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew
But lightly o'er her bosom moved.

And softly fluttering here and there
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirruped oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.

Oh ! curst be thou, devouring Grave,
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away ;
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

—BYRON.

SAPPHO'S ODE

*From the Latin of Catullus (87-57 B.C.)—who had translated
from the Greek poetess, Sappho (300 B.C.)*

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung,

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sank and died away

—AMBROSE PHILIPS.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

Upon his return to his Country House there (near the Lago di Garda).

O best of all the scatter'd spots that lie
 In sea or lake—apple of landscape's eye,—
 How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
 With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
 Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er,
 And that these eyes behold thee safe once more !
 Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
 When the mind breathing, lays its load apart,—
 When we come home again, tired out, and spread
 The loosen'd limbs o'er all the wish'd-for bed !
 This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
 Hail, lovely Sirmio ! Hail, paternal soil !
 Joy, my bright waters, joy your master's come !
 Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home !

—LEIGH HUNT.

CATULLUS VISITS HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE IN THE TROAD, IN ASIA MINOR.

This poem, in its sincerity and chaste simplicity, is one of the most beautiful in Roman literature. See Tennyson's poem 'Frater Ave atque Vale,' i.e., Brother, Hail and Farewell !

O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
 I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost !
 Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow,
 And vainly call the silent dust below
 Thou too art gone ! Yes, thee I must resign,
 My more than brother—ah ! no longer mine
 The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid,
 Duly I pay to thy lamented shade
 Take them—these tears their heart-felt homage tell !
 And now—all hail forever, and farewell !

—HODGSON.

CAESAR'S FIRST LANDING IN BRITAIN.

Gaius Julius Caesar (100 B.C.—44 B.C.), statesman, general, explorer, historian—finally master of the Roman world. Wrote his own war-records in the third person. In 55 B.C. resolves to cross to Britain because from there come supplies for Northern Gauls. sends a general to reconnoitre the British coast. He collects 80 transports as well as war-vessels near Boulogne. arrives off British coast (27th August), and finds the "barbarians," i.e., the Britons, in arms along the cliffs

The Britons oppose the landing.

The barbarians, being aware of the Romans' plans, sent forward their men in chariots—the sort of fighting-force they always employ,—then followed up with their other forces and prevented our men from landing. We were in some difficulty owing to the fact that our ships, from their size, could only be beached where the deep water was. Moreover, our men did not know the locality, and while struggling under a heavy pack and weapons, had to jump down from the ships, keep their footing in the waves and engage the enemy all in the one moment. Whereas the Britons knew the ground thoroughly, had free use of their limbs, and thus either stood high and dry out of the water and hurled down their missiles, or else spurred their horses into the water—the animals were well used to the work. Our men were in a fright, having had no experience in this sort of fighting—they did not show any of the keenness customary with them in fighting against infantry.

The valiant standard-bearer.

When Caesar noted this he ordered his war-vessels (which were a strange sight to the barbarians) to separate from the transports and row as fast as possible to the right of the enemy and run ashore. The enemy was then to be dislodged by slings, arrows and catapults. This move proved a great success. For the barbarians, in terror at the shape of the ships, the great oars, and the strange catapults, halted, and then gave ground a little. As our men still hung back,—mainly on account of the



A ROMAN CENTURION

depth of the water,—the eagle-bearer of the 10th Legion, having called on the gods to bring luck to the legion, shouted out : “ Jump comrades, if you don’t want to betray your eagle to the enemy ; for my part I mean to do my duty to the Republic and to the General.” After

shouting this at the top of his voice, he jumped overboard, and made for the enemy, eagle in hand. Our men then, with mutual exhortations not to disgrace their name, jumped from the ship's side all together. Those in the other ships, when they saw this, followed the lead and faced up to the foe.

The struggle in the water.

A desperate struggle ensued. Our men, however, were in considerable disorder. they could not keep their ranks, or make a firm onset, nor could they keep up with their own standards, and so disordered, they mustered under the first standard they came across. The enemy, however, knew every landing spot, and wherever they saw any scattered parties getting ashore, they spurred in and attacked them while still hampered by the water, they cut off a few, while on the exposed side they hurled their spears into the solid Roman mass. When Caesar noted this he ordered skiffs from the war-ships, and also some despatch-boats, to be manned with soldiers, and thus sent up supports to those parties he had seen in difficulties. Our men, now on dry ground and supported by all their comrades, charged the foe and routed them, but could not follow up their success, as the cavalry had not yet been able to land. This was the only point where Caesar's usual good luck failed him.

The natives send envoys: Caesar's 18 other vessels with cavalry are scattered by a storm.

High tide and damaged ships.

On the same night there happened to be a full moon—a season which always causes the highest tides in ocean: the tide was a thing quite unknown to our men. So the war-ships in which Caesar had transported his army, and which were then hauled up on the beach, were swamped by the tide, while at the same time the transports, moored to anchors, were shattered by the storm. There were no other ships in which they could be carried home, and they had no materials for refitting; and because it was taken

for granted that they must winter in Gaul, they had not laid in a stock of provisions to last the winter in Britain.

The Britons, seeing how things are, determine on a fresh attack.

Caesar refits.

But Caesar, though unaware of their purpose, had a shrewd suspicion as to what would happen after the disaster to his ships, his suspicions—and events proved him right—were confirmed by the non-appearance of the promised hostages. He now began to prepare for the worst, to meet all contingencies. He bought corn daily into the camp the timber and bronze of the badly-damaged ships he used as repairing material for the others, and anything necessary for this purpose he ordered to be brought from the continent. In this way, owing to the enthusiasm of the soldiers in the work, he managed, though he had lost 12 ships, to get his fleet into fairly good sailing trim. . . .

The Britons, in their chariots, attack his harvest parties.

The Britons' war-chariots.

The following is their mode of chariot-fighting. At first they drive up and down in all directions, hurling their spears, so by the mere terror of their steeds, and the rattling of the wheels, as a rule, they upset the enemies' ranks. Then they wind in amongst the squadrons of horse, jump down from their chariots and fight on foot. Meantime the drivers drive back a little from the fight, and draw up their chariots in such a way that the warriors, if hard pressed by numbers, have an easy way of retreat to their own lines. So these chariot-fighters exhibit all the mobility of cavalry and the steadiness of infantry. Moreover, as a result of daily practice, they can even pull up their horses when galloping down a sharp incline, can keep them in hand and even turn them, they can run out on the car-pole, stand on the yoke, and from there rapidly run back again into the chariot. . . .

The Britons attack in force: are defeated: promise hostages, and Caesar quits the island, 21st September

CAESAR IN BRITAIN—2nd VISIT.

Caesar describes, in the third person, his second descent on Britain, 54 B.C. He builds ships of shallow-draught and adds 4000 Gaulish horsemen to his troops. Marches inland 12 miles, defeats Brito. His ships being damaged by a storm, he retires to the coast to repair them. He now describes the natives. Note the inaccuracy of his geography.

The people of Britain.

The interior of Britain is occupied by people who are said by tradition to be indigenous. The sea-board is occupied by tribes of Belgians who had crossed over on plundering raids. These are all called by the names of the states they are sprung from. After making war on the natives they had remained and begun to till the soil. The number of the inhabitants is immense, the houses numerous, and much like those of the Gauls, they possess large herds of cattle. For money they use either bronze, or copper coin, or iron bars weighed at a fixed weight. Tin is found there in the central districts, iron on the coast, but the supply of this is small: the bronze they use is imported. Timber of all kinds is the same as in Gaul, except the beech and fir. The hare, the hen, and the goose they are forbidden to taste:—yet they keep these animals just for the pleasure of it.

Caesar's Geography.

The island is a triangle, with one side facing Gaul. One angle of this side—that at Kent, where shipping from Gaul generally puts in—faces the east, the lower angle faces south. The length of this side is about 500 miles. The second side trends towards Spain and the sunset; and in this direction lies Hibernia, said to be half the size of Britain, separated from it by about the

same distance as is Gaul. In the middle of the passage is an island called Mona—a number of small islands lie adjacent. It is said that here at the winter solstice they have night for 30 successive days. On inquiry we could find no ground for this, except that, by careful observation of the water-clock, we saw the nights were shorter than on the continent. The length of this side is generally thought to be about 700 miles. The third side of the island faces north, with no land opposite to it, but its corner faces principally towards Germany, its length is reckoned at about 800 miles. Thus the distance right round the island is 2000 miles.

Blue Bodies.

Of all these tribes, by far the most civilised are those who live in Kent—a maritime district—people very like the Gauls in their habits. The tribes of the interior do not sow crops, but live on milk and flesh, and wear skins for clothing. All the Britons stain themselves with woad, which gives them a bluish appearance—and on this account they look all the more terrible when fighting. They let their hair grow long: they shave every part of the body except the head and upper lip.

Caesar then crosses the Thames, defeats the chieftain Cassivelaunus, comes to terms, and then returns to Gaul with a large number of captives.

Caesar's Gallic War—By R.L.

DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR, 41 B.C.

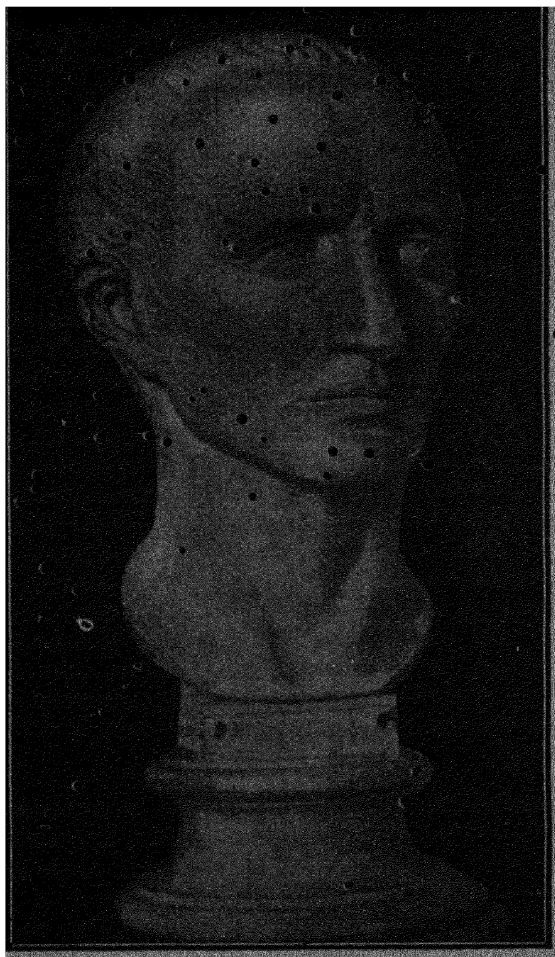
Caesar's ambition creates popular discontent: the Lupercalia.

These discontents were greatly increased by the indignity with which he treated the tribunes of the people. In the Lupercalia, which, according to most writers, is an ancient pastoral feast, and which answers in many respects to the Lycaea amongst the Arcadians, young men of noble families, and indeed many of the magistrates, run about the streets naked, and, by way of diversion, strike all they meet with leathern thongs with the hair upon them. Numbers of women of the first quality put themselves in their way, and presented their hands for stripes (as scholars do to a master). Caesar wore a triumphal robe that day and seated himself in a golden chair upon the rostra, to see the ceremony.

Antony ran among the rest, in compliance with the rules of the festival, for he was consul. When he came into the forum, and the crowd had made way for him, he approached Caesar, and offered him a diadem wreathed with laurel. Upon this some plaudits were heard, but very feeble, because they proceeded only from persons placed there on purpose. Caesar refused it, and then the plaudits were loud and general. Antony presented it once more, and few applauded his officiousness, but when Caesar rejected it again, the applause again was general. Caesar, undeceived by his second trial, rose up, and ordered the diadem to be consecrated in the capitol.

Hostility to Caesar.

A few days after, his statues were seen adorned with royal diadems: and Flavius and Marullus, two of the tribunes, went and tore them off. They also found out the persons who first saluted Caesar king, and committed



GAIUS JULIUS CAESAR.

(From the bust in the British Museum.)

them to prison. The people followed with cheerful acclamations, and called them Brutuses, because Brutus was the man who expelled the kings, and put the government in the hands of the senate and people. Caesar, highly incensed at their behaviour, deposed the tribunes, and by way of reprimand to them, as well as insult to the people, called them several times Brutes and Cumaeans.

Brutus joins the conspirators.

Upon this, many applied to Marcus Brutus, who, by his father's side, was supposed to be a descendant of that ancient Brutus, and whose mother was of the illustrious house of the Servili. He was also nephew and son-in-law to Cato. No man was more inclined than he to lift his hand against monarchy, but he was withheld by the honours and favours he had received from Caesar, who had not only given him his life after the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia, and pardoned many of his friends at his request, but continued to honour him with his confidence. That very year he had procured him the most honourable praetorship, and he had named him for the consulship four years after, in preference to Cassius, who was his competitor, on which occasion Caesar is reported to have said, "Cassius assigns the strongest reasons, but I cannot refuse Brutus."

Some impeached Brutus, after the conspiracy was formed, but, instead of listening to them, Caesar laid his hand on his body, and said, "Brutus will wait for this skin," intimating that, though the virtue of Brutus rendered him worthy of empire, he would not be guilty of any ingratitude or baseness to obtain it. Those, however, who were desirous of a change kept their eyes upon him only, or principally at least; and as they durst not speak out plain, they put billets night after night in the tribunal and seat which he used as praetor, mostly in these terms, "Thou sleepest, Brutus;" or, "Thou art not Brutus."

Cassius spurs him on.

Cassius perceiving his friend's ambition a little stimulated by these papers, began to ply him closer than before and spur him on to the great enterprise. Caesar, too, had some suspicion of him, and he even said one day to his friends, "What think you of Cassius? I do not like his pale looks." Another time, when Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against his person and government, he said, "I have no apprehension from those fair and sleek men, I rather fear the pale and lean ones," meaning Cassius and Brutus.

Omens foreboding calamity on the Ides of March.

It seems, from this instance, that fate is not so secret as it is inevitable, for, we are told, there were strong signs and presages of the death of Caesar. As to the lights in the heavens, the strange noises heard in various quarters by night, and the appearance of solitary birds in the forum, perhaps they deserve not our notice in so great an event as this. But some attention should be given to Strabo the philosopher. According to him, there were seen in the air men of fire encountering each other, such a flame appeared to issue from the hand of a soldier's servant, that all the spectators thought it must be burned, yet, when it was over, he found no harm, and one of the sacrificial victims which Caesar offered was found without a heart. The latter was certainly a most alarming prodigy, for according to the rules of nature, no creature can exist without a heart. What is still more extraordinary, many report that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the senate-house, he called to the soothsayer, and said, laughing, "The ides of March are come," to which he answered, softly, "Yes, but they are not gone."

The evening before, he supped with Marcus Lepidus, and signed, according to custom, a number of letters, as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question,

“ What kind of death was the best ? ” and Caesar, answering before them all, cried out, “ A sudden one ” The same night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once Disturbed both with the noise and the light, he observed, by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him, murdered in her arms Others say, she dreamed that the pinnacle was fallen, which, as Livy tells us, the senate ordered to be erected upon Caesar’s house, by way of ornament and distinction, and that it was the fall of it which she lamented and wept for Be that as it may, the next morning she conjured Caesar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate, and, if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination, or to sacrifices for information as to his fate This gave him some suspicion and alarm, for he had never known before, in Calpurnia, anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected

The Senate await Caesar’s coming.

He therefore offered a number of sacrifices, and, as the diviners found no auspicious tokens in any of them, he sent Antony to dismiss the senate In the meantime, Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, came in He was a person in whom Caesar placed such confidence that he had appointed him his second heir, yet he was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius This man, fearing that if Caesar adjourned the senate to another day the affair might be discovered, laughed at the diviners, and told Caesar he would be highly to blame, if, by such a slight, he gave the senate an occasion of complaint against him “ For they were met,” he said, “ at his summons, and came prepared with one voice to honour him with the title of King in the provinces, and to grant that he should wear the diadem both by land and sea everywhere out of Italy But if anyone go and tell them, now they have taken their places

they must go home again, and return when Calpurnia happens to have better dreams, what room will your enemies have to launch out against you? Or who will hear your friends when they attempt to show, that this is not an open servitude on the one hand and tyranny on the other? If you are absolutely persuaded that this is an unlucky day, it is certainly better to go yourself, and tell them you have strong reasons for putting off business till another time." So saying, he took Caesar by the hand, and led him out.

Vain efforts to warn Caesar.

He was not gone far from the door, when a slave, who belonged to some other person, attempted to get up to speak to him, but finding it impossible, by reason of the crowd that was about him, he made his way into the house, and putting himself into the hands of Calpurnia, desired her to keep him safe till Caesar's return, because he had matters of great importance to communicate.

Artemidorus the Cnidian, who, by teaching the Greek eloquence, became acquainted with some of Brutus's friends, and had got intelligence of most of the transactions, approached Caesar with a paper, explaining what he had to discover. Observing that he gave the papers, as fast as he received them, to his officers, he got up as close as possible and said, "Caesar, read this to yourself, and quickly, for it contains matters of great consequence, and of the last concern to you." He took it and attempted several times to read it, but was always prevented by one application or other. He therefore kept that paper, and that only in his hand, when he entered the house. Some say it was delivered to him by another man, Artemidorus being kept from approaching him all the way by the crowd.

The statue of Pompey, Caesar's old rival.

These things might, indeed, fall out by chance, but as in the place where the senate was that day assembled, and which proved the scene of that tragedy, there was a statue

of Pompey, and it was an edifice which Pompey had consecrated for an ornament to his theatre, nothing can be clearer than that some deity conducted the whole business, and directed the execution of it to that very spot. Even Cassius himself, though inclined to the doctrine of Epicurus, turned his eye to the statue of Pompey, and secretly invoked his aid before the great attempt. The arduous occasion, it seems, overruled his former sentiments, and laid him open to all the influence of enthusiasm. Antony, who was a faithful friend to Caesar, and a man of great strength, was held in discourse without by Brutus Albinus, who had contrived a long story to detain him.

In the Senate Casca first rears his hand.

When Caesar entered the house, the senate rose to do him honour. Some of Brutus's accomplices came up behind his chair, and others before it, pretending to intercede, along with Metellus Cimber, for the recall of his brother from exile. They continued their entreaties till he came to his seat. When he was seated he gave them a positive denial, and as they continued their importunities with an air of compulsion, he grew angry. Cimber, then, with both hands, pulled his gown off his neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca gave him the first blow. It was a stroke upon the neck with his sword, but the wound was not dangerous, for in the beginning of so tremendous an enterprise he was probably in some disorder. Caesar therefore turned upon him, and laid hold of his sword. At the same time they both cried out, the one in Latin, "Villan! Casca! what dost thou mean?" and the other in Greek, to his brother, "Brother, help!"

And thou, too, Brutus?

After such a beginning, those who knew nothing of the conspiracy were seized with consternation and horror, inso-much that they durst neither fly nor assist, nor even utter a word. All the conspirators now drew their swords, and surrounded him in such a manner, that whatever way he

turned, he saw nothing but steel gleaming in his face, and met nothing but wounds. Like some savage beast attacked by the hunters, he found every hand lifted against him, for they all agreed to have a share in the sacrifice and a taste of his blood. Therefore Brutus himself gave him a stroke in the groin. Some say, he opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus*, then he drew his robe over his face, and yielded to his fate. Either by accident, or pushed thither by the conspirators, he expired on the pedestal of Pompey's statue, and dyed it with his blood, so that Pompey seemed to preside over the work of vengeance, to tread his enemy under his feet, and to enjoy his agonies. Those agonies were great, for he received no less than three and twenty wounds. And many of the conspirators wounded each other as they were aiming their blows at him.

The Senate flees the conspirators enter the Capitol.

Caesar thus despatched, Brutus advanced to speak to the senate, and to assign his reasons for what he had done, but they could not bear to hear him, they fled out of the house, and filled the people with inexpressible horror and dismay. Some shut up their houses, others left their shops and counters. All were in motion. One was running to see the spectacle, another running back. Antony and Lepidus, Caesar's principal friends, withdrew, and hid themselves in other people's houses. Meantime Brutus and his confederates, yet warm from the slaughter, marched in a body with their bloody swords in their hands, from the senate-house to the capitol, not like men that fled, but with an air of gaiety and confidence calling the people to liberty, and stopping to talk with every man of consequence whom they met. There were some who even joined them and mingled with their train, desirous of appearing to have had a share in the action, and hoping for one in the glory

* Another historian says that Caesar here exclaimed in Greek
"And thou, too, my child."

Of this number were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spather, who afterwards paid dearly for their vanity, being put to death by Anton, and young Cæsar. So that they gained not even the honour for which they lost their lives, for nobody believed that they had any part in the enterprise, and they were punished, not for the deed, but the will.

Next day Brutus addresses the people.

Next day Brutus and the rest of the conspirators came down from the capitol, and addressed the people, who attended to their discourse without expressing either dislike or approbation of what was done. But by their silence it appeared that they pitied Cæsar, at the same time that they revered Brutus. The senate passed a general amnesty, and, to reconcile all parties, they decreed Cæsar divine honours, and confirmed all the acts of his dictatorship, while on Brutus and his friends they bestowed governments, and such honours as were suitable, so that it was generally imagined the commonwealth was firmly established again, and all brought into the best order.

Caesar's will is read fury of the populace.

But when, upon the opening of Cæsar's will, it was found that he had left every Roman citizen a considerable legacy, and they beheld the body as it was carried through the forum, all mangled with wounds, the multitude could no longer be kept within bounds. They stopped the procession, and tearing up the benches, with the doors and tables, heaped them into a pile and burned the corpse there. Then snatching flaming brands from the pile, some ran to burn the houses of the assassins, while others ranged the city, to find the conspirators themselves, and tear them in pieces, but they had taken such care to secure themselves that they could not meet with one of them.

Unhappy fate of Cinna.

One Cinna, a friend of Caesar's, had a strange dream the preceding night. He dreamed (as they tell us) that Caesar invited him to supper, and, upon his refusal to go, caught him by the hand, and drew him after him, in spite of all the resistance he could make. Hearing, however, that the body of Caesar was to be buried in the forum, he went to assist in doing him the last honours, though he had a fever upon him, the consequence of his uneasiness about his dream. On his coming up, one of the populace asked who that was, and having learned his name, told it his next neighbour. A report immediately spread through the whole company, that it was one of Caesar's murderers, and indeed, one of the conspirators was named Cinna. The multitude, taking this for the man, fell upon him, and tore him in pieces upon the spot. Brutus and Cassius were so terrified at this rage of the populace, that, a few days after, they left the city. An account of their subsequent actions, sufferings, and death, may be found in the *Life of Brutus*.

Caesar's destiny.

Caesar died at the age of fifty-six, and did not survive Pompey above four years. His object was sovereign power and authority, which he pursued through innumerable dangers, and by prodigious efforts he gained it at last. But he reaped no other fruit from it than an empty and invidious title. It is true the Divine Power, which conducted him through life, attended him after his death as his avenger, pursued and hunted out the assassins over sea and land, and rested not till there was not a man left, either of those who dipped their hands in his blood, or of those who gave their sanction to the deed.

Strange portents in the sky.

The most remarkable of natural events, relative to this affair, was that Cassius, after he had lost the battle of Philippi, killed himself with the same dagger which he had

made use of against Cæsar; and the most signal phenomenon in the heavens was that of a great comet,* which shone very bright for seven nights after Cæsar's death, and then disappeared. To which we may add the fading of the sun's lustre, for his orb looked pale all that year, he rose not with a sparkling radiance, nor had the heat he afforded its usual strength. The air, of course, was dark and heavy, for want of that vigorous heat which clears and rarefies it, and the fruits were so crude and uncooked that they pined away and decayed, through the chillness of the atmosphere.

Brutus and the ghost.

We have a proof still more striking that the assassination of Cæsar was displeasing to the gods in the phantom that appeared to Brutus. The story of it is this. Brutus was on the point of transporting his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, and the night before he lay in his tent, awake, according to custom, and in deep thought about what might be the event of the war, for it was natural for him to watch great part of the night, and no general ever required so little sleep. With all his senses about him, he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking towards the light, which was now burned very low, he saw a terrible appearance in the human form, but of prodigious stature and the most hideous aspect. At first he was struck with astonishment, but when he saw it neither did nor spoke anything to him, but stood in silence by his bed, he asked it who it was. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus, thou shalt see

*" A comet made its appearance in the north, while we were celebrating the games in honour of Cæsar, and shone bright for seven days. It arose about the eleventh hour of the day, and was seen by all nations. It was commonly believed to be a sign that the soul of Cæsar was admitted among the gods; for which reason we added a star to the head of his statue consecrated soon after in the forum."

me at Philippi." Brutus answered boldly, "I'll meet thee there," and the spectre immediately vanished.

Death of Brutus.

Some time after, he engaged Antony and Octavius Caesar at Philippi, and the first day was victorious, carrying all before him where he fought in person, and even pillaging Caesar's camp. The night before he was to fight the second battle, the same spectre appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. Brutus, however, understood that his last hour was near, and courted danger with all the violence of despair. Yet he did not fall in the action, but seeing all lost he retired to the top of a rock, where he presented his naked sword to his breast, and a friend, as they tell us, assisting the thrust, he died upon the spot.

Plutarch's Lives — BY LANGHORNE.

FROM ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

Translation by Shelley from Greek of Moschus—200 B. C. Dorian here = Sicilian. The legend of Hyacinth is that from his blood sprang the flower hyacinth, with letters inscribed on the petals Alas! (Ah! Alas!) Cf. Milton's Lycidas—"Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."

Ye Dorian woods and waves, lament aloud—
 Augment your tide, O streams, with fruitless tears,
 For the beloved Bion is no more.
 Let every tender herb and plant and flower,
 From each dejected bud and drooping bloom,
 Shed dews of liquid sorrow, and with breath
 Of melancholy sweetness on the wind
 Diffuse its languid love, let roses blush,
 Anemones grow paler for the loss
 Their dells have known; and thou, O Hyacinth,
 Utter thy legend now,—yet more, dumb flower
 Than "Ah! alas!" Thine is no common grief,—
 Bion the sweetest singer is no more.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

*Horace, 65-8 B C , wrote fine odes and lyrics From him comes
the Melbourne University motto " Postera Crescam Laude"—' In
future fame shall I grow."*

Not always seek the open sea
Where tempests fright the timid soul,
Nor, on life's voyage, sail too high
The rocky shore, the treach'rous shoal

Whoever loves the golden mean,
On him no ruined household falls ,
His modest cot no mark for shafts
Which envy darts 'gainst castle-walls.

Storms oftener strike the loftiest pines,
And towers high-reared crash heavier down :
The low is safe , Jove's bolt spares not
To rive yon Mount's presumptuous crown.

The man whose heart is rightly set
Still dauntless fronts adversity,
And still, when Fortune smiles, enjoys
Her gifts with wise humility

The God that sends black Winter's blasts
Doth likewise send the sun again ;
E'en so a future recompense
Of joy repays thy present pain.

Apollo oft-times slacks his bow
 Lays by his arrows swift and strong,
 And with deft fingers tunes his lyre
 And wakes the silent Muse to song.

So thou, when storms are lowering dark,
 Be resolute and breast the gale,
 But prudent be when winds are fair,—
 Draw in thy proudly-swelling sail *

R L.

*“ And is this all ? Can reason do no more
 Than bid us shun the deep and dread the shore ?
 Sweet moralist ! afloat on life's rough sea
 ' The Christian has an art unknown to thee,
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
 Where duty bids he confidently steers,
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
 And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.”

Cowper—Reflections on Horace II., 10

WHAT IS TRUE WEALTH ?

From Martial

Good friend, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the East
 Meet and conspire to make him great.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul,

Dr Watts

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

*O, fons Bandusiae!—addressed to a fountain near Venusia.
This is one of Horace's dearest odes*

In ancient manner he vows to sacrifice a kid to the deity of the fountain

Oh ! worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and wine,
Bandusian fount, than crystal far more bright !
To-morrow shall a sportive kid be thine,
Whose forehead swells with horns of infant might :
Even now of war and love he dreams in air,
Doomed with his blood thy gelid wave to stain.

Let the red dog-star burn ! —his scorching beam
Fierce in splendence shall molest not thee !
Still sheltered from his rays, thy banks, fair stream,
To the wild flock around thee wandering free,
And the tired oxen from the furrowed field,
The genial freshness of their breath shall yield

And thou, bright fount, ennobled and renowned,
Shalt by thy poet's votive song be made ,
Thou and the oak with deathless verdure crowned,
Whose boughs, a pendent canopy, o'ershade
Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring many a tale,
Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII. (79 A.D.).

Pliny, the younger (62-114 A D), historian, litterateur, governor, writes to the famous historian Tacitus a letter describing the great eruption of Vesuvius, wherein his uncle the elder Pliny perished. Pliny wrote another letter describing the eruption Note how a Roman letter begins and ends

Pliny to Tacitus, Greeting

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments, for if his death shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am aware, will be rendered for ever deathless. For notwithstanding he perished, as did whole peoples and cities, in the destruction of a most beautiful region, and by a misfortune memorable enough to promise him a kind of immortality, notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works, yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings, will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those whom Providence has gifted with the ability either to do things worthy of being written, or to write in a manner worthy of being read, but most happy they who are blessed with both talents: in which latter class my uncle will be placed both by his own writings and by yours. The more willingly do I undertake, nay, solicit, the task you set me

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very unusual size and appearance. He had sunned himself, then taken a cold bath, and after a leisurely luncheon was engaged in study. He immediately called for his shoes and went up an eminence from whence he might best view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that

distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to be Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into several branches, because, I imagine, a momentary gust of air blew it aloft, and then failing, forsook it, thus causing the cloud to expand laterally as it dissolved, or possibly the downward pressure of its own weight produced this effect. It was at one moment white, at another dark and spotted, as if it had carried up earth or cinders.

My uncle, true savant that he was, deemed the phenomenon important and worth a nearer view. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I replied I would rather study, and, as it happened, he had himself given me a theme for composition. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger (his villa stood just below us, and there was no way to escape but by sea), she earnestly entreated him to save her from such deadly peril. He changed his first design and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic, turn of mind. He ordered large galleys to be launched, and went himself on board one, with the intention of assisting not only Rectina, but many others, for the villa stood extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place from whence others were flying, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with such freedom from fear, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the successive motions and figures of that terrible object.

And now cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, then pumice-stones too, with stones blackened, scorched, and cracked by fire, then the sea ebbed suddenly from under them, while the shore was blocked up by landslips from the mountains. After considering a moment whether he should retreat, he

said to the captain, who was urging that course, "Fortune befriends the brave, carry me to Pomponianus" Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, distant by half the width of the bay (for, as you know, the shore, insensibly curving in its sweep, forms here a receptacle for the sea) He had already embarked his baggage, for though at Stabiae the danger was not yet near, it was full in view, and certain to be extremely near, as soon as it spread, and he resolved to fly as soon as the contrary wind should cease It was full favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus He embraces, comforts, and encourages his alarmed friend, and in order to soothe the other's fears by his own unconcern, desires to be conducted to a bathroom, and after having bathed he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile Mount Vesuvius was blazing in several places with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief But my uncle, in order to soothe apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire, in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that his rest was a most genuine slumber, for his breathing, which, as he was pretty fat, was somewhat heavy and sonorous, was heard by those who attended at his chamber-door But the court which led to his apartment now lay so deep under a mixture of pumice-stones and ashes, that if he had continued longer in his bedroom, egress would have been impossible On being aroused, he came out, and returned to Pomponianus and the others, who had sat up all night They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice-stones, light and porous though they were, yet this, by comparison, seemed

the lesser danger of the two, a conclusion which my uncle arrived at by balancing reasons, and the others by balancing fears. They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the showers that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night level, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary. There my uncle having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water, soon after flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the fore-runner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight, him they only aroused. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell, some unusually gross vapour, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his wind-pipe, which was not only naturally weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again (the third from that he last beheld) his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life, its posture was that of a sleeping, rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile, my mother and I were at Misenum. But this has no connection with history, and your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death. I will therefore put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or heard at the time, when report speaks most truly. You will select what is most suitable to your purpose, for there is a great difference between a letter and a history, between writing to a friend, and writing for the public. Farewell.

Pliny's Letters—BY MELMOTH.

REGULUS ADDRESSES THE SENATE.

In the first Punic or Carthaginian war in 255 B C, Regulus being consul, invaded Africa, where after many successes he was defeated with terrible slaughter and taken prisoner with 500 others. After five years in prison he was sent by the Carthaginians back to Rome to arrange a peace and an exchange of prisoners, under promise to return to Carthage if negotiations failed. Arrived in Italy, Regulus at first refused to enter Rome as a Carthaginian slave, next he would not at first speak in the Senate, as being a captive and he was no longer a senator. At last he spoke, but instead of advocating peace which would have secured him life and liberty, he bade the Romans not to ransom their soldiers who had surrendered to the foe, and not to make terms. Despite the entreaties of his friends he returned to certain death at Carthage. One account says that his eyelids were removed, and that he was forcibly kept awake till he died.

Regulus is celebrated also for his simple life. He cultivated his hereditary farm with his own hands. He is often spoken of by Roman writers as a model of the old Roman virtues—honour, courage, simplicity, self-sacrifice and devotion to the State.

“ They die

Unwept, who brook captivity !

“ I’ve seen,” he cried, “ our standards hung

In Punic fanes, our weapons wrung

From Roman hands without a blow ,

Our citizens, I’ve seen them go

With arms behind their free backs tied :

Gates I have seen flung open wide,

Ay, Roman troops I’ve seen, disgraced

To till the plains they had laid waste !

“ Will he return more brave and bold,—

The soldier you redeem with gold ?

You add but loss unto disgrace

Its native whiteness once efface

With curious dyes , you can no more

That whiteness to the wool restore .

Nor is true valour, once debased,

In souls corrupt to be replaced. ’

From his chaste wife's embrace, they say
And babes he tore himself away
As he had forfeited the right
To clasp them as a freeman might,
Then sternly on the ground he bent
His manly brow, and so he lent
Decision to the Senate's voice
That paused and wavered in its choice:
And forth the noble exile strode,
Whilst friends in anguish lined the road.

Noble indeed! for, though he knew
What tortures that barbarian crew
Had ripe for him, he waved aside
The kin that did his purpose chide,
The thronging crowds that strove to stay
His passage, with an air as gay
As though at close of some decree
Upon a client's lawsuit he
Its dreary coil were leaving there,
To green Venafrum to repair,
Or to Tarentum's breezy shore
Where Spartans built their town of yore.

Horace: Odes III 5—By MARTIN.

REGULUS ; OR HONOUR VERSUS SELF-INTEREST.

M. Atilius Regulus, then a second time consul, was surprised in Africa by Xanthippus, the Lacedaemonian, and made a prisoner (Amilcar, father of Hannibal, being the general of the Carthaginians,) and was sent by the Carthaginians to the Roman senate on solemn oath given, that, unless some remarkable prisoners were restored them, he should himself return back again to Carthage. Now, as soon as this man arrived at Rome, he could not but perceive what appeared to be his interest, but withal was persuaded, as the event declared, that it only appeared so. The cause was thus. Here he might have stayed in his native country, and have lived at home quietly with his wife and children, might have judged his misfortune, received in the war, no more than what all men in that state are liable to, and might still have continued in his old degree of honour among those of consular dignity. Well, but pray what did this Regulus do then? He came into the senate, and told them what it was he was sent about, and refused to give his own vote in the case, forasmuch as he was not to be counted a senator, as being by oath under the enemy's power. and in his speech, which he spoke to the senate on that subject ("fool that he was," some will be ready to say, "and an enemy to his own interest!"), he told them, it was best not to give up their prisoners, that they were young men, and might make able leaders, but that he, for his part, was grown almost useless, and worn away with old age. The senate were so persuaded by his speech, that they resolved the prisoners should be detained in custody, and he himself returned back again to Carthage, not all the love which he had for his country, his friends and relations, being able to detain him. and though he knew well enough what a barbarous enemy and what exquisite torments he was going to return to, yet he thought it his duty, whatever came of it, not to violate his oath. I think he was in a better condition therefore, even whilst he was murdered by being

prevented from sleeping, than ever he could have been had he stayed at home, and lived under the scandal of being an old captive and a perjured nobleman. "But was not it very great folly and madness, if he would not persuade the releasing of the prisoners, yet to go and dissuade it as much as he could?" Pray how folly and madness? What! though it were conducive to the good of the republic? Or can anything be profitable to a private citizen, which brings a disadvantage to the commonwealth in general?

Cicero: 'Offices'—BY COCKMAN 1699.

THE MEANING OF THE MAGIC RING.

Whenever we do deliberate on any kind of subject, we should never do anything out of hope and expectations that our actions will be concealed. Though we could hide from the eyes of all men, and even of the gods themselves, whatever we go about, yet we should be careful to abstain from the vices of covetousness and injustice, of low passions and vices.

To this purpose Plato brings in that remarkable story of Gyges. A gaping in the earth being made by reason of some violent showers, as the story tells us, Gyges went down into the hollow of it, and found there lying a brazen horse, with a door in his side. This he opened, and looking in, discovered a dead man's body, of an unusual bulk, with a ring of gold on one his finger. This he pulls off, and puts on his own finger, and then coming up, goes and joins himself to the rest of the shepherds, for he was shepherd to the king at that time. Here he observed, that on turning the stone toward the palm of his hand, he became invisible to everybody else, though others did not become so to him, and that on turning it to its proper place, he immediately became visible again, as before: making use, therefore, of this lucky opportunity, he found out a way to deceive the

queen, and by her assistance to murder the king, his lord and master, and to make away those who might prove any hindrance or stop to his designs, nor could any one possibly see or discover him in any of these villainies; so that he quickly, by the help of this ring, from a simple shepherd became king of Lydia. Now had a truly wise man had the keeping of this ring, he would not have thought himself ever the more privileged to be guilty of any action that is wicked or detestable, for good men desire to be virtuous and honest, and not to be secret that so they may sin without danger. And here some philosophers, men of more honesty than acuteness or subtilty, cry out that this story of Plato is a mere fiction, as though he had said either that it really was, or indeed could be done. No, the meaning and design of this example of Gyges and the ring is this—Suppose you could do any dishonest action for the gratifying a wicked, covetous or ambitious desire, so that no one living could either know or suspect it, but both gods and men must be kept perfectly in ignorance—whether in such case would you do it or not? If any say they would gratify such desires provided only they were sure of never being found out, we may know them to be villains by their own confession.

Cicero · ‘*Offices*’—BY COCKMAN.

THE DELIGHTS OF LITERATURE

Cicero, 106-43 B C, statesman, barrister, orator, wit and philosopher most polished of Latin prose-writers, and the model of some great modern stylists. He is here defending the poet Archias, and takes occasion to praise Literature. This passage has a Victorian interest in that the closing sentence contains the Latin motto of the Melbourne Public Library—*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, peregrinantur*.

How many pictures of the bravest men, drawn to the life, have been left us by both Græek and Latin writers not merely for us to look at, but rather to imitate. These

have I kept always before my eyes in the discharge of my public duties, and by pondering them well have I striven to model mind and heart after those high examples.

Someone will ask, "What! Were these great men themselves whose virtues have been preserved in literature, were they acquainted with all that learning which you extol so highly?" To assert this about them all would be rather much, yet there is a definite answer that I can give. Many men, I admit, of noble minds and qualities have existed—men of no learning, and yet by a kind of divine disposition in their natures, of themselves self-governed and dignified. I will even go further and say that natural endowment without learning has helped men more to honour and virtue than has learning without natural endowment. And at the same time I maintain that when a naturally fine and noble mind is enlightened and fashioned by education, there then is manifested something inexpressibly beautiful, something unique. Such an one was he whom our fathers knew, that god-like man, Scipio Africanus, such were Lælius and Furius, men of wonderful self-restraint and purity of life, such also was he, the most learned the most valiant of his time, that great man, the elder Cato. These men would never have devoted themselves to the study of letters, had not their appreciation and practice of virtue been thereby quickened. And even if no such result as this could be pointed to, and if delight were the sole incentive to study, even yet, methinks you must regard this form of mental activity as peculiarly humanising and mind-broadening. For other delights must have their own times, and seasons, and circumstances. But these studies inspire Youth, and delight Age, they are an ornament in prosperity, a refuge and a solace in adversity; at home they charm us, in public they are no burden, through the night hours they are our companions; whether we travel, or whether we are afar in the country, they are with us always.

Cicero: 'Pro Archia'—By R. L.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM, 70 A.D.

Vespasian was Caesar or Emperor from 69 to 79 A.D.

Tacitus condemns the Jews for not rightly understanding a prophecy which he himself has misapplied. It is evident that it could not relate to the short reigns of Vespasian and his two sons. The Christian religion was at that time striking root in Judæa, whence it was to extend over the world. The Jewish historian Josephus also said that the prophecy related to Vespasian. Tacitus may therefore be pardoned.

The story of Tacitus terminates abruptly, for many of his manuscripts, like those of Livy and other ancient writers, have been lost

The peace of Italy being at length restored, foreign affairs demanded his immediate care. The Jews were the only nation that refused to submit. The obstinacy of that stubborn people filled Vespasian with resentment. But what sudden emergencies might involve a new reign in difficulties, could not be foreseen. In order to be prepared for all events, Vespasian judged it the wisest measure to leave his son Titus at the head of the army. The prince, as already mentioned, encamped under the walls of Jerusalem, and drew out his legions in the face of the enemy.

The Jews appeared in force on the plains under the ramparts, determined, if successful, to push their advantage, and, if obliged to give ground, sure of a retreat within their fortifications. The Roman cavalry, with a detachment from the light-armed cohorts, advanced to the attack. A battle was fought, but with doubtful success. The Jews took shelter within their walls, venturing, however, for several days afterwards, to sally out in small parties, till, tired by repeated losses, they resolved to shut themselves up within their fortifications. Titus prepared to carry the place by storm. To linger before it, till famine compelled a surrender, appeared unworthy of the Roman name. The soldiers were eager to brave every danger—courage, ferocity, and

the hope of gaining the rewards of victory, inspired the whole army. Titus had his private motives. Rome was before his eyes, wealth and magnificence dazzled his imagination, and pleasure had its allurements. If the city was not taken by assault, a siege in form would detain him too long from the splendid scene that lay before him. But Jerusalem stood upon an eminence, difficult of approach. The natural strength of the place was increased by redoubts and bulwarks, which, even on the level plain, would have made it secure from insult. Two hills that rose to a prodigious height, were enclosed by walls constructed with skill, in some places projecting forward, in others retiring inwardly, with the angles so formed, that the besiegers were always liable to be annoyed in flank. The extremities of the rock were sharp, abrupt, and craggy. In convenient places, near the summit, towers were raised sixty feet high, and others, on the declivity of the sides, rose no less than a hundred and twenty feet. These works presented a spectacle altogether astonishing. To the distant eye they seemed to be of equal elevation. Within the city there were other fortifications enclosing the palace of the kings. Above all was seen, conspicuous to view, the tower Antonia, so called by Herod, in honour of the triumvir, who had been his friend and benefactor.

The temple itself was a strong fortress, in the nature of a citadel. The fortifications were built with consummate skill, surpassing, in art as well as labour, all the rest of the works. The very porticos that surrounded it were a strong defence. A perennial spring supplied the place with water. Subterraneous caverns were scooped under the rock. The rain-water was saved in pools and cisterns. It was foreseen by the founders of the city, that the manners and institutions of the nation, so repugnant to the rest of mankind, would be productive of frequent wars, hence so many precautions against a siege. Since the reduction of the place by Pompey, experience taught the Jews new modes of fortification. and the corruption and venality that pervaded the whole reign of Claudius, favoured all their pro-

jects By bribery they obtained permission to rebuild their walls The strength of the works plainly showed that, in profound peace, they meditated future resistance The destruction of the rest of their cities served to increase the number of the besieged A prodigious conflux poured in from all quarters, and among them the most bold and turbulent spirits of the nation The city, by consequence, was distracted by internal division They had three armies, and as many generals The outward walls, forming the widest extent, were defended by Simon John, otherwise called Baigioras, commanded in the middle precinct Eleazar kept possession of the temple The two former commanded the greatest number of soldiers, the latter had the advantage of situation The three parties quarrelled among themselves Battles were fought within the walls, stratagems were practised, conflagrations destroyed parts of the city, and a large quantity of grain was consumed in the flames Under colour of performing a sacrifice, John contrived to send a band of assassins, to cut off Eleazar and his whole party in one general massacre By this atrocious deed he gained possession of the temple From that time two contending factions threw everything into confusion, till the enemy at their gates obliged them to unite in their common defence.

Portents and prodigies announced the ruin of the city but a people, blinded by their own national superstition, and with rancour detesting the religion of other states, held it unlawful by vows and victims to deprecate the impending danger Swords were seen glittering in the air, embattled armies appeared, and the temple was illuminated by a stream of light, that issued from the heavens The portal flew open, and a voice more than human denounced the immediate departure of the gods, There was heard, at the same time, a tumultuous and terrific sound, as if superior beings were actually rushing forth The impression made by these wonders fell upon a few only the multitude relied upon an ancient prophecy, contained, as they believed, in books kept by the priests, by which it was foretold, that, in

this very juncture, the power of the east would prevail over the nations, and a race of men would go forth from Judaea to extend their dominion over the rest of the world. The prediction, however, couched in ambiguous terms, related to Vespasian and his son Titus. But the Jewish mind was not to be enlightened. With the usual propensity of men ready to believe what they ardently wish, the populace assumed to themselves the scene of grandeur which the fates were preparing to bring forward. Calamity itself could not open their eyes. The number besieged in Jerusalem, including both sexes and every age, amounted, according to the best accounts, to no less than six hundred thousand. All who were capable of serving appeared in arms. The number of effective men was beyond all proportion greater than could be expected, even in so vast a multitude. The women, no less than the men, were inflamed with zeal and ardour. If doomed to quit their country, life, they declared, was more terrible than death itself. Against a city so strongly fortified, and defended by such an obstinate race, Titus saw that nothing could be done, either by surprise or a general assault. He threw up mounds and ramparts, and prepared battering-engines. He stationed the legions at different posts, and assigned to each a distinct share of the duty. For some time no attack was made. In the interval, the Romans prepared all the machines of war, which either the ancients had employed or modern genius invented.

Tacitus' History—BY MURPHY.

AGRICOLA AND GARGACUS.

Tacitus the historian (100 A.D.) was the recipient of Pliny's two letters on the eruption of Vesuvius. He was also son-in-law of Agricola, Roman governor of Britain, 78-84 A.D. Milton speaks of Agricola as "that wise and civil Roman who governed here once for Caesar," i.e., for the Emperor. He built a line of forts from the Forth to the Clyde to keep back the fierce Caledonians of the North. In 84 A.D. they gathered from the highlands and gave battle near the Graucian Hill. The speeches written by ancient historians must not be taken as literally true.

Upwards of thirty thousand men appeared in arms, and their force was increasing every day. The youth of the country poured in from all quarters, and even the men in years, whose vigour was still unbroken, repaired to the army, proud of their past exploits, and the ensigns of honour which they had gained by their martial spirit. Among the chieftains distinguished by their birth and valour, the most renowned was Gargacus. The multitude gathered round him, eager for action, and burning with uncommon ardour. He harangued them to the following effect:

"When I consider the motives that have roused us to this war, when I reflect on the necessity that now demands our firmest vigour, I expect everything great and noble from that union of sentiment that pervades us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men, who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land, where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and, in our condition, cowardice itself would throw away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us, they might consider us as their last resource, they know us to be the boldest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy regions where slavery has debased mankind. We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

“ The extremity of the earth is ours : defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honour and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity ; our retreat is laid open , the enemy rushes on, and, as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him . But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and brawling waves fill all the space behind . The Romans are in the heart of our country , no submission can satisfy their pride , no concessions can appease their fury . While the land has anything left, it is the theatre of war , when it can yield no more, they explore the sea for hidden treasure . Are the nations rich, Roman avarice is their enemy . Are they poor, Roman ambition lords it over them . The east and the west have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate . The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people who invade, with equal ardour, the wealth and the poverty of nations . To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy . When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace .

“ Our children and relatives are dear to us all. It is an affection planted in our breast by the hand of nature . And yet those tender pledges are ravished from us to serve in distant lands . Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, safe from brutal lust and open violation ? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonour . Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our corn into their granaries . Our limbs and bodies are worn out in clearing woods, and draining marshes . and what have been our wages ? Stripes and insult . The lot of the meanest slave born in servitude, is preferable to ours , he is sold but once, and his master maintains him , but Britain every day invites new tyrants, and every day pampers their pride . In a private family the slave who is last bought in, provokes the mirth and ridicule of the whole domestic crew . and in this general servitude, to which Rome has reduced the world, the case is the same . we are treated at first as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction .

“ What better lot can we expect ? We have no arable lands to cultivate for a master, no mines to dig for his avarice ; no harbours to improve for his commerce. To what end should the conqueror spare us ? Our virtue and undaunted spirit are crimes in the eyes of the conqueror, and will render us more obnoxious. Our remote situation, hitherto the retreat of freedom, and on that account the more suspected, will only serve to inflame the jealousy of our enemies. We must expect no mercy. Let us therefore die like men. We all are summoned by the great call of nature, not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing. The Tinobantes, who had only a woman to lead them on, were able to carry fire and sword through a whole colony. They stormed the camps of the enemy, and, if success had not intimated them they had been, beyond all doubt, the deliverers of their country. And shall not we, unconquered, and undebased by slavery, a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover, but to ensure our liberties, shall we not go forth the champions of our country ? Shall we not, by one generous effort, show the Romans, that we are the men whom Caledonia has reserved to be assertors of the public weal ?

“ We know the manners of the Romans and are we to imagine that their valour in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace ? By our dissensions their glory rises, the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army, if that may be called an army, which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of fortune. That this will be their fate, no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gaul, the German, and (with shame I add) the Britons, a mercenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master, whom they have lately served, and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear, will seek revenge.

"All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can excite us to deeds of valor, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach their want of courage. They are not listed in the cause of their country—their country, if any they have, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side objects unknown before. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill them with doubt and terror. They come like victims delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

"In the ensuing battle be not deceived by false appearances, the glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye, but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people, and the Germans, as the Uspians lately did, will desert their colours. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit, their forts are ungarrisoned, the veterans in their colonies droop with age, in their municipal towns, nothing but anarchy, despotic government, and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general, behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors, and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity."

This speech was received, according to the custom of Barbarians, with war songs, with savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. Their battalions began

to form a line of battle, the brave and warlike rushed forward to the front, and the field glittered with the blaze of arms. The Romans on their side burned with equal ardour. Agricola saw the impatient spirit of his men, but did not think proper to begin the engagement, till he confirmed their courage by the following speech. "It is now, my fellow-soldiers, the eighth year of our service in Britain. During that time, the genius and good auspices of the Roman empire, with your assistance and unwearyed labour, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt your valour; and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general; we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vain-glory, the mere report of fame; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession sword in hand; we are encamped on the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

"In our long and laborious marches, when you were obliged to traverse moors and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains it was still the cry of the bravest amongst you, When shall we be led to battle? When shall we see the enemy? Behold them now before you. They are hunted out of their dens and caverns; your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own; but remember that a defeat involves us all in the last distress. If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious; the tract of country that lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last, while we press forward on the enemy. If we give ground, if we think of a retreat, we have the same difficulties to surmount again. The success, which is now our pride, will in that case be our worst misfortune. We are

not sufficiently acquainted with the course of the country ; the enemy knows the defiles and marshes, and will be supplied with provisions in abundance. We have not those advantages, but we have hands that can grasp the sword, and we have valour, that gives us everything. With me it has long been a settled principle, that the back of a general or his army is never safe. Which of you would not rather die with honour, than live in infamy ? But life and honour are this day inseparable, they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world, and to die where nature ends, cannot be deemed inglorious.

“ If our present struggle were with nations wholly unknown, if we had to do with an enemy new to our swords, I should call to mind the example of other armies. At present what can I propose so bright and animating as your own exploits ? I appeal to your own eyes, behold the men drawn up against you—are they not the same, who last year, under covert of the night, assaulted the ninth legion, and, upon the first shout of our army fled before you ? A band of dastards ! who have subsisted hitherto, because of all the Britons they are the most expeditious runaways.

“ In woods and forests the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen, and rush on certain destruction, but the timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamour of the chase. In like manner, the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword. The refuse of the nation still remains. They have not stayed to make head against you, they are hunted down, they are caught in the toils. Benumbed with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render for ever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labours, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed that we at least have done our duty.”

Tacitus' History—BY A. MURPHY.

A MARVELLOUS VOYAGE—PART I.

Lucian, humorous Greek writer, of 2nd century A D., begins his 'True History' by announcing he is going to tell lies. He then proceeds to parody the marvels of ancient Greek writers. Lucian, however, has a touch of true beauty, especially in this translation by Hickes, .634

The voyagers escape from the whale after a long imprisonment.

We began to be weary of our abode in the whale, and our tarriance there did much trouble us, we therefore set all our wits to work to find out some means or other to clear us from our captivity. First we thought it would do well to dig a hole through his right side, and make our escape that way forth, which we began to labour at lustily; but after we had pierced him five furlongs deep, and found it was to no purpose, we gave it over. Then we devised to set the wood on fire, for that would certainly kill him without question, and being once dead, our issue would be easy enough. This we also put into practice, and began our project at the tail end, which burnt seven days, and as many nights, before he had any feeling of our fireworks. Upon the eighth and ninth days we perceived he began to grow sickly, for he gaped more dully than he was wont to do, and sooner closed his mouth again. The tenth and eleventh he was thoroughly mortified. Upon the twelfth day we bethought ourselves, though almost too late, that unless we underpropped his chops when he gaped next, to keep him from closing, we should be in danger of perpetual imprisonment within his dead carcass, and there miserably perish.

We therefore pitched long beams of timber upright within his mouth to keep it from shutting, and then made our ship in a readiness, and provided ourselves with store

of fresh water, and all other things necessary for our use, Scintharus taking upon him to be our pilot, and the next morrow the whale died.

Then we haled our ship through the void passages, and fastening cables about his teeth, by little and little settled it into the sea, and mounting the back of the whale, sacrificed to Neptune, and for three days together took up our lodging hard by the trophy, for we were becalmed. The fourth day we put to sea, and met with many dead corpses that perished in the late sea fight, which our ship hit against, whose bodies we took measure of with great admiration, and sailed for many days in a very temperate weather.

The sea is frozen they make a cave in it.

But after that the north wind blew so bitterly, that a great frost ensued, wherewith the whole sea was all frozen up, not only superficially upon the upper part, but in depth also, the depth of four hundred fathoms, so that we were fain to forsake our ship and run upon the ice. The wind sitting long in this corner and we not able to endure it, put this device in practice, which was the invention of Scintharus. With mattocks and other instruments, we made a mighty cave in the water, wherein we sheltered ourselves forty days together. In it we kindled fire, and fed upon fish, of which we found great plenty in our digging. At the last, our provision falling short, we returned to our frozen ship, which we set upright, and spreading her sails, went forward as well as if we had been upon water, leisurely and gently sliding upon the ice. But on the fifth day the water grew warm, and the frost brake, and all was turned to water again.

The Sea of Milk. and the Isle of Cheese.

We had not sailed three hundred furlongs forwards, but we came to a little island that was desert, where we only took in fresh water (which now began to fail us) and with our shot killed two wild bulls, and so departed. These bulls have their horns growing not upon their heads, but

under their eyes as Momus thought it better. Then we entered into a sea, not of water, but of milk, in which appeared a white island full of vines. This island was only a great cheese, well pressed (as we afterwards found when we fed upon it) about some five and twenty furlongs in bigness. The vines were full of clusters of grapes, out of which we could crush no wine, but only milk. In the midst of the island, there was a temple built, dedicated to Galatea,* one of the daughters of Nereus as by the inscription appeared. As long as we remained there, the soil yielded us food and victuals, and our drink was the milk that came out of the grapes. In these parts, as they said, reigneth Tyro,† the daughter of Salmoneus, who, after her departure, received this guerdon at the hands of Neptune.

The Cork-Sole Men.

In this island we rested ourselves five days, and on the sixth day put to sea again, a gentle gale attending us, and the seas all still and quiet. The eighth day, as we sailed onward, not in milk any longer, but in salt and azure water we saw many men running upon the sea, like unto us every way forth, both in shape and stature, but only for their feet which were of cork, whereupon I suppose they had the name of Cork Soles. We marvelled much when we saw they did not sink, but keep above water, and travel upon it so boldly, these came unto us, and saluted us in the Grecian language, and said they were bound towards Cork, their own country, and for a while ran along by us, but at last turned their own way and left us, wishing us a happy and prosperous voyage.

Within a while after many islands appeared, and near unto them, upon our left hand, stood Cork, the place whereunto they were travelling, which was a city seated upon a mighty great and round cork.

* Galatea in Greek = Milk. † Tyro = Cheese.

The Island of The Blessed

Further off, and more towards the right hand, we saw five other islands, large and mountainous, in which much fire was burning; but directly before us was a spacious flat island, distant from us not above five hundred furlongs, and approaching somewhat near unto it, a wonderful fragrant air breathed upon us, of a most sweet and delicate smell, such as Herodotus the storywriter saith riseth out of Arabia the happy, consisting of a mixture of roses, daffodils, gilly-flowers, lilies, violets, myrtles, bays, and blossoms of vines: such a dainty odoriferous savour was conveyed unto us. Being delighted with this smell, and hoping for better fortunes after our long labours, we got within a little of the isle, in which we found many havens on every side, not subject to overfloating, and yet of great capacity, and rivers of clear water emptying themselves easily into the sea, with meadows and herbs and musical birds, some singing upon the shore, and many upon the branches of the trees, a still and gentle air compassing the whole country. When pleasant blasts gently stirred the woods, the motion of the branches made a continual delightful melody, like the sound of wind instruments in a solitary place: a kind of clamour also was heard mixed with it, yet not tumultuous nor offensive, but like the noise of a banquet, when some do play on wind instruments, some commend the music, and some with their hands applaud the pipe, or the harp, all which yielded us so great content, that we boldly entered the haven, made fast our ship and landed, leaving in her only Scintharus and two more of our companions behind us.

They are bound in roses and brought to trial.

Passing along through a sweet meadow, we met with the guards that used to sail about the island, who took us, and bound us with garlands of roses (which are the strictest bands they have) to be carried to their Governor. From them we heard as we were upon the way, that it was the

island of those that are called Blessed, and that Rhadamantus was Governor there, to whom we were brought and placed the fourth in order of them that were to be judged

In the fourth place we appeared, and he demanded of us, what reason we had, being living men, to take land in that sacred country, and we told him all our adventures in order as they befell us. Then he commanded us to stand aside, and considering upon it a great while, in the end proposed it to the Benchers, which were many, and among them Aristides the Athenian, surnamed the Just and when he was provided what sentence to deliver, he said, 'That for our busy curiosity, and needless travels, we should be accountable after our death, but for the present, we should have a time limited for our abode, during which we should feast with the Heroes, and then depart, prefixing us seven months' liberty to conclude our tarriance, and no more

The banquet with the Heroes description of the city.

Then our garlands fell off from us of themselves, and we were set loose, and led into the city to feast with the Blessed. The city was all of gold, compassed with a wall made of the precious stone emerald, which had seven gates, every one cut out of a whole piece of timber of cinnamon tree. The pavement of the city, and all the ground within the walls was ivory. The temples of the gods were built of beryl, with large altars made all of one amethyst, upon which they offer their sacrifices. About the city runneth a river of most excellent sweet ointment, in breadth an hundred cubits of the large measure, and so deep that a man may swim in it with ease. For their baths, they have great houses of glass, which they warm with cinnamon and their bathing tubs are filled with warm dew instead of water. Their only garments are cobwebs of purple colour, neither have they any bodies, but are intactile and without flesh, a mere shape and presentation only. Being thus bodiless, yet they stand, and are moved, are intelligent,

and can speak : and their naked soul seemeth to wander up and down in a corporal likeness , for if a man touch them not, he cannot say otherwise but that they have bodies, altogether like shadows standing upright, and not, as they are, of a dark colour . No man waiteth any older there than he was before, but of what age he comes thither, so he continues . Neither is there any night with them, nor indeed clear day : but like the twilight towards morning before the sun be up, such a kind of light do they live in . They know but one season of the year, which is the Spring, and feel no other wind but the west wind . The region flourisheth with all sorts of flowers, and with all pleasing plants fit for shade , their vines bear fruit twelve times a year, every month once , their pomegranate trees, their apple trees, and their other fruit, they say, bear thirteen times in the year . for in the month called Minous they bear twice . Instead of wheat, their ears bear them loaves of bread ready baked, like unto mushrooms . About the city are three hundred threescore and five wells of water, and as many of honey, and five hundred of sweet ointment, for they are less than the other . They have seven rivers of milk, and eight of wine.

The Elysian Field.

They keep their feast without the city, in a field called Elysium, which is a most pleasant meadow environed with woods of all sorts, so thick that they serve for a shade to all that are invited . who sit upon beds of flowers, and are waited upon, and have everything brought unto them by the winds, unless it be to have the wine filled , and that there is no need of , for about the banqueting place are mighty great trees growing of clear and pure glass , and the fruit of those trees are drinking cups and other vessels of what fashion or greatness you will , and every man that comes to the feast gathers one or two of those cups, and sets them before him, which will be full of wine presently, and then they drink. ‘

The birds let fall melodious chirpings.

Instead of garlands, the nightingales, and other musical birds, gather flowers with their beaks out of the meadows adjoining, and flying over their heads with chirping notes scatter them among them. They are anointed with sweet ointment in this manner: sundry clouds draw this unguent out of the fountains and the rivers, which, settling over the heads of them that are at the banquet, the least blast of wind makes a small rain fall upon them like unto a dew. After supper they spend their time in music and singing, their duties that are in most request, they take out of Homer's verses, who is there present himself and feasteth among them, sitting next above Ulysses. Their choirs consist of boys and virgins, which are directed and assisted by Eunomus the Locrian, and Arion the Lesbian and Anacreon, and Stesichorus, who hath had a place there ever since his reconciliation with Helen. As soon as these have done, there enter a second choir of swans, swallows and nightingales: and when they have ended, the whole wood rings like wind instruments by the stirring of the air. But that which maketh most for their mirth are two wells adjoining to the banqueting place, the one of laughter, the other of pleasure; of these every man drinks to begin the feast withal, which makes them spend the whole time in mirth and laughter.

PART II.**They leave the Heroes · Lucan
receives the Magic Mallow.**

Six months were now passed, and the seventh half way onwards, when they decreed to send us packing out of the country, our prefixed time being come, and that we should stay there no longer than the next morrow, wherewith I was much aggrieved and wept bitterly to leave so good a place, and turn wanderer again I knew not whither. But they comforted me much in telling me, that before many years were past I should be with them again, and showed me a chair and bed prepared for me against the time to come, near unto persons of the best quality. Then went I to Rhadamanthus, humbly beseeching him to tell me my future fortunes, and to direct me in my course. and he told me, that after many travels and dangers, I should at last recover my country, but would not tell me the certain time of my return, and showing me the islands adjoining, which were five in number, and a sixth a little further off, he said, "Those nearest are the islands of the Ungodly, which you see burning all in a light fire, but the other is the Island of Dreams, beyond that is the Island of Calypso, which you cannot see from hence, when you are past these, you shall come into the great continent, over against your own country, where you shall suffer many afflictions, and pass through many nations, and meet with men of inhuman conditions, and at length attain to the other continent." When he had told me this, he plucked a root of mallow out of the ground, and reached it to me, commanding me in my greatest perils to make my prayer to that, advising me further, neither to rake it the fire with my knife, nor to feed upon lupins. if I were mindful of this, the hopes would be great that I should come to the Island again. Then we

prepared for our passage, and feasted with them at the usual hour, and next morrow I went to Homer, entreating him to do so much as make an epigram of two verses for me, which he did and I erected a pillar of berylstone near upon the haven, and engrav'd them upon it The epigram was this

Lucian, the gods' belov'd, did once attain
To see all this and then go home again

After that day's tarrying, we put to sea, brought onward on our way by the Heroes where Ulysses, closely coming to me, that Penelope* might not see him, convey'd a letter into my hand to deliver to Calypso in the Isle of Ogygia, Rhadamanthus also sent Nauplius the ferryman along with us, that if it were our fortune to put into those islands, no man should lay hands upon us, because we were bent upon other employments:

The Isles of the Ungodly.

No sooner had we passed beyond the smell of that sweet odour, but we felt a horrible, filthy stink, like pitch and brimstone burning, carrying an intolerable scent with it, as men were broiling upon burning coals the air was dark and muddy, from which distilled a pitchy kind of dew we heard also the lash of the whips, and roaring of the tormented Yet went we not to visit all the islands, but that wherein we landed was of this form, It was wholly compassed about with deep, sharp and craggy rocks, without either wood or water yet we made a shift to scramble up among the cliffs, and so went forwards, in a way quite overgrown with briars and thorns, through a most villanous, ghastly country, and coming at last to the prison and place of torment, we wondered to see the nature and quality of the soil, which brought forth no other flowers but swords and daggers, and round about it ran certain rivers, the

* Penelope, his wife.

first of dirt, the second of blood, and the innermost of burning fire, which was very broad and unpassable, floating like water, and working like the waves of the sea, full of sundry fishes, some as big as firebrands, others of a less size like coals of fire, and these they call lampreys. There was but one narrow entrance into it, and Timon of Athens appointed to keep the door, yet we got in by the help of Nauplius, and saw them that were tormented, both kings, and private persons very many, of whom there were some that I knew, for there I saw Cynirus hanging up in the smoke. But the greatest torments of all are inflicted upon them that told any lies in their lifetime, and wrote untruly, as Ctesias the Cnidian, Herodotus, and many other, which I beholding, was put in great hopes that I should never have anything to do there, for I do not know that ever I spoke any untruth in my life. We therefore returned speedily to our ship (for we could endure the sight no longer) and taking our leave of Nauplius, sent him back again.

The Isle of Dreams.

A little after appeared the Isle of Dreams near unto us, an obscure country, and unperspicuous to the eye, endued with the same quality as dreams themselves are, for as we drew, it still gave back and fled from us, that it seemed to be further off than at first, but in the end we attained it and entered the haven called Sleep, and adjoined to the great gate of ivory, where the temple of Chanticleer stands, and took land somewhat late in the evening. Entering the gate we saw many dreams of sundry fashions. But I will first tell you somewhat of the city, because no man else hath written any description of it, only Homer hath touched it a little, but to small purpose. It is round about environed with a wood, the trees whereof are exceeding high poppies, and mandragoras, in which an infinite number of owls do nestle, and no other birds are to be seen in the island. Near unto it is a river running, called by them Night-runner, and at the gates are two wells, the one named Never-awake, the other Vigil. The wall of the city is

high and of a changeable colour, like unto the rainbow; in which are four gates, though Homer speaks but of two: for there are two which look toward the fields of sloth; the one made of iron, the other of potter's clay, through which those dreams have passage, that represent fearful, bloody and cruel matters; the other two behold the haven and the sea of which the one is made of horn, the other of ivory,* which we went in at. As we entered the city, on the right hand stands the temple of the Night, whom with Chanticleer, they reverence above all the gods, for he hath also a temple built for him, near unto the haven. On the left hand stands the palace of Sleep for he is the Sovereign King over them all, and hath deputed two great Princes to govern under him, namely Bogey, the son of Will-o'-the-wisp, and Ready none, the son of Phantasy. In the midst of the market place is a well, by them called Slumber and two temples adjoining, the one of Falsehood the other of Truth, which have either of them a private cell peculiar to the priests, and an Oracle, in which the chief prophet is Antipho, the interpreter of dreams, who was preferred by Sleep to that place of dignity.

Dream-Friends.

These dreams are not all alike either in nature or in shape for some of them are long beautiful and pleasing, others again are as short and deformed, some make show to be of gold, and others to be as base and beggarly some of them had wings, and were of monstrous forms others set out in pomp as it were in a triumph, representing the appearances of kings, gods and other persons. Many of them were of our acquaintance, for they had been seen of us before, which came to us and saluted us as their old friends, and took us, and lulled us asleep, and feasted us nobly and courteously, promising beside all other entertainment which was sumptuous and costly, to make us kings and princes. Some of them brought us home to our own

* Horn for true, ivory for false dreams.

country to show us our friends there, and came back with us the next morning. Thus we spent thirty days, and as many nights among them, sleeping and feasting all the while, until a sudden clap of thunder awakened us all, and we, starting up, provided ourselves of victuals, and took to sea again, and on the third day landed in Ogygia.

The Goddess Calypso reads the letter.

But upon the way I opened the letter I was to deliver, and read the contents, which were these. "Ulysses to Calypso sendeth greeting. This is to give you to understand, that after my departure from you, in the vessel I made in haste for myself, I suffered shipwreck, and hardly escaped by the help of Leucothea into the country of the Phaeacians, who sent me to mine own home, where I found many that were woeers to my wife, and riotously consumed my means, but I slew them all, and was afterwards killed myself by my son Telegonus, and am now in the island of the Blessed where I daily repent myself for refusing to live with you, and forsaking the immortality proffered me by you. but if I can spy a convenient time, I will give them all the slip and come to you." This was the effect of the letter with some addition concerning us, that we should have entertainment, and far had I not gone from the sea, but I found such a cave as Homer speaks of, and she herself working busily at her wool. When she had received the letter, and brought us in, she began to weep and take on grievously, but afterwards she asked us to meat, and made us very good cheer, asking us many questions concerning Ulysses and Penelope, whether she was so beautiful and modest, as Ulysses had often before bragged of her, and we made her such answer as we thought would give her best content, and departing to our ship, reposed ourselves near unto the shore, and in the morning put to sea.

GLOSSARY.

The figures refer to the number of syllables, e.g., Diódes (4) - Di-ó' - nées - ch = k. Strictly c = k, but in English it often = s, as in "Caesar."

Arhilles (3)—Greek champion, slays Hector, afterwards shot with a poisoned arrow by Paris.

Acropolis—The citadel, usually in reference to that at Athens.

Aëars (2)—The goat skin shield borne by Zeus, in the middle whereof was the terrible Gorgon's head.

Aeneas (3) (*Enéas*). A relative of Hector, the mythical founder of Rome in Vergil's poem "The Aeneid."

Agamemnon—Leader of the Greeks against Troy, and brother of Menelaus.

Aias (*ai' iantes*)—*Aias Telamon*, a Greek hero.

Amphitrite (4)—Wife of Neptune and goddess of the sea.

Anacreon—Greek poet of love and wine, 540 B.C. His poems are translated by Moore.

Antipho—A Greek who wrote a work on the interpretation of dreams.

Apollo—Phoebus or Sun god, god of song, music and light, son of Zeus and Leto, twin brother of Artemis. He is represented with bow and arrows.

Archon—The chief magistrate in the Republic of Athens.

Ares (2)—A savage god of war—Mars.

Argo—The ship in which the Greek heroes under Jason sailed to Colchis in quest of the golden fleece.

Argive—Greek, Danaan, Hellenic.

Argos—In the Peloponnesus in Greece, a town sacred to Juno.

Arion—A great player on the cithara or lute, saved from drowning on a dolphin's back.

Aristides (4 *ul' es*)—Surnamed the Just. He was ostracised from Athens 482 B.C. One man voted against him through being weary of hearing him called "the Just."

Artemis—Daughter of Zeus and Leto, a kind of female Apollo; armed with bow, quiver and arrows, a maiden-divinity worshipped as Selene, the moon, and Diana.

- Athena**—Pallas, Minerva, goddess of wisdom. She sprang into birth full-armed from the head of Zeus. She befriends Ulysses.
- Atlas**—Brother of Prometheus, and one of the Titans who warred against Zeus. He was condemned to uphold heaven on his head and hands.
- Atreus** (2)—Father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, who are called Atreidae, or sons of Atreus.
- Calchas**—Soothsayer, who advised the Greeks to build the Wooden Horse.
- Capitol**—The Capitolium or temple of Jupiter at Rome, built by the old Tarquin kings, regarded by the Romans as indestructible, and as a type of eternity.
- Calypso**—Nymph living on the island of Ogygia, where Ulysses was wrecked. She detained him seven years.
- Cassandra**—Daughter of Priam and Hecuba. Could prophesy true things, but Apollo doomed her never to be believed.
- Comitium**—The place of public assembly at Rome.
- Ctesias**—Physician 400 B.C. He also wrote a history, full of strange tales.
- Cyclops**—Round eye. Polyphemus was one of these. He devoured Ulysses' comrades and scorned Zeus.
- Danaan** (3)—Greek.
- Deiphobus** (4)—Brother of Hector, slain by Menelaus.
- Diomedes** or **Dionel**—Tydides or son of Tydeus. He fought Hector and Aeneas on the Trojan plain.
- Earth shaker**—Poseidon, the sea god.
- Epeus** (3) or **Epeiros**—Built the wooden horse with Athena's aid.
- Erebus**—Darkness, the black space under the earth through which the shades of the dead pass to Hades.
- Erymanthus**—Mt. in Arcadia, Greece.
- Forum**—A public place or market. Later it became the principal place to discuss public affairs and hold courts of justice. The forum at Rome was over 600 feet long and 120 wide, adorned with many statues and noble buildings.
- Hades** (2)—Pluto, god of Underworld, and afterwards the Underworld itself.
- Helots**—The original inhabitants of Helos in Greece, made serfs by the Spartans.
- Hellenes**—Greeks. **Hellas**—Greece.
- Hermes** (2)—Mercurius, herald of the gods, and their messenger. Giver of luck. He bore a travelling hat with two wings, the herald's staff, and golden sandals with wings at the ankles.

Hephestus—Vulcan, god of fire. In his forge he fashioned wondrous works for gods and men.

Hyperion—the Over-Goer, i.e., the sun.

Ida—A range near Troy. There was another Ida in Crete.

Jason—Leader of the Argonauts. See Argo.

Kronion—Zeus, the son of Cronos. Latin Saturn.

Lamproetia—Daughter of Helios, the Sun and the nymph Neaera. She tended the flocks of her father.

Leto—Letona, mother of Apollo and Artemis.

Midas—He obtained a boon from Bacchus that all he touched should turn to gold. But his food and drink too became gold. The god then told him to bathe in the river Pactolus, whose sands thereafter were mixed with gold.

Minerva—Greek Athena.

Momus—The god of mockery. He said a door should have been left in man's breast so that his secret thoughts might be looked into.

Mycenæ—Agamemnon's city of Greece.

Nereus (2)—Wise old god of the sea, armed with trident.

Nauplius—A famous navigator.

Neptune—Greek Poseidon. Chief Roman sea-god.

Notus—Auster, the South wind.

Ogygia—Calypso's isle.

Olympus—Mt. of Macedonia, revered as the abode of the gods, because of its height.

Olympic Games held at Olympia in Greece every four years.

Palladium—Image of Pallas which fell from heaven at Troy, and was carried off by Ulysses and Diomed, because on its possession hung the city's fate. Rome later claimed to possess this Trojan Palladium. The treacherous Sinon persuades the Trojans to admit the Wooden Horse as a new Palladium, which the Greeks had constructed in atonement for the one stolen by them.

Pallas—Athena, Minerva.

Pelops—Grandson of Zeus, and legendary king of the southern peninsula of Greece, Peloponnesus—Pelops' island.

Pergamos, -on, or -um—The citadel of Troy, or Troy itself.

Phrygia—Trojan.

Pluto—Hades or Dis, god of the Underworld.

Poseidon (3)—Neptune. He is hostile to Ulysses for having blinded his son Polyphemus, the Cyclops.

Pyrrhus—Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. He was in the Wooden Horse, and at the sack of Troy killed old king Priam.

Pythoess—The priestess who uttered the responses at the oracle of the Delphic Apollo. Apollo had slain the Python or Serpent : hence the name "Pythian."

Rhadamanthus—One of the judges in the Underworld.

Romulus—Son of Mars and Rhea Silvia, a descendant of Trojan Aeneas. His uncle exposed him as a babe in a cradle in the river. A she-wolf found and suckled him. He is said to have founded Rome in 753 B.C.

Saturn—Cronos, father of Jupiter, Neptune, Juno, etc. His reign is conceived to have been the "golden age" for Italy.

Stesichorus—Greek poet, 6th century B.C. At his birth, a nightingale sat upon his infant lips, and sang a sweet strain.

Taygetus (4)—Mountain ridge in Greece.

Tantalus—Son of Zeus, a wealthy king. He was punished in the underworld by a raging thirst as he stood in a lake which ever receded as he stooped to drink. Over his head hung fruit which also receded as he stretched up his hand. Also a huge rock hung on the balance, over threatening to fall upon him. Hence our word "tantalize."

Tethys—Wife of Oceanus, and mother of the sea-nymphs.

Thrace—Country near the mouth of the Danube.

Timon of Athens—The Misanthrope 420 B.C. As a result of disappointments he secluded himself from the world.

Tiresias—Renowned soothsayer, blind from 7th year, because he would reveal things that men should not know. He lived to a great age. Ulysses interviewed his shade in the Underworld. See Tennyson's poem, *Tiresias*.

Titans—Contended with Saturn for the sovereignty of heaven, but were by Jupiter's thunderbolts hurled into Tartarus.

Trinacria—Means land of three promontories, i.e., Sicily.

Tydidæ—Diomed.

Zephyr—The west wind; Boreas is the north.

Zeus (1)—Jupiter, Jove, father and king of gods and men, dwelt on Mt. Olympus.

