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THE GREEK WAY

Kathleen Freeman has also written:—

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SOLON
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THE MURDER OF HERODES AND OTHER
TRIALS FROM THE ATHENIAN LAW COURTS
COMPANION TO THE PRE-SOCRATIC
PHILOSOPHERS

The Greek Way

an anthology

translations from verse and prose

by

Kathleen Freeman

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FOR

L. M. C. C.

ἰατροῦ οὐσίῃ καὶ ταῖς
ἐννέα δὴ πεφιλημένῃ.

PREFACE

Of all the anthologies meant for entertainment only, the one which, to my mind, still heads the list is the *Week-end Book* edited by Vera Mendel and Francis Meyifell, and published by the Nonesuch Press in 1924. This anthology has exactly the right mixture: Great Poems, Hate Poems, State Poems, The Zoo ; Songs, Games, a chapter on Food and Drink ; and though the choice is serenely personal, the first thought in the minds of the Editors was obviously not to show that they knew English poetry, but to please and amuse the reader in his hours of relaxation. It occurred to me that one might compile a Greek Week-end Book on similar principles ; and so, choosing a number of chapter-headings which I thought best covered* the Greek genius for living as well as for thinking, I have put together these, my own, translations of some of the verse and prose which most pleases me, and which I hope will please and surprise others.

I say " surprise ", because my motive is, after all, not entirely pure : that is, I wish not only to please, but also to prove something. It is now generally accepted that the Greek genius was paramount in tragedy and in philosophy ; and this is true, even more true than is yet understood. The ancient Greeks are respected ; but they are not loved—not yet. There is still a kind of withdrawal when Greek is mentioned in ordinary society—at a cocktail party, for instance; and that is because people are convinced that though the Greeks were very wonderful and clever, they were also heavy and dull. Now to my mind, the one outstanding quality of almost all Greek writing (apart, of course, from the Byzantines) is that which they themselves called *Charts*, and which we can only hint at in our word " charm ". I find that whenever I tell people this, and prove it with examples,

PREFACE

they are interested, and willing to believe me. Perhaps, therefore, it is not too late to undo the work of generations of grammarians and blindly disciplinarian teachers, and bring back the ordinary intelligent reader to this source of delight as well as of wisdom, by means of translations which at least have the merit that the translator liked the poem or prose passage translated, and wished to pass on the enjoyment.

I have made it clear, I hope, that this Miscellany is not intended to be comprehensive or even representative, nor in any way to rival the admirable *Pageant of Greece* or the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*. It is not confined to the period known as "classical"; it ranges over the two millennia between Homer and Byzantium, and even includes half-a-dozen songs collected in Chios at the end of the nineteenth century. It is a tribute to *Chan's*; and an invitation to the reader to follow her further.

This brings me to my last point: I want to give a piece of advice to all those who still have time and inclination for "culture", that is, for any kind of intellectual pursuit that has no directly practical aim. The advice is: learn Greek. Why? Because there is nothing which will give you so much entertainment in return for an initial effort. Greek is not nearly as difficult as people maintain (the alphabet, which frightens beginners, can be learnt in a week); and its literature is a veritable Aladdin's Cave. Greek is much more entertaining than bridge or cross-word puzzles (one can do the harder cross-word puzzles much more easily if one has a knowledge of Greek); and you will never find anyone who has pursued Greek to the reading stage who would part with that knowledge in exchange for any other whatsoever. I am thinking of a university teacher I know who did Greek first, and then mathematics, at Glasgow, and who is never tired of saying that if he had to choose, it would be the mathematics that he would sacrifice, not the Greek.

But then, of course, he did his Greek with Gilbert Murray. My advice includes this corollary: if you take up Greek, and if you seek help at the outset, be very careful in your choice of a

PREFACE

tutor. Let this be the guiding principle : if he or she makes the subject seem hard and dull, he or she is a bad teacher. Scholarship and Hardship are not sisters, or if they are, they need not always live together. It is better to study alone, with a good text-book, than to put oneself into the hands of a worshipper of grammar. Grammar can be interesting, but it is a means to an end. Conversely, enthusiasm and inaccuracy are not necessarily yoke-fellows either, though it suits the uninspired to maintain this. With good help, one can learn to read easy Greek in a year or less. Mastery of Greek is the work of a lifetime or longer; but there is enjoyment all the way.

Meanwhile, here is a foretaste. Several major authors are omitted: Thucydides, for instance, because that great man cannot for a moment be treated lightly. There is very little from the orators, because they come too near to the hard facts of life. The philosophers are represented sparingly. I hope, however, that the presence of the lesser-known comic poets, and the sections on Food and Drink, and on Proverbs, will compensate; and breathes there the man with soul so dead that he can resist my Heroic Hen?

KATHLEEN FREEMAN

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BY THE FIRESIDE

How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn evenings come,
And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue ?
With the music of all thy voices dumb
In life's November too 1

I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose 1

Till the young ones whisper, finger on lip,
" There he is at it, deep in Greek :
Now, then, or never, out we slip
To cut from the hazels by the creek
A mainmast for our ship ! "

I shall be at it indeed, my friends !
Greek puts already on either side
Such a branch-work forth as soon extends
To a vista opening far and wide,
And I pass out where it ends.

Robert Browning

Prayers



PRAYERS

i. THE WISE MAN'S PRAYER

Let there befall me not what I wish, but what is good for me.

Menander

2. THE SIMPLE MAN'S PRAYER

Firstly for health I pray,
Then for success;
Thirdly for pleasure,
Lastly, to avoid indebtedness.

Philemon Maior

3. THE COUNTRYMAN'S PRAYER

Oh Peace, so rich in wealth,
And oh, my team of oxen,
Would it were my lot to rest from war,
And dig my garden,
Prune my vines,
And take my bath,
And live the simple life,
Dining on bread and wine and radishes !

Aristophanes

4. DEDICATION

Lais dedicates her mirror to Aphrodite.

Lais am I, whose laughter high once rang throughout the land,
On whose threshold her lovers bold in crowds would come and
stand.

THE GREEK WAY

Queen of love's bliss, to give you this my mirror I delay not,
Since what I am I would not see, and what I was I may not.

(attributed to) *Plato*

5. PRAYER FOR SANCTUARY

(Edipus, blind and old, after many wanderings, reaches the grove of the Furies, avengers of bloodshed, and prays them to give him a resting-place.

Be not ungracious ; kindness done to me
Is done to Phoebus with me.

Long ago,
When from his lips I heard that oracle,
That list unending of my woes to be,
He came at last unto another word :
Rest, after many years. That rest is here.

" Yea, thou shalt reach a land that is thy goal,"
—So ran his words—" and there a welcome find
Where dwell the goddesses most holy; there,
Poor wanderer, is home for thee ; turn there
Thy weary steps. To those that call thee guest
Thou shalt be treasure ; those that drive thee forth
Shall find in thee a demon of disaster.
When these things are accomplished, thou shalt know
By signs—earth's tremor, or the thunder's call,
Or lightning flash. Thou hast Apollo's word."

Sophocles

6. PRAYER FOR A SAFE VOYAGE

Philoctetes leaves the island of Lemnos with the Greek sailors.

PHILOCTETES. AS I go, I'll bid this land goodbye.
Farewell, my cave, my home, and ye,
Nymphs of the meadows and the stream,
And deep-voiced roaring of the sea.

PRAYERS

Often the south wind sought me in
My cave, and drenched my head with spray.
Often the mountain echoed back
My raging cries, from far away.

And now I leave you, fount and spring,
Leave you at last! To think that I
Should rise so far above my hope !
Goodbye, O Lemnian land, goodbye 1

Grant me a voyage safe and sure,
To where great Destiny shall lead,
And my friends' purpose, and that God
Almighty, who has thus decreed.

SAILORS. Come, all together, comrades 1
When we have said a prayer
To the Sea-Nymphs : may they grant us
A voyage safe and fair !

Sophocles

7. A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE

Refugees who have been given sanctuary speak :

Therefore let a prayer of gratitude be wafted forth from our
lips : may never plague empty this land of men ! May civil war
never stain the soil of this country with the blood of its own
race 1 And may the People, who wield power in the State, keep
their privileges unshaken, ruling with foresight, counselling
wisely for the common good !

Aeschylus

8. THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER

*AjaX when a dark mist has descended on the battlefield and the fight
is going against the Greeks, calls on Zeus, God of the Open Sky:*

O Father Zeus, do Thou save the sons of the Achaeans from
the mist, and make the weather fine : grant that we may be able
to see one another 1

THE GREEK WAY

But if it be Thy will to destroy us—then at least let us die in the light!

Homer

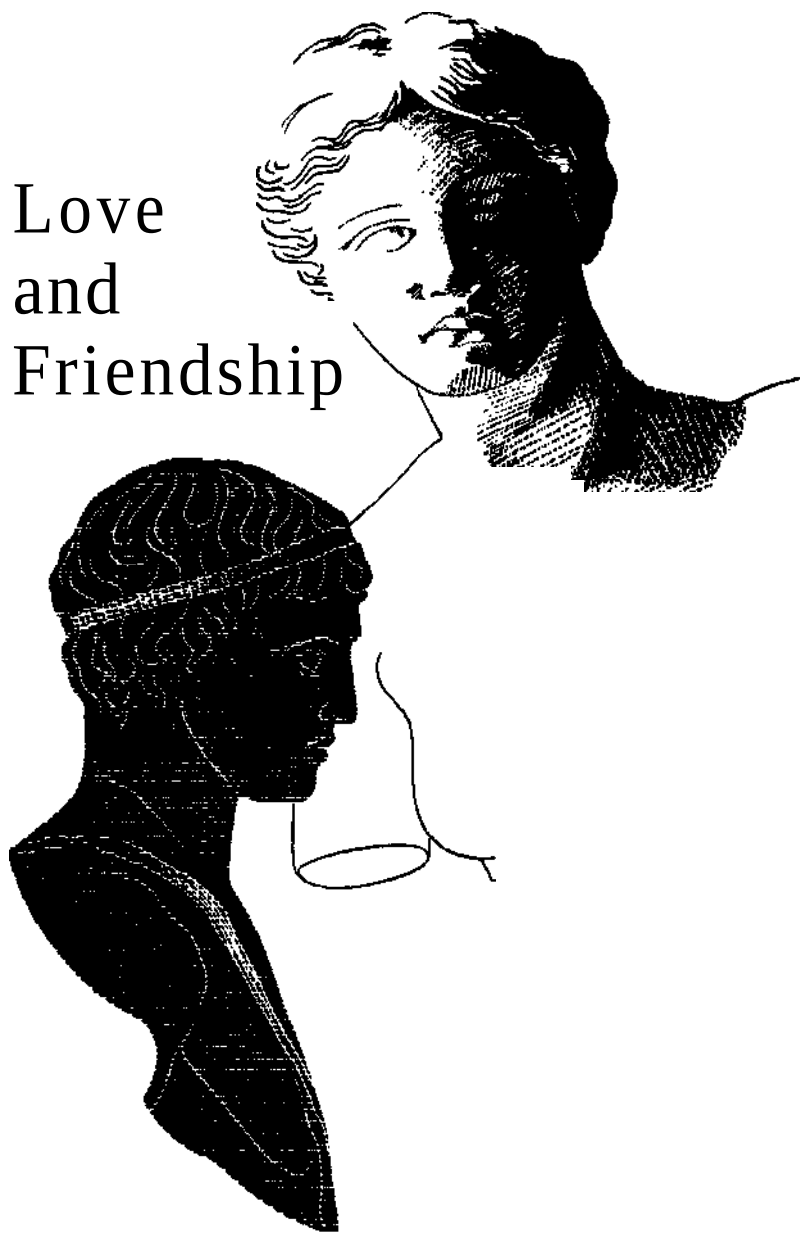
{This prayer moved Zeus to shed a tear of pity, and he at once dispersed the mist and darkness : the sun broke through, so that the Greeks could once more see.}

9. PRAYER OF SOCRATES

O beloved Pan and ye other deities who haunt this place, grant me beauty of the inward parts I And may all my outward parts be in harmony with those within! May I believe that he who is wise is also wealthy; and may the riches I possess be such as can be borne or carried only by the man of moderation !

Plato

Love
and
Friendship



LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

10. LOVE'S FANTASY

Great Aphrodite, Love divine,
 Look from thy throne to where I lie
 Love-tortured; spare me, mistress mine!
 Let me not die !
 Oft I have breathed thy lovely name,
 And thou hast heard ; thy golden hall
 Leaving, adown thy chariot came,
 Swift to my call.
 Yoked by thy hands, the sparrows fair
 Drew thee to dusky earth, and beat
 With hasty wings through shining air
 A passage fleet.
 Soon they were come ; and thou, my Queen,
 With face immortal, laughing, gay,
 Asked me, " Why, Sappho, what hath been
 Thy fate this day ?
 Show me that darling wish, the guest
 Of thy mad heart; what Beauty's glow
 Yearn'st thou to fold upon thy breast,
 Who wreaks thy woe ?
 She shuns thee ? Soon she shall pursue.
 Turns from thy gifts ? She'll give again.
 Kisses not ? Soon she'll kiss and rue,
 Resist in vain."

Come to me now ; from bitter care
 Free me, and all my passion's plea
 Fulfil; thine own self standing there

Give victory !

Sappho

THE GREEK WAY

11 . THE LOVER

God ! what ecstatic joy to be
The man who sits before you, he
Into whose ears melodiously
 Your tones descend,
Your lovely laughter, that dismays
The heart within me ; when I raise
My eyes to you a moment, strays
 My voice away,
My speech is shattered, through my limbs
Deep runs a liquid flame ; all swims
Before my eyes, a torrent brims
 Loud in my ears.
Sweat streaming falls, a tremor shakes
My body wholly ; blood forsakes
My pallid cheeks ; life all but takes
 His leave of me.

Sappho

12. LOVE THE LIMB-LOOSENER

Love the limb-loosener stirs me once again :
Sweet-bitter, irresistible, insinuating thing.
Sappho

13. LOST LOVE .

I loved you once, Atthis, long ago.
A little girl you seemed to me, and plain.
Sappho

14. CARPE DIEM

I send an apple. Will you love me ? Take it,
And let me taste your kisses in return.
You will not love me ? Still, I pray you, take it,
And the brief life of beauty's bloom discern.
(attributed to) *Plato*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

15. A WISH

You're gazing at the stars, my star; oh, would I were the skies
That I might bend upon your face a million million eyes!

(attributed to) *Plato*

16. ARCHEANASSA

The courtesan of Colophon, Archeanassa's mine,
And though her face is wrinkled, love burns in every line.
I pity you who met her when she was young and new
To passion—what a furnace she must have led you through!

(attributed to) *Plato*

17. THE PLEASURES OF LOVE

You tell me that the stimulus of the flesh makes you too prone
to the pleasures of love. Provided that you do not break the laws
or good conventions, and do not distress your neighbours or
do harm to your body or squander your income, you may indulge
your inclination as you please. But of course it is impossible not
to come up against one or other of these barriers. The pleasures
of love never did anyone good, and he is lucky if they do him
no harm.

Epicurus in a letter to a pupil

I do not know how I can conceive the good if I withdraw the
pleasures of love, and withdraw the pleasures of hearing, and
withdraw the pleasurable emotions caused to sight by beautiful
form.

Epicurus in a philosophical treatise

18. THE COMPENSATIONS OF AGE

I once happened to overhear someone asking the poet
Sophocles:

THE GREEK WAY

"Sophocles, how are you with regard to the pleasures of love? Are you still able to enjoy a woman's embrace?"

He replied:

"Hush, my friend! Most gladly, I assure you, have I escaped from it, like a slave who has bolted from a raging and cruel master'

Cephalus in *Plato*, "Republic"

19. LOVE BETRAYED

Deianeira, wife of Heracles, begs his messenger to tell her the truth.

DEIANEIRA : In the name of Zeus,
Whose lightning flashes high on Oeta,
Do not hide the truth from me !

You will reveal your story to a woman not petty-minded,
Knowing human nature not made to enjoy the
same things endlessly.

The man who thinks to take his stand and parry
the blows of Love, misjudges his own power.
Love rules the gods, according to his will,
And me besides:
Why not another woman ?

Then if I heap reproaches on my husband
Now he is smitten with this malady,
And on this girl,
Who shares with him a thing not shameful
And not meant to injure me,
I am mad.
It cannot be.

If you deceive me on *his* instructions,
You have learnt a lesson unworthy of you.
If you are self-taught,
You are proved base when meaning to be kind.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Come, tell me all the truth!
For a free man, to be called liar is a fatal stigma.
And do not think you can escape detection:
You have told your tale to many, who will tell *me*.
But if you are afraid,
Your fear is vain.
To be kept in ignorance—that alone can hurt me.
To know the truth—what is terrible in that ?
The loves of Heracles, have they not been many ?
Yet none of them has ever heard from me an angry
word of blame.
Neither shall she,
Even if her soul is overcome with love.
I pitied her most deeply when I saw her,
Because her beauty had destroyed her life.
And through no fault of hers,
But to her sorrow,
Laid waste her country, and enslaved it.

Well,
Let these things go with the wind.
To you I say :
Be false to others—never lie to me.

MESSENGER : Beloved mistress,
Since I see you curbing your thoughts in human
bounds,
And showing mercy,
I shall tell you all the truth,
Concealing nothing.

The facts are as this old man here declares :
Dire passion for this girl has pierced the soul of
Heracles long since,
And for her sake her native land lies ravished with
the spear.
And this—for I must give his side as well—
He neither told me to conceal,

THE GREEK WAY

Nor ever denied;
But it was I, my lady,
Fearing lest I should wound your heart with such
a tale,
Who wronged you,
— If you call my lie a wrong.

But now,
Since you know everything,
I beg you for his sake, and your own no less,
Accept this woman,
And be willing to stand fast by all that you have
said regarding her,
For Heracles,
In all things else a victor,
Is utterly vanquished by his love for *her*.

*hater: Deianeira confides to her women a plan for recapturing the love
of her husband.*

DEIANEIRA : Dear friends,
While in this house our guest is talking to the cap-
tive girls, before he starts his journey,
I have come out secretly to you,
To tell you first what my hands have now contrived,
And then,
To seek your pity for my sufferings.

A maiden,
—No, but already, I think, a mistress—
Has slipped into my home.
I have admitted a cargo" doomed to wreck my
happiness.
And now we two beneath one coverlet await the
same embrace!
Thus Heracles,
Whom I called true and loyal to me,
Pays my long and faithful wardship of his home !

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

It is not in my nature to be angry :
He has so often suffered from this plague,
And yet,
To share my home with her as partner
In the same marriage,
What woman could endure it ?
I see her beauty growing to its prime,
While mine is fading.
Ever must the eye cull beauty's flower,
And pass the others by.
This is my fear :
Lest Heracles be called
My husband
But the *lover* of this girl.

Still, anger, as I said, does not become a woman
who is wise.
But I have found a remedy, my friends,
Which I shall tell you. . . .

No reckless crimes for me :
I spurn such knowledge,
Even as I hate the women who can do them!
But if by philtres I can overcome this girl,
And charm the soul of Heracles,
Then all's prepared . . .

*She sends him, believing it to be a love-charm, the Shirt of Nessus, by
which he is destroyed.*

Sophocles

20. JEALOUSY

So far I've said no more than that Alexis' face is fair.
Yet he attracts all eyes, and everybody turns to stare.
My heart, why show the other dogs where our bone lies ? You
know,
'Twill cost you dear. Remember, we lost our Phaedrus so.
(attributed to) *Plato*

THE GREEK WAY

21. THE CRUEL MADNESS OF LOVE

Love, unconquered in battle,
Love, ravager of wealth,
Who sleepest all night on the soft cheeks of the maiden,
Who voyagest over the seas,
And dost visit the dweller in the wilds :
Thee none has power to escape,
No, neither any of the gods nor of mortal men;
And he who holds thee holds madness.

Thou dost pervert the minds even of the righteous to sin and hurt.
Thy work it is, this confusion of strife between kinsmen.
Passion is the victor, shining openly from the eyes of a girl ripe
for love,
Passion that sits beside the mighty ordinances of Heaven on their
throne.
For none can withstand the mocking wiles of Aphrodite the
divine.

Sophocles

zi. THE WAYWARD LYRE

I long to sing of heroes,
Of generals and kings,
But oh ! my lyre will echo
" Love " only on its sfings.

I changed the strings but yesterday,
I changed the lyre—and tried
To sing of Heracles, yet still
" Love, love ! " the lyre replied.

Goodbye, ye epic heroes 1
From me a long farewell 1
How can I praise you when my lyre
" Love, love ! " alone will tell ?

Anacreon

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

23. LOVE THE ALL-POWERFUL

The man who owns not love a mighty god,
Supreme among divinities, is a clod,
Or knows not—being from beauty set apart—
The greatest deity of the human heart.

Euripides

24. ADVICE TO A FARMER ON CHOOSING A WIFE

Bring a wife home to your house when you are of the right age : when you are not far short of thirty, and not far above it. That is the right time for marriage.

Let your wife be eighteen : in the nineteenth year is the right time for her.

Marry a virgin, so that you can teach her good habits.

The best thing is to marry a woman who lives near you—but first take a good look all round, otherwise your marriage may provide your neighbours with some fine fun. There is no better prize a man can win than a wife, if she is good, and nothing more fearful than a bad one—extravagant, who singes a man, however strong he may be, without a torch, and delivers him up to a cruel old age!

Hesiod to his brother Perses

25. THE FARMER WHO MARRIED ABOVE HIM

Strepsiades, a farmer, is lying beside his son, who is asleep :

I curse the woman who arranged the match,
And urged me into marriage with your mother I

I had the most delightful life : a farmer's,
A moss-grown, unkempt life, go-as-you-please,
Reeking of honey-bees and sheep and olives.

THE GREEK WAY

And then I went and married her—a lady
Of high connections, city-bred and proud,
Spoilt, filled with fashionable notions, like
Her sisters.

When I married her, I lay
Beside her, smelling of the farmer's wealth
—Wine, figs and wool—but she was steeped in scent
And saffron dye and fancy ways of kissing,
With nothing in her mind but making love.

I won't say she was lazy : no, she made
Things hum—except the loom. I used to show
My threadbare cloak, and tell her: " Wife, you make
Things hum too hard—you tear me into tatters I "

And then, a son was born to us—this youth here—
And we began, my lady-wife and I,
To wrangle endlessly about his name.
She wanted him to have a knightly handle,—
St. Clair or Vere de Vere or Montmorency,—
I voted for my father's " honest John".

Discussions were prolonged. At last we came
To terms, and called him " St. John".

Well, she took
Him over, filled his head with foolish prattle :
About how " When you're big, you'll drive around
The town, just like your noble grandfather,
Wearing a riding-cloak."

I used to talk
Of how " you'll drive the goats down from the highlands,
Just like your father, in the farmer's plaid."

But oh ! he would not heed me—and he brought
A murrain on my money with his horses.



YOUNG GIRL PLAYING ON THE DOUBLE FLUTE

{Illustrating Extract No. 232}

From a red-figured Attic vase in the
Boston Museum.



PLATE 2. WARRIORS IN FULL ARMOUR

(Illustrating Extract No. 181)

From a vase found at Caere in Etruria. The painting, Corinthian in style, shows the suicide of Ajax, watched by Diomedes and Odysseus. Drawing by Laurent from a vase in the Louvre.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

But now, a night's reflection has revealed
A way—just one—but wonderful—to save me,
If only I can get my son to help.

First I will waken him. How can I do it
Most pleasantly ?

St. John ! My darling St. John I
Aristophanes

26. THE DEATH OF LOVE

Passion is slain by hunger—or by Time.
If neither of this pair can quench the flame,
Your only help is—knot yourself a noose !
Anon.

Love's slain by hunger—or by lack of brass.
Menander

27. ODYSSEUS PINING FOR HIS WIFE

Calypso found Odysseus sitting on the seashore. His eyes were continually wet with tears, and his sweet life was dissolving away as he mourned, longing for return : the nymph Calypso was no longer attractive to him.

To be sure, at night he slept in the hollow cave beside her—but this was by her wish, not his ; and in the day-time he would sit on the rocks and on the shore, rending his heart with tears and groans and lamentations, and would gaze out across the barren sea, shedding tears.

Homer

28. A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEWS ON MARRIED LIFE

Suppose that life has proceeded, and he desires marriage and a wife. This day, this night begins a new destiny : for marriage is a great test for mankind. If the woman turns out to be incompatible, what can one do about the disaster ? Divorce is difficult ;

THE GREEK WAY

it means making enemies of friends, men who have the same outlook and who had been valued and had regarded one with esteem. And it is hard if one gets such a bargain, that is, if when thinking to bring home pleasure, one brings home pain.

However, not to speak of ill-will: let us assume the utmost compatibility. What is pleasanter to a man than a wife after his own heart? What is sweeter, especially to a young man? But in the very pleasure there lies near at hand the pain; pleasures do not come alone, but they are attended by griefs and troubles. All successes and pleasures are apt to be won by great pains. Honours, prizes, delights, all that God has given to men, depend necessarily on great toils and exertions. For my own part, if I had another body which was as much trouble to me as I am to myself, I could not live, so great is the trouble I give myself over my health, the earning of a livelihood, as well as for fame, a good name and an honourable reputation. What, then, if I acquired another body which was an equal amount of trouble to me? Is it not clear that a wife, if she is to her husband's mind, gives him no less cause for love and pain than he gives to himself, for the health of two people, the earning of two livelihoods, and also for a good name and honour?

And suppose children are born: then all is full of anxiety, and the youthful spring goes out of his mind, and his countenance is no longer the same 1

Antiphon the Professor

29. LOVE'S VICTIM

(1)

In spring, the quince is gay with flowers,
Where, watered by the flowing stream,
Are gardens fair, and sheltered bowers
Where maidens play; and blossoms gleam
Beneath the vine-leaves' dusky shade.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

But in my heart, Love knows no season
Of rest: unseen, yet unafraid,
Rushing with passion's wild unreason,
Scorching and searing, with the smart
Of lightning-stroke and north wind's blast,
He keeps his lordship in my heart,
And rules my days from first to last.

00

Love once again, with tender glance
And varied spells from darkling eyes,
Draws me within that endless snare
Where passion's victim helpless lies.

Ah, how I tremble at his coming,
As the swift steed that dreads the race
Must bow the neck and draw the chariot,
And in the contest take his place 1

Ibycus

30. PLATO ON LOVE

I. THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

Now the man who is dominated by desire and is a slave to pleasure must inevitably, of course, try to make the object of his love as pleasing to himself as possible. To one in his unhealthy condition, the pleasurable is everything that does not resist him, whereas anything superior or equal is hateful. Hence the lover will not, if he can help it, tolerate what is superior or tends to equality in his beloved, but always seeks to create inferiority and submission. Examples of inferiority are: ignorance to wisdom, cowardice to bravery, slowness of speech and intelligence to their opposites. These and many other intellectual flaws, when they appear and are naturally inherent in the beloved, must inevitably prove agreeable to the lover and be encouraged, otherwise he is robbed of his immediate pleasure. . . .

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These are the truths that must be realised, namely that the affection of a lover arises not out of goodwill, but like the need for food, out of a desire for satisfaction :

" As wolves love the lamb, so does the lover love his beloved."

II. WINGED EROS

At this experience (*the sight of beauty*) the whole soul is in a ferment of agitation, and as when a new tooth is being cut, there is irritation and pain in the gums, so does the soul seethe and suffer pain and irritation as its wings begin to grow. And so, when it looks on human beauty and receives into itself the atoms that flow thence, it is moistened and warmed, and is relieved of its pain and is filled with gladness ; but when it is withered by absence, the orifices through which the plumage grows are dried and occluded, and they shut in the sprouting feather, which, imprisoned with its urge, throbs and pulsates like an artery, and pricks at its orifice; so that the soul, goaded on all sides, stings and aches. But then the recollection of beauty fills it with gladness again.

From both these mingled sensations the soul is distressed by its strange condition, and is consumed with baffled rage : in its madness it can neither sleep at night nor remain in one place by day, but runs in its longing to wherever it thinks it will see the person who has this beauty. When it sees the beautiful person and has refreshed its yearning at this source, the occluded passages are opened; it receives a respite from and surcease of its torturing pain, which means the enjoyment of the sweetest possible immediate pleasure.

This of course is why the soul will never willingly absent itself from the company of the beautiful, and why it values no one more highly and is indifferent to all others—mother, brothers and sisters, friends—caring nothing for the loss of property through neglect, and making light of all rules of behaviour in which formerly it prided itself, ready in slave-like devotion to lie

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down as near as is allowed to the object of its longing, because in addition to its adoration it has also found in the possessor of beauty the only healer of its greatest distresses.

This experience, my beautiful—to whom my disquisition is addressed—men call Love; but the gods have a name for it which perhaps will make you laugh because of your youth. Certain of the Homeric bards, I believe, recite from the spurious verses of Homer two lines on Love, of which the second line is extremely bold and not very metrical. Here they are :

" This is the one whom mortal men call Love the Light-Flitting,
But the gods call him Winged Eros, because he must needs
grow wings."

This story of mine you may believe or not, as you please; but all the same, the cause of love and the experience of lovers are exactly as I say.

III. FINAL INITIATION

Diotima to Socrates :

Thus far, Socrates, even you perhaps may proceed in your initiation into the mysteries of Love ; but when we come to the final revelation, for which the previous steps are a preparation, I am not sure if you can follow an accurate account. However, I shall speak, and shall not fall short at all in my eagerness to help you ; and you must try to follow if you can.

Well then, the true disciple must begin young with an approach to physical beauty; and first of all, if his guide has correctly instructed him, he will love one person and in that company he will create beautiful converse. Then he will realise that beauty residing in any one person is akin to beauty residing in any other, and that if he is to pursue essential beauty, it is very foolish not to believe that beauty residing in all persons is one and the same. This realisation will make him the lover of all physical beauty, and will make him relax his excessive admiration for one

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only, by engendering in him a disdain for what he believes to be unimportant. Next he will come to believe that beauty of soul is *more* precious than physical beauty, so that if anyone has goodness of soul accompanied by but little physical bloom, that will suffice him as the object of his love and care and his partner in the creation of beautiful converse and inquiry of the kind that is improving to the young, in order that he may be driven to the further stage, that of the contemplation of the beauty residing in behaviour and in the laws, and may perceive that all is related, and so realise the unimportance of physical beauty.

After the study of behaviour, he will pass to theoretical studies, in order that he may see the beauty of these in their turn, and being able by now to gaze at the beautiful in a large way, may no longer be satisfied with the beauty of one person or one kind of activity, as if he were a slave, base and trivial-minded ; instead, turning his gaze to the wide ocean of beauty and contemplating it, he will engender much noble and beautiful converse and thoughts in the boundless realm of philosophy, until having drawn strength and increase therefrom, he will catch sight of one single kind of knowledge such that it covers beauty of the kind described.

Try to give me your best attention. Whoever is conducted thus far in his training in the mysteries of Love, by contemplating continuously and rightly that which is beautiful will at last reach the goal in these mysteries, and will suddenly catch a glimpse of something miraculous in its essential beauty : namely, Socrates, that which, firstly, ever *Is*, and neither comes into being nor passes away, neither grows nor perishes; secondly, is not beautiful merely in one respect or at one time or relatively to other things and different persons or places, and ugly in other respects, at other times, and in different relations, but which itself by itself ever is unchanging in form and is the cause of beauty in all that is perishable, in such a way that they, though participating in it, do not affect it in any way.

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When anybody, proceeding from these perishable things, through the right practice of love, begins to catch sight of that absolute Beauty, he has almost reached the goal. The right approach to love, whether one is alone or is under another's guidance, is of course as follows:

Starting from the beautiful things of this world, and having as one's objective that other absolute Beauty, one must use the former as steps of a stairway, and proceed upward from one example of physical beauty to two, and from two to all instances of physical beauty, and from physical beauty to beauty of behaviour, and from beauty of behaviour to the pursuit of beauty in knowledge, and from these studies to that final subject which is none other than the study of absolute Beauty: then one will at last realise what beauty is.

Therein lies the good life for man, my dear Socrates (said Diotima), if anywhere at all: in the contemplation of Absolute Beauty. If ever you catch a glimpse of it, you will not believe beauty to reside in gold and raiment, or in human forms, the sight of which now strikes you dumb with admiration so that you are prepared, like many others, to dwell constantly in the sight of those you love, and if it were possible, would do without food and drink if only you could enjoy their appearance and their company. What (said she) would be the effect, do we suppose, on anyone who had the experience of seeing Absolute Beauty, pure, unmixed, unadulterated, not contaminated by a human body and appearance and all the other endless mortal trivialities, but visible in its single divine beauty? Would that be a life to be despised—ever to gaze at this and contemplate it as one should and live with it? Or do you not think that there alone the man to whom the beautiful is made visible will arrive at the creation not of phantoms of virtue, since it is not a phantom he embraces, but at the creation of true reality, since what he is embracing is real? And when he has begotten and reared true virtue, he will attain to blessedness, and if any man can achieve immortality, it is he.

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31. LOVE HAS NO WINGS

What painter or what modeller first depicted
A winged Eros ? He should have kept to swallows !
He lacked all knowledge of the Love-God's ways.
Love is not light, nor can the sufferer
Be lightly rid of him ; no, he is heavy,
A plague ! Then how can such a creature, pray,
Have wings ? Only a fool would tell us so.

Eubulus

32. LOVERS

Grant me that lovers only are alive !
They are most apt at strategy, most strong
In physical endurance, most expert
At laying siege to passion, readiest
To act and to create ; most enterprising,
Most willing, most resourceful ; quick to see
Hope in despair—and above all, most wretched !

Alexis

33. LOVE THE TEACHER

Love is a greater teacher of the truths
Of human life than any dull professor.

Anaxandrides

34. THE MATHEMATICS OF LOVE

Desire when doubled is love.
Love when doubled is madness.

Prodicus the Professor

35. A REBUFF

The poet Alcaeus to Sappho :

Sappho, violet-tressed and honey-smiling,
Sappho, purest name,
There is a word I'd say to you, but cannot
For very shame.

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Sappho to Alcaeus:

If on the noble and the lovely
Your desire were bent,
If no wicked thought were raging
Through your lips to find a vent,
No shame upon your eyes had fallen,
You had said straightly your intent.

36. THE UNHEEDED WARNING

My soul commands me : "Flee from Heliodora ! "
Knowing the tears, the bygone jealousies.
I hear, but I've no strength, while she too bids me
—Laughing and kissing—" Leave me when you please ! "
Me/eager

37. THE SECRET

I fell in love, I kissed, I won,
Fm loved again. The deed is done.

Who am I ? Whose ? And how we met ?
—None but the Goddess knows it yet.

Anonymous

38. BROKEN VOWS

O holy Night, O Lamp ! None other shared
Our vows but you : he swore to love me ever,
And I — I swore that I would leave him never,
And you bore witness.

Now he has declared
Those vows on running water were impressed,
And, Lamp, you see him on another's breast.

Mekager

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39. LOVE'S CONTRADICTIONS

As I walked home, leaving behind the harbour,
My grief and my despair engendered in me
A theory : those painters all are ignorant
Who try to picture Love.

Love is a spirit,
Yet neither male nor female, god nor human.
Not foolish, yet not wholly sane, composed
Of many elements from many quarters,
All in one form : the courage of a man,
A woman's fears ; the folly of a madman,
The wisdom of a sage ; a beast's ferocity,
Unconquerable endurance, emulation
Fit for a hero.

What are we to call
This whole ? By all the gods and by Athena,
I do not know—and yet it's as I say,
Or something like it, and I'm near the name. . . .

Alexis

40. LAMENT FOR THE PASSING OF YOUTH

Ah, what is life, and where is life's delight,
When golden Love is absent ? May I die
When 'tis no longer dear to me to lie
And take the honeyed gifts, the secret kiss,
The stolen flowers of youth, that are the bliss
Of men and women ! When the cruel night
Of Age descends, that changes Beauty's face
To ugliness, and hateful worries wear
The heart away with importuning care,
One has no joy even in the blessed sight
Of the sun's rays, but all is then disgrace :
The women scorn, the youths recoil in hate.
So cruel is Age, inexorable fate !

Mimrmus

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41. THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

Socrates to Antiphon:

I myself, too, just as another man takes pleasure in a good horse or hound or fighting-cock, take an even greater pleasure in good friends ; and if I have anything good, I teach it to them; and I introduce them to others from whom I think they will derive the benefit of self-improvement. For instance, books, the treasures bequeathed to us in their writings by the wise men of former days : these I go through and study carefully in company with my friends ; and if we see anything good, we pick it out, and we consider it a great gain to acquire one another's friendship.

Xenophon

42. THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Socrates to Lysis and Menexenus (two boys) :

Different men want different things. I happen from boyhood to have set my heart on a certain possession, in the same way as other men want to own horses, or hounds, or wealth, or to hold a high position. I feel quite lukewarm towards these things; but towards the possession of friends I feel most passionately. I would rather acquire a good friend than the best fighting-cock or quail in the world, and, I assure you, even than the best horse and hound! And—yes, by Gad, I think I'd far rather have a comrade than the wealth of the King of Persia—such a lover of friendship am I!

Plato

43. ARE FRIENDS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS ?

Another disputed point is, will the happy man need friends ? It is suggested that those who are perfectly happy are self-sufficing and have no need of friends : they have the blessings of life

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already, and so, being self-sufficing, need nothing more, whereas the friend—who is another self—provides what the other cannot obtain by himself. Hence the verse : " Whom God hath blessed, what need hath he of friends ? "

It seems absurd, however, to assign all the blessings of life to the happy man, and refuse him the possession of friends, who are thought to be the greatest of external blessings. . . . The mere presence of friends is pleasant both in prosperity and in adversity : grief is lightened by the sympathy of friends, whether they actually share one's burden, or whether it is simply the pleasure felt at their presence and the consciousness of their sympathy that lessens one's pain. . . . Again, their presence in prosperity adds to our pleasure, both because it increases our enjoyment of our spare time and also because we are aware of their pleasure in our good fortune.

Hence it may be agreed that we should be quick to summon our friends to us in our prosperity (since the wish to confer benefits is admirable), and slow to summon them in our adversity (because we should refrain as far as possible from communicating troubles, whence the saying: "It's enough that *I* should suffer.") The best rule is to send for them when they can be of most help to us with the least trouble to themselves.

Conversely, it is perhaps right to go to those who are in distress readily and without being sent for (because it is the function of a friend to give help, especially to those in need, even if they make no demands : such action is admirable, and affords more pleasure to both persons); but we should go to the prosperous only if we can be of assistance. We may then do so readily : prosperity too affords friends an opportunity for rendering services. But we should hesitate to visit them merely in order to share their good fortune, because it is not admirable to show an eager appetite for benefits. Still, one should doubtless avoid the appearance of being disagreeable by rejecting favours, a situation that sometimes occurs.

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We see, then, that the presence of friends is in all circumstances to be desired,

Aristotle

44. SINCERITY

If you love me, love me truly.
Do not injure me, and use
Love itself to be the basis
Of the hurt; for all would choose
Open enmity far rather
Than the treacherous friend.

I hear
Sunken rocks, not surface ridges
Are the seaman's greatest fear.

LMCWUS

45. A SCIENTIST'S VIEW ON FRIENDSHIP

Life is not worth living for the man who has not even one good friend.

The man who loves nobody is, I think, loved by no one.

The friendship of one intelligent man is better than that of all the unintelligent.

The censorious are not well-fitted for friendship.

In prosperity it is easy to find a friend; in adversity, nothing is so difficult.

Not all one's relatives are friends, but only those who agree with one in matters of self-interest.

Democritus (Inventor of the first Atomic Theory.)

46. THE PYTHAGOREAN BROTHERHOOD

1. A Tale of True Friendship : Damon and Phintias

Dionysius the dictator of Syracuse, after his expulsion from power and his taking up residence in Corinth, used often to tell the following story:

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There were, he said, some of his courtiers who used to make disparaging reference to the Pythagorean Brotherhood, calling them braggarts, and declaring that their pride in their vaunted loyalty and truth could be extirpated if anyone were to confront them with a sufficiently terrifying situation. When others denied this and a contention arose, the following plot was concocted against the supporters of Phintias :

Dionysius sent for Phintias, and in the presence of his detractors said that he, Dionysius, had discovered a conspiracy against himself organised by Phintias, and that this was vouched for by witnesses among those present; and Dionysius put up a convincing show of anger.

Phintias was amazed at the charge, but since Dionysius declared expressly thrt the facts had been carefully ascertained and that Phintias must die, Phintias replied that if this was Dionysius' resolve, then so let it be; but he requested that the dictator would grant him the remainder of the day so that he could set in order his own affairs and those of Damon.

These two men, Damon and Phintias, lived together and shared everything; but Phintias, being the elder, had taken on the management of most of their affairs. This was why Phintias asked for leave of absence; and he named Damon as his surety.

Dionysius (so he told us) was surprised, and asked if such a man really existed who would submit himself as surety for another on a capital charge. Phintias said " yes." Damon was sent for, and having heard the circumstances, agreed to stand as surety and to wait there until Phintias returned.

At this, Dionysius was amazed; but the originators of the test scoffed at Damon, saying that his betrayal was at hand, and {*comparing him in jest to Iphigeneia*) that a timid deer had been substituted for the victim of the sacrifice.

And when it was almost sunset, Phintias returned to accept his fate; at which all were astonished and overcome.

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"And I , " Dionysius concluded, "embraced and kissed the men, and begged to be admitted as a third into their friendship. But though I besought them, nothing would induce them to grant me a place in so close a communion."

2. The Good Innkeeper

It is said that even those Pythagoreans who did not know one another used to try to perform acts of friendship for men on whom they had never set eyes, when they had received proof that these men belonged to the same persuasion. Such actions support the theory that good men dwelling at opposite ends of the earth are united in friendship before they are even acquainted or have spoken to one another.

The story is told, for instance, of a certain Pythagorean who was travelling a long and lonely road to an inn. Through fatigue and every other cause he fell into a protracted and serious illness.

The innkeeper, either through pity or liking, did all he could for the sufferer, sparing neither effort nor expense. But the disease proved too powerful; and the stranger, accepting death as imminent, wrote a sign on a tablet and instructed the innkeeper, in the event of his death, to set up the notice beside the road and watch to see if any passer-by recognised the sign. This man, he said, would reimburse the innkeeper for all his expenditure, and would add gratitude on his own behalf.

After the stranger's death, the innkeeper buried him and performed the last offices, though he had of course no hope of recovering what he had spent, far less of receiving any additional reward from those who recognised the tablet. However, in spite of his surprise at the injunction, he carried it out, exposing the tablet in public from time to time.

A long time passed. Then one day a member of the Pythagorean Brotherhood passed that way, and understanding the

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symbol and realising who had written it, investigated the occurrence and repaid to the innkeeper a far greater sum than he had expended.

3. Rules for the Preservation of True Friendship

Never destroy trust in friendship, either in jest or in earnest.

Never repudiate a friend because of his worldly misfortune : the only justification is incorrigible wickedness.

Never willingly assume an enmity against anyone not wholly bad; but if you do so, stand to it bravely in the conflict, unless the adversary changes his ways. Fight not with words but with action. The enemy has a claim to regard if he fights as human being to human being.

Never be the cause of a quarrel.

In friendship, let all rules be carefully defined and observed, so that no association is treated lightly, but rather with respect, agreement and due arrangement, and so that no unworthy emotion such as desire or rage is kindled.

All rivalry, desire, anger and other causes of disagreement must be excluded. (Rivalry was discouraged by the ascription of all discoveries to Pythagoras ; and this was done except in rare cases.)

No hurts or wounds must be inflicted ; and this is achieved if there be a knowledge of how to give way and to control anger, on both sides, and especially on the part of the younger or otherwise inferior in station. In return, those who are older must admonish only with the greatest regard for the words they use; and they must allow solicitude and friendliness to appear in what they advise. This alone makes admonition both seemly and beneficial.

Aristoxenus quoted by Iamblichus

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47. THE SOCIETY OF THE GARDEN

(Athens, 4th Century B.C)

Of all the things which wisdom contributes towards the blessedness of the complete life, the greatest by far is the possession of friendship.

All friendship is desirable in itself, though it starts from the need of help.

It is not so much our friends' help that helps us as the confident knowledge that they will help us.

It is contrary to the spirit of friendship to be always asking for help; to do that is to barter kindly feeling for a material return. But it is equally contrary to the spirit of friendship not to be ready to give help, for to do that is to destroy the expectation of good in the future.

Friendship goes dancing round the world, proclaiming to us all to awake to the praises of the happy life.

Epicurus

48. A LYRIC POET ON FRIENDSHIP

Various are the uses of friends. Highest of all is help in time of trouble.

But Joy no less strives to set the trusted friend before her eyes.

Pindar

49. LOVERS' MEETING

You have come, my dear ! Three nights—and now, at daybreak
You come ! A day of longing makes one old.

As spring to winter, as the apple's sweetness
To damsons ; as the mother's woolly coat
Is thicker than her lamb's ; as virgin beauty
Excels the thrice-wed matron's ; as the fawn

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Is daintier than the calf; as nightingales
Surpass all other birds in sweetest song :
Such is the joy your coming brings to me I

I run to you, as when a wayfarer
Under a scorching sun, hurries towards
The beech's shade.

Ah, may the tender Loves
Breathe equally on both of us, that we
May live for future ages in a song 1

Theocritus

Hate



HATE

50. THE DEAD SAILOR'S CURSE

A ship-wrecked sailor here behold. Even the cruel sea
That took my life, forbore to strip me naked utterly.
It was a man whose impious hands of that last covering
Bereft my limbs—what guilt incurred for such a worthless thing !

I hope he clothes himself therein, and to the next world hies,
And finds himself in my poor rag before his Judge's eyes !
(attributed to) *Plato*

51. INVECTIVE IN HOMER

The God of War

" Ares, Ares, bane of mortals, bloody and murderous, stormer of
cities! "

Hector to Paris :

" Hateful Paris, excelling only in looks, woman-mad, deceiver!
Would that you were unborn and had died unwed ! "

' The goatherd to Eumaeus, and Odysseus disguised as a beggar:

" Now we see how bad companions get together! Fate always
attracts like to like 1

" Where are you taking this greedy pig of yours, miserable
swineherd, this wretched beggar, this snapper-up of scraps from

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the feast ? He'll rub his shoulders on many a door-post, pleading for bits of food, not for a chance to do or earn something ! If you'd give him to me, to look after my folds, sweep out the stalls and fetch fodder for the kids, he could drink whey and strengthen his thigh-muscles!

" But obviously he has learnt bad habits : he won't be willing to tackle a job ; he'd rather cower among the crowd and beg for something to fill his great greedy belly.

" I'll tell you plainly—and it'll come true, you'll see: if he goes into the palace of noble Odysseus, his ribs will rattle beneath the hail of footstools that they'll fling at his head, and he'll rush through the hall driven by blows !

The demagogue, the autocrat, and the populace.

The others sat down and remained quiet in their places. The only one to go on babbling was Thersites, a man of uncontrolled speech, whose head was full of endless incoherent talk, directed against the rulers, not in reasoned argument, but pointlessly: he said whatever he thought would make his audience laugh.

He was the ugliest man of those who had come on the Trojan expedition: he was bandy-legged and lame in one foot; his shoulders were rounded, coming together towards his narrow chest. On top of this frame he had a bald head, with only a thin down growing on it.

He was particularly hateful to Achilles and Odysseus, because it was they whom he used to revile. But on this occasion his violent reproaches were directed at Agamemnon. The mass of the Achaeans were extremely indignant with him, and anger raged in their breasts. Nevertheless he began shouting abuse against the King.

Thersitis reviles Agamemnon and appeals to the army to abandon the campaign and sail home :

" You cowards ! Where's your shame ? You're women, not men any longer I Let us go home to our ships, and leave this

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man here at Troy to brood over his loot, so that he'll find out whether we too have any share in fighting to defend him, or not!"

At the end of this speech, Odysseus rises.

Odysseus came quickly up beside him, and scowling, castigated him with harsh words:

"Thersites, reckless of speech, shrill ranter though you are, hold your tongue, and don't presume to set yourself up singly against the rulers: there is no worse man than you of all those who have come against Troy. So you had better not mouth the names of kings in your speeches, nor level your reproaches at them, fostering the plan of return. We don't yet know how these things will turn out: whether it will be a good or a bad thing to abandon the war and go home . . .

"Now I'll tell you plainly—and I mean what I say—if I catch you playing the fool again like this, may my head no longer stand on my shoulders, may I no longer be called the father of Telemachus, if I don't take hold of you and strip the clothes off you, your cloak and your tunic and your loincloth that protects your decency, and send you howling off to the ships from this place of assembly, with the marks of a cruel beating on you!"

So he spoke, and with his staff he hit him on his back and shoulders; and Thersites cowered down, and shed a fat tear; and a bloody weal rose up on his back beneath the golden staff.

There he sat, overcome with fear and pain, with a helpless look, and wiped away a tear.

But the people, angry though they were, enjoyed a good laugh at him; and one man would turn to his neighbour and say:

"Oh, dear me, Odysseus has done countless good deeds, as a leader in counsel and a marshal in war; but this is his best performance for the Achaeans—to have made this insolent mischief-maker stop talking! It will be a long time before his proud spirit impels him to attack kings with his reproaches again!"

So said the crowd . . .

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52. THE WRATH OF ACHILLES

Agamemnon, chieftain of the Greek army besieging Troy, threatens to take the slave-girl Bristis, Achilles' prize, in compensation for Chrysiis his own prize whom he is obliged to return to her father,

Achilles replies with violent invective :

Then once again Peleus' son (*Achilles*) addressed Atreus' son (*Agamemnon*) with scathing words, and did not yet restrain himself from his anger:

"Drunken sot, with the face of a dog and the heart of a deer ! You never put on your armour and go into battle with your people, or into ambush with the captains of the Greeks : you haven't the courage ! To you, that means death!

"It is far better, you think, to range the wide Greek army in search of your prize, and take it from any man who speaks up against you.

"You are a king who devours his people, because your subjects are worthless; otherwise, son of Atreus, this present act of insolence would be your last.

"But I shall speak out and tell you, and add a mighty oath thereto: truly, by this staff, that shall never again grow leaves and shoots—since, long since, it has left its stump in the mountains—and shall not put forth life again, for the bronze axe has stripped it of leaves and bark ; and now the sons of the Achaeans, those who deliver judgement, carry it in their hands, they who keep watch over the law's decree, by the appointment of Zeus:

"This shall be for you a mighty oath, that truly one day a longing for Achilles shall come upon the Achaeans one and all; and on that day you will have no power, distressed though you may be, to help them, when in heaps they fall dying beneath the onslaught of manslaying Hector. And you shall rend your heart within you in your rage that you did not honour the best of the Achaeans."

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Thus -spoke the son of Peleus, and flung the staff, studded
with golden nails, upon the ground, and himself sat down.

Homer

53. THE WRATH OF THE BETRAYED

*Philoctitis, who has been marooned for ten years on a desert island,
curses Neoptolemus, who has cheated him of his bow.*

You fire,
You utter monster,
Hateful tool of direst villainy,
How you have worked,
How you have cheated me !
Have you no shame, you scoundrel, when you look at me, your
suppliant ?
You took my bow—and robbed me of my life !
Give it back, I beg you,
Give it back, I pray, my son !
By the gods of your fathers, do not take my bow !

He does not even answer any more !
He looks away.
He does not mean to yield it !

Oh shores,
Oh headlands,
Oh you company of mountain animals,
Oh cliffs so sheer,
To you I cry,
For I have no one else,
And you are always there to hear my sorrows!
See what Achilles' son has done to me !
He swore to take me home,
And yet he takes me
To Troy!
He gave me his right hand,
Yet stole my bow,
The sacred bow of Heracles.

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He wants to offer me to the Greek **army**.

He dfags me off by force

As though I were strong.

He does not see he kills a corpse, a shadow, a phantom 1

For if I had my strength,

He never would have taken me—

Would not now, weak as I am, except by treachery.

But now, I am cheated vilely.

What shall I do ?

Oh, give it back !

Repent even now

And be your true self!

Won't you answer ?

You are silent.

Then I am lost

And all is misery 1

My cave, familiar shape with double entrance,

See, I return, disarmed, robbed of my living,

To waste away alone beneath your roof.

I shall no longer shoot the flying bird,

The beast that walks the mountain.

I shall be the food of those whom formerly I fed on,

And those I hunted once will now hunt me.

My blood shall pay for their blood—

And my end is brought about by one who seemed all innocence !

I curse you—

No, not yet,

Until I see if you repent.

If not—may you die wretched!

Sophocles

HATE

54. SAPPHO'S *BeTES NOIRES*

1. *To a pupil who had deserted her for her rival Andromeda :*

Who charms you now, my dear, a countrywoman
Dressed in her country clothes,
Who has not even learnt the art of draping
Her skirts about her toes ?

2. *To a rich and uneducated woman :*

When you are dead, dead you will lie for ever.
There will survive no memory of your name,
You who care nothing for the Muses' garland,
Roses of song ; but still unknown to fame
You'll flutter, visiting even in the halls of Death
The feeble crowd you loved when you drew breath.

55. HELEN, DESTROYER OF SHIPS

The Chorus of Greek women, attendants of Iphigeneia, sing:

Would that, in answer to my mistress' prayer,
Helen might chance to come, the daughter dear
Of Leda, leaving Troy—and feel the knife
Against her throat, and render up her life
Wearing the blood-stained wreath upon her hair !

Euripides

56. THE SPARTANS

AndromacM speaks :

O men of all the human race most hateful,
Natives of Sparta I Treacherous in counsel,
Lords of the lie, skilled engineers of evil,
Twisted, in nothing sound, in every thought
Distorted : ill-deserved your prosperous lot
In Hellas!

THE GREEK WAY

What is left undone among you ?
Have you not countless murders ? Are you not
Shameless in greed ? Are you not ever caught
With words and thoughts at variance !

Ruin seize you !

Euripides

57. A SPARTAN MOTHER TO HER SON

who has returned alive after a defeat in battle.

Perish, craven whelp, base good-for-nothing, to hell with thee!
He who is not worthy of Sparta is not my son !

Tymnes

58. A CURSE FOR CLEON

*{Cleon was the People's leader detested by Aristophanes and other
Conservatives.}*

Alone beside the City Gates
He'll ply the sausage-seller's trade,
And offer citizens his wares
Of donkey's flesh and dog's meat made.

Then, tipsy, in the harlots' quarter
He'll brawl and fight—and drink bath-water !

Aristophanes

{Cleon, after a political career of great vigour and considerable achievement darkened by certain excesses, died honourably in 422 B.C., killed in battle against the Spartans.}

59. THE PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

The men of Ephesus would do well to hang themselves, every
adult man,' and bequeath their City-State to adolescents; for

HATE

they have expelled Hermodorus, the most valuable man among them, saying : " Let us have not even one good man ; but if we get one, let him go elsewhere and live among others ! "

Herakitus

Go. TO AN ENEMY

Lamb-like your countenance and the sounds you make,
But in your heart you're nothing but a snake.

Hermippus

61. THE MISANTHROPE

They call me He Who Lives Alone :
A misanthropic life.
No smile have I, no friendly words,
No servant and no wife.
I'm not at home to callers, and
I never alter—understand !

Phrynichus

62. DOMESTIC SERVANTS—AND OTHERS

How wise are those wild northerners, who give
Their sons, at birth, the milk of cows and mares,
And don't engage a nurse with evil eye,
Or tutor—for there's no worse pest than tutors,
—Excepting nurses : nurses head the lot,
—Next, naturally, to midwives ; they're of course
The most pernicious crew—unless one mentions
Fishmongers : they're the worst—next to the bankers,
The most abominable tribe of all I

Antiphanes

63. DOCTORS

- A. Who's this ?
- B. A doctor.

THE GREEK WAY

A. How ill fares the doctor if no one's ill!
The doctor and the lawyer alone can kill
And not be killed in turn!

Philemon Junior

Doctors cut and burn and cruelly torture the sick in every way. Yet they demand a fee from their patients. They don't deserve it, because their cure is as bad as the disease.

Herackitus

64. THE SURGEON

Operating on a patient,
Herder killed him by mishap.
" Ah well, if he'd lived," he tells us,
" He'd have had a limp, poor chap ! "

Callicter

65. THE WICKED SHOPKEEPER

I. THE FISHMONGER

(i) *He sells bad fish.*

Of all the creatures, there is none less fortunate
Than fish : it's not enough that they should die,
Slain by their captors, and be buried in
The stomachs of consumers. They must first
Be handed over to that villainous man
The fishmonger, and staling on his slab,
Poor creatures, lie and rot for several days,
Until at last, perhaps, they find a buyer
—A blind man—and he gets in them a stink
To raise the dead ! He takes them home and throws them
Outside—for he has tried them with his nose !

(ii) *His prices are exorbitant.*

I always thought the story of the Gorgons
Was just a myth—but when I go to market,

HATE

I find that I believe it: when I glance
Towards the fishmongers, Fm petrified!
I have to talk to them with my back turned,
Since if I see there what a price they charge
For what a tiny fish—Fm paralysed !

(iii) *His manners are deplorable.*

Is it not shocking that the man who sells
Fish that is fresh, should wear a heavy scowl
And answer us so gruffly, while the fellow
Who sells the rotten fish should joke and laugh ?

It should be the reverse : the better man
Should laugh, the other should be made to howl!

Antiphanes

(iv) *He is rude and overbearing.*

Easier a thousand times to meet a General,
Be treated with respect by him, and get
An answer to one's questions, than to approach
Th' accursed fishmonger within the market.
If you ask him a question, he picks up
A fish from off the pile, and ducks his head,
And answering nothing, just as if he heard
And heeded nothing either, slaps a squid
Down, and not finishing his sentences
And biting off his words, " Tuppence I " he snaps.
" And how much for the bream ? "

He mutters : " Fourpence ! "

That's what the shopper has to listen to . . .

Ampins

{Another version.}

Now when I see a General looking haughty,
I think it's bad, but still, Fm not surprised
That since they're honoured by the State, they're prouder

THE GREEK WAY

Than private citizens. But when I see
The cursed fishmonger with eyebrows raised
Look down on me, I nearly choke with rage.

You ask the fellow, " How much are your mullet ?
You've two, I see."

He answers : " Fivepence each."
" That's stiff! Will you take fourpence ? "

" If you buy
The other one as well."

" Look here, my man,
Here's fourpence—don't be funny ! "

He replies :
" The price is fivepence. You be off! "

Now isn't
Suoh,treatment bitterer than gall itself ?

Alexis

2. THE FRUITERER

Need I mention
The men who offer figs for sale in baskets ?
The bad and mouldy figs they place beneath,
And on the top the ripest and the finest.
The buyer pays top price for highest quality.
The seller pops your coin into his mouth,
And swearing they're the best, he sells you—wild ones !

Alexis

3. THE GROCER

The wretched grocer in our neighbourhood,
Whether he's selling wine or vinegar,
Sends off his customer with only water.

Nicostratus



PI. ATT' 3 A. GOATS

{Illustrating Extract No, 119}

From a scyphos (large drinking-cup) in the Winchester College Museum. " In the middle of the scene is a spreading tree, and on each side of it a maenad riding a goat. In front of the tree is a white heron with a purple eye. . . . One goat has a long golden-yellow tip to its horn."



PLATE 3B. BOAR-HUNT

{Illustrating Extract No. 109}

From a red-figured drinking-cup now in the Louvre.

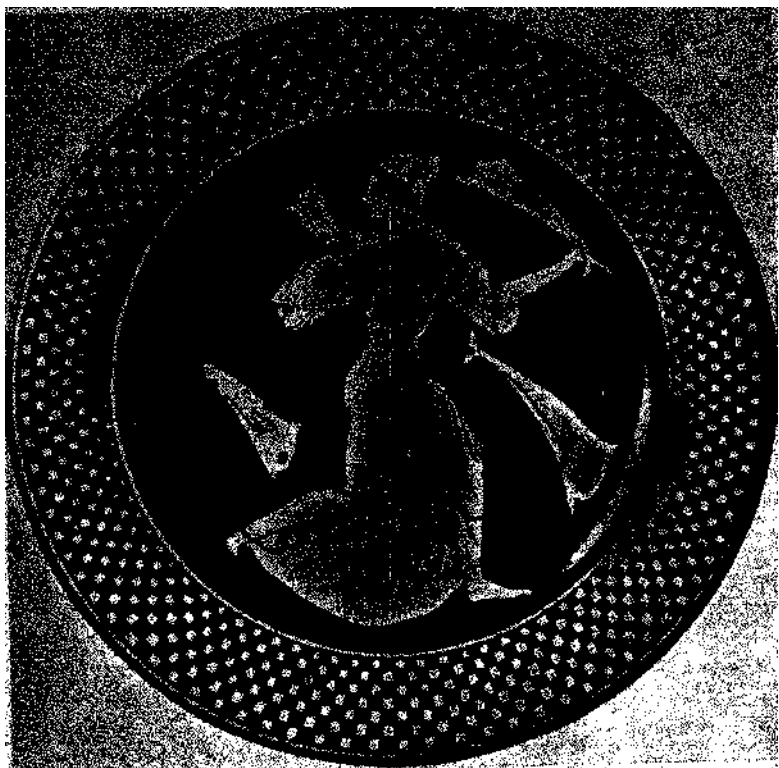


PLATE 4. SEA-NYPH WITH DOLPHINS

{Illustrating Extract No. 107}

From a red-figured plate now in the British Museum.

HATE

66. THE CURSE OF WEDLOCK

A. He's married.

B. What I He can't be married, surely,
The man I left alive and walking round ?

Antiphanes

What man in health and sanity has the heart
To marry, having won a sweeter life ?

Better by far, if one has sense, to lose
One's vote than take a wife; a man disfranchised
Cannot, it's true, take office and wield power
Over his neighbours ; but if you get married,
You're not allowed even to rule yourself:
You have your daily cross-examination.

Alexis

67. SECOND WIVES

A curse upon the man who marries twice !
To wed the first time is no sin, because
One does not know the curse one is embracing
In woman; but who takes a second wife
Knows and foresees the ill—yet leaps again 1

Aristophan

68. MISTRESSES

The man who ever loved a mistress knows
There is no breed more uncontrollable.
What savage serpent or fire-breathing dragon,
Charybdis, Scylla, monsters of the deep,
Sphinx, hydra, lion, snake, or winged Harpy

THE GREEK WAY

Exceeds in wickedness th' accursed tribe ?
Impossible 1 they far exceed them all.

Let's start at the beginning : first there's Dolly,
Who, like the dragon, scorches foreigners.

To mix with Martha is to love a hydra :
She's past her youth, but by her side is Nellie
Waiting to catch you—and she's twice as bad.

Fanny's no different from three-headed Scylla;
When she has squeezed the life out of two lovers,
She's waiting for the third—and all are shipwrecked.

Barbara's like Charybdis and still worse :
She smashes up the sailor, ship and all.

Mabel is like an unfledged Siren : eye
And voice are female, legs are sparrow-like.

But one name fits them all: like Theban sphinxes
They tell you nothing plain, but speak in riddles,
Saying they love you and enjoy your love,
But—will you give them this, that, and the other ?

The man who reads this riddle bolts without
A glance, and saves himself reluctantly.
But those who think they're loved are all elated,
Transported to the skies . . .
In short, there lives
No creature so destructive as a mistress.

Anaxilas

HATE

69. THE HATREDS OF PALLADAS

Palladas was a pagan, morose and truthful, who lived at Alexandria during the latter half of the fourth century A.D.. the time of the Emperor Theodosius.

Duplicity.

I hate the man who has a double nature :
Whose words are kind, whose deeds inimical.

Envy.

O Envy! How enormous are thy sins I
Thy object is the fortunate, whom God loves.

Thus senselessly we err, because of envy !
Thus gladly we enslave ourselves to folly!

Arrogance.

Better to bear even a straitened fortune
Than feel the arrogance of wealthy men!

The fickleness of Fortune.

When in my thoughts I ponder on our life,
And all the ill-timed changes it displays,
The treacherous flow of indiscriminate Fortune
Which raises up the poor to make them rich,
And robs the wealthy man of all he has :
Then my own mind is darkened by this wrong :
I hate the Whole, because it is obscure.

How can I get the better of this Fortune,
That looms from out the dark into our life
As if she had the nature of a whore ?

THE GREEK WAY

Much learning.

" Yes, I know all," you say.
Yet you fall short in all.
You've tasted all, and yet
Nothing your own can call.

The Horse-dealer.

Jukes promised me a horse.
He brought instead
A tail from which there hung
A horse half-dead.

70. THE MASTER

This nobody, this veritable lacquey,
This mean and petty whole,
Look at him, friends, for he is lord and master
Over some other's soul.

BiaKor

71. LITERARY CRITICS

Futile quibbling tribe of scholars,
You who grub up by the roots
Poetry not your own creation,
You who tread with heavy boots
On the thorny tops of thistles,
Wretched book-worms, who defile
Great men's works, ye dry and bitter
Fawners on the ancient style,
Hounds that hunt and maul the poets,
Quench the young beginners' light:

Perish, bugs that plague the tuneful
With your sly and secret bite 1

Antiphanes

HATE

72. A TEACHER OF GREEK ON HIS PUPILS

A savage tribe I came to teach
Civilised speech.
I won, but flung a life-time in the breach.

Aristophanes

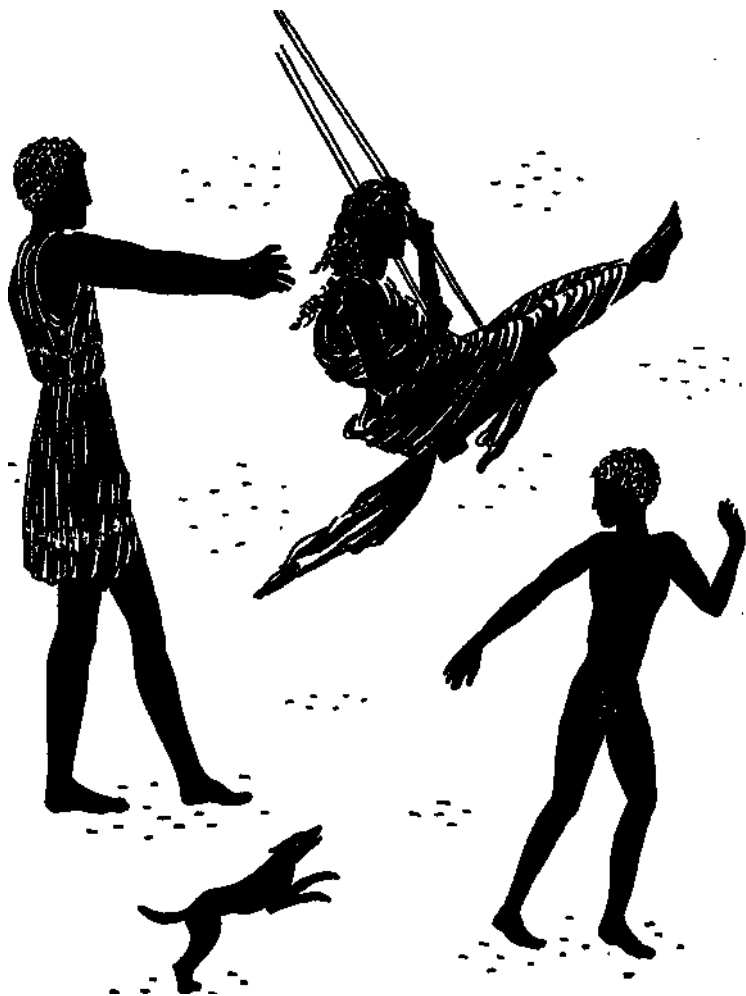
73. THE MISANTHROPE'S EPITAPH

Little I ate, a little drank, and I was seldom well.
I lasted long. At last I died.

—I wish you all in hell!

Anonymous

Children



IV

CHILDREN

74. THE BABY AND THE HELMET

Thus glorious Hector spoke, and stretched out his arms for his son,

But the baby shrank away on the breast of his nurse fair-kirtled,
Crying aloud, alarmed at the dread array of his father.

Fearing the brazen mail, and the horse-hair plume as it nodded
Direfully down, and caught his glance, from the top of the helmet.

Oh, then they laughed aloud, his father and gracious mother,
And at once great Hector took from his head the terrible helmet,
And set it down on the ground, where it stood all-beaming and glittering.

He took the child, and kissed him, and in his arms he rocked him,
And this was the prayer he uttered to Zeus and the other immortals :

" O Zeus, and ye other powers, vouchsafe that this baby also,
My son, may grow to be great as I in the ranks of the Trojans.
May his life be equally blest, and as King may he rule o'er the city,

So that some day men shall say, ' He's a better man than his father.

These were his words ; then into the arms of his wife he gave him,

His son; and she gathered the child once more to her fragrant bosom.

Hcmer

THE GREEK WAY

75. THE INFANT HERACLES

When he came forth into the light of day with his twin brother, he did not escape the eye of golden-throned Hera as he was laid in his saffron-coloured swaddling-clothes. But she, the Queen of Gods, stung with fury in her soul, sent forth immediately two serpents. And they, when the doors were opened, entered into the broad space of the bedroom, seeking to close their swift jaws about the babies.

But Heracles lifted up his head, and made his first essay at fighting, grasping with his two inescapable hands the necks of the two serpents. And Time forced out from their colossal limbs the breath of life, as they were strangled.

And unendurable fear smote the women who happened to be attending at the couch of Alcmene; for she too, unclad as she was, leapt from her bed to ward off from her children the violence of the monsters. And swiftly the chieftains of the Cadmeans came in a body, in their brazen armour, and at their head was Amphitryon, waving his sword naked from the scabbard—for he was smitten with sharp pain ...

But he halted, stunned with his mingled emotions of wonder and delight that was pain; for he saw the amazing spirit and power of his son.

Pindar

76. ACHILLES AS A CHILD

1. *Phoenix, elderly tutor and servant, to Achilles the man:*

" And I made you what you are, godlike Achilles, loving you from my heart. You were not willing to go with anyone else either to a banquet or to eat in the hall, until I had set you on my knees and given you your'fill of the meat, cutting it off first for you, and putting the wine-cup to your lips. Many a time you drenched the tunic on my breast, slobbering out some, of the wine in your pathetic babyishness.

CHILDREN

" So I underwent much toil and suffering for you, in the thought that the gods would not grant me a son of my own; I treated you as my son, godlike Achilles, so that one day you would ward off cruel disaster from me.

" So come, Achilles, conquer your proud spirit: you have no right to remain adamant. Even the gods themselves, who are surpassing in excellence, honour and power, know how to yield..."

2. *Thetis, mother of Achilles, to Hephaestus, who is making him new armour:*

" My husband gave me a son to bear and rear, a son outstanding among heroes ; and he shot up like a sapling. I reared him like a young shoot on a vineyard terrace ... "

Homer

77. ODYSSEUS AS A BOY

Odysseus, returned after nineteen years⁹ absence, proves his identity to his father

"Laertes.

" Look, I can tell you the very trees throughout the well-constructed garden, those which once you gave me when I was a little boy and I begged different ones from you as I followed you through the orchard.

" As we made our way through them you told me the names of the different trees. You gave me thirteen pear-trees, ten apple-trees and forty fig-trees, and you also showed me the fifty rows of vines here which you were going to give me. Each row bore its grapes in succession, so that the bunches were at different stages of ripeness when the seasons bowed the vines with the weight of their crop."

Homer

THE CREEK WAY

78. A LITTLE GIRL

Achilles to Patroclus:

"Why do you cry like a little girl who, running along beside her mother, begs to be picked up, and holding on to her skirts delays her as she hurries along, and crying, looks up to her, hoping to be picked up?"

Homer

79. A NEW-BORN BABY

Evadne of the violet tresses was one of the women beloved of Apollo. Her guardian was King Aepytus of Arcadia.

. . . There she grew up, and in Apollo's arms she first felt the sweetness of love. But she did not escape the eye of Aepytus, concealing for the whole time the seed of the god. The King journeyed to Delphi, with unspeakable wrath in his soul; with sharp care he journeyed, to inquire of the oracle concerning this intolerable happening.

Meanwhile she, laying aside her shining saffron girdle and her silver jar, in a dark thicket was bearing a boy-child of inspired soul. Beside her Apollo of the golden hair set the goddess of birth in kindly mood, and the Fates. And there came forth from her womb, out of the birth-pang of love, lamus into the light of day full readily. In her pain she left him on the ground; and two grey-eyed serpents, by the will of the gods, cherished him, feeding him with the harmless juice of honey-bees.

But the King, when he came driving from rocky Delphi, questioned all his household concerning the baby, "which Evadne/" said he, "has borne. Apollo is his father, and pre-eminent among mortals, a seer to the dwellers on earth, shall he be, and never shall his seed fail."

This he proclaimed. But they vowed that they had neither

CHILDREN

heard of him, nor seen him; ami yet was he five days born. For he lay hidden in the rushes amid the boundless brake, his tender body bathed in the yellow and all-purple rays of pansies.

. And so his mother declared that he should be called for all time by this immortal name—Iamus, born among pansies,

Pindar

80. A BABY'S SMILE

When Cypselus, later to become ruler of Corinth, was born, the government learnt by means of oracles that he was destined to be their bane. So they sent ten men to the village where the parents lived, with orders to kill the new-born baby.

These men arrived at the house, entered the courtyard, and asked to see the baby. The mother, not knowing of their designs, thought that they were friends of her husband, come to see the baby out of compliment to him.

The men had planned, on the way, that the first one of them to get the child into his hands should dash out its brains on the ground. But when the mother brought the baby and gave it to him, by God's providence the child smiled at him as he took it, and he was smitten with such a pang of pity that he was unable to kill it. And so, in his softness of heart, he passed it on to the second, and the second to the third. Thus the child passed through the hands of all the ten, and none of them would murder it. So giving the child back *to his mother and going out, they stood and began to reproach one another, and especially the first who had taken it, that he had not carried out their plan.

At last they made up their minds to go back and accomplish the deed. However, by now the mother had hidden the baby in a chest (*called CypseKfrom which he later took his name*) ; and after a half-hearted search, the men went off back to the city and pretended that they had carried out their task.

Herodotus

THE GREEK WAY

Si. THE BAD BOY

Among the 'Mimes' of Herondas (who lived probably in the third century B.C. at Alexandria) is one called THE SCHOOLMASTER, in which a distracted mother brings her unmanageable son to the teacher to receive a richly-deserved flogging.

She describes his conduct: he not only wastes his time playing knuckle-bones, but latterly—and this is much more serious—he has taken to pitch-and-toss. As for the knuckle-bones (which were used as dice) she complains: "They are worn smoother than our oil-can, which we use for everything/" He won't work: he doesn't know the first letter of the alphabet, unless you bawl the same thing at him five times. This is a shame, she says, since she has had such a job to find his school fees, and is giving him a professional education instead of leaving him to grow up only fit to drive donkeys—thinking to find in him a support for her old age:

"And if I or his father ask him to recite something, as other boys do, it comes out of him drop by drop as if from a leaky vessel. And if we* dare to find fault, we don't see him at home for three days, but off he goes to his poor old grandmother and fleeces her; or else he climbs up on to the roof and sits there peering down like a monkey. He breaks the tiles like biscuits, and when winter comes it'll cost me a fine sum ijbr every one of them. He's the talk of the whole district. You can see how he's ruined his clothes in the woods. He can tell you the date of every holiday better than the calendar can, and he can't sleep at night for thinking of the summer holidays. So please, Mr. Schoolmaster . . ."

The Schoolmaster interrupts her catalogue of crimes, and says he will be happy to oblige her. He calls two of the boy's schoolmates—who, to do them justice, are not over-eagrr to obey—and bids one of them hoist the sinner on to his shoulders while the other holds his legs. This was the regular procedure.

CHILDREN

The hoy prays for mercy, hut no one, least of all his mother, is inclined to spare him, The end of the story is lost; hut it sums that the hoy escapes before the worst happens, and runs off untamed, putting mt his tongue....

Herondas

82. THE ENCUMBRANCE

Scene : Alexandria, at the time of the great procession in honour of AdSnis. yd century B.C.

GORG0, a young woman, calls on PRAXINOE, who lives outside the town, is married and has a little boy.

GORG0 : Is Praxinoe at home ?

PRAXINOE : Dear Gorgo, what a long time since you've been here 1 Indeed I'm At home I *(to the maid)* Eunod, get her a chair. Put a cushion on it, too.

GORG6 : Thank you, it's perfect as it is. *{seating herself and beginning}* Oh dear me, what madness! I have scarcely got through alive 1 What a huge crowd, what hosts of carriages 1 Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless. My dear, you really do live too far away I

PRAXINOE : It's all the fault of that crazy husband of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth, and took—not a house—a hole, and all to prevent you and me from being neighbours, the jealous ogeature—anything for spite!

GORG0 : Hush, don't speak of your husband like that, my girl, in front of the child 1 Look, dear, look how he's watching you! *(to the child)* Never mind, love—she's not talking about Papa!

PRAXINOA : Good gracious me, how the child takes notice 1

GORG6 : *(to the child)* Nice Papa 1

GORG0 : Praxinofi, that ample style suits you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom ?

to devise where it could be hidden, so as that what **was** sauce for the goose should not be sauce for the gander. I was not yet well enough acquainted with the house to trust the places obviously most proper for such a deposit. What a source of embarrassment is great wealth! I determined however on a corner of our granary under some straw; and believing it to be safer there than any where else, made myself as easy about it as I well could.

The household consisted of three servants; a lubberly ostler, a young Galician chambermaid, and myself. Each of us spunged what we could upon travellers, whether on foot or on horseback. I always came in for some small change, when the bill was paid. Then the equestrians gave something to the ostler, for taking care of their beasts; but as for our female fellow-servant, the muleteers who passed that way chucked her under the chin, and gave her more crowns than we got farthings. I had no sooner realized at penny, than away it went to the granary, and slept with its precursors; so that the higher rose my heap, the more greedy did my little heart become. Sometimes would I kiss the hallowed images of my idolatry, and look at them with a devotional glow, which few worshippers feel, but those whose religion is their gold.

This inordinate passion sent me back and fore to gratify it, at least thirty times a day. I often met the landlady on the staircase. She, being naturally

THE GREEK WAY

PRAXINOE : Don't speak of it, Gorgo ! More than eight pounds in cash 1 And the work on it ! I nearly slaved my soul out over it 1

GORGOS : Well, it's a great success.

PRAXINOE : Thank you for the compliment, *(to the maid)* Bring my cape, and put my hat on nicely, *(noticing the child)* No, child, I'm not going to take you. There's the bogey-man! Look, there's a horse—he'll bite you! Cry as much as you like, I'm not going to have you lamed, *(to Gorgos)* Come on, let's be off. *(to the nurse)* Nurse, take the child and keep him amused. Call the dog in, and shut the street door I
Theocritus

83. A MIXED BLESSING

Children are the anchors of a mother's life.

Sophocles

84. A DICTATOR

Themistocles used to say that his boy, who bullied his mother, was the greatest power in Greece ; for the Athenians ruled the rest of Greece, he *(Themistocles)* ruled the Athenians, his wife ruled him, and the boy ruled her.

Plutarch

85. PLAYING SAFE

In Persia, a boy is not seen by his father before he is five years old. The reason is that if the boy should die while being reared, he may cause no grief to his father.

Herodotus

86. A FRAUDULENT GUARDIAN

Diogeiton, an Athenian, was appointed under his brother's will as guardian of the bereaved children {two boys and a girl} and their legacy.

CHILDHEN

Instead, he appropriated the money. A lawsuit was later brought against the wicked uncle for embezzlement. The following is an extract from the speech of the prosecution:

Didgeiton has gone to such lengths of brazenness that being unable to explain what he did with the money, he reckoned the food of the two boys and their sister at five obols a day. As for shoes, laundry and hair-cutting, he possessed no account, but lumped it all together at more than a talent of silver for the whole period.

Moreover, though he spent on their father's tombstone not 25 minas (2,500 drachmas)¹ out of 5,000 drachmas, he puts down only half to himself, and has debited them with the other half. And for the Dionysiac festival, gentlemen of the jury (I think it is not out of place to mention this as well) he wrote 16 drachmas as the price of a lamb, and of this he put down 8 drachmas to the children's account—a fact which aroused in us as great an indignation as anything. Thus, gentlemen, when great losses are involved, sometimes small things sting the mind of the injured person just as much, because they show up all too clearly the baseness of those who are wronging them.

Further, for the other festival and sacrifices he set down to their account an expenditure of more than 4,000 drachmas, as well as a vast number of other items which he put down as a round sum. It is as if the purpose for which he had been left as guardian to the children was that he might display bills to them instead of money, and prove to them that they were not wealthy but complete paupers, and that if they had any hereditary enemy, they might forget him and contend instead with this man by whom they found themselves deprived of their inheritance.

Yet if he had wanted to be just to the children, he could have conformed to the laws in force regarding fatherless children—laws which apply to all guardians, whether capable or incapable of maintaining the children—and rid himself of a great deal of trouble,

¹ A drachma can be reckoned at a dollar; hence the sums of money mentioned are equivalent to: £500, £1,000, £3 odd, £1 10s. odd, £800.

THE GREEK WAY

by letting their house; or he could have bought land and reared the children from the proceeds. Whichever of these he had done, they would have been as rich as anyone in Athens. As it is, it seems to me he never gave a thought to laying out the money in real estate. He was preoccupied with the question of how to get hold of this money for himself, in the belief that such wickedness as his was destined to succeed to the wealth of the dead.

Lysias

87. THE PROCURESS

From an Athenian law-suit

Neaera was one of seven little girls bought when small children by Nicarete, a freedwoman who had been the slave of Charisius of Elis, and the wife of Charisius cook Hippas.

Nicarete was a clever judge of beauty in little girls, and moreover she understood the art of rearing and training them skilfully having made this her profession from which she drew her livelihood. She used to address them as daughters, so that she might exact the largest fee from those who wished to have dealings with them, on the ground that they were free-born girls; but after she had reaped her profit from the youth of each of them, one by one, she then sold the whole lot of them together, seven in all: Anteia, Stratolfe, Aristocleia, Metaneira, Phila, Isthmias and the defendant Neaera....

88. THE SWALLOW-SONG

*In the island of Rhodes, bands of children went round the houses collecting,
and singing this song:*

The swallow is here, is here,
Bringing the lovely weather,
Bringing the best of the year 1

CHILDREN

Her stomach's white, but her back
All over is bluey-black.

Roll out the fruit-cake, husband,
From out your home so fine 1
Bring out the beaker of wine,
Bring out the basket of cheese 1
The swallow won't say ' no *
To wheat-bread and pulse, you know f

Say, goodman, shall we go ?
Or shall we have our due ?
Come, give us something, please 1
If you won't, you'll have cause to rue!

We'll carry off your door,
Perhaps your lintel too.
We'll carry off your bride,
Who's sitting there inside.
She is so very small
We'll carry her with ease.

But if you give us something,
Great may your harvest be!

Open your door to the swallow 1
No old men you see,
But little children we 1

Anonymous

89. IN THE GYMNASIUM

A boy's shyness.

Socrates is telling the story:

On entering, we found the boys there : they had finished the religious service a few moments before, and were playing at knuckle-bones (*dice*), still wearing their ceremonial costume.

THE GREEK WAY

Most of them were playing outside in the courtyard, but others were in a corner of the dressing-room, playing at odds-and-evens with quantities of knuckle-bones which they picked out from little baskets. Round them stood others looking on.

One of these was Lysis. He was standing with the boys and youths, still wearing his garland : his face was outstanding, not only for its remarkable beauty but because of its nobility.

We went and sat down opposite in a place apart—for it was quiet there—and began a conversation with one another.

For a while, Lysis was embarrassed, and hesitated to approach us alone. Then came his friend Menexenus, running in from the courtyard in the midst of his game ; and when he saw us, he came to sit down beside us.

• Lysis, seeing this, followed and sat down beside Menexenus_____

Plato

90. FOOLISH ADULTS

From the CHARACTERS of Theophrastus.

THE TOADY buys apples and pears, brings them to the house, and offers them to the children while the father is watching; he kisses the children and says : " My pretty chicks 1 Your father is a good man ! "

THE TOO-OBLIGING MAN, when invited to dinner, begs his host to call the children; and when they come in, he says they are as like their father as figs to fig. He draws them towards him and kisses them and makes them stand beside him. He plays games with the older ones, pretending to be a bladder or a chopper; and he lets the smaller ones go to sleep on his stomach, though their weight is a torture.

THE IRRITATING MAN. He takes the baby from its nurse and feeds it with morsels from his own mouth, and talks baby-talk to it, whistling and calling it " Daddy's little rascal ! "

CHILDREN

THE DENSE MAN makes his children wrestle and run taces until he has driven them to complete exhaustion.

THE TALKATIVE MAN. When he has worn out individual hearers, he has a trick of marching upon groups of men standing together and putting them to flight in the midst of their business. He even invades schools and gymnasia, and prevents the boys from getting on with their preparation, by chatting hard with their trainers and teachers.

THE MEAN MAN" has the habit of not even sending his children to school when there is a music festival, but of saying that they are ill, so that they won't have to pay their contribution.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MAN goes every month to the Orphic religious service with his wife, or if his wife is too busy, with the children and their nurse.

91. DESSERT—BUT NOT SWEET

The dessert of Abydos. The people of Abydos have the custom, when entertaining guests, of sending for the children after dinner, with their nurses. '

The children howl, a great din arises, and this is very disagreeable for the guests.

Diogenianus

92. THE KIND INVENTOR

Archytas, for many years ruler of Tarentum, and a distinguished scientist, especially in the theory of music, invented a children's rattle, to keep them quiet and prevent them from breaking the furniture.

It was named after him : " Archytas' rattle."

93. THE USEFUL SWEETMEAT

A baby with his mouth stuffed with honeycomb.

Aristophams

THE GREEK WAY

94 A FATHER'S PLEA

Strepsiades, a farmer, in debt through the extravagances of his fashionable son, wants to send him to a school of sophistry, where they teach one how to evade creditors.

To his son, to go to College :

Oh, please, please go ! Let's go now ! After that,
Sow your wild oats—but first obey your father!

Think how I once—I well remember—when
You were a lisping lad of only six,
I listened to *your* wishes : spent my shilling,
My juror's fee, the first I ever earned,
Upon a go-cart for you at the Fair 1

To the professor, to take his son:

Oh, teach him, please ! He's grand and clever, really I
When he was only so high, just a baby,
He used to play indoors at modelling houses,
And carving ships, and cutting carts of leather;
And frogs he used to make, most marvellous—
Of pomegranate-skins—I do assure you !

Aristophanes

95 A PHILOSOPHER'S VIEWS ON THE REARING OF CHILDREN

The rearing of children is full of pitfalls. Success is attended by struggle and care, failure means grief beyond all others.

I do not think that one should have children. I observe that in the acquisition of children many great risks and many griefs

CHILDREN

are present, whereas the harvest is rare, and even when it exists, it is thin and meagre*

Whoever wants to have children should, in my opinion, choose them from the family of one of his friends; he will thus obtain a child such as he wishes, for he can select the kind he wants. And the one that seems fittest will be most likely to follow on his natural endowment. The difference is that in the latter way one can take a child out of many who is according to one's liking; but if one begets a child of one's own, the risks are numerous, for one is bound to accept him as he is.

However, for human beings it is one of the necessities of life to have children, a necessity arising from nature and primeval law. It is obvious in the other animals too : they all have offspring by nature, and not for the sake of any profit. And when the offspring are born, the parents work and rear each as best they can, and are anxious for them while they are small, and if anything happens to them, the parents are grieved. But for man it has now become an established belief that there should also be some advantage from the offspring.

One should as far as possible, divide out one's property among one's children, at the same time watching over them to see that they do nothing foolish when they have it in their hands. They thus become more thrifty over money, and more eager to acquire it and compete with one another.

It is possible without spending much of one's money to educate one's children, and so to build round their property and themselves a fortification and a safeguard.

Democritus

96. A FITTING MEMORIAL

Anaxagoras the scientist and philosopher, after thirty years' residence in Athens, was driven into exile by political enemies, and retired to Lampsacus, where he was held in great honour.

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When the rulers of the city asked him what wish he would like granted, he said:

" In whatever month I die, give the children every year a holiday/"

Diogenes haertius

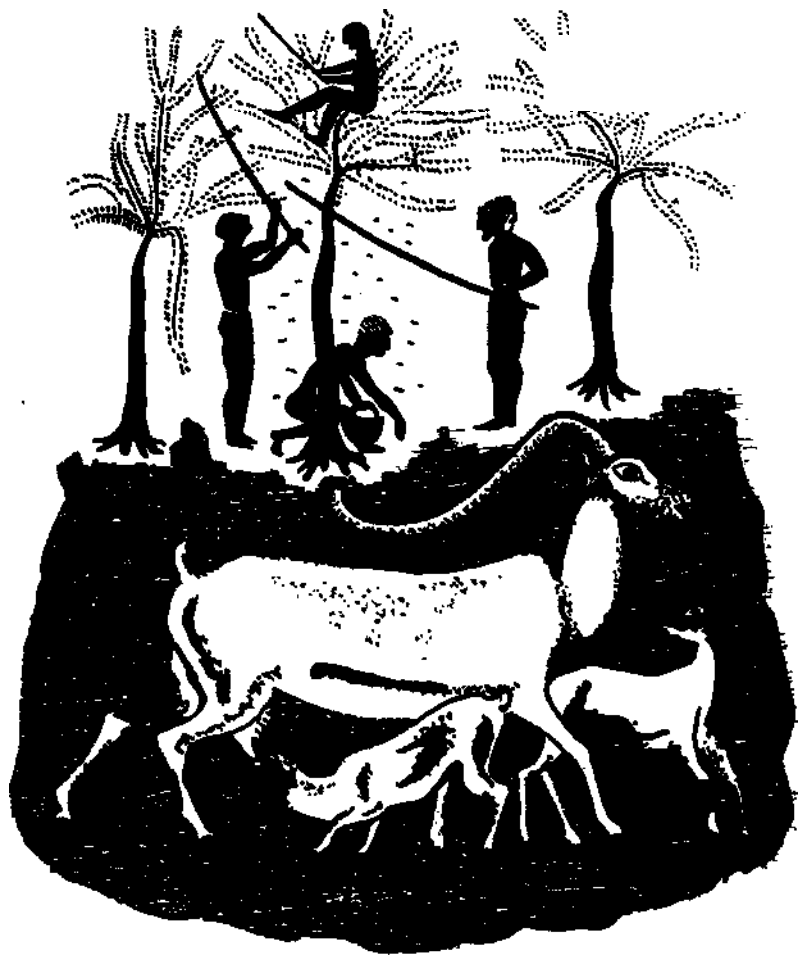
97. THE PHILOSOPHER

Anaxagoras, on receiving the news of his son's death, replied :

" I was aware that it was a mortal I had begotten."

Diogenes Laertius

Flora and Fauna



V

FLORA AND FAUNA

98. TABLE-DECORATION

Myrtle and violets and helichryse,
Apples and roses and tender bay.

Ibycus

99. THE AWAKENING OF SPRING

To Dionysus, god of renewed life :

. . . Clearly seen are the signs of his rites, when the chamber
of the purple-robed Seasons is flung open, and sweet-scented
Spring leads on the nectar-breathing flowers.

Then the lovely tresses of violets are cast upon the immortal
earth, and roses are wedded to the hair; and there ring the
voices of songs to the music of the flute, and dance and song in
praise of Semelfi of the winding snood.

Pindar

To-day once more after the darkness of the winter months,
the earth blossoms in varied hues with crimson roses, by the
divine Plan.

Pindar

100. FLOWER-SONG

*Two rows of girls are facing one another, as in " Nuts and May " ;
they carry baskets of flowers.*

The first row dances forward, singing:

Where are my roses, where are my violets, where are my beautiful
parsley-leaves ?

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The second row dances forward and replies:

Here are your roses, here are your violets, here are your beautiful
parsley-leaves 1

{Parsley-leaves were used as ornamental foliage in garlands}

101. POPPIES

His head fell to one side, like a garden poppy weighed down
by its seed-head and by the showers of spring.

{Said of one of Priam's sons killed before Troy.}

Homer

102. THE COUCH OF ZEUS AND HERA

Zeus spoke, and seized his wife in his arms. The divine
earth beneath them put forth newly-sprung grass, and the dewy
lotus, and the crocus and the hyacinth, thickly-growing and soft.
The flowers raised them up, coming between them and the earth.

On this bed they lay, and were covered with a lovely golden
cloud, from which fell glittering dew-drops.

Homer

103. THE MEADOW

Beneath the climbing vine we trod the meadow
Where grow the clover and the delicate broom,
The dewy sedge, the chervil, and the whole
Carpet of tender violets and trefoil . . .

Pherecrates

104. THE BELOVED

O thou whose breath is mallow and hyacinth to the nose,
Whose words are sweet as clover, whose smile is like the rose,
And marjoram thy kisses and parsley thy embrace,
Wild-parsley-like thy laughter, and larkspur-like thy grace :
Pour out the wine, strike up the song, as the old custom goes !

Pherecrates

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105. THE DONKEY

The ash-grey, obstinate donkey. . . .

Simonides of Amorgos

As when a donkey, moving along the edge of a cornfield, resists the boys who drive him—a sluggish donkey, over whose back many stout sticks have been broken—and going into the deep corn, culls the ears; and the boys beat him with their sticks, but their strength is child's-play; and hardly can they drive him out, even when he has had his fill of food :

So then did the proud Trojans and their far-famed allies drive back great Ajax son of Telamon, pricking the middle of his shield with their spears and following close upon him.

Homer

Man is more miserable than the donkey : the donkey at least is not himself responsible for his hard fate.

Menander

When Dareius was retreating towards the Danube before the Scythians, wishing to break camp secretly at night and get away to the bridge, he took the advice of one of his officers and did as follows :

When night had fallen, he left behind those who were sick and those whose loss mattered least; and also he left behind all the donkeys tethered. His reason for leaving the donkeys was so that they might bray ; the men he left because of their weakness, though he pretended that he himself was going out to attack the enemy with the sound part of his troops while the weaker part guarded the camp. On this pretext he hurried off in the direction of the Danube.

The donkeys, finding themselves deserted by the bulk of the troops, then began to bray in good earnest, and the Scythians, hearing the donkeys, assumed that the Persians were still in their

THE GREEK WAY

camp. But when day dawned, those who had been left behind, realising that they had been deserted by Darius, signalled to the Scythians and told them what had happened....

Herodotus

Before the Battle of Actium.

The story is told that Octavian (*later Augustus Caesar*) leaving his tent while it was still dark, was making a detour round the camp towards the fleet when he met a man driving a donkey.

Octavian asked the man's name.

The man, recognising him, said : " My name is Luck, and the donkey's name is Victor."

After the victory, Octavian set up here the bronze statue of a man and a donkey.

Plutarch

Better to be a donkey than to see a bad man prospering.

Menander

The Messenians, oppressed by the Spartans, are likened by the Spartan poet to:

Donkeys crushed under mighty loads.

Tyrtaeus

106. THE EAGLE

The poet, speaking of the music of the lyre, which has power to tame all savage forces in the world, says:

Golden lyre, common heritage of Apollo and the violet-tressed Muses, whom the foot of the dancer, the herald of the feast, hears, and songs obey thy signals, whensoever thou dost strike up the first notes of preludes that lead on the dance, with thy strings quivering 1

Even the spear-warrior, the thunder-bolt of ever-flaming fire, thou dost quench.

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The eagle of Zeus sleeps upon his sceptre, drooping on either side his swift plumes, the prince of birds, and upon his beaked head thou hast shed down a black-faced cloud, a sweet bar to his eyelids. And he heaves his supple back in waves, charmed to stillness by the breath of thy rhythms.

Pindar

107. THE DOLPHIN

(See Plate 4)

I am elated like a sea-dolphin, whom the lovely melody of flutes moves on the surface of the waveless sea.

Pindar

During the reign of Periander at Corinth, it is said, there occurred a most marvellous event, namely, the arrival of Arion at Cape Tacnarum, southernmost point of the Peloponnese, on the back of a dolphin.

Arion was a harpist of foremost rank among his contemporaries, the first man, so far as we know, to compose, name and introduce the dithyramb at Corinth. This Arion spent most of his life at Corinth at the court of Periander; but (so the story goes) he conceived a wish to journey to Italy and Sicily; and then, having made a great deal of money there, he wanted to return to Corinth. He set out therefore from Tarentum, and as he had more confidence in Corinthians than in anyone else, he hired a vessel manned by Corinthians

These men, when they were out at sea, plotted to throw Arion overboard and keep his money. When Arion grasped their plan, he begged them for mercy, offering his fortune in return for his life. But he failed to persuade them: they told him he must either kill himself if he wanted a land burial, or jump immediately into the sea.

Faced with these threats, Arion in desperation asked them to

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allow him to take his stand on the poop in all his bardic robes and sing, and then, when his song was finished, he agreed to take his own life.

The crew, delighted at the prospect of hearing the world's greatest bard, withdrew amidships. Arion put on all his robes, took up his harp, and standing on the poop sang a song in martial rhythm; then, at the end of the song, just as he was, in his bardic robes, he flung himself into the sea. The ship with its crew sailed on ; and the dolphin, so the story tells, picked him up and carried him to Cape Taenarum.

And so he came ashore wearing all his robes, and on arrival at Corinth, he told the whole story. Periander was incredulous and kept him under strict guard ; but he also kept a look out for the crew ; and when they arrived he asked them if they had any news of Arion.

They declared that Arion was safe in Italy—that they had left him in Tarentum in good health. At that point, Arion leapt forth and confronted them; and they, completely confounded, could no longer deny anything they were asked.

Such was the story told by the Corinthians ; and there is at Cape Taenarum a small bronze statue of Arion, showing a man riding on a dolphin.

Herodotus

As before the huge dolphin the other fish, fleeing, fill every corner of the safe harbour in their terror—for he surely swallows every one he catches :

So did the Trojans cower beneath the bluffs down by the stream of the mighty river.

Homer

ANIMALS IN HOMER

The poet (or poets) who composed the " Iliad " and. the " Odyssey " had as keen an eye for animals and other living creatures as for human



PLATE 5. HERACLES DRIVING AN OX TO SACRIFICE

{Illustrating Extract No. 201}

From a red-figured amphora now in Boston.

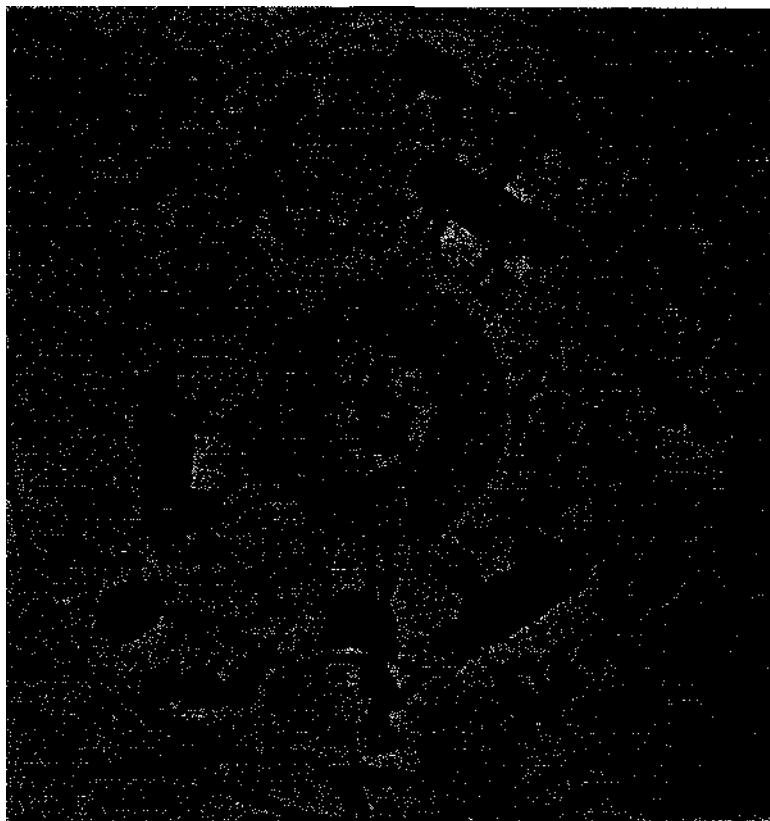


PLATE 6. SCENES FROM COUNTRY LIFE

{Illustrating Extract No. 150}

From a cup by Nicosthcnos, in Berlin.

FLORA AND FAUNA

*beings : Homer not only observed animals ; he understood them with
apoets truthfullyet sympathetic insight.*

*The best portraits of animals in the "Iliad" are to be found in
similes : the poet loves to liken his warriors to lions, boars and other
fighters, but he is apt to desert the battlefield in pursuit of his interest in
the creatures of the wilds.*

*The lion has by far the greatest number of similes. Lions probably
never came to Greece Proper, though tradition sometimes suggested that
they had once been found in the north ; but they were known in Asia
Minor, where the Homeric poems originated; and there, lions seem to
have been the terror of the farmstead.*

108. LIONS

Lion after sheep infold: furious but baffled.

Like a lion whom the shepherd in the country, guarding his
fleecy sheep, wounds as he leaps over the boundary of the fold,
but does not conquer: the lion's strength is roused, but after
that he does not defend himself. He prowls through the farm,
and the sheep flee in terror, and packed together they pile up on
top of one another, while the lion in a fury leaps out of the
deep-set enclosure {such was the fury of Diomidis going into battle
against the Trojans).

Lion and cubs.

As a lion protects his cubs, when in company with his young
ones he encounters a band of huntsmen; and he, exulting in
his strength, draws together his brows so that the frown covers
his two eyes (so did A/ax protect Patroclus).

Lion whose cubs have been killed.

Like a well-maned lion whose cubs a deer-hunter has stolen
away out of the dense wood; and the lion, returning later, is

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grieved, and many a glen does he visit, searching after the trail of the man, in the hope of finding him somewhere—for very fierce is the rage that possesses him (*so did Achilles grieve for Patroclus*).

Lion seeking prey.

Like a lion, mountain-reared, confident in his strength, who goes on through wind and rain, with blazing eyes ; and he comes upon a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, or a herd of wild deer; and his belly bids him even invade the strong farmstead to make **an attempt upon the sheep** (*so did Odysseus long to join Nausicaa's girls*).

109. BOARS

(Sec Plate 3B)

The boar appears only in hunting-scenes. It differs from the lion in that, whereas the lion can sometimes be driven off the boar is indomitable and will always fight to the death.

Like a boar in the mountains, confident in his strength, who awaits the onset of a great horde of men in a lonely spot, and the hair bristles on his back above, but his eyes blaze with fire; and he whets his tusks, eager to defend himself against the dogs **and men** (*so did Idomeneus stand firm*).

no. WOLVES

The wolf remained a great menace in Greece centuries after Homer's day : even in the sixth century, rewards were still being offered for the destruction of wolves in the country round Attica. The wolf is bloody, bold and gregarious:

Like carnivorous wolves, in whose breasts is unquenchable courage, and who having seized a great antlered stag in the mountains tear him to pieces; every jowl is red with blood,

FLORA AND FAUNA

and then they leave their feast and go in a pack to lap with the tips of their tongues the dark surfaces of a pool or spring of water, belching gouts of blood. Their spirit in their breasts is fearless, their stomach is groaning with food (*so were the chiefs of the Myrmidons preparing to sally forth with Patroclus*).

THE FRIENDS OF MAN: HORSES AND DOGS

in . HORSES

(See Plates n and ia)

The chief use for horses in Homeric days was to draw the war-chariot: the Greeks did not fight on horseback. For ploughing, oxen were used, and for general transport, mules. In warfare, speed and mobility were essential, so that the breeding of horses for fleetness was keenly practised, fleet horses were coveted, and chariot-racing was a favourite sport. This continued into historic times: at the Great Games, after the chariot had been superseded in warfare, the chariot-race remained the chief event. The horse seldom appears in Homeric simile; but there are many descriptions and tales.

The stalled horse.

As when a stalled horse, that has had a good feed at his manger, breaks his halter and runs galloping across the plain, exultant, because it is his habit to bathe in the fair-flowing river; he holds his head high, and his mane flies out on either side of his shoulders; confident in his splendour, he lifts his knees nimbly, and they carry him among the haunts and pasturages of his kind (*so did Paris run to join Hector*).

The mares of Eumilus.

They were as swift as birds, matched in coat as in age, and equal in height as if measured across their backs with a level

THE GREEK WAY

The care of horses.

(*Pandarus the archer to Aeneas*): " I have no chariot and horses near by, on which I could mount; yet, of course, in my father's halls are eleven fine chariots, just made, newly-equipped, with coverlets spread over them; and beside each stands a pair of horses, feeding on white barley and spelt.

" Truly, much advice did that aged warrior give me in our well-built home, when I was setting out. He urged me to ride on a horse-drawn chariot as a Trojan commander in the violent conflict; but I did not heed—though indeed it would have been much better—because of my concern for the horses, lest they should lack fodder in the press of men, when they were used to having enough to eat.

" So I left them behind, and came on foot to Troy, trusting to my bow and arrows—which were not, it seems, destined to profit me."

In battle : the horses of Tros.

(*Aeneas to Pandarus*): " Come, mount my chariot, that you may see how good are the horses of Tros, well-skilled in pursuit swiftly hither and thither over the plain, or in the art of flight. They will take us safely back to the city, if Zeus should give the victory once more to Diomedes. I will dismount from the chariot to do battle ; or else, you can await his attack and I will take care of the horses."

Noble Pandarus replied:

" Aeneas, you shall take the reins yourself and drive your own horses ; they will pull the curved car better under the guidance of their familiar driver, if we have to flee from Diomedes once again. They might take fright, I am afraid, and waste time refusing to carry us off the battlefield, because they miss the sound of your voice; and the hero might attack and kill us both and drive off our horses. No : you yourself shall drive your own

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chariot and horses, and I will await his onset with my sharp spear."

After this conversation, they mounted the ornamented car, and eagerly drove the swift horses against Diomedes,

A divine Chariot

{Iris has borrowed the chariot of Ares and gone to fetch the wounded Aphrodite from the battlefield.}

Aphrodite mounted the car, with grief at her heart, and beside her mounted Iris, and took the reins in her hand, and pricked the horses with the goad to set them off; and they flew off with alacrity.

And straightway they reached the abode of the gods, steep Olympus ; there Iris, swift as the wind, stopped the horses and released them from the car, and threw down beside them ambrosial food.

Hector to his horses.

With these words he called upon his horses, saying :

" Bay-horse and Fleetfoot, Tawny and Sleek, splendid one, now the time has come for you to repay me for the care, so assiduous, which Andromache *{his wife}*, daughter of noble Eetion, gave you, setting beside you sweet grain, and mixing wine for you to drink, whenever the spirit moved you; she served you even before she served me, whose proud boast it is to be her strong husband.

" Come, follow after, and run fast, so that I may capture the shield of Nestor."

Dolon and the horses of Achilles.

i. *Hector to the Trojans* : " Who will undertake and carry out this task for me, in return for a great reward? The reward

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will be suitable : I will give him a chariot and two strong-necked horses, whichever are the best beside the swift ships of the Achaeans: these I will give to the man who dates the task, winning glory for himself, of approaching the swift ships and reconnoitring."

2. *Dolon to Hector*: "Hector, my heart and my noble spirit urge me to go near to the swift ships of the Greeks and reconnoitre. Come, lift your sceptre and swear to me lihat you will give me the horses and the chariot ornamented with bronze, which carry the goodly son of Peleus (*Achilles*), and I shall prove myself no useless scout, but will fulfil your wish."

5. *Later: Dolon to Odysseus, after capture*: "Hector misled me with many crazy hopes, promisjng to give me the single-hooved horses of Achilles, and his chariot ornamented with bronze : he bade me go through the swift black night, draw near to the foemen, and reconnoitre."

4. *Odysseus to Dolon (with a smile)* : "Certainly the reward was great on which your heart was set, the horses of the wise-minded Achilles; but they are difficult for mortal man to tame or to drive, except only for Achilles, whose mother was an immortal."

5. *Dolon to Odysseus* : "If you are eager to slip into the midst of the Trojan camp, the Thracians, newly-arrived, have their place apart, furthest away of all, and in their midst is their king, Rhesus. He has the finest horses I have ever seen, and the biggest: whiter than snow, and in speed like the wind; and his chariot is beautifully made, with gold and silver, and the armour he has brought is of gold, massive, a wonder to behold."

(Odysseus kills Dolon, and he and DiomSdis find the Thracians where Dolon had said.)

6. *Odysseus to Diornidis* : "Here, look, Diomedes, is the man and here, look, are his horses, of which Dolon, whom we have killed, has told us. Come, bring your great strength to bear; you must not stand inactive with your weapons. Come, free the

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horses—or else, you shall kill the men, and I will look after the horses."

(Diomedes undertakes the killing, and Odysseus leads the horses through the carnage.)

7. Whomever Diomedes came upon and smote with his sword, him Odysseus coming behind took hold of by the foot and dragged clear, thinking in his mind to make it easier for the fair-maned horses to pass through without stepping on the corpses and taking fright—for they were still unused to corpses.

(Diomedes kills Bellerophon and twelve others.)

8. Meanwhile steadfast Odysseus freed the single-hooved horses, and tied them together with the reins, and drove them out of the camp, striking them with his bow, because he had not thought to take the shining whip out of the ornamental chariot; and he whistled as a signal to noble Diomedes.

{Finally the two Greeks drive horses and chariot back to their own camp. When they arrive, the horses evoke great admiration.}

9. *Nestor to Odysseus* : " Come, tell me, Odysseus, admirable man, pride of the Achaeans, how did you both get these horses ? Did you steal into the camp of the Trojans ? Or did some god meet you and give them to you ? They are wonderfully like the rays of the sun! I am always mixing with the Trojans in battle, and I never stay, I declare, beside the ships, aged warrior though I am; but I never yet saw nor imagined horses like these. No : I believe some god met you and gave them to you: you are both dear to cloud-gathering Zeus, and his daughter, bright-eyed Athene."

10. *Odysseus to Nestor* : " Nestor, pride of the Achaeans, a god could easily, if he wished, bestow horses even better than these, since the gods far excel in power. But these horses, of whom you ask, are newly-arrived from Thrace: and the brave

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Diomedes has slain their master, and twelve of his comrades besides." . . .

So saying, Odysseus drove the horses over the trench, triumphantly; and with them went the rest of the Achaeans, rejoicing. When they reached the well-built hut of Diomedes, they tied up the horses with the well-cut reins at the manger, where the swift-footed horses of Diomedes were standing, feeding on the delicious corn.

The horses of Achilles.

i. Patroclus arms taking the chariot and horses of Achilles.

He bade Automedon swiftly yoke the horses, Automedon whom next after Achilles the man-slayer he most honoured, and who was the most trustworthy man he could find to stand firm and bear the din of battle.

Automedon, as he asked, brought the swift horses under the yoke, Xanthos and Balios, who sped like the wind, whose sire Zephyr the West Wind begat them on Harpy Swiftfoot as she grazed in the meadow by the stream of Ocean. And in the traces he put Pegasus, a horse which Achilles had taken once when he captured the city of Eetion, and which, though mortal, accompanied the immortal steeds.

2. Pegasus, the mortal horse is killed.

Sarpedon missed Patroclus with his shining spear, attacking for the second time ; but he pierced the horse Pegasus with his spear in the right shoulder, and the horse neighed as he breathed forth his life, and fell down whinnying to the ground, and his spirit fled away.

The other pair rushed asunder, and the yoke creaked, and their reins were tangled up, because the trace-horse lay on the ground. But Automedon, famous spearman, found a means of stopping this : snatching his long-edged sword from his powerful thigh, he rushed forward and cut the trace-horse free without delay; the other pair straightened their course, and ran with

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the reins at full stretch; and again they went on together in the life-devouring struggle.

3. *After Patroclus has been killed the horses are stunned with grief.*

The horses of Achilles, standing apart from the fighting, wept, since now for the first time they learnt that their rider had been struck down by the manslaying Hector. Often indeed did Automedon, strong warrior, urge them with blows of the swift goad, and often he spoke to them with honeyed words, and often cursed them ; but the pair would not go back to the ships beside broad Hellespont, nor into battle after the Achaeans, but as a pillar stands firm, placed on a tomb in memory of a dead man or woman, so did they stay firmly with the beautiful chariot, their heads bowed toward the ground; and hot tears flowed from under their eyelids to the ground as they mourned the loss of their charioteer; and their strong-growing manes were soiled, escaping from the collar, and fell down on either side of the yoke.

4. *Zeus, seeing their sorrow, takes pity on them and gives them fresh strength, promising that they shall not be captured by Hector.*

With these words he granted goodly strength to the horses; and the pair, shaking the dust from their manes on to the ground, lightly bore the swift chariot towards the Trojans and Greeks. And mounted thereon Automedon fought, grieving as he was for his comrade, rushing on with his horses like a falcon after geese.

5. *Achilles decides to go into battle and avenge his friend's death. As he prepares, he reproaches the horses, and Xanthos is given speech:*

The horses were got ready by Automedon and Alcimus, who threw the bridle over their muzzles, and stretched out the reins behind, to the well-fitted car.

And Automedon, taking the shining goad, well-fitted to his

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hand, quickly mounted the chariot, and behind him, wearing his helmet, mounted Achilles, all-glittering in his armour like the brilliant sun above; and cruelly he called to the horses given him by his father:

"Xanthos and Balios, far-famed sons of Swiftfoot, let your promise to bring your charioteer safely back to the Achaean camp, when we have had enough of war, be better kept than when you left Patroclus dead on the field."

Then from under the yoke Xanthos, the horse with swift-moving feet, addressed him, and straightway bowed his head, and his whole mane escaping from the collar fell to the ground; and Hera, white-armed goddess, gave him speech:

"Yes, truly, still this day we will bring you back safely, mighty Achilles; but you must know, your day of doom is at hand. It is no fault of ours, but of the mighty God and powerful Fate. Nor was it through our slowness or sluggishness that the Trojans stripped the armour from the shoulders of Patroclus: it was that prince among the gods, whom fair-haired Leto bore (*Apollo*), who killed him among the champions and gave the credit to Hector. We too may run as fast as the breeze of Zephyr, which they say is the fleetest of all things; yet for you too it is fated to be overwhelmed by the might of a man helped by a god."

When he had thus spoken, the Furies took away his power of speech. Swift-footed Achilles angrily replied:

"Xanthos, why do you prophesy my doom? You have no need. I myself know it well, the fate that awaits me, to perish here far from my father and mother; but all the same, I shall not cease until I have made the Trojans have enough of war."

6. Achilles arranges the funeral games in honour of Patroclus. The first is to be a chariot-race, but he will not compete. He explains why, to the assembled Greeks:

"Agamemnon and you other well-greaved Achaeans, here stand these prizes for the chariot-driving contest. If we Achaeans

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were now competing on any other occasion, I would certainly win and carry off the first prize to my hut. For you know how far my horses excel, because they are immortal, and Poseidon gave them to my father Peleus, and my father entrusted them to me.

" But I shall stay here with my horses, since they have lost such a charioteer, their pride and joy, who was so kind to them : who many a time sprinkled olive oil on their manes when he had washed them down with clear water.

" They both stand, mourning for him, and their manes rest on the ground; yes, there they stand, suffering grief in their hearts. . . . "

The horses of Hector.

As in a storm the whole earth is turned black and sodden on an autumn day, when the rain pours furiously, because Zeus is enraged and is venting his anger on men who in the place of assembly deliver crooked judgements and banish justice, disregarding the will of Zeus ; and all the rivers are filled with the downpour and rush along, and the mountain torrents cleave many a hillside, roaring mightily as they rush down headlong from the mountains to the purple sea, laying waste the works of man (*so did Hector's mares rush into battle, neighing violently as they ran*).

112. DOGS

The Watch-Dogs.

While Odysseus and the swineherd Eumaeus are preparing breakfast in the hut, Odysseus' son Telemachus approaches :

And the dogs, that love to bark, fawned round Telemachus, and uttered no sound. Noble Odysseus noticed that the dogs were fawning, and the sound of footsteps came near. So he spoke a quick word to Eumaeus :

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" Eumaeus, surely someone is about to come here who is a friend or at any rate an acquaintance, because the dogs are not barking but are fawning on him. I hear the tread of his feet."

He had not yet finished speaking when his own son stood in the porch.

The dog Argos recognises his master.

*Eumaeus and Odysseus have reached the entrance to Odysseus'⁹ palace
They talk before entering:*

So went their conversation.

A dog lying there raised his head and pricked up his ears. This was Argos, who had belonged to enduring Odysseus. Odysseus had trained him himself once upon a time, but had left for Troy before he had had any advantage from his work. The young men had taken the dog with them in former days when they were hunting wild goats, or deer, or hares.

But now he lay neglected in his master's absence, on a dung-heap, the droppings of mules and oxen, which lay before the doors in piles, waiting for Odysseus' servants to take it away as manure for his wide estate. Here lay the dog Argos, full of vermin; but when he saw Odysseus near by, then indeed he wagged his tail and laid back both his ears, but he no longer had the strength to come any closer to his master.

His master, seeing him at a distance, wiped away a tear, unnoticed by the swineherd, and said to him :

" Eumaeus, it is amazing to see this dog lying on a dung-heap. He is well built; but I can't tell for certain whether he had speed in addition to his fine appearance, or whether he is like the house-dogs men keep at table, which their masters tend for the sake of their beauty."

Then the swineherd (*not yet aware that he was speaking to Odysseus himself*) replied:

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" Indeed, this dog belongs to a man who has died far from home. If only he were equal in form and power to what he was when Odysseus went to Troy, leaving him behind, you would soon see his speed and strength. No beast ever escaped his pursuit in the thickets of a deep wood ; he was an expert on the trail. But now his plight is sad : his master has perished far from his native land, and the women are neglectful and don't look after him. Servants, when their masters are no longer in control, lose their willingness to do their duty. Far-sighted Zeus robs a man of half his virtue when he brings upon him the life of a slave."

With these words he went into the well-built house, and walked straight into the hall where the noble Suitors were.

But the dog Argos lying there—at once the doom of death came upon him, when he had thus set eyes on Odysseus after nineteen years.

113. BIRDS

As the many tribes of winged birds—geese or cranes or long-necked swans in an Asiatic meadow, around the flowing waters of a river, fly hither and thither, glorying in their wings, and settle with loud clamour, and the meadow is full of their cries (*so did the tribes of Greeks gather on the plain*).

The mother-bird.

" As a bird brings to her unfledged chicks a beakful of food, whenever she can find it, but she remains badly off herself (*so did I, " complains Achilles, "watch and work for the ungrateful Greeks"*).

The Eagle.

Like a tawny eagle which swoops upon a flock of feathered fowl feeding beside a river—geese or cranes or long-necked swans——(*so did Hector swoop upon one of the Greek ships*).

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The Hawk and the Dove.

like a dove which, pursued by a hawk, flies in under a hollow rock, finding a niche—for Fate has not decreed her capture (*so did Artemis flee from the battle-field*).

Vultures.

They fought like vultures bent of claw and curved of beak, which on a lofty crag battle with loud screaming.

The Nightingale.

" As when the daughter of Pandareus, the brown nightingale, sings her lovely song when spring is new, sitting among the dense foliage of the wood; with many a trill she pours forth her infinitely-varied notes, lamenting Itylus, her dear son, whom once she slew with the sword in her reckless folly (" so," says Penelope, " is my heart troubled with doubts and fears ").

114. INSECTS

Flies.

Athene inspired the heart of Menelaus with the boldness of a fly, which however often it is driven off from a man's flesh, yet persists in stinging, for it finds human blood delicious.

Wasps.

Forthwith like wayside wasps, which have their nests by the highway, and which boys in their folly enrage by constant teasing, and so bring disaster on many: these, if a traveller passing by happens to disturb them unintentionally, one and all with brave heart fly out to defend their young (*so did the Myrmidons pour forth from the ships*).

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Bees.

As the tribes of innumerable bees go out from a hollow rock, ever coming forth anew, and they fly in clusters over the flowers of spring, some thronging here in flight, others there (*so did the Greeks gather in the place of assembly*).

Cicada.

The old men had given up going to war because of their age, but they were good speakers, like cicadas which in a wood sit on a tree and give forth a lily-note.

(Nobody knows why the cicada's note was likened to a lily.)

115. PR6TEUS AND THE SEALS

Menelaus, on his way home from Troy, is marooned on the island of Pharos, off the coast of Egypt, by the spite of the gods, who are angry with him for omitting a sacrifice. Later, after his safe return to Sparta, he tells his guest Tilemachus how he got away:

" The gods detained me there for twfenty days, and no breath of wind came over the sea, the kind of wind that carries ships over the broad surface of the water. All our goods, and the strength of my crew, would have been wasted away, if a goddess had not been sorry for me and taken pity on me—Eidothea, the daughter of mighty Prdteus, the Old Man of the Sea.

" Evidently I awakened some special feeling in her when she met me walking alone, far from my comrades—for they used to scatter over the island and fish all the time with bent hooks, because of the pressure of hunger. She came and stood close to me and said:

" ^c You must either be very foolish, stranger, or weak-minded—unless you are purposely giving in, and enjoy suffering

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hardships—since you stay marooned on this island, unable to devise any way of escape, while your comrades' courage dwindles/

" So she spoke. I replied:

"" I shall speak out, whichever of the goddesses you are : it is by no wish of mine that I am kept back here. I must have committed some offence against the immortals who dwell in the wide heavens. Willjw// please tell me—the gods know everything—which of them it is who shackles and hinders me from my voyage, and prevents my return home over the sea, home of fishes ?

" Thus I spoke. She of the race of goddesses replied at once :

" Certainly I will tell you, stranger, with all accuracy. This island is the home of the Old Man of the Sea, who is infallible—Proteus of Egypt, an immortal, who knows the depths of all the sea, a subject of Poseidon. They say he is my father. If you can manage to lie in wait for him and get him into your grip, he is the one who can tell you of your journey, the length of your voyage, and your return over the sea, home of fishes. And he can also tell you, noble prince, if you wish, what has happened in your home, both the bad and the good, while you have been pursuing your long and arduous journey.'

" So she spoke. I replied :

"" Will yoUy please, tell me how to ambush this divine Old Man, lest perhaps he may catch sight of me first, or guess my presence, and avoid the place ? It is hard for a mortal man to get the better of a god.'

" So I spoke. She, divine being, at once replied :

"" When the sun has reached mid-heaven in his course, then the Old Man, infallible seer, will come out of the sea, under cover of the dark ripple stirred by the westerly breeze. When he has emerged, he sleeps under the roof of a hollow cave, and round him are the flippered seals, children of the briny wave, who having risen up out of the surf sleep all together; and they give off a pungent smell of deep-sea water. At daybreak, I will take you there and make a bed for you and your companions in a row.

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You must choose carefully three of your crew, the best you have on board your well-benched ships. Now I must explain the Old Man's tricks. First he will count his seals, going round them one by one; then, when he has counted them all and made sure of them, he will lie down in their midst, like a shepherd among his flock....'

(She explains to Menelaus how to proceed. Next morning at day-break he comes to meet her as arranged, bringing three of his crew)

" Thereupon she rose out of the broad surface of the sea, below which she had vanished; and she brought with her four sealskins, which had all been recently taken—for she planned to play a trick on her father. She scooped out places for us to lie in on the sands ; and then she sat and waited.

" When we had come up to her, she bedded us down in a row, and threw a skin over each of us. This ambush looked like being a terrible affliction, because the pernicious smell of the sea-nurtured seals distressed us cruelly—who would choose to sleep with a monster of the briny ?—but the goddess thought of a great boon, which saved us : she brought ambrosia and placed it under each man's nose, so that its sweet perfume killed the smell of the sea-monster.

" All morning we waited patiently. Then the seals came up in troops out of the sea, and lay down in rows on the edge of the shore. At noon, the Old Man came out of the sea, and found the massive seals, and went up to each in turn and counted them. He counted us first among the animals, and had no idea of the deception. Then he too lay down.

" Then with a shout we rushed upon him and flung our arms round him. But the Old Man did not forget his cunning art: first he changed into a well-maned lion, then into a serpent, then into a panther and a huge boar; he also turned into running water and a tree with lofty foliage. But we held on to him firmly with steadfast will. Tired at last of his tricks, the Old Man addressed me:

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" ' Who, Menelaus son of Atreus, has taught you the devices of the gods, and enabled you to ambush and catch me against my wish ? What do you want ?

(Menelaus then asked him his questions ; and PrSteus told him all he wished to know)

116. THE CYCLOPS AND HIS RAM

The Cyclops is now blinded. Odysseus plans a way of escape for his men

As I considered, I decided on a plan which seemed to me the best. There were fine fat rams with thick fleece, large, handsome animals with dusky wool. These I quietly tied together with well-plaited withies, taken from those on which the Cyclops slept, the great, wicked monster. I tied them three by three, so that the middle one could carry a man and the other two could run one on each side, carrying my men to safety. Thus three rams carried each of my crew; but I had to do something different.

There was one ram, the pride of the flock. I seteed him by the back, and rolling myself up under his belly I stayed there, clinging patiently and resolutely with my hands twisted in his wonderfully thick fleece.

So for the time, lamenting, we waited for heavenly Dawn.

When early-rising, rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the rams made a rush for their pastures, and the ewes were bleating un-milked in the folds, for their udders were teeming with milk. The Cyclops, tortured with dire pains, felt the backs of all the rams as they stood there; but the poor fool did not notice that the men were tied under the breasts of the rams with their thick fleece.

Last of all the flock came my ram, hampered by the weight of his wool, and by me, his anxious passenger. The monster Polyphemus, feeling him, thus addressed him :

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" My tenderly-nurtured ram, why do you move through the cave like this, the last of the flock ? Never before did you **let** the others leave you behind: you were always the first to go and graze on the tender heads of grass, prancing with your long strides ; you were the first to reach the flowing rivers, and first to yearn to come home to the steading in the evening. But now you are by far the last. Are you sorrowing for your master's lost eye, which a wicked man has blinded, helped by his hateful comrades, when he had overcome my senses with wine ?—Notnan was his name, and I think he has not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if only you could think like me and could become articulate, so that you could tell me where he is hiding from my might! Then his brains would be scattered all over the cave when I dashed him to the ground, and my heart would have relief from the bitter pain which Noman, puny creature, has inflicted on me! "

So saying, he drove the ram away from him to the entrance. And when we had gone a short distance from the cave and the steading, I first let go of my ram, and then released my men; and swiftly we drove the long-limbed sheep, laden with fat, towards the ship, turning round many times.

117. WHAT HERODOTUS SAW AND HEARD IN EGYPT

It is unlawful in Egypt to sacrifice domestic animals, with the exception of pigs, bulls and he-calves (if perfect), and geese.

• • • • •

Egypt, being contiguous to the Libyan desert, is not rich in wild animals. Those it has are all regarded as sacred; some are domesticated, others not. . . .

The law regarding animals is as follows :

Keepers, male and female, are appointed to care for the maintenance of each separate species, and this office is hereditary. These groups, each in their own city, carry out the following

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ceremony: offering up a prayer to the god to whom the particular animal is sacred, they shave their children's heads, either the whole, or a half, or a third, and weigh the hair in a balance against silver; whatever the corresponding weight of the silver, this is given by each parent to the priestess who has charge of the animals; she cuts off fish to the same value and gives it to the animals for food. Such are the arrangements for maintenance.

If anyone kills one of these animals voluntarily, the penalty is death; if involuntarily, he pays a penalty prescribed by the priests. But if the creature killed is an IBIS or a HAWK, the penalty is death, whether the action is voluntary or accidental.

A vast number of animals are maintained as pets by the people; and the number would be much greater if it were not for the fate of the he-CATS. When the females have kittens, they no longer go out to the males; and the males are prevented from the desired intercourse. They therefore have recourse to a stratagem; they snatch the kittens from their mothers and carrying them off destroy them—though they do not eat them after they have killed them. The mothers, deprived of their kittens and longing for more, are thus induced to visit the males—for the species is fond of young.

Whenever a fire breaks out, an amazing fate overtakes the male cats : the Egyptians post themselves at intervals and mount guard over the cats, neglecting to put out the fire; but the he-cats slip through their guard and leaping over the men's heads jump into the fire. On such occasions, great mourning overwhelms the Egyptians.

Whenever in a private house a CAT dies a natural death, the inmates all shave off just their eyebrows ; whenever a DOG dies, they shave their whole body and their head. The cats after death are transported to sacred buildings, where they are, interred after mummification, in the city of Boubastis. Similarly the dogs are buried by their keepers in their own city, in sacred coffins. In the same way as the dogs, LIZARDS are buried. FIELD-MICE and HAWKS are conveyed to Boutous, and the IBIS to Hermopolis.

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BEARS (which are rare), and WOLVES (which are not much bigger than foxes) are buried wherever they are found lying.

The nature of the CROCODILE is as follows : for the four winter months it eats nothing. Though a quadruped, it is also amphibious. It lays eggs on the ground and hatches them, and passes the greater part of the day on land, and the whole night in the river, because the water is warmer than the dewy night air. Of all creatures known to me, this one grows from the smallest size to the largest: the eggs are not much larger than those of geese, and the young correspond to the egg in size, but as it grows the creature attains to thirty feet or more. It has the eyes of a pig, and large projecting teeth, but it is the only creature that has developed no tongue. Also, it does not move the lower jaw, but—unique among animals in this respect too—brings the upper jaw down upon the lower. It has powerful claws, and a scaly, invulnerable skin on its back. Blind in the water, it is extremely sharp-sighted on land.

Feeding as it does in the water, the crocodile has the inside of its jaws covered with leeches. The other creatures, both bird and beast, avoid the crocodile, with the exception of the plover, which, being useful to it, enjoys friendly relations with it. When the crocodile leaves the water for the land, it yawns (usually facing the west); and the plover then goes into its jaws and eats up the leeches. The crocodile, gratified by this service, does no harm to the plover.

To some of the Egyptians the crocodile is sacred; others on the contrary treat it as an enemy. Those who live round Thebes and Lake Moeris regard it with particular reverence; each of these peoples rears one crocodile chosen from the mass; this one has been trained to tameness : they insert plugs of gold or glass into its ears and shackle its front paws. It is given special food and sacrifices, and is treated to the best possible existence. When it dies, it is buried, after mummification, in a sacred coffin. Those who live round Elephantine, however, do not regard the crocodile as sacred, and even eat it.

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Methods of hunting the crocodile are many and various; the one I consider most worth describing, I now record: The crocodile-hunter, using a chine of pork on a hook as bait, sets it down in mid-stream, and himself, staying on the bank, beats a live pig. The crocodile, hearing the squealing, makes for it, and coming across the chine of pork, swallows. The hunters then haul. When the crocodile is hauled out on to the land, the hunter approaches first and plasters its eyes with mud. If this is done, the rest is quite easily accomplished, but otherwise only with difficulty.

The HIPPOPOTAMUS (" river-horse ") is regarded as sacred by dwellers in the district Papremite, but not by the rest of the Egyptians. Its characteristics are as follows : it is a quadruped, cloven-hoofed like the ox, blunt-nosed, with a horse's mane, and tusks ; it has a horse's tail and neigh, and is the size of the largest species of bull. Its skin is so thick that this when dried is used to make spears.

There are also OTTERS in the river; they are regarded as sacred. The Egyptians consider certain fish also—the carp and the eel—as sacred. These are dedicated to the river Nile, as is also the Egyptian goose.

There is another sacred bird called the PHOENIX. I have not seen it, except in pictures, because of course it comes but rarely—at intervals of five hundred years, so the people of Heliopolis say. It visits them, they say, on the death of its father. If it is like its portraits, its shape and size most resemble the eagle, and its plumage is partly golden, partly red. The Egyptians describe—not that I believe the story—the contrivance by which the Phoenix brings its father's corpse, encased in myrrh, from Arabia to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, in order to bury it there: first the Phoenix fashions an egg made of myrrh, as large as it can carry; then it tests its ability to carry the egg. When it succeeds, it then hollows out the egg and places its father's corpse inside; then with other myrrh it builds up the ball to the weight it was before it was hollowed out and the

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corpse inserted. This being done, the Phoenix conveys **the ball** to Egypt and to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Such is their account of this bird's activities.

There are in the neighbourhood of Thebes sacred SNAKES, completely harmless to man; they are small, and have two horns growing from the tops of their heads. When they die, they are buried in the Temple of Zeus, in the belief that they are sacred to this deity.

There is a district of Arabia lying very near the city of Boutous. I visited this district to make investigations regarding the WINGED SNAKES. On arrival, I saw the bones and spines of snakes innumerable ; there were also cairns of bones, some large, some less so, some smaller again, these last being very numerous. This district of the scattered bones is a narrow mountain pass giving on to a great plain. Legend says that in the spring the winged snakes fly from Arabia towards Egypt, and the birds called IBIS meet them in this narrow pass, and opposing their invasion, kill them. Hence, sp the Arabs say, the great honour in which the ibis is held in Egypt; and the Egyptians concur.

The ibis is of an intense black, with the legs of a crane and with a markedly curved beak; it is the size of a corncrake. Such is the appearance of the black ibis, the one that fights the snakes ; but the common variety (there are two) is bald of head and neck, and has white plumage except for these parts and its wing-tips and rear, which are intensely black; its legs and beak are like those of the other ibis. The snake is like the water-serpent; its wings are not feathered but are very like those of the bat.

Such is my account of the sacred animals of Egypt.

Htrodotus

118. ADVICE TO THE YOUNG HORSEMAN

As it happens, I have spent many years as a horseman. Believing myself, therefore, to have a sound knowledge of

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horsemanship, I should like to explain to my juniors the most correct methods of dealing with horses, according to my view. •. .

First I shall write on the best way of avoiding being cheated when buying a horse. A still unbroken colt obviously must be thoroughly examined as to his physique; sure proof of his disposition will not be forthcoming until he gets his mount.

Now the first rule for a physical examination is : look at his feet. Just as a house is no good, however handsome the superstructure, if the foundations are not properly laid, so too a horse meant for war service may have all the other virtues, but if his feet are faulty, he is no good, because he cannot make use of his other good points.

The way to examine the feet is :

(He proceeds to give the points of a horse in detail from the hooves upward.)

Xenophon

119. GOATS

(Sec Plate 3 A)

We feed on every kind of leaf, oak, arbutus, fir-trees ;
We nibble off the tender shoots, and take what else we please;
The broom, the fragrant moss, the leafy climbing bean as well
The willow, buck-thorn, beech and sage, rock-rose and asphodel,
The olive too, the squill, the ash, the fig, sea-oak and heather,
Ivy and thyme and savory—we eat up all together 1

Eupolis

120. THE PEACOCK

Never may I a peacock keep,
Who rouses everyone from sleep !

Eupolis

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121. THE SNAIL

How well-endowed a creature is the snail I
For when he finds he has a wicked neighbour,
He just picks up his house and moves elsewhere,
Carefree, avoiding always wicked men.

Philemon

122. THE PIG

Of all the animals, the only one
Henceforth who should be slaughtered, is the pig :
Its flesh is so delicious ! Otherwise
It gives us only bristles, mud and squeal.

Plato Comicus

123. THE FAITHFUL ELEPHANT

An Indian driver happened on a young white elephant, which he took over and gradually tamed, and which he used to ride.

The Emperor of India, hearing of it, asked to have it; but its owner, jealous as a lover, and indeed greatly distressed at the idea of its having another master, refused to hand it over. Mounting his elephant, he went off into the wilds.

The Emperor was furious, and sent men to take the elephant and bring its master for punishment. When these men found the pair, they attempted force; the man therefore aimed missiles at them from his high seat, and the animal helped in the defence against injustice.

Eventually the man was wounded and slipped from the elephant's back; but the elephant stood over his master like a warrior defending another with his shield in battle, and killed many of their assailants and routed the rest.

Then he wrapped his trunk round his master, picked him up and took him home, and stayed with him like one faithful friend with another.

Aelian

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124. THE FAITHFUL DOG

A certain merchant was on his way from one city to another to make some purchases for his trade. With him he took money, his servant and his dog.

Early on the journey, the servant turned aside to satisfy a need of nature, and the dog accompanied him. The servant put down the package, and forgetting to pick it up again, went off without it •

The dog lay down on the money and stayed there without stirring.

When the master and servant reached their destination, they had to return without buying anything, as they had no means of paying; so they turned back along the same route, passing the place where the servant had left the purse; and there they found their dog lying on it, scarcely breathing, almost dead of hunger.

When the dog saw his master and his fellow-servant, he lifted himself off the package, and resigned at the same moment his trust and his life.

Aelian

125. THE HEDGEHOG

A fox knows many tricks ; a hedgehog only one—but what a big one!

Zenobius

(Pid proverb, said to go back to HOMER.)

126. "I THINK I COULD TURN AND LIVE WITH ANIMALS . . ."

Thrice blessed, yea, thrice-happy company
Of animals, untroubled by such thoughts I
Not one of them need ever face a test,
Nor have they any other similar ill

FLORA AND FAUNA

Self-chosen; but whatever nature each
Has been endowed with, this to him is law.
We men have made our life unbearable:
We have invented laws, we are the slaves
Of other men's opinions—ancestors,
Posterity. We have invented reasons
For misery, and we cannot fail to find it.

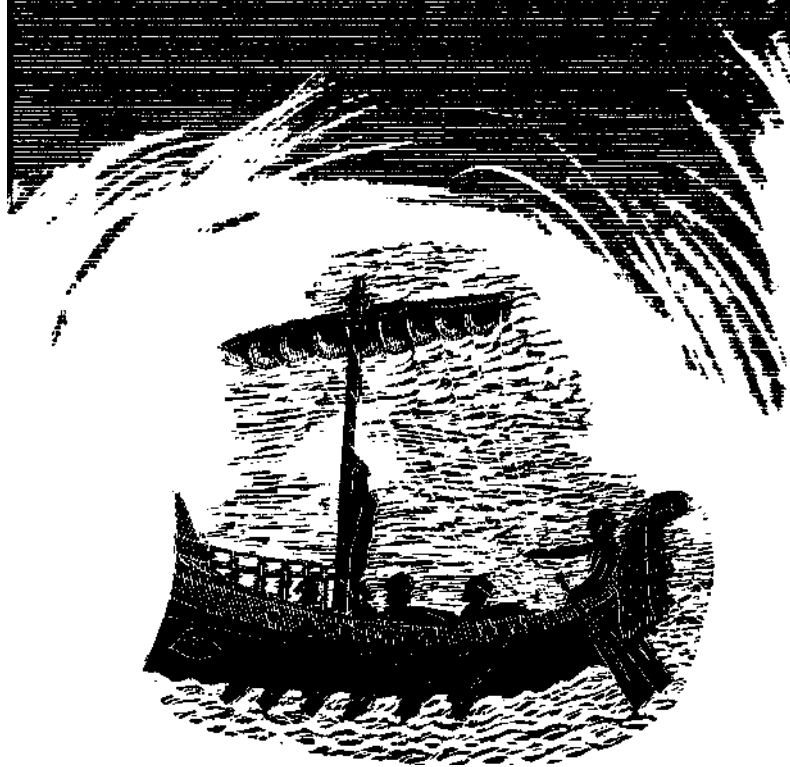
Philemon

127. ANIMALS, UNLIKE MAN, ARE TRUE TO TYPE

Oh, why did the Creator, who, they say,
Made us and all the other creatures, give
To animals, each kind, a single nature ?
The race of lions all are valorous ;
The tribe of hares, again, are cowards all.
You do not find, in foxes, one dissembling,
Another honest; if you bring together
Three times ten thousand foxes, you will see
One single nature run throughout them all.
But in the human race, so many persons
Mean just so many different characters.

Philemon

the Sea



VI

THE SEA

128. PURE ABLUTION

The sea cleanses all mortal ills.

Euripides

129. THE SEA IN HOMER

In the 'Iliad' the movements and sounds of an army are likened to the waves.

The Argives shouted loudly, a sound like that of a wave against a high headland, when the southerly gale comes and drives the waves against a jutting rock, and they never leave it, driven as they are by every sort of wind coming from every quarter.

When on a loud-sounding beach comes wave after wave of the sea, under the driving force of the west wind: first the wave raises its crest out to sea, then, breaking against the land, it roars loudly, and round the headlands curving it rises to a head and spews forth its salty foam (*so did the Greek army move rank upon ranky into battle*).

Man looking out to sea.

As far as a man sees when, sitting on a rock, he strains his eyes to the misty distance, gazing out over the wine-purple sea. . . .

The sailors and the home fire.

As when the flames of a fire spring into sight for sailors out at sea, as it blazes up on the mountains in a lonely farmstead;

THE GREEK WAY

but they to their sorrows are swept away by gusts of wind over the sea, home of fishes, far from their dear ones. . . .

Sea-angling: the bait.

Swift-footed Iris rose up to take the message, and leapt into the dark sea between Samos and rocky Imbros; and the waters moaned over the place. She sped to the bottom like the lead weight which, riding on the piece of bull's horn, speeds down bearing doom to ravenous fish.

130. THE VOYAGE

Arrival.

Meanwhile Odysseus reached the island of Chryse, bringing the sacred hecatomb.

When they came into the deep harbour, they furled the sail and laid it in the black ship, and they dropped the mast into its holder, lowering it quickly by means of the forestays ; and they rowed the ship forward with the oars to her anchorage. Over the side they heaved the mooring-stones, and made fast the stern cables ; over the side they stepped themselves, on to the shore at the waves' edge; over the side they drove the hecatomb for far-shooting Apollo; and over the side stepped Chryseis, leaving the sea-going ship.

Return.

When the sun had set and darkness had come on, then they went to rest beside the stern-cables of the ship.

And when the early-rising, rosy-fingered Dawn had appeared, then again they put to sea on their voyage to the widespread camp of the Achaeans; and Apollo, worker from afar, sent them a following breeze. They set up the mast, and spread the white sail, and the wind bellied out the sail in the middle, and on either side of the ship's stem the dark-blue wave sang loudly as

W.
•V



PLATE 7- BANQUETING-SCENES

{*Illustrating Extract No. 232*}

From a kylix (drinking-cup) now in the British Museum.



PLATE 8. BANQUETING-SCENE

{Illustrating Extract No. 230}

Drawing by Laurent of a Boeotian cantharus (handled drinking beaker) in Athens.

THE SEA

the vessel went her way; and she sped over the wave, accomplishing her voyage.

And when they came to the wide camp of the Achaeans, they drew the black ship up to the land, high on to the shore, and beneath her they set in a line the long props. Then they themselves scattered among the tents and the ships.

Homer

131. SHIPWRECK

Odysseus was twice shipwrecked: once when he lost his own ship with all hands ; and a second time in the boat which he had built for himself.

The first shipwreck : Scylla and Charybdis.

Circe, describing to Odysseus his future journey home, tells of the two monsters that guard the straits through which he must soon pass :

" There are two rocks : one reaches up to high heaven with its sharp pinnacle, and a blue-black cloud sits astride it—a cloud which never leaves it : there is never clear sky about its summit, either in summer or in winter. No mortal man could climb it or stand on it even if he had twenty hands and feet, for it is bare rock, as if polished all round. Half-way up the middle is a misty cave, facing westward towards night; past this you must steer your smooth ship, noble Odysseus. Not even a vigorous man shooting an arrow from the ship could reach the hollow cave. Here dwells SCYLLA, dreadfully howling. Her voice, I assure you, is no louder than that of a new-born puppy, but she herself is a dire monster. Nobody could feel pleasure at the sight of her, even if he were a god who came upon her.

" She has, you must understand, twelve hideous limbs, and six necks of enormous length, and on each neck a frightful head, each with a triple row of teeth, many and close-set and full of black death. She lurks in the centre of the hollow cave and pokes out her heads from its dread depth; and there she fishes, searching eagerly round the rock, for dolphins and sea-dogs, and if she can

THE GREEK WAY

catch it, one of the larger monsters of the deep, such as are nurtured in countless numbers by loud-wailing Amphitrite. Never yet can sailors boast that they have passed her by unscathed in their ship: she snatches off from the dark-prowed ship a man for each of her heads, and bears him away.

"The next rock you will see is lower, Odysseus. The two rocks are quite close together: you could shoot an arrow across. On this other one is a fig-tree covered with foliage, and under it the goddess CHARYBDIS sucks back the dark water. Three times a day she spews it forth, and three times she sucks it in, a dread sight: you must not be found there when she is drawing back the water, for then not even Poseidon the Earth-Shaker himself could save you from destruction. You must hug Scylla's rock and shoot past swiftly; it is far better to lose six of your ship's crew than all together."

After further instructions from Circe, Odysseus and his crew set sail. When they have safely passed the island of the Sirens, they approach Scylla and Charybdis.

As soon as we had left the island behind, I saw at once the spume and the great swell, and heard the roaring of the water. The sailors in terror let the oars fly out of their hands, and these fell with a splash into the current; the ship came to a standstill, because the crew were no longer plying their oars. But I went from stem to stern encouraging⁴ the men with honeyed words, standing beside each in turn:

"My friends, we are not without experience of hardships already. This is no worse than when the Cyclops penned us with violent force in his hollow cave. Yet we escaped even from there, through my courage and resourcefulness and wit, and I think we shall remember these happenings, some day, and tell the story.

"Now come, let us all do as I say. You must sit on your benches and strike the deep sea into surf with your oars, in the

THE SEA

hope that Zeus will grant us escape and salvation from this doom at any rate; and, steersman, these are my instructions to you : bear them well in mind as you ply the rudder of the smooth ship : keep the ship outside this spume and swell, and make for Scylla's rock, lest the ship get out of your control and take a plunge in the direction of the whirlpool, and bring us to destruction."

So I spoke, and they quickly obeyed my orders. I said nothing yet about Scylla, the inevitable bane, lest in their terror the crew should abandon their rowing and cower close together in the ship. At that point I ignored the instructions of Circe that did not suit me : she had not told me to put on any armour, but I donned my handsome armour and took two long spears in my hands and stepped on to the forward deck, from which I hoped to get the first sight of the cave-dwelling Scylla, who was preparing to harm my crew; but I could not see her anywhere. I strained my eyes, peering every way into the misty interior of the cave.

We sailed along through the strait, groaning aloud in terror—for on one side was Scylla, and on the other the goddess Charybdis was sucking down the boiling waters of the sea, a dreadful sight. When she belched them out again, the whole sea, like a cauldron on a huge fire, boiled up in foam as it swirled; and above, the spray fell on to the tops of both the rocks. But when she gulped back the briny sea-water, then the whole inner side of the eddying mass was revealed, the rock was enveloped with the dreadful roaring, and below, the sea-bed, dark with sand, was exposed. The crew were seized with pallid fear.

We looked towards the whirlpool, dreading destruction. Meanwhile, Scylla had swooped : she snatched six of my crew out of the hollow ship, those who were best with hands and in strength; and as I turned my gaze towards the ship and towards my crew, at once I saw their hands and feet as they dangled above; and they raised their voices, calling me by my name for the last time, in their agony. As when a fisherman on a rocky point, fishing with a long rod, casts down bait to deceive the fish, few

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as they are, and lets down the piece of bull's horn into the water; and then when he has caught them he throws them on the ground and they lie gasping: so did my comrades hang gasping near the rocks ; and there at the cave entrance she swallowed them as they screamed and stretched out their hands to me in their dreadful torment.

That was the most piteous sight I have ever seen with my own eyes, of all those which I have encountered in my laborious voyages over the sea.

After landing in Sicily and committing an offence against the Sun-God by killing his cattle', the sailors are punished by destruction in a final shipwreck :

When we were leaving that island behind, and no trace of land was any longer visible, but only sky and sea, then finally Zeus planted a blue-black cloud over the ship, and the sea grew dark beneath her.

Her course was soon ended : suddenly there came a howling westerly gale, rushing along in a mighty hurricane. A squall of wind snapped off both the forestays of the mast, and the mast fell backward, and all the tackle was strewn about in the hold. The mast itself struck the head of the steersman where he sat in the stern, and smashed his whole skull to pieces ; like a diver he fell down from the deck, and his brave soul left his frame. At the same moment Zeus thundered and flung his bolt on to the ship. She spun completely round under the blow of the thunder-bolt, and was filled with sulphurous fumes; and the crew fell overboard. They were borne like sea-crows round the dark ship on the waves ; and God denied them their return home.

I was running to and fro on the ship when a mass of water tore the sides away from the keel; and the wave stripped the vessel and carried her away. The mast was smashed off against the keel, and on it fell the back-stay made of ox-hide. With this I tied the mast and the keel together, and sitting on these I was borne along by the cruel winds. When the west wind ceased its

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gusty blowing, then there came immediately a southerly gale, bringing distress to my soul, to carry me back and make me once again pass murderous Charybdis.

All night long I drifted, and at sunrise I reached the rock of Scylla, and dread Charybdis who was sucking in the briny waters of the sea. I was flung high up on to the tall fig-tree; and there I hung, clinging on like a bat. I could not plant my feet anywhere on the ground, nor could I climb higher up into the tree : the roots were far below, and the branches, long and stout, were high above, overshadowing the pool. Still I held on resolutely, waiting for Charybdis to spew forth my mast and keel again; and at last they were carried back to me, as I had hoped. At the hour when a magistrate rises to leave the public square and go home to supper, when he has finished deciding the many disputes arising between litigants: at that hour the timbers were at last thrown up again by Charybdis. I flung out hands and feet and leapt from above, and fell with a splash across the middle of the long timbers ; sitting on them I paddled through the strait, using my hands. Scylla, however, was not allowed by Zeus, father of gods and men, to catch sight of me this time : otherwise I should not have escaped a cruel death.

When I had drifted thence for nine days, on the tenth night the gods brought me to the island of Ogygia, where dwells the fair-tressed Calypso, a majestic goddess who nevertheless spoke like a woman. She loved me and looked after me.—But why do I tell this long story ? Yesterday, too, I spent indoors telling my story to you and the Queen your wife. It is not to my mind to repeat a story already clearly told.

The second shipwreck : off the land of the Phaeacians.

Odysseus, sailing from Calypso's island in his home-made boat, is struck by a storm raised by his enemy Poseidon, god of the sea.

As he thus spoke, a great wave drove down on him from above, a dreadful rushing wave, and shattered his boat. He

THE GREEK WAY

himself fell out of it and was carried away, and the steering-paddle slipped out of his grasp. His mast was broken by a terrible impact as the gusts of various winds caught it, and the sail-cloth and the yard-arm fell far away into the deep.

Odysseus was submerged for a long time by the wave, and could not rise because of the force of the great wave, and because the clothes which Calypso had given him weighed him down. At last he came up, and spat out from his mouth the bitter brine which was pouring down from his head. Yet even so, he did not forget his boat, hard-pressed though he was; striking through the waves after it, he caught hold of it, and sat on it in the middle, warding off the doom of death.

The great wave tossed the boat this way and that on the current: just as when in autumn the north wind carries thistle-down over the countryside, and the seeds cling thickly to one another, so did the winds carry the boat this way and that over the main. Sometimes the southerly gale tossed him over to the north wind as a plaything, at another time again the east wind gave him over to the west wind to hunt down.

At this point the sea-goddess Ino takes pity on him and rising out of the sea beside him in the form of a sea-gull, perches on the boat. She advises him to leave the shattered boat, and gives him her scarf as a life-belt. The ever-cautious Odysseus is afraid to do as she suggests in case this is a trick. But circumstances decide for him.

While he was revolving these thoughts in his mind, Poseidon the Earth-Shaker sent a great wave against him, a terrible, dreadful wave, overhanging him, and bore him down. As when a storm-wind disturbs a heap of dry husks, and scatters it in all directions, so did the wave scatter the long timbers and planks of his boat. But Odysseus climbed on to one of the timbers, as if riding a horse astride, and stripped off the clothes which the goddess Calypso had given him. And at once he tied Ino's scarf under his breast, and jumped headlong into the sea, spreading out his hands and striving to swim.

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His enemy Poseidon now reluctantly gives up persecuting him ; and Athene his patron goddess arranges to still the waters and create a calm.

Thence twd nights and two days he drifted over the resistant wave, and often his heart predicted death. But when fair-tressed Dawn had created yet a third day, thereupon the wind fell and there was a windless calm; and he saw land quite near, as he peered keenly ahead, raised upon the crest of a mighty wave. As a father's return ,to life is welcome to his' children, when he has lain a long while in sickness, suffering dire pains and wasting away, and a cruel doom is decreed, yet after all the gods grant him a welcome release from his disease: so did Odysseus welcome the sight of the earth and the trees and he swam hard, kicking with his feet, in his desire to step out on to dry land.

But when he was near enough to be heard if he shouted, he heard the thunder of the sea against the rocks. A great wave, a terrible breaker, was roaring against the shore, and all was drenched in briny spray. There were no harbours to take ships, no roadsteads; there were only jutting cliffs and rocks and boulders. Then Odysseus' knees gave way, and he lost heart; and full of anger he communed with his great spirit:

" Alas I Now that Zeus has granted me the unhoped-for sight of land, and I have accomplished the passage across the deep waters, nowhere is there any place to be seen where I can step out of the grey waters on to the land. Yonder are sharp boulders, and round them the wave roars and spumes; a smooth cliff rises sheer, and about it the sea is deep, with no place on which to set one's two feet and escape from harm. I am afraid lest when I try to climb out, a great wave will hurl me against the hard rock, and my plunge will be disastrous. Yet if I swim on still further, to see if I can find a beach on which the waves break less directly, and a harbourage from the sea, I am afraid lest a squall may snatch me away and carry me out to sea, the home of fishes, again, to my despair; or perhaps even a great sea-monster may rush at me out of the ocean, the kind that are reared in hundreds by Her

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Majesty Queen Amphitrite: because I know how His Majesty the Earth-Shaker Poseidon loathes me."

While he was revolving these thoughts in his mind and heart, a great wave carried him towards the rugged coast. Then his skin would have been ripped off and his bones smashed to powder, if keen-eyed Athene had not taken heed for him. With a great effort he swam forward and grasped a rock with both hands, and clung to it groaning, until the great wave had passed by.

And so he managed to escape this wave, but it caught him again as it receded, and flung him far back into the sea. As when an octopus is dragged out from his lair, and many pebbles stick to his suckers, so too, as Odysseus clung to the rocks, the skin was ripped off his strong hands; and the great wave overwhelmed him.

Then indeed Odysseus would have perished miserably if Athene had not granted him good sense. Rising up out of the wave as the breakers roared against the land, he swam parallel, keeping his eye on the shore, to see if he could find a shelving bank and a harbourage. Presently he reached the mouth of a fair-flowing river as he swam, and this seemed to him the best place: it was clear of rocks, and there was shelter from the wind. He realised that it was a flowing stream, and prayed to it silently:

"Hear me, river-lord, whoever thou art: I come to thee as a helpless suppliant, escaping from the ocean and from the threats of Poseidon. Compassion is due even from the immortal gods to a man who is a wanderer and comes as I do to thy stream in supplication after many toils. Have pity, lord! I fling myself on thy mercy."

So he spoke; and the river-god at once stopped his flow and checked the wave, and created a calm before him, and took him safely into the river estuary. Odysseus' knees and his strong arms were bent, for his strength had been crushed by the sea. All his flesh stank, and sea water gushed through his mouth and

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nose. He lay breathless and speechless, fainting with weakness and the fatigue that overcame him.

But when he had got back his breath and his consciousness returned, he then undid the goddess Ino's scarf from his body, and let it go into the seaward-flowing river. A great wave drew it back downstream, and Ino at once received it and took it in her own hands.

Odysseus, crawling out of the river, lay down under a bush, and he kissed the bountiful earth.

132. VOYAGE PERILOUS

From Greece to the Black Sea.

Two strangers have arrived on the shore of the Tauric Peninsula (the Crimea). The Chorus of Greek women wonder how they have made the long and dangerous journey.

Tell me, ye dark, dark narrows of the sea,
Where from her home that winged torment drave
The Argive 10—gave
Asia for Europe, and the Unfriendly wave :
Who can they be, ah say, who can they be ?
Have they left behind a home in Sparta, where
Flow among reeds Eurotas' waters fair,
Or Thebes, where Dirce's sacred spring
Rises—and have they made their long, long journeying
To this barbarian shore,
Where to the honour of the Maid Divine
Altar and columned shrine
Are red with human gore ?

Why have they sailed their ship with double beat
Of pine-wood oar that cleaves the swelling main
And linen sails that strain
Before the breeze ? Was it in hope to gain

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Wealth for their homes ? Truly, the hope is sweet,
Insatiable, that on their toil attends,
And on their mortal rivalries, and sends
Men far away who strive to bring
A mass of treasure home, and in their wandering
Cross seas and foreign lands.
The will that drives them ever is the same;
But some misjudge their aim :
Wealth flows to other hands.

How did they pass the Clashing Rocks, and miss
The sleepless strands of Phineas, running free
Over the breakers by the coast, where sing
The fifty Nereids dancing in a ring,
While breezes swell the sails, and waters hiss
Astern beside the well-set steering-oar,
As the ship flees before
The west wind or the south, past the White Shore,
Achilles' racing-ground, bird-haunted, fair,
By the Unfriendly Sea ?

Euripides

133. THALASSA!

After months of retreat northward from Mesopotamia over the high plateau of Armenia, the Greek army under Xenophon reaches the Black Sea.

Thence they marched for four days (about sixty miles) to a great and prosperous city called Gymnias. The ruler of this city sent them a guide to take them through enemy country; and this man on his arrival declared that he would bring them within five days to a place from which they would see the sea. If he failed, he said, his life should be forfeit....

They reached the mountain (the name of which was Theches) on the fifth day. When the vanguard had climbed to the summit,

THE SEA

a great clamour arose. Xenophon and the rearguard, when they heard it, thought that the enemy were attacking their van....

But when the shouting grew louder and nearer, and the men who were behind kept running up and joining those who were shouting, so that the noise increased with the increasing numbers, Xenophon thought that it must be something more serious; and mounting his horse and taking the cavalry with him, he rode to their aid. And quite soon they heard the soldiers shouting "THE SEA, THE SEA!" and passing the word along.

At that, all ran forward, even the rearguard, and the pack-animals were driven up and the horses. And when all had reached the summit, there they embraced one another and their commanding officers and their captains, as their tears flowed.

And suddenly, somebody having given the word, the men began bringing stones and making a great cairn, and on it they laid a pile of raw-hide shields and staffs and the wicker targets which had been captured....

Later, they sent back the guide with presents from the common stock: a horse, a silver cup, a Persian costume and ten gold pieces.

Xenophon

134. THE LAND-LUBBER

How sweet, mother, to gaze upon the sea
From the dry land—for one who need not voyage 1

Archippus

135. THE DISGRUNTLED SAILOR

How wretched he who leads a seaman's life!
Sailors are always seekers. Better go
A hundred miles afoot than sail a yard!
Why go to sea when you can buy a rope
Better be poor on land than rich at sea I

Antipbams

i.e. to hang yourself with.

THE GREEK WAY

136. THE EXILES' GRAVE

We who lie here, who left behind Aegean's thundering wave,
And to Ecbatana's mid-plain journeyed to find a grave,
Bid famed Eretria, once our home, a long farewell, and thee,
Athens, Euboea's neighbour, and the beloved sea.

(attributed to) *Plato*

Town and Country Life



VII

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

137. ATHENS

O city of the violet crown, whose name in song shall dwell,
Stay of Hellas, glorious Athens, divine-built citadel i

Pindar

138. ATHENS, FLOWER OF CITIES ALL

If you haven't seen Athens, you're a blockhead.
If you've seen and not courted her, you're a jackass.
If you've won her and bolted, you're a packass.

Lysippus

She is of all Greek cities like the rose :
Sweet-scented, and yet harbouring a thorn.

Lysippus

Dicaearchus, quoting the above in his " Description of Greece ", wrote :

" In general, as the other cities excel the country in regard to the amenities and improvements of existence, so Athens surpasses all other cities. But one must be on one's guard against women, lest pleasure carry with it an unsuspected destruction."

139. A CITY AT PEACE

(On the Shield of Achilles.)

On the Shield, Hephaestus placed two cities of mankind that has been given the power of speech. Both cities were beautiful.

THE GREEK WAY

In one of them were weddings and feasting, and they were conducting brides from their homes in the light of blazing torches. Young men skilled in the dance whirled round and round, and in their midst the flutes and harps gave forth their melody, while the women standing each on her threshold marvelled.

The people were assembled in the market-place, where a quarrel had arisen : two men were disputing over the recompense to be paid for a man who had been slain. The defendant was swearing that he had paid all, and expounding his case to the people, while the prosecutor was denying that he had received any payment; so that both of them were on their way to the examining magistrate to put their case to the test. The people were cheering both of them on: both had their supporters. The heralds were restraining the crowd. The elders sat on polished seats of stone in a sacred circle, and held in their hands the sceptres of the loud-voiced heralds. Before these then hastened the disputants, and stated their cases in turn. In the centre lay two talents of gold, to be given to whoever stated his case most justly before them.

Homer

140. PREPARATION FOR WAR

{Athens and Peiraeus}

. . . Launching of three hundred warships;
All the City's full of din:
Tramp of soldiers, shouts of captains,
Paying out and paying in,
Gilded figure-heads of Pallas,
Pecks of grain and skins of wine,
Buyers jostling in the porches,
Rowlocks, garlic, olives fine,
Anchovies and nets of onions,
Garlands, flute-girls and black eyes.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

In the Dockyard, sounds of hammer,
Sounds of plane and drill arise,
Smoothing oars and rounding oar-holes,
Mingled with the merry trill
Of the fluting and the piping
Of the bo'sun's whistle shrill.

Aristophanes

141. THE SEA-PORT

The City of the Phaeacians.

(Nausicaa to Odysseus):

" I shall lead the way till we come to the city surrounded by its high fortifying walls. It has a fine harbour on each side of the town, with a narrow mole, and the ships with their curved prows are drawn up on either side of the road, as each shipowner has his own slipway.

" Thus we come to the main square, laid out round the splendid temple of Poseidon and equipped with stones carted there and imbedded in the ground. Here they attend to the tackle of the black ships, the cables and sails; here they shape the polished oars. My people do not occupy themselves with bow and quiver: all their interest is in mast and oars and well-balanced ships, in which they delight to sail over the grey sea.

" But they are apt to gossip, and I want to protect myself against any future slur on my good name. There are some rude talkers among the populace : one of the more malicious might say if he met us : " Who is this man escorting Nausicaa—this tall and handsome stranger ? Where did she find him ? " . . .

" Thus they will talk, and it would bring disgrace on me. I would blame any other girl who did so—who without the consent of her parents associated with men before she had reached the state of acknowledged wedlock.

THE GREEK WAY

" So, stranger, be quick to follow my directions, so that you may soonest obtain your request from my father for a convoy home. You see a noble grove of poplars near the road—a grove sacred to Athene. In it is a spring, and it is encircled by a meadow. There is my father's estate and his flourishing garden, as far from the town as a man can make his voice heard. Sit there and wait until I and my maids reach the town and my father's palace; then go to the city and ask for the palace of my father, noble Alcinous. It is easily recognisable: an infant could direct you. No other man among the citizens has a house at all comparable with the palace of Alcinous."

Homer

142. GOSSIP

Many's the thing I've learnt when sitting idly in the barber's chair, and seeming not to listen.

Eupolis

143. TOWN AND COUNTRY MANNERS

His speech and his gait were betwixt and between :
He had not the townsman's effeminate mien,
Nor the boorishness bred in the rustical scene.

Aristophanes

.144. THE FARMER IN TOWN

Oh, never since the day when I was scrubbed
And soap got in my eyes, have I been stung
With such annoyance I

On this day the Assembly
Is due to meet—this morning—and—you see ?^j—
The Place is empty! All the precious members
Are chatting in the market-square, and rushing
This way and that, to avoid the official whips.

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Even the Council members are not here.
They'll come, long after time, cascading in,
And push like maniacs to get a seat
On the front bench! But how to bring about
Peace, they don't care a rap.

O Athens, Athens 1

I'm always first to turn up to the meetings
And take my seat; and then I wait alone,
I groan and gape, and stretch and make rude noises,
I scribble, pluck out hairs, do sums, am bored,
Looking with eyes of love towards the country
And Peace : hating the town, and longing for
My village, where they never say " Buy coal 1
" Buy wine ! Buy olives ! "—where the very word
" Buy I " was unknown, for we were self-supporting
In every way, and buying got the go-by.

Aristophanes

145. THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

Ah, is not solitude a golden thing ?
Father of life to mortals is the Country :
Only the Country helps to hide our penury,
And knows the way.

The Town's a show-place where
Misfortunes jostle, plain for all to see.

Amphis

146. THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD THINGS (1)

Philosophers inquire, so I am told,
And spend much time on this investigation,
What is the Good,
But none has yet discovered the answer.
They discourse on Virtue, Wisdom,
Anything else except—what is the Good ?

THE GREEK WAY

Now I, who live in the country, and who dig the earth, have
found the answer:
It is—Peace.

Oh, dearest Zeus,
How kind and how desirable that goddess !
She it is who gives us weddings,
Feastings and friends,
Children and family life,
Wealth, health, bread, wine, delight 1
If these all fail,
All human life is overwhelmed in death.

Philemon Maior

147. THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD THINGS (11)

The country gives mankind fairest returns :
Duly she bears whatever nature needs,
Grain, olives, wine, sweet figs and honeycombs.

Vessels of silver, robes of purple dye
Belong to tragic drama, not to life.

Philemon Maior

148. THE FRIEND OF MAN

HUSBANDRY : I am for all mankind the faithful nurse of lovely
Peace,

The steward, comrade, guardian,
The daughter, sister;
That is my profession.

FARMER : And what may be your name ?

HUSBANDRY : My name is Husbandry.

FARMER : Oh happy day for honest man and farmers 1
Joyfully, having beheld your face, I long to go
and bid good morning to my vines 1

Aristophanes

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

149. COUNTRY JOYS

Ah, foolish, foolish man!
All joys are here :
To live a country life upon one's farm,
Freed from the busy cares of city days,
Keeping my team of oxen;
Then, to hear the bleating of my lambs,
The sound of wine gushing into the bowl;
And for one's meat, to dine on wildfowl,
Never waiting for the little fish, so dear, so stale, so broken, to
be released from out the market-place,
And from the fishmonger's outrageous hand !

Aristophanes

150. SCENES FROM COUNTRY LIFE IN HOMER

(See Plate 6)

The Farm Labourer.

" Stranger, would you like to take a job as a labourer, supposing I were to employ you, at the far end of my land ? Your work would be to collect stones for walling, and to plant tall trees. I would provide you with plenty of food, and give you clothes and your footwear."

The Woodman.

It was at the time when a woodman prepares his dinner in the mountain glades, when his arms are wearied with felling tall trees, and he feels he has done enough, and desire for pleasant food seizes on his mind.

Mules at timber-work.

As when mules, applying their great strength, drag down from the mountains, along a rugged path, either a beam or a large

THE GREEK WAY

timber for shipbuilding; and their spirit grows weary as they strain together with toil and sweat. . . .

Ploughing.

(On the Shield of Achilles.)

On it was shown a fallow field, rich, with soft earth, broad land ploughed thrice a year. Many ploughmen were working on it, driving their teams round and round from end to end. When they had turned and come to the end of the field, a man would come and put in their hands a goblet of sweet wine; and they would turn about along the furrows, eager to reach the limit of the deep fallow, which grew black behind, and was just like a real ploughed field, though wrought in gold : its art was miraculous.

Ploughing with Oxen.

As in a fallow field a yoke of red oxen strain with equal will to draw the strongly-made plough; and all over them sweat starts up and drips at the ends of their horns; only the yoke restrains them on each side as they pull along the furrow and mark off the boundary of the field.

Ploughing with Mules.

They were distant from him by the length of a mule's ploughing-range—mules being much better than oxen at pulling the strongly-made plough over the deep fallow land.

Harvesting.

The Cornfield.

As when the west wind comes upon and agitates a field of tall corn with its fierce blast, and the grain bows down with all its ears (*so was the assembly of the Greeks stirred by the speech of Agamemnon*).

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

Reaping.

As reapers working opposite one another drive through a wealthy man's field, cutting swathes of wheat or barley, and the sheaves fall thick and fast (*so did the warriors mow each other down in battle*).

The King's Reapers.

(On the Shield of Achilles.)

On it was shown also a royal estate, where the young men were reaping with their sharp sickles in their hands. Some of the swathes were falling thickly on the ground along the mowers' lane; other swathes were being bound into sheaves by the binders. Three binders were at work on the sheaves, and behind them were children gathering up the grain in armsful and handing it on with busy speed. The King was standing silently among them in the track of the mowing, holding his sceptre, and feeling glad at heart. Footmen were working at a distance, preparing a meal under an oak-tree : they had slaughtered an ox and were flaying it, while the women were shaking out quantities of barley-meal for the young labourers' dinner.

Treading out corn.

As when a man yokes broad-browed bulls, to tread out white barley on a well-made threshing-floor, and quickly the grain is sorted finely under the feet of the lowing oxen. . . .

Winnowing ff-ain.

As the wind carries off the chaff over the sacred threshing-floors while men are winnowing, at the time of year that golden-haired Demeter sifts the grain from the chaff under the driving force of the winds, and the heaps of white chaff gradually rise (*so, did the Afbæans grow white with dust in battle*).

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Winnowing beans and peas.

As when beneath the broad fan on a great threshing-floor the black-skinned beans or peas jump beneath the strong draught set up by the movement of the winnower (*so did the arrow fly off Menelaus armour*).

The grape-harvest. (*On the Shield of Achilles.*)

On it was shown also a vineyard laden with its huge harvest of grapes, beautifully wrought in gold. There were the dark clusters ; and it was staked throughout with vine-poles of silver. Round it was set a trench of dark-blue enamel, and a boundary-wall of tin. Only a single path led up to the vineyard, and that way went the carriers when the harvest was gathered. Young girls, and boys of tender age, carried the honey-sweet fruit in woven baskets ; in their midst a boy played a lovely tune on the clear-toned harp, and sang the beautiful vintage-song to its accompaniment, in a soft sweet voice. The bearers, beating time together, followed tripping lightly after, with song and joyous cries.

The Cowherd.

He (Polypoites) threw the weight as far as a herdsman throws his crooked stick, which flies whirling over the herd of cattle.

Cattle and sheep. (*On the Shield of Achilles.*)

On it he placed a herd of straight-horned cattle. The cows were wrought of gold and tin ; lowing, they hastened from the farmyard to the pasture beside the rippling stream, beside the quivering reed-bed. Gold too were the herdsmen who moved in a row with the cattle : there were four of them, and nine swift-footed dogs followed them....

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

He also placed thereon a great flock of white-fleeced sheep in a fair glade, with folds and roofed cabins and sheep-pens.

When the cows come home.

As when in the country the calves gather round the cows, when the herd comes home into the farmyard with its dung, after the animals have had their fill of grass : the calves all frisk about before them, and the stalls no longer keep them back, but with continuous lowing they hurry to their mothers' sides (*so did the crew of Odysseus greet him on his return*).

Sheep-milking.

As when ewes stand innumerable in the farmstead of a wealthy man, bleating incessantly as they hear the cries of their lambs (*so did the Trojans clamour as they went into battle*).

The Dairy.

(Odysseus and his men in the Cyclops' cave.)

Quickly we reached the cave; but we did not find him at home : he was grazing his fat sheep over the pasture.

Entering the cave, we inspected everything : the baskets were laden with cheeses, and the pens were groaning with lambs and kids. They were separated off into different folds : the first-born, those born in mid-season, and the newly-born. All the vessels were flowing with whey—the pails and bowls into which he did his milking.

My comrades begged me first to take some cheeses and go back, then to drive off some kids and lambs with all speed to our swift ship before we set sail again on the briny sea; but I did not listen, unfortunately: I wanted to see the master and get him to give me a present. His appearance, however, was not destined to prove a delight to my men.

So then we lit a fire and made a sacrifice, and we ourselves took some of the cheeses and ate them, and we sat and waited for him

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inside the cave until he returned with his flock. He was carrying a big load of dry logs, to make a fire to cook his supper; and when he threw them down, it made a great din in the cave. Alarmed, we scattered hastily into the recesses of the cavern.

He drove his fat sheep into the broad cave—all those which were going to give him milk—leaving the rams outside, and also the goats, in the walled steading. Then he lifted up the great door and set it in the entrance—a tremendous slab of stone. Two and-twenty waggons, well-made, with four wheels, could not roll it from the threshold, so high was the block of stone which he set in the entrance. Then he sat, and began milking the sheep and the bleating she-goats, doing everying in proper order, and then setting a young one under each. Then, having curdled half of the white milk, he collected all this and put it into closely-plaited baskets, and the other half he stood in vessels, ready for him to drink with his supper.

When he had finished all these activities, he then lit a fire, looked towards us, and asked :

" Who are you, strangers ? Where are you sailing over the ocean ways ? "

The Swineherd's steading.

(Eumaeus, faithful servant of Odysseus.)

Odysseus {*disguised as a beggar*) mounted up from the harbour by a rugged track to a wooded spot in the hills, where Athene had told him he would find the good swineherd, the man who of all Odysseus' servants was the most devoted to him; and he found him sitting in the space before his cabin, round which he had built a high-walled steading on a conspicuous height, a fine big yard, standing solitary. Eumaeus had built it himself for the pigs while his master was away; it was at a distance from the homes of his mistress Penelope and of Odysseus' father the aged Laetes, and was built of stones carted there, and finished off with a coping of prickly-pear. Outside he had driven in a line

of stakes right across from end to end, set close together, and made by splitting the dark heart of the oak timber. Inside the steading he had made twelve pig-pens set close together, as sleeping-quarters for his swine. In each enclosure fifty sows, all mothers, had their lair. The males were housed outside, and they were far fewer, because the high-born Suitors kept reducing the number by eating them: the swineherd had to be always handing over the best of all the fat sucking-pigs. The pigs numbered three hundred and sixty.

Near by, four wolf-like dogs were on guard all night; they were reared by the excellent swineherd. He himself was making sandals to fit his feet, cutting them out of a piece of ox-hide of a good colour. Of the other men, three had gone off in different directions with the swine to the pasturage, and the fourth had been sent to the town with a pig, by order of the arrogant Suitors, who wanted to hold a feast and stuff themselves with pork.

Suddenly the dogs, who love barking, caught sight of Odysseus, and rushed up to him with loud clamour. Odysseus had the sense to sit down, and his staff fell from his hand. He would have suffered severe injury on the spot, in his own farmstead, if the swineherd had not hurried up the forecourt on hasty feet, dropping the leather out of his hand. He drove off the dogs to left and right with curses and a shower of stones; and then he addressed his master:

" Old man, the dogs narrowly missed tearing you to pieces with their sudden attack—and you would have brought blame down on my head. Yet heaven has given me plenty of other troubles and causes for sorrow. I sit here mourning and missing my master, and fattening great hogs for others to eat, while he wanders somewhere in need of food, coming to a city and a race of foreigners—if indeed he is still alive and sees the light of the sun. However, come, let us go into my cabin, old man, so that you yourself when you have had your fill of food and wine can tell me where you come from and what sufferings you have endured."

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With these words the good swineherd led the way into the cabin, and brought him in and made him sit down, spreading out for him a thick couch of brushwood, on which he laid the skin of a shaggy wild goat—his own mattress, very large and thick. Odysseus, delighted with this reception, thus addressed him :

" May Zeus and the other immortals grant you the fulfilment of your wish, in return for the kindness of your welcome! "

Gardens and gardeners.

The fruit-garden : Tantalus in Hades.

Trees with lofty foliage hung their fruit down from above : pears and pomegranates and apples glistening-ripe, sweet figs and juicy olives. But whenever the old man stretched out a hand to grasp them, the wind would snatch them away up into the shadowy clouds.

.The Gardener.

{Odysseus sees his father Laertes after nineteen years.}

Odysseus went on further to explore the fruitful garden. He found none of the men or their sons : they had gone to collect stones for the boundary-wall of the garden, and with them their father, the aged Dolius, had gone to show them the way.

Odysseus found his father alone in the garden, digging round a plant. He was dressed in a dirty tunic, patched and untidy, and on his legs were ox-hide gaiters, also patched, as a protection against scratches ; on his hands he wore gloves because of the brambles. On his head he wore a goat-skin cap, to nurse his misery. When Odysseus saw him thus broken down with old age, and suffering such great sorrow, he halted under a tall pear-tree and shed a tear. . . .

The old man with bent head went on digging round his plant. Odysseus, his illustrious son, thus addressed him :

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" Old man, you are not afflicted with any lack of skill in the care of the orchard : it is well-kept, indeed, and there is nothing uncared for anywhere—no plant, no fig or vine, no olive, no pear, no single bed neglected throughout the garden. But I must tell you something else—and don't take offence: you yourself are not well-cared for. You carry your old age badly : you are very dirty and your clothes are a disgrace...."

Irrigation.

As when a man irrigating a garden conducts a stream of water from a dark spring on to the plants in his garden, plying his hoe, and throwing up the ridges of his channel; as it flows onward, all the pebbles are rolled on before it, and the water quickly trickles down and babbles on over the terraced slope, outstripping its guide.

Weather and Scenery.

Rivers in flood (likened to attack in battle).

As when a river in flood rushes down to the plain in a torrent from the mountains, driven on by the rain; and many a dry oak-tree, many a fir does it carry along, and cast much rubbish into the sea (*so did A/ax drive the enemy over the plain*).

Like a round boulder which had fallen off from a crag, and is pushed down from the ridge by a river swollen in winter, which through the force of prodigious rains has shattered the barriers of the unyielding rock; and the boulder, leaping high, flies through the air, and the forest resounds beneath its impact, while it rushes swiftly without a check until it reaches level ground and can roll on no further, although it is eager (*such was Hector's attack on the Greek ships*).

As when rivers become mighty torrents in winter, flowing down from the mountains, and join their mighty rushing streams at a meeting of the glens, flowing from powerful sources within

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a deep ravine; and the roar of their meeting is heard afar in the mountains by the shepherd *{such was the sound as the two armies met}*).

Wind in the woods.

As when the east wind and the south contend with one another in the mountain glades to shake the trees of a thick-set wood—beech and ash and long-leaved cornel—and they strike their long branches against one another with formidable sound, and there is a clatter of breaking boughs *(so did the armies meet in battle)*.

The uprooted olive.

As when a man tends a flourishing young olive-tree on a solitary farm, when it has taken in a sufficient supply of water and has grown fine and visible from afar; but the blasts of winds from every quarter batter it, when it is covered with its white blossom; and suddenly comes a wind with the violence of a hurricane, which tears it out from its hole in the ground, and stretches it out at full length upon the soil *(such was the death of a hero in battle)*.

The oak struck by lightning.

Hector fell, as when beneath the stroke of Zeus the Father an oak-tree is torn up by the roots, and a dread smell of sulphur rises from it, and whoever sees it near at hand is robbed of his courage, so terrible is the thunder-bolt of Zeus.

Fire on the plain.

As when the north wind in autumn suddenly dries up a newly-drenched garden, to the joy of the gardener; so was the whole plain dried up, and Hephaestus burnt up the corpses. Then he turned his raging flame upon the river. The elms burnt, and the willows and the tamarisks; the lotus, the reed, the cypress, which

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

grew thickly about the river. The very fish and eels in the river-eddies were scorched, and they leapt and dived hither and thither in their distress at the hot breath of Hephaestus.

Snowstorm.

As the snowflakes fall thickly on a winter day, when Zeus the Counsellor is minded to send snow, revealing his weapons to mankind; and laying the winds to sleep, he pours down snow without cease, so that he may cover the tops of the high mountains and the prominent headlands, and the lotus-covered plains, and the rich tilth of men; and the snow is spread over the grey sea and its harbours and shores, but the plashing wave checks it—all else is blanketed over, when the snowstorm sent by Zeus weighs down upon it (*so did the stones fly between the armies*).

Moonlight night.

As when in the heavens the stars are shining brilliantly round the bright moon, when the air is windless ; and all the crags and the prominent peaks stand out, and all the valleys—for the boundless vault of heaven has been opened up and all the stars are visible; and the heart of the shepherd is glad. .. .

151. THE RIVER-VALLEY AND THE ISLAND

(Sparta and Ithaca)

(TMemachus to Menelaus, at Sparta) :

" I will not take horses to Ithaca : I shall leave them here to be your delight. *You* are ruler over a broad plain in which grow lotus in profusion and galingale and wheat and spelt, and wide fields of white barley. But in Ithaca there are no wide runs for horses, no meadows. It is a goat-rearing country, with more charm than horse-rearing lands. Not one of the islands, based

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on the sea, have any room to exercise horses, nor any fair meadows ; and this is true of Ithaca above all."

Ithaca.

(Athene to Odysseus, who has ashed where he has landed) :

" You are a fool, stranger, or else you come from a long way off, if you ask about this land. It is not unknown to fame. Very many men know of it, whether they live in the east towards the sunrise, or behind us in the west where dusky night resides. It is a rugged country, no place for driving horses, yet not poverty-stricken, though it is not wide. In it grows boundless food and wine; it always has plentiful rain and fertilising dew. It is a good pasturage for goats and cattle. There is timber of every sort, and unfailing springs of water.

" Therefore the name of Ithaca, stranger, has reached even to Troy, which men say is far indeed from the land of Achaea."

So she spoke, and the stalwart hero Odysseus rejoiced, happy to be on his native soil.

152. CALYPSO'S ISLAND HOME

Hermes came to the great cave, in which lived the Nymph with the beautiful tresses ; and he found her at home.

A great fire was burning on the hearth, and the scent of fissile cedar-wood and incense was wafted afar over the island, as these were consumed on the fire.

The goddess was inside, singing in her lovely voice as she moved to the loom, weaving with a golden shuttle.

Round the cave grew a flourishing grove of trees—alder and poplar and fragrant cypress. Here the long-winged birds used to perch—owls and hawks and talkative sea-crows, whose mind is on the products of ocean.

Over the cave was twining a luxuriant vine, laden with bunches of grapes.



PLATE 9.

YOUTH PLAYING DOUBLE FLUTE AND MAN LIFTING LARGE WINE VESSEL

{Illustrating Hxtrac No. 227}

From a red-figured plate now in the British Museum.



PLATE IO. DANCING-SCENE

{Illustrating fix tract No. 269}

From a red-figured Attic phiale (shallow bowl shaped like a saucer, for drinking) now in the Boston Museum. Of this, Beazley writes : " The dancing-scene on the Boeotian phiale has a winsomeness and a vivacity which are often wanting in the interiors of this period : the artist has seen and felt what he draws : how easy, how expressive the attitudes ! How real the still life ! What a nice bird ! "

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

Four springs flowed with sparkling water, near one another,
but running in different directions.

The place was encircled with lush meadows of violet and
parsley.

Even an immortal god arriving here would be bound to stand
and gaze and take pleasure in the sight.

153. MELLOW FRUITFULNESS

On a deep couch of fragrant reeds we lay,
And new-cut vine-leaves, blissfully at ease.

Above our heads the many branches tossed
Of elm and poplar; near, a sacred spring
Dripped bubbling from a cavern of the Nymphs.
Upon the shady boughs, the brown cicadas
Chirped busily, and in the thorny brake,
Afar, the tree-frog croaked.

The birds were singing,
The larks and linnets, to the wild dove's moan.
The tawny bees were hovering o'er the streams.

The scents of summer reigned, the scents of autumn,
Rich with their harvest; pears about our feet,
Apples beside us, rolled in plenty, while
The damsons weighed their branches to the ground.

From the wine-jar's neck, we broke the four-years' seal...

Theocritus

154. CONVERSATION PIECE

GARDENER : Watery pumpkin, tell me true,
Why I see no sign of you,
Or the cucumber, your mate,
Though the time is now so late.

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PUMPKIN : Down from heaven fell the rains,
And flooded all the fertile plains.
It is quite against our will
That our tribe is hidden still.

Anonymous

155. INVITATION TO REPOSE

Beneath the lofty leafage of this low-murmuring pine
That rustles in the constant breeze, stay, traveller, and recline,
And as you lie in charmed rest beside my plashing stream,
The pipe shall play and on your eyelids shed a drowsy dream.

(attributed to) Plato

156. THE PIPES OF PAN

Hush, leafy steep of Dryads I Hush, fountains from the rocks
Falling, and hush your mingled bleating, mothers of the flocks 1
For Pan himself is playing on his pipes a lovely song
As o'er the linked reeds he slides his supple lips along.
And round him, nimble-footed, are dancing in a ring
The Nymphs that haunt the forest, and the Nymphs that haunt
the spring.

(attributed to) Plato

Songs



VIII

SONGS

These songs were collected in 1898 and 1899 on the island of Chios (then still under Turkish rule) by Hubert Pernot, who was sent out by the French Ministry of Education on a scientific mission, to study modern Greek popular music. He went from village to village on mule-back, persuading the local musicians to sing or play into his Columbia "graphophone", as the new-fangled instrument was called; and so he was able to bring back a unique collection, in which words and music were recorded together without any touching-up or emendation, not separately transcribed as hitherto.

Ancient Greek music has perished, except for a few doubtful fragments. If Olympiodorus is to be believed, it had already perished in his day (sixth century A.D.), and only treatises remained. But, as Pernot remarked, the Greeks have preserved the basis of their language and tradition in spite of all foreign accretions—Latin, Slav, Turkish, Italian—and it is unlikely that among a people so conservative, no vestige of their ancient melody survives. We may look for this, if anywhere, in songs which are associated with special pursuits, like weaving and grinding, and in those reserved to women, such as the lullaby. The hand-mill, for instance, was used by the women of Lesbos for grinding corn in the seventh century B.C., and the operation was accompanied by its special song, preserved by Plutarch :

" Grind, mill, grind!
For even Pittacus grinds,
Ruler of great Mytilene."

THE GREEK WAY

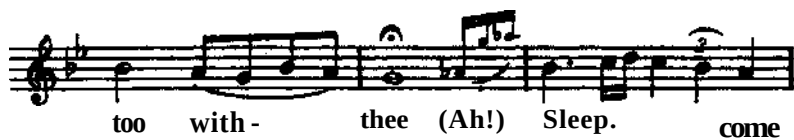
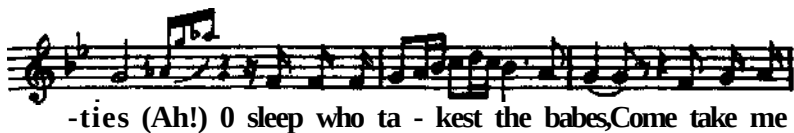
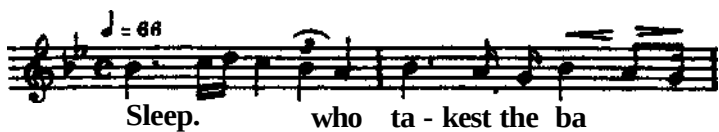
At the close of the nineteenth century, the women of Chios were still using the hand-mill to grind their corn and barley, and were singing:

" Grind, mill, grind,
That the slender maid may marry,
And get a strong young man."

As Pernot said, why should not the tune too have its roots in antiquity?

Seven towns and islands claimed the honour of being the birthplace of Homer. Chios was one of these; and certainly at least one Homeric bard, the author of the *Hymn to Apollo*, lived there, for he called himself " a blind old man of Chios". What would he have thought of the songs of his descendants? At any rate, three thousand years later they were still singing:

SONGS
LULLABY



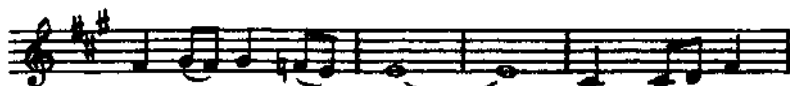
Sleep, who takest the babies (Ah 1)
O Sleep, who takest the babes,
Come, take me too wftth thee (Ah !)

**Sleep, come, soothe my baby (Ah 1)
O Sleep, come, soothe my babe,
And bring him back to me (Ah!)**

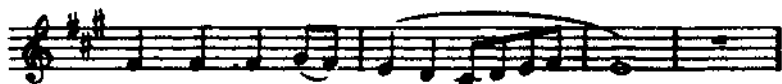
THE GREEK WAY
THE SONG OF THE MILL



Come, grind, my mill, come,



grind, my mill, come, grind. Bar ley



grain and wheaten grain.



find,— a ___ hus-band find And



she shall win a brave and handsome swain —

Come, grind, my mill, come, grind,
Barley grain and wheaten grain 1
So shall the slender maid a husband find,
And she shall win a brave and handsome swain !

SONGS

WEAVING-SONG



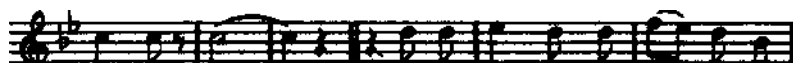
Oh five ells, five ells, five ells, five ells, five ells of



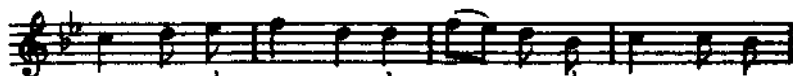
black goats' hair, Five ells of black goats' hair, Where can I

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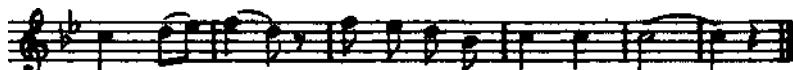
find them, Where can I buy them, Where? Where can I



find them, where? Oh, I'll beat them, 111 treat them, 111



then 1 will de-part, Maid-en, 1 will leave you, Maid-en, 1 will

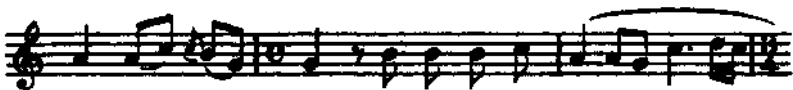
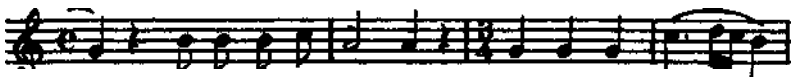


break your heart, Maid-en, I will break your heart 1.

Five ells of black goats' hair,
Five ells of black goats' hair,
Where can I find them,
Where can I buy them, where ?

I'll beat them, I'll treat them,
And then I will depart,
Maiden, I will leave you,
Maiden, I will break your heart!

THE GREEK WAY
LOVE-SONG



On that fair morn, Ev-ry bird was sing



- ing And on ev-'ry tree Flowers bloomed before you.

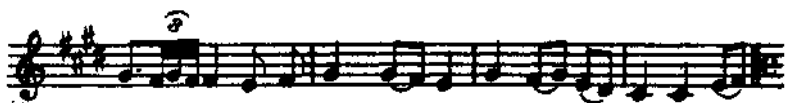
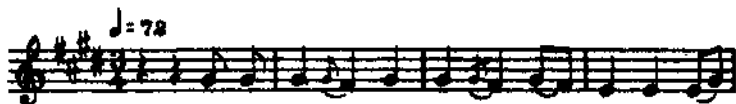
When you were born,
When you were born,
When your mother bore you,

On that fair morn,
On that fair morn,
Ev'ry bird was singing,
And on ev'ry tree
Flowers bloomed before you.

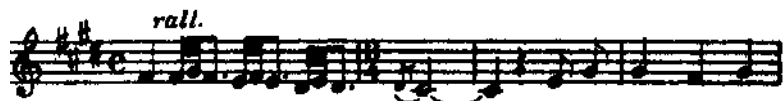
SONGS

DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE

(Sung by a chorus of girls)

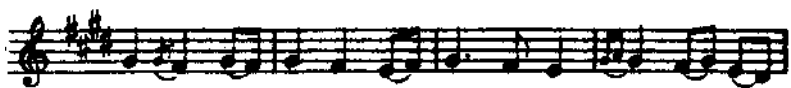


from _us, And the world will be leav-ing us, leav-ing us



soon;

Yes, the world will be



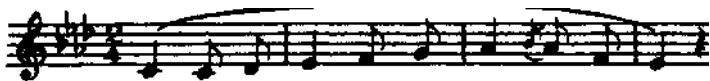
leav-ingr, and half of the_ sun-shine and gone from us—



all of the_ moon

You are leaving, dear maiden, you're going far from us,
And the world will be leaving us soon ;
Yes, the world will be leaving, and half of the sunshine,
And gone from us all of the moon.

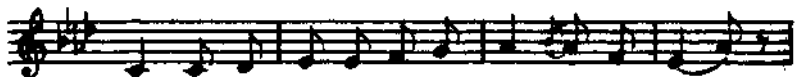
THE GREEK WAY
BRIDE'S REVEILLE



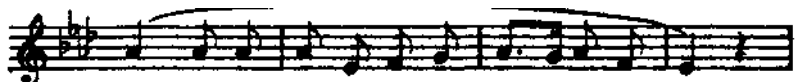
Wake up, my par-tridge, rock-par-tridge, a-wake,



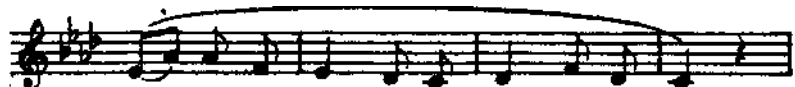
Shake all your fea-thers, your fea - thers shake,



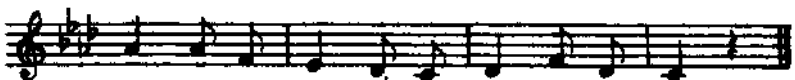
Rouse up thy ea-gle, gold-en ea - gle a - rouse,



Rouse up thy ea-gle gold-en ea - gle, a - rouse,



Where he is sleep - ing be - side thee, thy spouse,



Where he is sleep-ing be - side thee, thy spouse.

Wake up, my partridge, rock-partridge, awake !
Shake all your feathers, your feathers shake !

Rouse up thy eagle, golden eagle, arouse,
Where he is sleeping beside thee, thy spouse !



Na - nee, na-nee, na-nee na-nee na - nee.



Come gen-tle sleep and take my babe, Bring him to gar-dens.



gar-dens rare, Na-nee na-nee, na-nee na - nee _____



Heap on his brows, heap on his brows ros-es and



vi - o-lets, vi - o-lets fair Na - nee na-nee na-nee



na-nee na-nee _____ Ros-es from Mammy, apples from



Daddy, and gold-en car - nations from Grandpa to wear.

(The time of this song has been changed to from the original $\frac{6}{8}$ and jj)

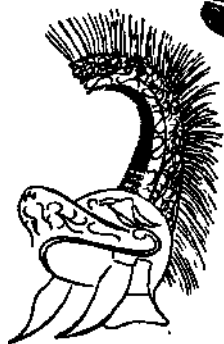
Nanee, nanee !

Come, gentle Sleep, and take my babe,
Bring him to gardens rare,
Heap on his brows, heap on his brows,
Roses and violets fair.

Roses from Mammy, apples from Daddy,
And golden carnations from Grandpa to wear!



Arts and Crafts



IX

ARTS AND CRAFTS

157. THE EPIC POET

The Herald now returned, bringing the Bard of their choice : him whom the Muse loved exceedingly, though she had dowered him with ill as well as good, for she had robbed him of his eyesight, though she had granted the gift of sweet song.

For him Pontonous set a high chair studded with silver, in the midst of the diners, leaning its back against a tall pillar. And the Herald hung the clear-sounding lyre on a peg just above his head, and guided him so that he could take it in his hands.

And beside him he set a basket and a fine table, and a goblet of wine, so that he could drink whenever he had a mind so to do. The rest stretched out their hands to the good things that were served in abundance.

When they had satisfied their desire for food and drink, then the Muse inspired the Bard to sing the famous deeds of men, in a poem the fame of which had by then reached to the skies :
' The Quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles " . . .

Homer

158. THE LYRIC POET

The inborn gift is ever the victor ; but many rush forward to seize glory by a prowess acquired through teaching.

Everything that has not the grace of God is better kept silent. Of paths there are some which stretch beyond others, and not all of us will the same pursuit cherish. Art is a rugged way.

THE GREEK WAY

I will set ablaze a beloved city with my burning songs, and send this news to every quarter, swifter than noble horse or winged ship, if indeed with a hand gifted by fate I till the choicest garden of the Graces—for they it is who give the things of beauty. I is by divine genius that men prove themselves excellent or gifted.

I will serve as best I may the fleeting genius that attends me; and if Heaven grant the luxury of success, I have hope to win a lofty glory for future time. Nestor and Sarpedon are names on men's lips. It is from poems of praise, framed by skilled craftsmen, that we know them. Excellence lives long in glorious songs; but to few is given the making of them.

Pindar

159. THE ART OF THE LYRIC POET

It is too long for me to go by the high road; for time is closing in, and I know a special short path. I am the leader of a large band in the region of art.

That I should tell the tale in all its length and detail is forbidden me by the law of my art, and by hastening time. But my heart is whirled by a new-moon spell of desire to touch upon it.

Great deeds ever bring much speaking; but the pleasure of cultivated hearers is the adornment of a few things in a long theme. Seasonableness invariably takes pre-eminence.

Pindar

160. INSPIRATION

Thirdly, there is that madness and possession which comes from the Muses; it lays hold of a tender and untainted soul, awakening and stirring it to excitement by means of songs and poetry of every sort; it bedecks a myriad deeds of the men of old, and educates their descendants. And whosoever draws near to the portals of poetry and has not this madness of the Muses, but thinks, poor fool, that by skill he shall grow into a poet worthy

ARTS AND CRAFTS

of the name, that man is doomed to failure, and the poetry of the Sane shall fade away into nothingness before the works of the Men of Madness.

Plato

161. THE POWER OF SONG

No medicine exists with power to heal passion,
Dear Nicias,
No, nor unguent either,
No salve,
Save only one—the Muses' gift.
Gentle it is and sweet for mortals,
Yet not easy to find.

So I believe,
And so you too know well, I fancy,
Since you are—not just a doctor,
But special favourite of the tuneful Nine.

At least, our fellow-countryman, the Cyclops, old Polyphemus,
thus most easily endured his life,
When, in his early youth,
With downy chin and cheeks,
He was in love with Galatea.
And his love was no affair of giving apples, roses, locks of
hair,
But downright madness,
Driving other thoughts out of his mind.

Many a time his ewes found their own way to the fold from the
green pasture. .
Their master meanwhile, singing Galatea, sat where the seaweed
piles upon the shore,
Pining from early dawn,
For in his heart he bore a cruel wound,
Which Aphrodite—great goddess—had inflicted with her shaft.

THE GREEK WAY

And yet, deep though it pierced,
He found a medicine,
As sitting on his lofty rock he gazed far out to sea,
And told his love in song:

" Oh, Galatea, milk-white Galatea,
Why do you spurn my love ? . . . "

Theocritus

162. THE CURSE OF ART

Whichever of the deities first revealed Art to mankind, brought
us a grievous ill.
Suppose a man is needy—out of work——
He can enlist,
And for a day of danger win glory or the grave.

But we, whose art is warrant for existence,
We ever hunger
After our hopes,
And when we might cut short our needs and sufferings,
We choose instead to bear this cruel lot our whole life through.

Antiphanes

163. THE CONSOLATION OF ART

Life holds no sweeter consolation, none, for human misery than
the power of Art.
The mind pursuing knowledge takes its stand thereon as on a
ship,
And unawares sails past the rocky shores of its misfortunes.

Amphis

164. THE ARTIST NEEDS AN AUDIENCE

It is a joy,
When a man has an original idea,
To publish it for all to see.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

The men who keep their wisdom to themselves have no one to
criticise their art,
And furthermore,
They are regarded with dislike.

It is one's duty to reveal to all the world whatever seems to have
originality.

Anaxandrides

165. THE ARTIST NEEDS SOCIETY

When you behold a man who dines alone,
Or see a poet who has no desire for song and music,
Be assured,
The layman has thrown away the half of life,
The poet the half of art.
Both hardly are alive.

Alexis

166. TWO GREAT ARTS : TOADYING AND SELF- ADVERTISEMENT

I boost myself: that's your complaint ?
What of it?
To boost oneself, that is the art surpassing all others,
Save the art of currying favour :
Currying favour is the chief of all.

Anaxandrides

167. THE TOADY'S CREED

Is there or can there be a sweeter art,
A sweeter way than graceful flattery ?

The painter toils and suffers at his work,
The farmer knows—what oft-recurrent risks !
All men are wedded fast to care and toil.

THE GREEK WAY

Our life is full of fun and luxury.
Our greatest effort is to give amusement

And so, is it not sweet to laugh,
To jest,
To drink one's fill ?
Second to wealth I count it 1

Antiphanes

168. ANOTHER GREAT ART

Among the Artists I inscribe the Cook.

Alexis

What makes a man a Cook is not his ladle or carving-knife,
Nor if he tosses fish upon the platter :
No, there is a skill and science in the art.

Philemon Junior

169. COOKERY AND RHETORIC: ARTS OF FLATTERY

Socrates to the orator Gorgias:

My view, Gorgias, is that Rhetoric is not a scientific profession, but the product of an ambitious, bold character, skilled in dealing with men. In short I call it a kind of Flattery or Desire-to-Please. This takes many forms, among which is Cookery: Cookery is considered to be an art, but according to my way of thinking, it is not an art or science, but a mere affair of current practice and usage——In this class I place Rhetoric also____

You agree that there exists the duality, body and mind ? . . . Well, then, I will demonstrate my meaning more clearly, if I can.

Corresponding to this duality, there are two arts. For instance, the art that is concerned with the citizens' spiritual welfare I call Statesmanship. The art that deals with his bodily welfare I cannot

ARTS AND CRAFTS

include under a single name; in spite of its actual unity, I must give it two sections, namely physical training and medicine. In Statesmanship, we have legislation (corresponding to physical training), and justice (corresponding to medicine). These, as they have the same object, have much in common, medicine with physical training, justice with legislation; nevertheless, they also differ.

These four have as their object the welfare of body and mind respectively. But the Art of Pleasing, having remarked their existence (I speak conjecturally only) divides into four, and insinuating itself into each of these parts, pretends to be that into which it has crept, and caring nothing for the highest good, woos folly with that which at the moment is most pleasing to it, and deceives in such a way that it wins the greatest esteem.

Thus, into medicine has crept Cookery, which pretends to know what are the best foods for the body, so that if a cook and a doctor were to enter into a competition before an audience of boys, or of men as silly as boys, as to which has the best understanding of the most beneficial and harmful foods, the doctor or the cook—the doctor would die of starvation.

Hence I call Cookery a kind of Flattery or Desire-to-Please: not an art or science, but the result of common usage, which has no knowledge of the nature of the ingredients it mixes, and therefore cannot explain the reason. I for my part do not give the name "art" to any unreasoning activity.

Plato

170. THE ATHLETE

Ode in honour of a boxer, victorious at the Olympian Games.

Oft-times have mortals joy in the winds,
Oft-times in the heaven-sent rain,
Moisture that falls from the womb of the cloud.
Yet if a man with toil and pain

THE GREEK WAY

Fair fortune finds,
A choir of honey-voiced songs arise,
And lay the stone of his future fame,
Attest aloud
And in truth proclaim
The might of his glorious victories.

No power hath envy to overthrow
This monument to his praise,
The Olympian victor's song. 'Tis mine,
Sweet task of my lips to tend and raise
This song below.
But heaven alone can give wisdom's flower.
See then, Agesidamus ! Won
Is this prize of thine,
Archestratus' son!—
The song of the boxer-victor's power.

Pindar

171. THE BARD'S COMPLAINT

Why do cities reward prowess in the Games—fleetness, skill in wrestling, boxing, chariot-racing—more highly than my own gift of song ? Why do they rejoice excessively at an Olympian victory? This will not fill their warehouses or improve their laws.

Xenophanes

172. DAEDALUS

DAEDALUS was a legendary figure said to have been a native of Crete.

His works of art were so famous for their skill that a perfect piece of craftsmanship was called " a work of Daedalus ". Other men before him, it was said, had made statues ; but he opened the eyes of his statues so that they seemed to be alive, and to move and speak. One of his works had its feet tied to prevent it from running away.

The story of his son Icarus, who wearing wings made by his father fell

ARTS AND CRAFTS

into the sea, is well known. It is not so well known that according to the legend Daedalus himself flew safely across the Aegean and landed in Sicily.

173. THE HARE OF POLYGNOTUS

POLYGNOTUS, *the famous painter of the fifth century B.c., whose works adorned the approach to the Acropolis at Athens, once painted a hare so realistic that those who saw it thought it was alive. " The Hare of Polygnotus " became proverbial for exact technique.*

174. GOLD- AND SILVER-SMITHS

As when a man overlays silver with gold, an artist, who has learnt every branch of his craft from Hephaestus {*god of fire*} and Pallas Athene {*goddess of handicrafts*}, and the work when he has completed it is full of beauty {*so did Athene shed beauty on the head and shoulders of Odysseus*}.

Homer

{Adorning a bulls horns for sacrificed}

All busied themselves.

The bull was brought in from the field; great-hearted Telemachus's friends came up from the swift well-balanced ship; the smith came, bringing in his hands the bronze tools, the implements of his craft—the anvil, the hammer and the well-made tongs he used for working gold. Athene came also, to receive the sacrifice.

Nestor, the old warrior, supplied the gold; the smith then, after beating it out, laid it over the bull's horns, so that the goddess might take pleasure at the sight of the adornment.

{Then the animal was led away to the place of sacrifice.}

Homer

THE GREEK WAY

175. PRESENTS FOR PENELOPE

Each of the Suitors sent a messenger home to fetch a present. Antinous' squires brought a long, exceeding beautiful robe, embroidered; in it were twelve golden brooches in all, fitted with well-curved hooks, Eurymachus's squire brought a richly-worked gold chain threading through amber beads, bright as the sun. Eurydamas' two servants brought a pair of ear-rings with triple brilliants, whose great beauty gleamed afar. From Prince Peisander, a squire brought a necklace, a piece of jewellery outstandingly lovely. Thus each of the Suitors brought his own fine present, and the gracious Lady Penelope went upstairs to her own apartments, and with her went her serving-women carrying the lovely gifts.

Homer

176. THE RING

Five oxen are engraved upon the little jasper stone,
Grazing along; you'd swear that they were living, every one.
You'd think they'd even run away; but see ! they have a fold:
The tiny herd is prisoned fast within the encircling gold.

(attributed to) *Plato*

177, THE SILVER SATYR BY DIODORUS

This satyr Diiodrus caught and charmed, he did not make.
The silver is but sleeping; don't prick him, lest he wake !

(attributed to) *Plato*

178^ THE STATUE OF APHRODITE BY PRAXITELES

'Twas not the chisel fashioned thee, nor yet the sculptor's hand,
But as thou wert when Paris judged we see thee take thy stand.

(attributed to) *Plato*

ARTS AND CRAFTS

179. THE IVORY-STAINER

As when a woman of Maeonia or Caria stains a piece of ivory with red dye, to make a cheek-piece for horses; and it lies in a treasure-chamber, though many horsemen yearn to wear it; it lies there, an ornament for a king, both an adornment for his horse and a glory to the driver (*so were Menelaus' legs stained with blood when he was wounded by the arrow of Pandarus*).

Homer

180. THE SMITHY

(*Hephaestus makes the Shield for Achilles.*)

j. Starting work.

He went to the bellows and turned them on to the fire and bade them do their work. There were twenty bellows in all, blowing through funnels, sending forth a powerful breath of air, of every degree of force : sometimes rising, at other times again falling, as Hephaestus wished and the progress of the work required.

He threw on the fire resistant bronze and tin and precious gold and silver; then on the anvil-block he laid the great anvil, and grasped in one hand the powerful hammer, and in the other the tongs . . .

2. Leaving work.

The mighty creature rose up from the anvil-block, limping, and his shins moved briskly beneath him. He took the bellows away from the fire, collected all his tools with which he had been working and put them in a silver chest; wiped his face round with a sponge, and both his hands, and his stout neck and hairy chest; and put on his tunic, took his big stick, and went limping to the door.

Homer

THE GREEK WAY

181. A KING'S ARMOUR

(Sec Plate 2)

Agamemnon put on his bronze armour.

First he laid the greaves about his shins : they were beautiful, fitted with silver ankle-bands.

Next he put on the breast-plate, which Cinyras had given as a mark of friendship, when the news reached him in Cyprus that the Achaeans were setting out with their fleet: hence he sent the gift to give pleasure to the king. On it were two bands of dark blue enamel, and twelve of gold, and twenty of tin; and dark blue serpents crawled towards the neck, three on each side, like rainbows set by Zeus in the clouds to be a portent to mankind.

Around his shoulders he threw his sword. On it were golden knobs all-glittering, and it was enclosed in a scabbard of silver fitted with gold bands.

Then he picked up his shield, covering a man on both sides, richly ornamented, fit for attack, beautiful. On it were ten circles of bronze, and also twenty knobs of tin, gleaming white; and in the middle was a boss of dark blue enamel. It bore as its device a Gorgon of fierce aspect, in the shape of a wreath, glaring terribly; beside her were Fear and Flight.

From the shield hung a silver strap, on which was coiled a dark-blue snake, with three heads looking different ways, growing out of one neck.

On his head he placed his helmet with two horns and four bosses, with crest of horsehair; fearsomely the plume nodded down from above.

Then he grasped his two strong spears fitted with heads of sharp bronze. The bronze from the tip shone afar up to the sky. Then Athene and Hera thundered, honouring the King of Mycene, that treasury of gold.

Homer

ARTS AND CRAFTS

182. THE CHARIOT OF THE GODDESSES

Hera busied herself with harnessing the gold-frontleted horses, she the chief goddess, daughter of great Cronos. Hebe quickly put the round wheels on either side of the car, wheels made of bronze, with eight spokes, fixed at each end of an iron axle. Their fellow is of gold, imperishable, and on top of this are fitted bronze tyres, a marvel to behold. The naves, revolving at either axle-end, are made of silver. The body is built of tightly-interwoven bands of gold and silver, and there are two rails running round it. The shaft was made of silver, and at the extreme end she bound the beautiful yoke made of gold, and threw on to this the beautiful golden breast-straps.

Then Hera led the swift-footed horses beneath the yoke.

Homer

183. THE MULE CART

{Priam's sons} carried out the mule-cart, beautiful, newly-made, well-fitted with wheels ; and they bound the wicker chassis on it, and took down from its peg the mule-yoke made of box-wood, having a knob, well-fitted with rings.

They brought out the yoke-band, five yards long, together with its yoke. This they set neatly on the well-polished shaft, at the extreme end, and threw the eyelet on the staple, and fastened it with a triple criss-cross each way on the knob, and finally buckled it and bent the tongue underneath.

Then from the treasure-chamber they brought out the huge ransom for Hector, and stacked it on the polished waggon, and yoked the strong-hooved mules that were used to working in harness.

Homer

THE GREEK WAY

184. THE ART OF THE BOW

(Sec Plate 15)

i. *Manufacture.*

At once Pandarus pulled his well-polished bow out of its cove*: the bow was made from the horn of a springing wild goat that once he himself had hit below the breast as it came out from behind a rock. He had lain in wait for it in a place of ambush, and had scored a hit on the chest, so that the goat fell back on the rock.

The horns which grew out of its head were sixteen palms in length; they had been polished and fitted together by a craftsman in horn, who having smoothed them well and thoroughly, fitted them with a gold tip.

(The "wild goat" here referred to is probably the ibex.)

2. *Stringing the bow.*

Odysseus was now testing the bow, twisting it this way and that and trying it all ways, to make sure that worms had not eaten into the horn in the absence of the master. The Suitors were glancing at one another, and one would say to his neighbour: "This man must be a connoisseur, knowing all the tricks about bows 1 Perhaps he has similar specimens at home as well, or perhaps he intends to manufacture them, judging by the way he is testing it, bending it this way and that . . ."

While the Suitors spoke thus, Odysseus the resourceful, having handled the great bow and looked it well over, as when a man who is an expert with the lyre and in singing easily strings a cord on a new peg, after fastening the twisted sheepVgut at each end, so without effort did Odysseus string the great bow. Then, taking the bow in his right hand, he tested the string ; and it gave out a sweet subdued note, like the voice of the swallow . . .

ARTS AND CRAFTS

3. *Shooting the bow.*

Pandarus, having strung his bow, laid it carefully on the ground, now that it was bent. His brave comrades held their shields in front of him, lest the fighting sons of the Achaeans should rush up before Menelaus could be struck. Pandarus pulled open the lid of his quiver, and took out an arrow still unshot, feathered, a carrier of dark pains. And at once on the string he arranged the sharp arrow in position, and prayed to Apollo, famed Archer. . . . Then he drew the bow, taking hold of the arrow-notches and the string of ox-hide. He brought the string near to his breast, and the iron arrow-head near to the bow.

When he had stretched the great weapon into a circle, the bow twanged, the string gave out a loud note, and the sharp arrow leapt, eager to fly against the host.

Homer

185. CARPENTRY

Ship's Carpenter.

As the carpenter's plummet makes straight the ship's timber in the hands of a skilled craftsman, who is thoroughly expert in the whole of his art, through the guiding inspiration of Athene (*so was the battle equally balanced for both sides*).

Wainwright.

(Simile on the death of a Trojan warrior.)

He fell to the ground in the dust, like a poplar that has grown up in the lush soil of a great marsh; the tree is smooth except for the branches that grow from its top. This a wainwright has cut down with his shining axe, to bend it into a felloe for a splendid chariot; and the tree lies drying beside the river-bank.

THE GREEK WAY

Making an improvised boat.

{Calypso helps Odysseus to escape from the island.}

She gave him a large axe, well-fitted to his hands; its head was made of bronze, with double edge, and it had a fine handle made of olive-wood, on to which it fitted well.

Next she gave him a well-sharpened adze, and led the way to the extremity of the island, where tall trees grew—alder and poplar, and fir reaching to the skies : trees long withered, well-dried, so that he would find them buoyant.

Then, when she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso set off home, while Odysseus felled the timber, and his work went quickly. He cut down a total of twenty, and shaped them with the axe, and trimmed them down carefully and made them straight with a line.

Then Calypso came back bringing augers; and he drilled holes in all the timbers and fitted them to one another, and fixed them together with dowel-pegs and dove-tail joints, making the width of his broad boat the same as a shipwright, a man expert in this craft, makes the ship's bottom when building a broad cargo-vessel.

Then he put the deck-planks in position, fitting them to ribs set closely together, and made the decks, finishing them off with long gunwales.

Then he fitted in a mast, and a yard-arm fastened on to it; and he added a steering-paddle.

Then he fenced it in from end to end with willow-hurdles, to be a bulwark against the waves ; and he backed these with many logs.

Finally, Calypso brought linen with which to make sails; and these too he fashioned skilfully.

Then he attached the ropes—braces, halyard and sheets—and dragged his boat on rollers down to the sea.

Homer



PL ATI; I I . TWO-HORSE CHARIOT

(Illustrating Extract No. 111)

Note the driver's cruel-looking goad, and the owl of Athena presiding.

Drawing by Laurent, from the reverse of the large black-figured Panathcnaic amphora discovered in 1813 by Thomas Burgon outside the Acharnian Gate at Athens. Originally a prize in the Panathcnaic Games—it bears on its face an archaic but lively painting of Athena with the inscription "I am a prize from Athens"—it was found in a tomb, which contained some burnt bones and several smaller vases. It had evidently been buried with the prize-winner on his death. Now in the British Museum.



PLATE 12. HORSES AND RIDERS

(Illustrating Extract No. 111)

From a kylix (drinking-cup) found at Vulci in Etruria ; now in the Louvre.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

186. THE LOVELY GOBLET

The lady entered,
Carrying the sweet wine in a silver drinking-cup, both broad and
shallow,
Most charming to behold.
'Twas not a bowl,
And not a goblet;
Yet it had something of the flowing balanced curves of either
vessel.

Alexis

Food and Drink



X

FOOD AND DRINK

187. A LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY

At Thourioi, a Greek settlement in Southern Italy there was abundance of good things ; even the rivers ran with food:

. . . The River Crathis flows with barley-cakes which have kneaded themselves, and the River Sybaris rolls along a wave of cheese-cakes, meat and stewed skate. The streamlets run with baked cuttle-fish, bream and cray-fish, or else with sausages and mincemeat. Sardines are here, anchovies there; slices of haddock, automatically steamed, float from above into one's mouth, and scones swim round one in a circle. . . .

Metagenes

The wine is good, and the olive-oil the best in the world.

Athenaeus

188. PANCAKES

Have you ever seen hot pancakes hissing when you pour honey on them ?

Magus

189. THE JOVIAL HOST

With Callias here is great good cheer,
The cray-fish, hare and skate,
And girls of swaying gait.

EupoUs

THE GREEK WAT

190. DINNER EXPENSES

Fragment from a comic play:

A. Put down 100 drachmas for dinner.

B. Right!

A. Put down another mina (100 drachmas) for wine.

B. But Pve spent 100 drachmas on fish alone!

Eight bass, twelve John dories . . .

Eupolis

100 drachmas = £20.

191. THE DINER-OUT

Nor fire, nor bronze, nor steel
Debars me from a meal.

Eupolis

192. FRUGALITY

. . . A moderate man : once in his life he ate
Some toasted sprats, before the war; and later
Serving abroad, a ha'pennyworth of meat.

Eupolis

193. GREED

It is not the stomach that is insatiable, as is generally said, but the false opinion that the stomach needs an unlimited amount to fill it.

Epicurus

194. FRUGALITY

From the Letters Epicurus :

When I maintain that pleasure is the end of life, I do not mean the pleasures of profligates and those that consist in sensuality, as

FOOD AND DRINK

is supposed by some people who are either ignorant, or disagree with me, or do not understand; I mean freedom from pain in the body and from trouble in the mind. It is not continuous drinkings and revellings, nor the satisfaction of lusts, nor the enjoyment of fish and other luxuries of the wealthy table, which produce a pleasant life; no, it is sober reasoning, searching out the motives for all choice and all avoidance, and banishing mere prejudices, to which the greatest disturbances of the spirit are due.

I am thrilled with pleasure in the body, when I live on bread and water; and I spit upon luxurious pleasures, not for their own sake, but because of the inconveniences that follow from them.

Send me some preserved cheese, so that when I feel like it I can have a feast.

195. WATER

Water is best.

Pindar

Delightful as honey, ambrosial water from the fair spring. . .

Pindar

196. THE WATER-FINDER

The squire of Nymphs, the liquid singer, lover of the rain,

Who takes delight in gentle drops, Sir Frog is here to see.

His form in bronze a wayfarer, who owed him ease from pain

Of cruel thirst in blazing heat, has set up gratefully.

He showed the wanderer water—he's at home in wet and dry—

From out his dewy hollow singing a timely note;

Our traveller followed faithfully upon his guiding cry,

And found a draught of running water sweet to ease his throat.

(attributed to) *Plato*

THE GREEK WAY

197. ATTIC WATER

Of natural products our land has no dearth.
Our figs, bread and honey excel the whole earth.
Our flocks with their wool, our thyme and our barley,
Our myrtle, and lastly, without any parley,
Our water:

The moment you taste it, you're sure
It's the water of Attica, sparkling and pure !

Antiphanes

198. DRINKING-SONG

First and best of gifts, good health.
Second, fair of form to be.
Third, to share in honest wealth.
Fourth, to be young in company.

Anon.

199. THE TEETOTALLER

A water-drinker can produce nothing clever.

Cratinus

200. DRINKING-SONG

Drink, lad, and play.
Mortal is life,
Brief on earth is our stay.

Once we are dead,
Death is immortal,
When life has fled.

Ampins

HOMERIC MEALS

Homeric heroes had simple tastes and large appetites: they ate meat and bread, and drank wine. The meat might be beef, mutton or lamb,

FOOD AND DRINK

pork goafs- or kid's-flesh, or the flesh of a wild animal such as boar's-meat or Penison. The method of cooking was roasting over an open fire or embers ; the meat was first sliced and spitted. By finements of cooking were not known, apparently, though we do hear of haggfs ; a " goat's paunch toasting on the fire, stuffed with fat and blood, put down for supper " was offered by the Suitors of Penelope as a prize in a beggars' boxing-match ; and Odysseus, when planning the destruction of the Suitors, spent the night " twisting this way and that, as when a man cooking a haggis stuffed with fat and blood over a great blazing fire turns it this way and that in his anxiety to get it roasted with all speed."

But the usual meal was of roast meat only :

201. ROAST BEEF

(See Plate 5)

A sacrifice followed by a banquet.

When they had prayed, and had sprinkled the barley-grains, first they drew back the heads of the victims and cut their throats and skinned them; then they cut out the thighs and covered them with a double layer of fat, and on them they laid raw meat. The old man (*the priest of Apollo*) burnt these on faggots of wood, and poured on them the libation of shining wine ; and the young men beside him held the five-pronged forks. Then, when the thighs were burnt up and they had tasted the entrails, they carved up the rest and pierced it on spits, and roasted it carefully and then drew it all off.

When their task was finished and the meal was prepared, they feasted, nor did their desire fail to obtain its share of the equal feast. And when they had put from them the desire for food and drink, the youths filled the bowls to the brim with drink and

THE GREEK: WAT

served it out to all, beginning with the drops for libation, in the cups. And all day long they tried to propitiate the god with their hymns, singing the beautiful Paean. Thus did the sons of the Achaeans hymn Apollo the Worker from Afar: and his heart was delighted as he listened.

202. MUTTON, PORK, GOATS-FLESH

Feast for honoured guests, in Achilles hut, at Troy.*

Patroclus set down a great meat-carving block in the light of the fire, and placed on it a sheep's back and also a fat goat's back, and the chine of a well-nourished pig. Automedon held them for him, and princely Achilles carved; some he cut up neatly and fastened on spits, while Patroclus built up the fire to a great heat. When the fire had burnt down and the flames had sunk, he scattered the hot ashes and arranged the spits above them, and sprinkled the meat with sacred salt when he had hung the spits on their stands.

When he had roasted the meat and heaped it up on dishes Patroclus took bread and served it out to the table in fine baskets, while Achilles served the meat. . . . And they stretched out their hands to the good things that lay before them.

The size of the heroes' appetites was remarkable: unless Homer nodded, or several poets are at work, Odysseus had three large meals in one night: one in King Agamemnon's hut (food and drink, a conference, then a libation and more wine); one, the meal described above, in Achilles' hut; and another on his return from an expedition to the Trojan camp in the middle of the same night.

FOOD AND DRINK

In peace-time, at a great house like that of Mmelaus and Helen at Sparta, there might be a course of " relishes " served with bread before the meat course:

203. TWO-COURSE DINNER

The respectable housekeeper placed bread before them with the addition of many dainties, satisfying their wants from whatever she had. Meanwhile a butler served out various kinds of meat on to disres, and set these beside them; and he also placed beside them golden cups.

During this particular meal {the visit of Odysseus' son Tilemachus to Menelaus and Helen), at one point 'all were dissolved in tears at the thought of those who had not come home from Troy: " weeping came over Helen of Argos, daughter of Zeus; weeping came over Telemachus and Menelaus, nor were the eyes of Nestor's son, Peisistratus, without tears . . ." ; but later on, Helen had a good idea:

204. DRUGGED WINE

She forthwith threw into the wine-bowl out of which their wine was being served a drug which banishes grief and anger, and brings forgetfulness of all ills. Whoever swallowed this drug mixed in with the wine would not shed a tear all day long, no, not even if his mother and father were dead, not even if someone killed his brother or his son before his eyes with a sword.

This was one of the powerful and beneficial drugs given to Helen by Polydamna, wife of Thdn, an Egyptian lady. The rich soil of Egypt bears these medicinal herbs in abundance, some of them beneficial, some harmful; and every Egyptian is a physician skilled above the rest of mankind. Truly they are of the race of Paeon the Healer.

THE GREBK WAY

Wine is described as " honey-sweet A favourite pick-me-up was what the Greeks called " the mixed drink," a compomd served with a savoury snack such as an onion :

205. REFRESHMENT FOR THE WOUNDED

Served in Nestor's hut, for Machaon the army doctor at Troy.

Fair-haired Hecamede mixed them a drink . . .

First she put before them both a beautiful table with feet of blue enamel, and on it an onion as a relish, and yellow honey, and ground barley-meal beside ; and also a lovely goblet, which old Nestor had brought from home, and which was studded with gold knobs. It had four handles, and on either side of each a pair of golden doves were feeding, and below them were two buttresses. Any other man could hardly have lifted the cup off the table when it was full, but Nestor, old as he was, moved it easily.

In this cup the woman divinely fair mixed a drink of Pramnian wine, grating on to it goat's-cheese with a bronze grater, and sprinkled on it white barley-flour, and bade them drink, when she had finished preparing the mixture.

This seems an odd drink to give to a wounded man, but doubtless the doctor preferred it to his own remedies.

This concoction remained popular in Greek Asia many centuries after Homer. A famous philosopher once used it, so the story goes, to point a moral: Heracleitus, trying to stimulate the people of Ephesus to go to war against Persia, told them : " The mixed drink separates if it be not stirred," that is, the inaction of peace brings disunity. Others say that Heracleitus appeared before the assembled citizens and silently prepared the drink with water and barley-meal only, that is, made a sort of gruel, to demonstrate to them that they must put up with austerity for a time and go to war.

FOOD AND DRINK

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABUE.

The Athenians were exceedingly fond of good food and good wine :

206. THE CHIEF PLEASURES OF LIFE: DRINK, FOOD, LOVE

The man of common sense must cull the pleasures,
And there are three that have the power to bring
A veritable consummation to our lives :
To drink, to eat, to taste the joys of love.

The rest we must regard as superfluities.

Alexis

(Plutarch, quoting this, points out that Socrates says the opposite.)

207. THE PLEASURES OF THE STOMACH

Why do you talk such rubbish,
Chattering on of philosophic Schools and Concert Halls,
Lyceum and Academy and Odeon,
Professors' folly ?
None of these has beauty.
Let's drink, drink deep, my lads,
Rejoice and revel,
While life is in our bones.

No sweeter friend we have than appetite.
The stomach only is father, mother to you.
As for virtues,
Missions abroad and posts of high command,
They're vain and hollow names for empty dreams.
You'll have no more than what you eat and drink;

THE GREEK WAY

And all the rest—prime ministers and kings and admirals
and all—are dust and ashes*

Alexis

208. LIFE ITSELF IS A BRIEF FEAST

Do you not realise that Life, so-called, is but a name we give,
by way of pleasantry, to human fate ?

I know not if my judgement will be thought foolish or wise,
but I have thus observed:

Those of us who are living are on holiday,
Released as if to a festival, from death
And from the shades,
Into the turmoil
And the light of day we now behold.

And he who laughs the most,
And drinks the most,
And lays his hand on Love's delight,
During the days of his release,
And has his share of the banquet,
After the holiday,
He goes happiest home.

Alexis

*Well-to-do Athenians set great store by the art of catering, which
included shopping as well as cooking. Anything could be bought in the
Athenian market:*

209. THE MARKET-STALLS

I came round to the onions and garlic,
The frankincense, the perfumes and the gew-gaws.

Eupolis

FOOD AND PRINK

210. EVERYTHING—AND EVERY MAN—AT A PRICE

In the one quarter you'll find everything for sale at Athens :
Figs—informers—grapes,
Turnips, pears, apples—snoopers—roses, medlars,
Haggis and honeycombs, peas and—proceedings,
Curds, clotted cream, myrtles and—ballot-urns.
Hyacinths, lambs—and paraphernalia
Of the law-courts.

Eubulus

But of course, what you bought depended on your purse—or your generosity:

an; THE THRIFTY MASTER

MASTER : Buy cheaply.

Anything will suffice.

SERVANT : Well, give your orders.

MASTER : Nothing expensive:

Get just what is right and proper.

Just a squid or two will do,

And if you see a cray-fish, get it.

Sometimes one sees imported eels, the small variety:

Get some of those.

A chicken,

A small pigeon,

A little partridge:

Quite enough,

—Unless we add a hare... •

SERVANT (*aside*): How mean you are!

Epbippus

The generous host, however, had unending variety and plenty to choose from. The Athenian market-place groaned with good things, home-produced and imported from all over the Mediterranean and Aegtan.

THE GREEK WAY

*It was usual to take only a light breakfast of bread dipped in wine.
Luncheon also, though it could be elaborate, was usually a light meal.
The skill of the cook, and the care of the master, were lavished upon*

DINNER.

HI. PREPARATIONS FOR A FEAST: THE HOST SPEAKS

Now first I saw some oysters,
Aged fellows, bearded and dressed in seaweed,
So I bought them,
And some sea-urchins,
For the proverb says they are the jolliest chairmen of the
feast!
Then, freed from these, I fell among the fishes,
The little ones that lay upon the slab,
Trembling with fear lest they should come to harm,
But these I bade take heart:
I would not hurt them,
Not one of them——
And bought a mighty turbot.
And next I bought an eel,
And fish for frying:
Soles, wrasses, shrimps, with gudgeon, perch and bream,
To make a dish more glittering than a peacock.
Then came the meat:
Pigs' trotters, snouts and ears,
And liver dressed (for shame at its pale colour!)

These things the cook shall not approach,
Not clap his eyes on,
Or I'll break his neck, by Jove!
Myself will cleverly prepare the viands,
Sweetly and skilfully.

FOOD AND DRINK

I'll cook the meat myself,
So well that I shall drive the diners to bite the very platters for
delight.
As for the dressings, and the sauces,
I am ready to explain,
To demonstrate,
To give lessons free,
If any wish to learn 1

Alexis

213. A LESSON: TO COOK A GOOD DINNER

First I took shrimps and fried them all together,
Then a huge turbot.
Having baked the middle,
I'll steam the rest, and serve with mulberry sauce.

Now I take two cods' shoulders, very large, on a huge dish,
And add a smooth concoction of greens and cummin, salt, a dash
of oil, and water.

After that—I bought a bass,
A shining beauty:
He shall be steamed in brine with vegetables.

Then I bought some fowls,
—Passing the ones for roasting on a spit—
Some fieldfare, very fine,
And some fine mullet,
And laid them on the fire, sprinkled with salt and marjoram.
To these I added squids and cuttlefish.

THE GREEK WAY

(How nice is cuttlefish when stuffed and steamed 1 The fins **ate** tasty, too.)

For these I then devised a grated dressing,
And then a sauce of oil and vinegar.

And next I bought a fattened conger-eel,
And soured him in fresh brine.

There followed gudgeon,
And various rock-fish which, decapitating, I rolled in flour,
And away they go to join the shrimps, into the frying-pan.

A river-tunny plain, a glorious creature,
I sprinkled first with oil,
Then wrapped him round in vine-leaves,
With a pinch of marjoram,
And plunged him like a tofch into the ashes.

At the same time I took local sardines,
And added water—just a spoonful first——
And greenstuff, plenty, shredded fine;
I'll use, maybe, a pint of liquid altogether.

What more ?
There is no more.
Such is the Art,
Not drawn from lists and notes in cookery-books !

Sotadts

food and drinK

Cookery-books, especially newly-published ones, were eagerly studied by Pollux the lexicographer gives the names of eleven well-known writers of cookery-books, whom he calls "professors/"

214. A NEW COOKERY-BOOK

- A. I want to sit here by myself,
And study this book.
- B. What is it, pray ?
- A. A cookery-book,
A new one, written by Philoxenus. .
- B. Please show it me
- A. Now listen!
I'll start with Onion, and end with Tunny.
- B. With Tunny?
So your book gives the last place to what ranks highest ?
- A. {reading aloud}: "First you plunge your onions into the
fire,
And dipping them in sauce——
Eat all you can : they'll give you manly virtue."

So much for that.
I pass on to the Children of Ocean:

" No harm in baking-dish,
But frying-pan is better;
Perch, sea-bream,
And rainbow-trout, and shark,
You must not fillet,
Lest punishment from Heaven fall upon you
The' tentacles of octopods,
If taken when at their prime, and large,
Are better steamed than baked——"

THE GREEK WAY

But better still are two !
For two baked tentacles I'll sacrifice one steamed

" Mullet is never strengthening to the sinews :
Whereas the sting-ray——"

B. May he sting your rear !

Plato Comicus

The Athenian diner de ceremonie never began with soup. This was regarded as a poor man's dish, though very strengthening: it was the favourite food of Heracles. The commonest kind of soup was rather a thick pea-soup than a liquid, and was sometimes poured over dough-boys. It was good when hot: " Here is the soup in the little bowls," says a character in one of Aristophanes' lost plays, " hot, and—look !—bubbling." But all the same, it was rustic fare. Zomos, a sort of pease-porridge, was indeed regulation-diet at Sparta : " You can have your porridge—and like it! " sneers someone in a lost comedy, addressing a Spartan.

DINNER began with the main course, or "first table " as it was called. In early days, before Athens became rich and luxury-loving, this consisted of bread flavoured with something, vegetable or fish or meat, regarded as a savoury accompaniment; but in fifth- and fourth-century Athens, the "first table " could be an orgy of varied viands.

FISH stood highest in esteem : every sort of fish we have heard of, and many unidentified species, were eaten. The variety is staggering:

LIST OF FISH ON SALE AT ATHENS

Shell-fish : Crayfish, crab, lobster, oyster, clam, limpet, mussel, solen, scallop, shrimp, prawn.

Other fish : Perch (several sorts), mullet (two sorts, including red mullet), bass, sea-bream (several sorts), sardine,

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squid, ray, turbot, wrasse, sturgeon, sprat, octopus
(several sorts), mackerel, shark, sea-trout, conger-
eel, fresh-water eel, gudgeon, piper, gar-fish,
anchovy, sole, cod.

*The greatest favourite was tunny especially the undercut; and eels,
both fresh- and salt-water, were highly esteemed and expensive :*

215. THE PRICE OF EELS

Men say that the Egyptians have discernment,
And here's an instance :
Eels with them are worshipped.
And truly, eels cost more than deities.
We can obtain our wishes from the gods by prayer;
But as for eels,
It costs a guinea, or even more, to get a smell of one 1
And so we see the creature is divine.

Antiphanes

The cooking of fish was a fine art:

216. COOKING EELS

All's to our hand.
Eel-cutlets in the pot are cooking,
Bouncing,
Steaming,
Sizzling,
Scorching,
So that if someone entered with a nose of brass,

THE GREEK WAY

He jvoud not readily retire :

Such is the savoury smell our eel shoots forth I

Antiphams

217. RECIPE FOR COOKING MACKEREL

A, Do you know the way to dress your mackerel ?

B. Please tell me!

A. First remove the gills, and wash it.

Then cut off all the fins, and split it neatly.

Open it up, and lace it well with herbs.

Stuff it with cheese and salt and marjoram.

Alexis

218. THE IMPORTUNATE COOK

COOK : And so I'll steam the hake as usual in brine ?

MASTER : Agreed.

COOK : The bass ?

MASTER : You'll bake entire.

COOK : The dogfish ?

MASTER : Souse and dress with piquant sauce.

COOK : The eel ?

MASTER : Salt, marjoram, water.

COOK : And the conger ?

MASTER : The same.

COOK : The skate ?

MASTER : With vegetables..

COOK : Still we have the slice of tunny.

MASTER : You will bake it.

COOK : And the kid's meat ?

MASTER : Roast it.

COOK : The other meat ?

MASTER ; Contrariwise.

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COOK : The spleen ?

Master: Let it be stuffed.

Cook: Mullet ?

Master (*losing patience*): This fellow'll be the death of me!

Antiphanes

219. THE GOURMAND'S LAY

Sliced mullet, baked ray,
Filleted perch, stuffed squid,
Roasted bream, cod-steak,
Upper cut of conger-eel,
Frog's stomach, tunny's flank,
Skate's back, turbot's side,
Shrimp and sprat and sild and wrasse .. .
Let us have all these, I pray.

Antiphanes

The frying-pan was popular, especially for small fish such as sardines, sprats and anchovies ; fried roes also were eaten. Smoked fish was considered a delicacy. Many dressings and sauces were used, for both fish and meat. The favourite dressing for tunny and other fish such as squids was beetroot. Sauces were both savoury and sweet: they seem to have been introduced to Greece from luxury-loving Ionia, if the names are an indication of origin. Abyrtakfi, an obviously oriental name, was a piquant sauce made of leeks, cress and pomegranate-seeds. Karyke, scud to come from Lydia, was made of various sweet ingredients mixed with blood.

MEAT *also was served at the "first table". Every sort of flesh is named:*

LIST OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS WHOSE FLESH WAS EATEN

FOWL: Chicken, duck, goose, quail, pheasant, partridge;
and many small wild birds, such as lark, thrush,
blackbird, crow, chaffinch, jay, starling, pigeon,

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ANIMALS : dove, and even swallow. These were toasted on spits. Thrushes preserved in honey were a delicacy. Ox, sheep, lamb, goat, kid, pig, boar, deer, hare. The Greeks, unlike the Orientals, did not eat horse or donkey if they could help it. Entrails were popular: tripe, liver, pork-chitterlings, haggis (internal membrane stuffed with honey and milk), heart. Brain was a special delicacy : the proverbial expression for a tit-bit was " Zeus's brain". There were many kinds of sausage, including black-pudding.

Stuffing was used for both flesh and fish ; and such savoury mixtures of herbs, onions', cheese and the like were eaten separately also with bread.

The chief savoury flavouring agents were :

Cheese, vinegar, marjoram (*greatly favoured*), onion, garlic, mustard, pepper, thyme, mint, sage, chervil, parsley, caper, rue, anise, cassia, cummin, sesame, sumach; and the seeds or juice of many other plants, some of them unidentifiable.

Little is said of vegetables as an accompaniment to meat or fish : " green stuff" is mentioned, but rather as a dressing. Asparagus occurs in an interesting sauce made of this vegetable chopped, with marjoram and squills, and mixed with coriander; this was a dressing for cured fish. , After the main course, the "first tables" were carried out, and the " second tables " brought in. During the interval, bowls of water were brought, so that the guests could wash their hands: this was very necessary, since they had been eating the cooked viands with their fingers, aided by fingers of bread. Fresh garlands also were served out, and perfume was dispensed. With the second course, the wine was served, and the whole was preceded by a libation. The menu now consisted of every variety of fruit, sweetmeat and savoury:

DESSERT

FRUITS AND NUTS : Apple, pear, quince, fig (fresh and dried)* date, cherry, grape, medlar, mulberry, myrtle-

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berry, arbutus-berry; walnut, chestnut, hazel-nut, almond.

SWEETMEATS : * Cakes and sweets of various sorts, made with honey; puff pastry, meringues, honey-combs, biscuits.

SAVOURIES: Cheese, olives (pickled in brine), marrow (from bones), onions, leeks, radishes {greatly favoured}, both the long and the round sort.

Connoisseurs demanded fruit of the correct degree of maturity : pears, for instance, were tested for ripeness by being floated in water. Of all the nuts, the favourite was the almond: the best came from the island of Naxos, which produced also a notable wine. A character in a comedy speaks of " almonds that make you laugh at honey " for sweetness. The best raisins came from Rhodes. Dates were imported from Asia; but those reaching Greece were inferior, the kind that the natives would give to their servants. Figs, especially dried, were as popular then as now: the best, " sweet as a dream ", came, like the raisins, from Rhodes.

There were many varieties of cakes and bread, of all shapes and sk(es ; rolls and pikelets, batches and " twists " and " pyramids " ; we even hear of " crescents " (croissons). Bread-making, with or without yeast, was important:

220. BREAD-MAKING

Come, scatter the grain, and winnow and roast it[^]
Seethe it and sift it, grind it and knead it,
Bake it and bring it at last to the table. . . .

Pherecrates

Bread was brought to the table in small baskets either woven of reeds, or made of linen-thread. A piece of bread called Mystile, cut in a finger and scooped out at the end, was used as a spoon for mopping up sauce or gravy. The best bread was of fine wheaten flour ; but fine barley bread also was acceptable. Cakes, made of wheat or barley flour, were flavoured with

THE GREEK WAY

savoury seeds such as sesame ; sometimes wine was added. The fat used was either lard or olive-oil. The sweetening agent was honey. Other ingredients were eggs, raisins, almonds; pomegranate seeds. Pancakes fried in olive oil, were a favourite dish. Biscuits, served hot, were considered a delicacy.

in. A NOBLE CAKE

SERVANT : A cake as huge as this (*demonstrating*), my lord :
White,
And so big, it overtopped the basket.
And when the coverlet was taken off,
At once the smell rose up, mingled with honey,
Into my nostrils,
For it still was hot.

Nicostratus.

222. RECIPE FOR SWEET-BALLS

Mix some flour with milk; add lard.
Knead together, and add cheese, yolk of egg, and brains.
Wrap in a fragrant vine-leaf;
Simmer in stock from chicken or kid's-meat;
Remove, take off vine-leaf, and place " ball " in a dish swimming
with boiling honey.

Pollux

There were many varieties of Cheese, made from the milk of goats or ewes:

zii. SONG OF CHEESES

Green cheese, " dry " cheese,
Chopped cheese, grated cheese,
Cut cheese, cream cheese . . .

Antiphanes

FOOD AND DRINK

A special section of the Athenian market was devoted to cheese: we hear of " the green-cheese market" which was the rendezvous of men from Plataea. Some of the best cheese was imported from Sicily, says Pollux. Cheese was eaten with vegetables such as onions, leeks and radishes, by all classes. In Homeric times, Kyke6n, a mixture of wine, barley-meal and grated cheese, was a favourite drink ; in Athens cheese was afopourite ingredient of cakes and savouries.*

Two special savouries were:

Mytt6tos, a paste made of cheese, honey and garlic; and Matyll4 or Matty e, made of minced poultry and meat, and savoury herbs, strongly flavoured. This was an importation from Northern Greece to Athens, and was eaten half-way through dessert to stimulate thirst. Eggs were also eaten at the " second table" sometimes raw and swallowed whole.

A favourite Spartan savoury was celery pickled in vinegar.

With the " second table ", wine was drunk, both during and after the dessert. The Athenians were very fond of good wine:

224, WINE: LIEBFRAUMILCH

*Wine, fragrant and sweet, smelling of flowers.
Sweet it is to drink wine, milk of Aphrodite.*

Aristophanes

The Athenian love of wine was not approved by staid Dorians:

225. WINE AND THE DANCE

FIRST SPEAKER {a Tarantine): This native custom you can see today in lovely Athens :
All begin to dance the moment they perceive the smell, merely, of wine.

SECOND SPEAKER : How terrible!

Alexis

THE GREEK WAY

The Greeks drank their wine mixed with water: to drink neat wine was considered not only uncivilised but dangerous to health:

226. THE GREEK WAY

Their object was to keep their noddles sound
And free from headache.
This, you observe, is Greek :
To drink but moderately,
And thus converse and talk their small-talk pleasantly together.
The other way—it's swilling, it's not drinking,
To gulp down bowl and cask.
What's more, it's death.

Alexis

These, however', are views put by a dramatist into the mouth of Solon two and a half centuries after his day, when he had come to be regarded as the type of Greek moderation as contrasted with oriental excess. In fifth- and fourth-century Athens, drunkenness was the usual sequel to a banquet; the "hang-over" next day was a stock joke then as now. "If the headache preceded the drunkenness," says a character on the, comic stage, "no one would ever take more wine than he should." {Alexis.} One of the contests at certain festivals was to drink off a large vessel of wine {perhaps undiluted} at a single draught. This feat was sometimes accompanied by music:

217. THE SINGLE DRAUGHT

(Sec Plate 9)

- A. Play me a tune upon your flute.
And you—sing me a ditty while I drain the cup.
B. Yes, play!
—Ajid while you drink, here is my song :
"Man needs not great possessions :
Nothing but love and food."

Ameipsias

FOOD AND DRINK

Opinions differed as to which was the best wine. It was generally agreed that the palm must be given to one of the islands: some said Lesbos, birthplace of Sappho, and others Chios, birthplace of Homer, with Thasos second. "The dark wine of Sciathos," declares one enthusiast, "mixed half-and-half with water, cries out to the traveller to drink." (Strattis.) Naxos, Pramnós, Psithos also are mentioned; and the little island of Pepartthos was called by Sophocles "famous for vines". But not everybody liked Peparsthan wine, or else perhaps it had declined in quality by the time the following lines, by an evident connoisseur, were written:

228. THE BEST WINE—AND THE WORST

The gods themselves enjoy the wine of Mende (*in Egypt*).
Magnesian wine is honeyed.
Thasian wine gives off the scent of apples.
These I judge by far superior to all other wines,
Excepting the faultless wine of Chios.

But there is another wine that men call Saprias,
Which, when you broach the jar, gives off the scent of violets, of
roses and of hyacinths.
The fragrance is divine, and fills the room with nectar and ambrosia both together.
Nectar it is indeed, and must be served at every noble banquet—to one's friends.
My enemies shall have wine from Peparthus !

Hermippus

It was agreed that no one if he could help it would take his wine warm : on the contrary, it must be cooled in the well, and if possible mixed with snow.

The gourmand? s pleasure was in variety, not quantity; and the immense choice offered him gave him full scope :

THE GREEK WAY

229. THE SPICE OF LIFE

Sweet is variety, and change of viands.
And when one's sated with familiar foods,
To taste of something new—that doubles pleasure.

Antiphanes

But the desire of most men was for endless quantities of every sort of desirable food: fantasies like the following were popular on the comic stage :

230. THE GOLDEN AGE

(See Plate 8)

(ZEUS *speaks*:)

I'll tell you now the life I gave to mortals at the start.
Peace, first, was free as water for all to have their part,
Earth bore no fear or ailments; all needs were freely fed,
Since every river ran with wine, cakes vied with loaves of bread,
Hanging before the mouths of men and begging to be eaten:
" Pray take the whitest, if you please!" The fish, not to be beaten,
Came to men's doors and cooked themselves and settled on the plate,
And past their couches, thick with soup a river rolled in spate
Bearing hot joints, and streams of sauce were there for all to take,
And washing tender mouthfuls down, hunger and thirst to slake.
And little dishes filled with sweets stood ready to obey,
And down the throat the roasted thrush with bannocks winged his way,
And batches jostling round men's jaws kept up a roaring fight
And boys played games with sausages and many a tasty bite.
Oh, men were fat, and giants then were no uncommon sight!

Telecleides

FOOD AND DRINK

Some predicted similar joys in the next world, to the disgust of philosophers. Coupled with this dream was the fantasy of the man with no servants ;

231. AUTOMATIC SERVICE

MASTER : Table, come here 1
Table, lay yourself!
Trough, bake the bread \
Jug, pour out the wine 1
Where's the cup ?—Go and wash yourself!
Loaf, step up here I
Jar, emit some beetroot 1
Fish, forward I

FISH : I can't: I'm not yet cooked on the other side.

MASTER : Well, turn yourself over and sprinkle yourself with flour and salt.

Crates

A good dinner makes men expansive and inclined to talk:

" My dear fellow, let's have dinner first; then you can ask me anything you like. At the moment I'm terribly hungry and that makes me forgetful."

Metagenes

When dinner was over, the dining-room was cleared and swept; and entertainment began:

232. MUSIC AFTER DINNER

(See Plates x and 7)

{Servants talking}

- A. The men have finished dinner, or nearly. Come my lad,
Make haste and take the tables out.
B. And I shall sprinkle soap.

THE GREEK WAY

- C. And I will bring a broom" and sweep.
- D. And when I've poured the wine
I'll fetch a bowl for Kottabos.¹
- A. By now, the slave girl stands
Ready to play the flute.
- B. And I have served the Egyptian myrrh
And iris-scent, and next I'll give to every guest a garland.
- A. One of you mix fresh wine !
- C. It's mixed.
- B. The frankincense is served.
- D. They've poured out the libation.
- A. Now they're well advanced in drinking.
They've had a song.
The Kottabos is flying through the doorway.
A maiden with a flute is playing native melodies
To entertain the diners,
And another girl I saw holding the triangle :
She sang a sweet Ionian lay.

Plato Comicus

Music by flute-girls and singing was usual when gusts were entertained; but very rich men gave more elaborate entertainments. Callias, the richest man of his day in Athens, gave a variety show, with a comedienne, a girl flautist, a boy harpist and dancer, and a girl tumbler who turns somersaults in and out of a hoop stuck full of swords. This was followed by a mime or ballet.

However, this was high life. There were others, even in Athens, who lived frugally, either from principle, like the Pythagorean sect, or because of poverty. The poor man's diet consists mainly of bread, cheese and the cheaper vegetables, with very little meat:

233. POOR MAN'S MENU

(An Old Woman speaks):

My husband is a beggar.
He and I, my daughter, little son, and this good servant,

¹See Extract No. 272.



PLATE 13. FOOT-RACERS

{Illustrating Extract No. 261}

The inscription reads : " Victory in the men's foot-race."

Drawing by Laurent, from a Panathenaic vase.



PLATE 14. WRESTLERS

{Illustrating Extract No. 261}

From a red-figured amphora found at Vulci; now in Berlin.

This vase is signed by the painter Andocides.

FOOD AND DRINK

We five, live all together.

We three grown-ups share with the other two our bit of bread.

We have no music:

Sad the lay we sing,

Because we nothing have,

And our complexions are pale with hunger.

This is our *rigime* :

Beans, peas and turnips ;

Beech-nuts, onions, locusts, wild pears,

And oh, our consolation!——

Dried figs, product divine of Phrygia,

My motherland.

Alexis

The Pythagoreans, who observed an ascetic regime voluntarily, were regarded as crazy by ordinary men, and by sceptics as hypocritical:

" Nobody, not even a professing Pythagorean, dines on herbs when there is meat" (*Antiphanes*). *Those who accepted the Pythagoreans as sincere marvelled at their " prison fare " :*

234. ASCETICS (1)

A. They say the followers of Pythagoras eat nothing savoury,
No living flesh,

And are the sole men who abstain from wine.

B. Well, one of them eats dog, at any rate.

A. Yes, having killed it:

It's not living then . . .

B. Their arguments are subtle,

And their thoughts are highly-polished.

These nourish them,

And for their daily food each has a loaf ungarnished,

THE GREEK WAY

And a mug of water.
A, You're describing prison fare!

Alexis

235. ASCETICS (11)

His sole dessert is a peeled onion
And three pickled olives.

Eupolis

236. ASCETICS (111)

{A Philosopher speaks) :

The proper diet, woman,
—Do you know it?—
Is : onions, cheese and bread,
A free man's food,
Not kippered fish,
Not lambs'-meat crammed with stuffing,
Not fancy cakes,
Not shell-fish, man's destruction!

You see ? *{pointing proudly to his students}*
They're cooking cabbage,
—Praise the Lord!—
And simmering peas for soup.

Antiphanes

Finally, here is a typical menu for a modest dinner-party :

237. MENU

Cutlet of eel.
Squid.

FOOD AND DRINK

Lamb.

Slice of black pudding.

Boiled trotter.

Liver.

Rib of pork.

Poultry (various).

Cheese in honey.

Phetecraks

Ghosts



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GHOSTS

238. THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

There await men after death such things as they do not dream of.

Heracleitus

Souls have the sense of smell in the next world,

Heracleitus

It is said that Democritus, joint author of the original Atomic Theory, employed various methods in his investigations into the nature of phantoms and apparitions : for instance, he used to go alone and pass long periods in graveyards.

Antisthenes

239. THE GATHERING OF THE GHOSTS

Odysseus in the Underworld.

And when with prayers and invocations I had conjured them, the tribes of the dead, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the trench, and the dark blood flowed.

And they came gathering, the ghosts of the dead who had been slain, forth from the nether darkness : maidens and youths, old men long-enduring, tender girls with hearts new-sorrowing; and there were many who bore wounds from brazen spears, men slain in battle, with blood-stained armour.

These in crowds began to draw near the trench, gathering from all quarters round it with amazing outcry; and I was seized with pallid fear.

Homer

THE GREEK WAY

240. THE PREMONITION

Hecuba awakes after seeing the ghost of her son Polydorus in a dream.

Come, maidens, help me forth, support me,
Your mistress and fellow-slave !
Hold me, bear me, lead me, lift me !
Let your hand support my aged arm !
O dusky Night,
Why am I thus distraught with fears and phantoms ?
O holy Earth,
Mother of sable-winged dreams,
I shun the vision of the night,
The fearful dream that came to me,
Of Polydorus and Polyxena,
My son, safe housed in Thrace,
My daughter dear.

O gods of the underworld, I pray you, save them !

. . . And yet I know
Some new event is shaping.
There will arise yet other lamentations.
Ah, never came it yet in vain,
This fear, this dread that shakes my heart!

. . . Avert, ye gods, this fate, I pray !

Euripides

241. THE GHOST OF PATROCLUS VISITS ACHILLES

Thus answering him spoke fleet Achilles : " Why,
Dear friend, hast thou come hither ? Why givest thou
These orders to me ? Faithfully will I
Fulfil each word, obey thy least command.
But come thou near ! Let us embrace each other
And satisfy our souls with bitter grief! "

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And with these words he held out loving arms,
But clasped not; for the ghost, like smoke dissolving
Fled below earth with a thin, wailing cry.

Achilles started up, and cried aloud :
" Ah, so there lives on something yet in Hades,
A soul, a ghost, but not endowed with feeling I
For all night long the spirit of Patroclus,
Unhappy, stood before me, weeping, grieving,
Enjoining—and 'twas wondrous like my friend."

Homer

242. GHOST-STORY

Once upon a time there were two friends, Arcadians, and they were travelling together. One night, at sundown, they came to Megara. Now one of the friends had a relative in Megara with whom he planned to spend the night; so they parted, the one to the house of his relative, the other to the local inn.

The first traveller—(*shall we call him Meno ?*)—the one who was staying with his relative, after supper retired early to bed. In the middle of the night, he had a dream. He thought he heard his friend—(*whom I will call Lysis*)—begging him to come to his aid, as the innkeeper was planning to murder him.

Meno, greatly frightened by the dream, awoke and rose from his bed; but realising that it was only a dream, he soon regained his composure, decided that there was nothing to worry about, and went back to bed.

No sooner had he fallen asleep when again he had a dream. This time he saw his friend *Lysis* standing beside his bed. The vision said:

" Since you would not come and help me when I was alive, I pray you, do so now that I am dead. Do not allow my body to remain unburied. I have been murdered by the innkeeper, who has thrown my body into a cart and covered it with dung. I

THE GREEK: WAT

beseech you, be at the city gate in the morning before the cart leaves the town."

This time, *Meno* was convinced by this second dream. In the morning he hurried to the city gate, and when the cart arrived, he was there to meet it.

"What have you got in that cart?" said he sternly to the driver.

The driver, terrified, fled without a word.

So *Meno* looked into the cart, and there beneath the load of dung was his friend's dead body. . . . He buried the body and laid information with the police concerning the crime, and the inkeeper was punished.. ..

The ghost visited *Meno* no more.

Preserved by *Cicero*

243. INVOCATION TO A GHOST

Dareius, King of Persia, is summoned from the tomb by his wife Atossa, after the failure of their son Xerxes' invasion of Greece.

O gods of the world below, all-holy
Earth and Hermes, and thou, O lord of the dead,
Send forth to the light the spirit from below I

Doth he hear me, our sainted, god-like King?
As I murmur these doleful wailing words,
Or must I cry aloud my anguish?
Doth he hear, from the world below?

O Lord of the underworld,
O give him leave to visit us again,
Our lord divine I
O blameless King, come forth and hear our woe!
O woe! O woe!

Aeschylus

GHOSTS

244- THE GHOSTS ADVICE

King Dareius admonishes his defeated countrymen.

GHOST OF Ye loyal peers, companions of my youth,
DAREIUS : Ye aged Persians, what new sorrow ails
 Our country? Wherefore rings the earth with
 groans
 And tramp of armoured feet ? See, I am here
 In answer to your piteous invocations.
 And yet the way is hard from out the grave :
 The gods below seize, but release not readily.
ATOSSA Near Athens all our army is destroyed.
 The fleet is lost, and lost the goodly host,
 Yea, all but Xerxes, who returns alone,
 Save for a meagre following. . . .
GHOST OF Alas I When foolish men speed to their ruin,
DAREIUS : God hastens on their doom. . . .
 My son was mortal,
 And yet he thought to dominate the heavens,
 The ocean, all . . . What madness I And disaster
 Still greater waits them for their arrogance,
 Their godless pride, whose blossom sets in ruin,
 And gives a harvest of o'erflowing tears. . . .

Behold this retribution and remember
Athens and Hellas ! Let not any man
In overweening pride and lust for conquest
Pour out the wealth he has ; for know that Zeus
Sits as the avenging Judge of boastful pride,
And harsh Chastiser.. . .
I depart...

Farewell I

Aeschylus

THE GREEK WAY

245. GHOSTS PROGRESS

Hermes conducts the souls of Penelope's Suitors slain by Odysseus', the Elysian Fields.

So with his rod he drove them, hurrying them along, and they followed squeaking.

As when bats flit squeaking in the recesses of a huge cave, when one of them drops off the chain hanging from the rock, and they cling to one another: so did the ghosts accompany Hermes, squealing.

And so blameless Hermes led them along the dark paths of the Underworld, till they came to the streams of Ocean and the Leucadian rock, to the gates of the Sun and the realm of dreams.

And straightway they reached the meadow of asphodel, where dwell the souls, the phantoms of the dead.

Homer

246. JOURNEY THROUGH THE NEXT WORLD

The Orphic religion offered to its initiates exact rules for their journey through the next world. A number of gold plaques designed to be worn or carried by the dead person have been found in tombs in Crete and Sicily ; these give the route to be taken by the soul, and formula to be used in answer to the Guardians it will encounter on the way.

The soul is told that it will come to two springs beside the Halls of Zeus: one on the left, which it must avoid (this is Lethe, the water of forgetfulness, to be drunk only by souls that have to return to the other world again), one on the right, which it must drink: this is Memory. Beside it are guards, to whom the soul must proclaim its divine lineage, saying :

" I am the child of Earth and starry Heaven, and my race is heavenly, I am parched with thirst. Give me cold water from the pool of Memory."

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The guards will give the soul water from the divine spring, and henceforth it will reign with the other heroes.

Before its final apotheosis, the soul, going to the right through the holy groves and meadows, at last stands before Persephone, Queen of the Underworld, and other gods, including Hades. The soul, male or female, voices a claim to be allowed to return to the blessed race of these gods, to which it originally belonged, but from which it was banished by Fate, because of an original sin punished by the thunder-bolt and the lightning-flash. It claims now to come before them " pure, from the pure", and supplicates Persephone that she may be kind and send it to the abodes of the pure ; it declares that it has :

- i. " flown out from the circle ", that is, escaped from the cycle of reincarnation;
2. " stepped on to the crown with swift feet ", that is, probably, won the prize of victory by living virtuously through the appointed number of lives on earth ;
3. "slipped into the bosom of the Mistress, Queen of the Underworld", that is, come down below Earth to Hades.

The answer, if all is well, is an invitation to the soul to approach and be made a god instead of a mortal.

One of the plaques bids the soul rejoice at this experience which it has never before undergone; and there is a recurring formula:

" I have fallen as a kid into the milk", which seems to mean that the soul, by some magic ceremony of restoration, has reached all that it desires.

247.

An old man is but a voice and a shadow

Euripides

THE GREEK WAY

The aged Oedipus, summoned forth from the house where he has long lived blind and neglected, must now be told of his sons⁹ deaths at each other⁹ s hands. As he totters forth, he laments in quavering tones :

248.

Why, daughter, hast thou called me forth
From my dark couch into the light—
Naught but a staff to guide my steps—
Deprived of sight ?

Thy piteous weeping summons me,
Grey-haired old man, although I seem
An aerial ghost, scarce visible,
A dead man from the world below,
A winged dream.

Euripides

Marginal note in ancient MS. by scholar:

" Oedipus says, ' Why have you brought me forth like a ghost made of air ? ' The poet means, of course, that even the air is full of ghosts and souls that flit about everywhere."

249. VISIONS OF MADNESS

A Herdsman relates how two strangers have arrived on the Taurian shore {the Crimea), and how one of them in an attack of madness saw visions of pursuing Furies. The strangers are Orestes and Pylades.

One of the strangers,
Stepping forth from the cave,
With wSdly-tossing head,
And arms that trembled to the finger-tips,
Groaning and raving,
Shouted like a huntsman :

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"Pylades, look!
You see her ?
Look at this one,
This hellish monster,
Thirsting for my blood,
Threatening me with all her dreadful fangs !

" Here comes another,
Breathing fire and death,
Dressed like a huntress !
See, she plies her wings like oars !
And in her arms she carries—
My mother's corpse—
In stone—
A stony weight to hurl at me,
To crush me I

" Ah, she will kill me I
Where can I go to hide from her ? "

But we could see no trace of the shapes he spoke of.
Nothing was there to hear
Except the cattle lowing
And the barking of our dogs,
Which he mistook, and likened to the cries the Furies utter,
Euripides

250. THE GHOST THAT LOVED CHILDREN

Gelid was a young girl who lived on the island of Lesbos, and who died before she could marry and have children. The Lesbians say that the ghost of Gell6 haunts children; and they attribute to her the deaths of all those who die young.

Sappho wrote: " Fonder of children than Gelid."

Zenobius

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251. THE SPARTAN WARRIOR AND THE GHOST

A Spartan passing by a tomb at night saw a strange apparition. At once he ran up to it with his spear raised, and making a lunge at it, said :

" Where are you running to escape me, you Soul that are about to die for the second time ? "

Plutarch

252. GHOSTS HOLIDAY

In early spring—our month of February which to the Greeks was Anthestirion, the Month of Flowers—there was a three-day festival at Athens, to which the souls of the dead were invited.

The first day was dedicated to the Opening of the Wine-Casks, when the previous autumn's wine was broached. Early in the morning, a torch-procession went to the Cerameicus, the Potters' Quarter, where was the great Cemetery; the torch-bearers were escorting Dionysus, the Wine-God, from outside the city through the Dipylon Gate to the little temple in jthe Inner Cerameicus where he was to meet his Bride. Here the Chief Priestess administered the vow to the other priestesses and offered a sacrifice; then she retired to the inner sanctuary, where she spent the following night.

The second day was the Day of Libations, devoted to drinking and feasting, when wine was poured out to Bacchus God of Revelry, and to Hermes of the Underworld, Conductor of Souls. There was dancing and singing, a banquet in the Theatre, and great spending of money—for everybody, even the Professors, had been paid; prizes were offered for the man who could drink off a pot of wine first. The ghosts of the dead, who throughout the rest of the year hovered round their own tombs, were now mingling with the throng and visiting the houses of their relatives, and were present everywhere at all the celebrations

GHOSTS

The third day—the thirteenth day of the Month of Flowers—was specially dedicated to the ghosts. It was called the Day of Vessels, and on it the citizens took their offerings of food to the tombs to propitiate their dead ancestors and keep them away for the rest of the year. A procession brought the earthenware pots to the graves in the Cemetery. Then came the final ceremony, presided over by the King-Magistrate of Athens, an official chosen annually by lot and having charge of religious arrangements. A pit was dug, a cubit deep; into it the Magistrate threw grain, corn and honey mixed together, and poured water: this was an offering to the souls of those who in primeval times had perished in the Flood—for the Athenians too had their version of the Flood-Story.

Last of all, at sundown on the third day, a Herald proclaimed :
" Forth from our gates, ye Ghosts I The Festival is over I "
and all the ghosts went back to the Cemetery again.

Proverbs and Stories with a Moral



XII

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

253. THE WALNUT-TREE'S LAMENT

They planted me, a walnut-tree, at the cross-roads alone,
For every boy who passed, a toy at which to aim a stone.
My twiglets all so fine and small, my boughs so stout and strong,
Are torn and smashed to pieces, dashed by missiles all day long.
Be warned of me : the fruitful tree no recompense shall gain.
In evil hour I bore my flower, and fruited to my pain.

(attributed to) *Plato*

254. PROVERBS

The Greeks were extremely fond of proverbs and stories with a moral; they were as inventive in this miniature art as in the great arts of epic, lyric, and drama. Aesop's fables, written in the sixth century B.C. became a school text-book, and one reproached an uneducated man with " You haven't even done your Aesop." The sayings and doings (no doubt often apocryphal) of famous men were collected; lines and phrases from the poets came into common use, often misquoted and with their origin forgotten, as we use phrases from Shakespeare and the Bible. Popular sayings, especially if not understood, were equipped with anecdotes purporting to explain them.

As the centuries passed—and one must remember that Greek as a literary language had a life of at least 2,500 years, from Homer to the fall of Byzantium—these sayings and stories were gathered together in anthologies (or " rosebeds " or " piolebeds ", as some of the anthologists preferred to call them) by the indefatigable grammarians of Rome

THE GREEK WAT

and Byzantium, and grew like snowballs as they descended from generation to generation. Some anthologists specialised in the collection of proverbs from men whose names are now almost forgotten, like Zenobius and Diogenianus, who lived in the Emperor Hadrian's time (A.D. 117-138), and the Christian writers Gregory of Cyprus, Macarius, Apostolus. Their enormous if often indiscriminating labour of love shows how, after the creative inspiration of Hellas was dead, there survived a passion to preserve the ancient wit, humour and practical wisdom, as well as the more glorious achievements of Hellenic genius in poetry and philosophy. Some of the proverbs have come down to us unchanged or almost unchanged.

1. One swallow does not make a spring.
(Not " summer ", because in Greece the warm weather that brings the swallow begins in March. Sometimes the words were added: nor does one bee make honey.)
2. There are many things between the cup and the tip of the lip.
3. The cart is pulling the ox.
(Not " the cart before the horse " because the horse was not used as a draught-animal.)
4. The dog in the manger.
(But Greek says " bitch ".)
5. The dog to his own vomit.
(Used by St. Peter in his Second Epistle.)
6. He's afraid of his own shadow.
(Sometimes : He's afraid of the shadow of smoke.)
7. Let the die be cast.
8. Experience is a teacher.
9. He sticks like a limpet.
(Sometimes: He sticks like a polypus.)
10. You have stirred up a hornets' nest.
11. To have the wolf by the ears.
(Of a dilemma, because you can neither hold him nor let him go.)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

12. In wine, truth.
13. His life hangs by a fine thread.
14. Long are the terms of tyrants.
15. Change in all things is sweet.
16. He whom the gods love, dies young.
17. He has eyes in the back of his head.
18. Throwing the lambs to the dogs.
19. Constant dropping hollows out a rock.
20. He calls figs figs and a spade a spade.
- zi. *It lies on the lap of the gods (Homer).*
(Another saying was : It lies on the lap of the Five Judges, those who awarded the prizes for comedy at the Athenian dramatic festival.)
11. The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind small.
(Said to be an oracle of the Sibyl.)
23. A rolling stone gathers no seaweed.
*(" Seaweed," not " moss", because the proverb originally referred to the stones on the seashore, which were rolled about by the waves.)*¹
24. Kick against the pricks.
(That is, " of the goad " . Used by St. Paul, but goes back at least to Aeschylus, fifth century B.C.)
25. Shave the leop.
26. He has set up a bloodless trophy.
27. In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.
28. To shed tears of blood.
(" An exaggeration," says the commentator.)

¹ A modern Greek love-poem says:
" The white stone on the shore gathers no grass,
And Love without quarrels has no charm.

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29. White-livered.
(Of a coward, from a belief that some people have a white substance round the liver that makes them timid)*
30. " Move every stone 1"
(Leave no stone unturned.)
31. Swan-song.
32. With eats pricked.
33. You arrive after the feast.
34. Worth a fig.
(Also, Worth a hair.)
35. Ten a penny.
36. Of one clay.
37. He has eyes sharper than a lynx.
38. Crocodile's tears.
(There were several explanations of this. One was that the crocodile drenched his victim with hot tears to soften his flesh and make him easier to eat)
39. Let not the shoe be too big for the foot.
(Of excessive power; also used of a pompous style for trivial matter.)
40. He is weaving a rope of sand.
41. It stands on the razor's edge.
42. Don't eat your heart out.
43. The god from the machine.
(Of unexpected help.)
44. To carry water in a sieve.
45. To build on sand.
46. To lift the shoulder.
(Of heavy drinkers: " to lift the elbow ".)
47. The matter isn't worth a night's sleeplessness.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

48. Milder than a dove. *
Sillier than a sheep.
More changeable than a chameleon.

The Greek proverbs, like our own, cover most of the familiar situations of daily life ; but often where we have only one expression in common use, they have several for the same thing. The largest number are concerned with activity which is either futile or impossible.

For our "ploughing the sand", the Greeks had:

49. Talk to the shore.
50. Talk to the wind.
51. Scour an Ethiopian.
52. Hunt the wind with a net.
53. Comb wool into the fire.
54. Comb the clouds.
55. Boil a stone.
56. Sow on the rocks, on water, on the sea.
57. Shear a donkey.
58. Wash a donkey's head with soap.
59. Fight with a punch-ball.
60. Shoot at the stars.
61. Dig a well beside a river.
62. Tickle a statue.
63. Butt against a hill (*our "beat your head against a stone wall".*)
64. Hammer a peg with a sponge.
65. Draw water into a leaky vessel.
66. Flog a corpse.
67. Tell a tale into a corpse's ear.

THE GREEK WAY

68. Try to fly without wings.
69. Tie a dolphin by the tail.
70. Set a guard over a naked man (*"lock the stable door after the horse is stolen"*).
71. Lend a comb to a bald man.
72. Present a mirror to a blind man.
73. Give a fishing-net to an inlander.
74. Give bran to the dog, bones to the donkey.
75. Chase the wind.
76. Wash a brick.
77. Try to escape on a threshing-floor (*where there is no cover*).
78. Shout "Hylas !" (*of vain search : Hylas was the youth dear to Heracles, who while looking into a well was kidnapped by the Nymphs*).
79. The ship begs mercy of the rocks (*of a useless plea*).

Futility is one thing, impossibility another, though the distinction is often fine. It is impossible to :

80. Count the sand, *or* the waves.
81. Harvest the winds.
82. Blow up a wicker basket (*with air*).
83. Play a harp without strings (*"make bricks without straw"*).
84. Teach iron to float.
85. Quench a fire with oil.
86. Milk a he-goat.
87. Make an Ethiopian white.
88. Skin a flayed dog (*"you can't get blood out of a stone"*).
89. Pluck (*or*, feather) an egg.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

In the " teach your grandmother to suck eggs " class come:

90. Teach an eagle to fly,

91. Teach a dolphin to swim.

In the " mare's nest " class :

92. Look for a donkey's fleece.

93. Look for a wolf's feather.

94. Look for bird's milk.

In the " pigs might fly " class :

95. The ocean will sooner produce the vine.

96. The wolf will sooner shepherd the flock.

97. The crab catches the hare.

98. When Nibas crows, you will get rich.

(Nibas was a district in Thessalonica where the cocks were silent.)

The Greeks were fond of comparisons :

99. Purer than a ship's rudder *(because it is always in the sea).*

100. Blind as a blind-rat.

101. More malleable than wax.

102. Healthier than a tick, *or a raisin, or a pumpkin.*

103. More ingenious than a cuckoo.

104. Emptier than a snake's slough.

105. Cleverer than a beetle.

106. More changeable than a kothournos.

(Used of a turn-coat: the kothournos is the stage boot which can be worn on either foot)

107. More like than a fig.

THE GREEK WAT

108. Dumber than a partridge (*by irony, the partridge being a noisy bird. So also*):

109. Deafest and dumber than a thrush.

For "thin as a rake" they had:

110. One can draw you through a ring.

For "restless as a flea":

m. The wood-louse at home.

For "root and branch":

112. Like a fir-tree.

(Because the fir-tree, once cut down, never grows again?)

113. Like a top.

For "slippery as an eel":

Chatterboxes were:

114. More talkative than the beach (*where the waves break*).

115. More garrulous than a swallow, or a dove.

116. Noisier than green laurel-wood on the fire.

In the "chalk to cheese" class are:

117. The cat to Athena (*for brightness of eyes*).

118. The anemone to the rose (*for beauty*).

119. The flute to the trumpet (*for volume*).

120. The crab to the hare, or, the tortoise to Pegasus (*for speed*).

Among proverbs to which we have equivalents are:

"Pearls to swine":

121. To serve wine to a frog.

122. To put honey in the vinegar-jar.

123. To throw corn into the chamber-pot.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

124. Honey-cakes to the dogs.

125. The donkey listening to the lyre.

" Pig in clover " ;

126. Ox on the corn heap.

127. Pig (or dog) among roses.

128. Donkey in perfume.

" Coals to Newcastle " :

129. An owl to Athens (*Athena's bird, the symbol of wisdom, to the intellectual capital of Greece*).

130. A clod to the field.

131. Water from the stream to the sea.

" To count your chickens before they are hatched " :

132. To sing the triumph-song before the victory.

133. The goat has not yet given birth, but the kid is playing on the door-step.

" Many are called, but few chosen " :

134. There are many ox-drivers, but few ploughmen.

135. Many pebble-casters, but few prophets.
(Pebbles were used in divination.)

136. Many bearers of the ivy-wand, but few Bacchants.
(That is, many who carry the god's symbol, but few true worshippers. Dionysus or Bacchus, god of the renewal of life in spring, was the object of a mystery-cult of great religious significance.)

" Birds of a feather flock together " :

137. Crow always roosts by crow.

THE GREEK WAY

" Union is strength " :

138. One man, no man.

" To learn to run before you can walk " :

139. To learn pottery on a jar.

(Instead of on something easier.)

" Make a mountain out of a molehill " :

140. Make an elephant out of a fly.

" In the country of the blind . . . " :

141. Among the unmusical, even the lark gives tongue.

" Tempting Providence " :

142. You are bringing down the moon on yourself.

(Of Thessalian sorceresses who were trying to charm down the moon, and were blinded, together with their children.)

" All or nothing " :

143. Either thrice six or three ones.

(Either the highest or the lowest throw of the dice.)

" Catch a Tartar " :

144. The raven has caught a scorpion.

" You can't get grapes from thistles " :

145. Never from a squill can a rose or a hyacinth grow.

146. From the bad crow, the bad egg.

(The crows' flesh was considered uneatable, as also the egg)

" Put your best foot foremost " :

147. Shake every cable 1

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

148. Sit at the oat |

149. Bail with both hands.

" Wrong end of the stick " :

150. The hot end of the spit.

" Constant dropping . . . " or, " Perseverance wins tie day " ;

151a. With many strokes, the oak is conquered.

b. I hear the sound of falling petals, if they are many.

" The last straw " :

15 z. The cord will break if it is stretched.

" The leopard can't change his spots " :

153. The wolf changes his coat, not his mind.

154. Every hedgehog is savage.

" Sealed lips ":

155. An ox on the tongue.

(Also with a suggestion of bribery: some coins were stamped with an ox.)

" Nine days' wonder ":

156. An ox in the city.

" Speak of the devil..." :

157. If you mention a wolf

" Take it or leave it ":

158. You must either eat turtle-meat or eat nothing.

(Turtle-meat in small quantities gave colic, in large quantities was poisonous, the commentator says.)

" Fair words butter no parsnips ":

159. Don't give me words instead of barley-bread,

THE GREEK WAY

" Out of the frying pan ... " :

160. Take care you don't run from the ashes and fall into the coals.

161. Fleeing the smoke, they fell into the fire.

162. A man ran to escape the rain and was drowned in the ditch.

" You can't make a silk purse ... " :

163. A bent stick can never be straight.

164. A crab can't be taught to walk straight.

• ' Crocodile tears " :

165. Megarian tears.

(Different explanations of this were given : one was that the outskirts of Megara were devoted to onion-growing)

166. To weep over the tomb of your step-mother.

" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ... " :

167. Often indeed has even a foolish man spoken to the point.

" An axe to grind " :

168. You're asking for figs.

(The Athenian farmers response to the city-dwellers who flattered them in the hope of getting a larger fig-harvest)

" You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours " :

169. To return rub for rub.

(Of donkeys, who rub one another.)

" Asking for trouble " :

170. The Lydian had no troubles, so he went out and bought some.

(Croesus King of Lydia went to war against Cyrus King of Persia, and lost his throne)

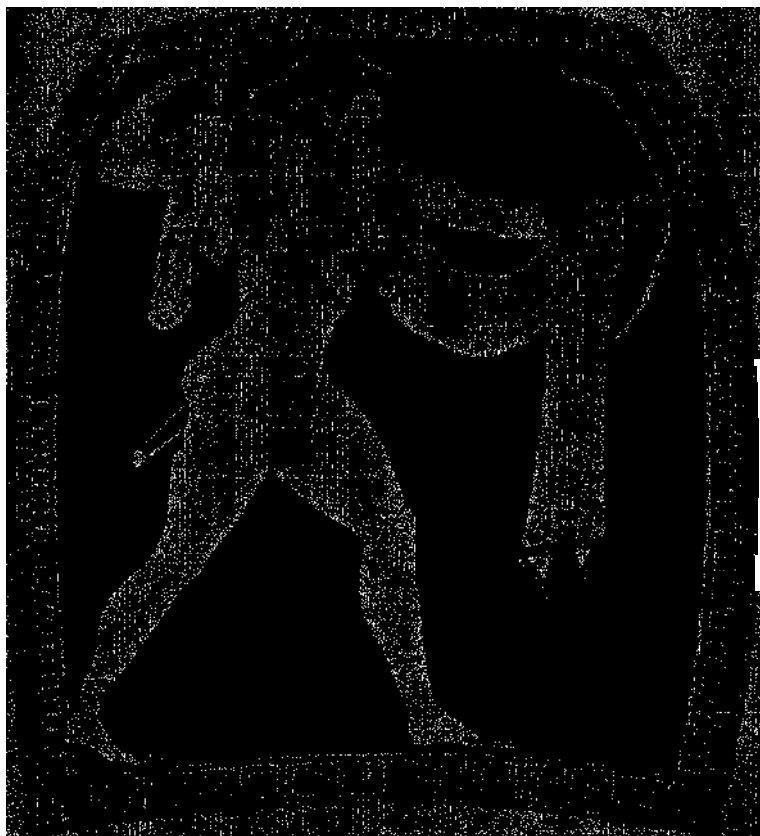


PLATE 15. ARCHER

{Illustrating Extracts Nos. 184 and 261}

A representation of Apollo, patron of archery, from a red-figured vase
now in the British Museum.

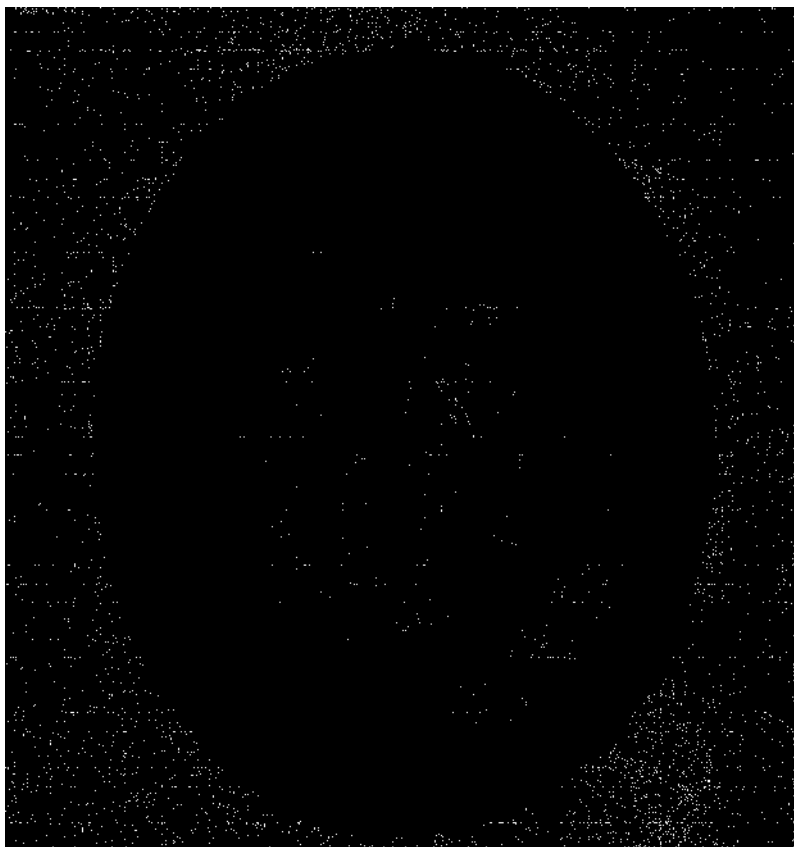


PLATE 16. (EDIPUS AND THE SPHINX

{Illustrating Extract No. 27 j})

Drawing by Laurent from a kylix in the Vatican.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

" *Touch mod* " :

i-ji. I catfry a laurel-wood stick.

(The laurel, sacred to Apollo was thought to be a charm against evil machinations.)

" *Easy come, easY go* " :

172. The cargo of salt has gone back whence it came.

(That is, is washed overboard and dissolved in the sea. Used of gains dishonestly acquired and easily lost.)

173. To sleep while carrying a cargo of salt.

(Used of reckless indifference to danger.)

" *To bite the hand that feeds you* " ;

174. The goat has repaid his keep.

(Of ingratitude, because goats kick their mangers and their keepers.)

" *Out of sight, out of mind* " :

175. Reverence lives in the eyes.

" *To sit on the fence* " :

176. To plaster both walls.

(Pf compromisers, who, standing between two houses, whitewash or plaster both.)

" *It'll be all the same a hundred years hence* " :

177. When Fm dead, let the earth be mixed with fire !

" *Rome wasn't built in a day* " :

178. A single day won't make a man wise.

" *All's fair in love* " :

179. Aphrodite's vow is venial.

(That is, if broken.)

THE GREEK WAY

" Hope deferred ":

180. I hate hopes long-delayed.

" To kick a man when he's down " :

181. To flay a flayed ox.

" Faintheart ":

182. Dispirited men never yet set up a trophy of victory.

" Saved from the wreck " :

183. From a sinking ship, whatever you take is gain.

" Blow one's own trumpet " :

184. He himself plays himself on the flute.

" All things to all men " :

185. Be a lion when you ought, and an ape in turn.

" When in Rome, do as the Romans do " :

186. Be different at different times: adapt yourself to your situation.

(Said with reference to the polypus, which adapts itself to the rock to which it clings.)

187. Follow the ways of the place.

188. With the sick, it's best to be mad.

" Delays are dangerous " :

189. The hedgehog puts off the birth.

(From a belief that the hedgehog if annoyed can postpone bearing its young, but suffers later.)

" You have made your bed and must lie on it " :

190. If a man has baked bread, let him eat it.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

" Give a dog a bad name ... " :

191. The wolf is always to blame, if he robs or doesn't rob*

" To spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar¹¹ :

192. To buy salt fish for sixpence, and spend a shilling on the sauce.

" Evil communications corrupt good manners " :

193. If you live next door to a lame man, you will learn to limp.

" Beauty vanishes " ;

194. All things are alike, even the lovely Rhoddis.

(That is, we are all subject to the same fate. Rhoddis was the mistress of Sappho's brother.)

" He has only what he stands up in " :

195. He is dressed in his whole estate.

" On the shelf :

196. A man fit for the corner.

" ' Where is Fancy bred?' " (Answer: " In the eyes. ")

197. Falling in love is born in man from looking.

" Between the devil and the deep sea " :

198. In front, the cliffs; behind, the wolf-pack.

" Let sleeping dogs lie " ;

199. You're moving the stinking bean-foil.

200. Don't disturb an ill that's well at rest.

" Diamond cut diamond " or, " When Greek meets Greek " :

201. A Cretan against an Aeginetan;

{Cretans especially were famous liars : see St. VauVs Letter to Titus.)

THE GREEK WAY

202. To play the fox against another fox.

" Fresh fields and pastures new " :

205. The bull has gone off to the wood.

{Used of a lover who has grown tired: bulls go alone except at mating-time.}

" Dead men tell no tales " :

204. A corpse doesn't bite.

" Whom the Lord love th, he chasteneth " :

205. If the clay is not beaten, it can't become a pot.

" Lock, stock and barrel" :

206. With the dog, also the leash *(of a total loss)*.

" While there's life, there's hope " ;

207. Hope dwells among the living : the dead have no hope.

" Mind your own business " :

208. Play your own lyre, not your neighbour's.

" Once bitten twice shy," or " The burnt child dreads the fire " :

209. The old fox won't fall twice into the snare.

210. The fisherman will learn sense when he's stung.

(That is, he won't handle the fish in his net with bare hands when he has been stung by a sting-ray.)

" Charity begins at home" or, " Blood is thicker than water " :

211. The knee is nearer than the shin.

212. The river waters distant places and deserts what is nearer.

215. Begin from your own.

214. You don't keep yourself, yet you keep dogs,

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

" Necessity is the mother of invention " :

215. Poverty wins wisdom (skill).

" Heaven helps those who help themselves " ;

216. With Athena's aid, stir a hand also.

" From the horse's mouth " ;

217. Words from the Tripod.

(That is, of the priestess of the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, supposed to be infallible.)

" As old as Methuselah " :

218. As old as Tithonus.

(Tithonus was the human husband of the goddess Aurora ; he was panted immortality but not eternally youth'.)

" The good old days " :

219. Last year was always better.

" To throw down the gauntlet " :

220. To throw a lamb before (the enemy).

(One of the ways of declaring war. A herald was sent with a live lamb which he released in the enemy's city, as a sign that their country would become grating-land for sheep unless they gave way.)

" Set a thief to catch a thief " :

221. Drive out one peg with another, or, one nail with another.

(This is used also of curing something by means of its like: " hair of the dog that bit you " ; for example, to drive out the old love with the new.)

" Those who don't work, can't eat " :

in. If you don't clean (the house) and grind (the corn), you shan't eat.

223. He who shuns work, shuns bread.

THE GREEK WAT

" *Beggar on horseback* " ;

114. Monkey in purple.

225. Weasel in yellow dress.

" *Horn, sweet home* " :

226. The truly happy man must stay at home.

227. At home 'tis best; without is naught but hurt.

228. Home is dear, home is best (*attributed to the tortoise*).

" *Too many cooks* " :

229. Many generals lost Caria.

" *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse* " :

230. Only wickedness needs an excuse.

231. No excuse is admissible in contest or friendship.

" *Well begun, half done* " :

i/ji. The beginning is the half of the whole.

(*A Pythagorean precept.*)

233. The beginning of every work is the most difficult.

" *Hoist with his own petard* " :

234. The snare seems to have caught the snare!

" *In clover* " :

235. You're burying yourself in honey.

" *You're seeing double* " :

236. In two, you're seeing three.

" *El Dorado* " :

237. A Thasos of good things.

(*The island of Thasos was opposite the coast of Thrace where there were gold-mines.*)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

" The cobbler should stick to his last" :

238. If you're a marine animal, you can't take to the land.

239. Instead of a charming doctor, you long to be called a bad poet.

" To upset the apple-cart" :

240. You're overturning the chariot.
(From the *"Iliad"*.)

" Up-service " :

241. Friend from the tongue.

"Ask for bread . . . " ;

242. If he asks for wine, give him a punch 1
(From the story of *Odysseus and the Cyclops*.)

" Taking the name of the Lord in vain " :

243. He invokes God for a flea-bite.

" The elephant never forgets " :

244. The memory of a camel.

245. The vindictiveness of a camel.

" Not a penny to bless himself with " ;

246. He hasn't sixpence to buy a rope (to hang himself with).

ZW. *" Wise after the event" :*

Even a baby recognises a thing once it's done.

" Hornet's nest" :

248. You've broken in on a wild bees' party.

249. Donkey among bees.

" No sooner said than done " :

250. Together word and deed.

THE GREEK WAY

" No rose without a thorn " ;

251. No honey without bees,

" Condemned out of his own mouth " :

151. The witness comes from home.

" Lord preserve me from my friends " ;

253. Untimely kindness is no better than enmity.

(Said of Hippolytus and his step-mother Phaedra, whose love he did not return.)

" You've hit the nail on the head " :

254. YouVe knocked on the very doorstep.

" Second childhood " :

255. Old men are twice children.

" Make hay while the sun shines " :

256. Now is bean-harvesting time I

" The trick has worked " :

257. The trap has caught the mouse.

" A chip off the old block " :

258. From the same rush-mat.

" A hair of the dog that bit you " :

259. A mulberry-stain cleaned with mulberry-juice.

The following expressions are same of the vast number for which we have either no near equivalent or none at all. Many of them embody the characteristics, or fancied characteristics of animals\ which played such a large part in Greek life and which were observed so closely :

260. The beetle is hatching the eagle.

(Of an enemy : the dung-beetle was said to destroy the ease's eggs by rolling them along the ground, because eagles eat beetles.)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

261. The goat (finds) the knife.
(To be one's own worst enemy. A goat was about to be sacrificed, but the knife was lost. The goat revealed it at its feet, and so caused its own destruction.)
262. Instead of a perch, a sting-ray.
(A bad bargain.)
263. If the lion-skin won't stretch, add the fox-skin.
(If you can't win by force, use guile.)
264. He is putting on the lion-skin.
(Of one undertaking a big task.)
265. To repay like a stork.
(Of filial gratitude. Storks were believed to look after their aged parents, and carry them on their backs when the elders could no longer fly.)
266. You're asking for a pig in exchange for a bad dog.
(A good bargain.)
267. Eat the turtles yourselves, since you've caught them.
(Reply of some landsmen to whom fishermen offered this catch: perhaps "looking a gift-horse in the mouth".)
268. Sardine—fire.
(Of sudden death, "in a flash". The sardine is cooked if it merely sees the fire, says the commentator.)
269. From horses to donkeys.
(To come down in the world.)
270. From donkeys to horses.
(To rise in the world.)
271. If you can't drive an ox, drive a donkey.
(Of making the best of things.)
- ijz. When the bear is here, don't look for the tracks.
(Of people slow to act in an emergency.)

THE GREEK WAY

273. An eagle seeing wood-lice.

{Of negligible trifles: "chicken-feed".}

274. Water to a frog.

275. Greamto a cat.

{For what suits one: opposed to " Wine to a frog " .}

276. An old bull's death is unmourned.

{Of people who live too long}

277. From the wolf's mouth.

{Of a benefit from an unlikely source.}

278. The elephant doesn't catch the mouse.

{Of those who despise trifles.}

279. Even an ant has bile.

280. Even a fly has a spleen.

{Do not despise the anger of the insignificant. " Even a worm may turn".}

28 J. The Carpathian caught a hare.

(Of those who bring trouble on themselves. In the Carpathians there were no hares, so the inhabitants imported them. The bares multiplied so quickly that they ate up all the corn and the vines: compare rabbits in Australia, or the mongoose among the West Indian sugar-canes.)

282. A sleeping hare.

{Of one who feigns sleep.}

283. The hedgehog's swoon.

{Of one who pretends to be dead.}

284. The wolf is dancing round the well.

{Of thwarted ill intent. A wolf chases an animal which falls into a well. The wolf runs round the well, unable to get nearer.}

285. One beat does not maintain two robins.

286. The moth's fate.

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

287. Yours is the moth's joy.
288. Under every stone sleeps a scorpion.
289. Nightingales settling down for a chat.
(Of garrulous people.)
290. At last the mouse is tasting the pitch.
(Of retribution.)
291. The fox is driving the ox.
{Of a small and cunning person driving a large and stupid one.}
292. The tail reveals the fox.
293. From the fringe, the whole garment.
294. From the claws, the lion.
295. The mullet is fasting.
{Of insatiable appetite. The mullet's stomach was always found empty when it was caught, hike our " cormorant".}
296. The donkey's shadow.
(Of hair-splitting. A man hired a donkey and went to sleep in its shadow. The owner came up and objected, saying that he had let out the donkey, not its shadow. Story told by Demosthenes to the Athenian Assembly.)
297. There's no help for the sheep if the shepherd is away.
298. The pig has gone to the party.
(Of someone acting the clown through elation at unexpected good-fortune.)
299. The mountain was in labour; then she bore a mouse.
300. An ant-heap of good things *(that is, a treasury)*.
301. A single honey-comb.
(Of people living harmoniously together.)
302. To do a partridge's escape.
*(The **partridge** was proverbial for escaping **the hunter**.)*

THE GREEK WAY

303. Like mistress, like bitch.
(Of maids)
304. Goats are free from the plough.
{Of people with no burdens.}
305. The eagle's old age, the lark's youth.
306. The lion's old age is better than the fawn's prime.
{Of a man who in old age is worth more than his juniors.}
307. The dish won't hold the dolphin.
{Of the snobbery of place. A professor, banished to a remote provincial town, was asked by the inhabitants to teach them. He replied as above. The saying came to mean almost: " Too big for one's boots."}
308. It is not the place that makes the man, but the man the place.
309. My family begins with me ; yours ends with you.
{Iphicrates famous Athenian statesman, son of a cobbler, thus replied to Harmodius, obscure descendant of a famous ancestor, who had sneered at his low birth)}
310. The cranes are carrying stones.
{Of foresight. It was believed that cranes carried stones when they were in flighty in order to test whether they were above land or sea and could descend.}
311. The cranes of Ibycus.
{Ibycus kidnapped by pirates; called on some cranes flying overhead to bear witness. Later, in Corinth, the pirates, sitting in the theatre, saw cranes flying overhead and exclaimed: " The cranes of Ibycus ! " They were overheard and punished. The saying was used of crimes coming home to roost.}
312. The vulture sponsoring the raven.
{Of partners in villainy.}
313. The dog in the porch.
{Of the boldness of people defending their own.}

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

314. A donkey to Athens.

(Of an uneducated man in cultivated society.)

315. A donkey among apes.

(Of one who shines by comparison. The donkey was considered ugly the ape uglier.)

316. Donkey playing Maltese.

(A donkey once saw a Maltese lapdog playing and pleasing his master with his tricks. But when the donkey did the same, he damaged the furniture and was beaten.

Moral: don't imitate unsuitable models.)

317. Neighbours have sharper sight than foxes.

318. The tortoise and the flies.

(Of indifference.)

319. May I be eaten by a lion, not by a fox !

320. A foolish fledgling freely shows its own nest,

321. The camel, wanting horns, lost his ears as well.

(Of foolish ambition.)

322.. The fish begins to stink from the head.

(Of a community with a corrupt ruler.)

323. The crow brings a letter.

(Of news that "flies". Mares, an Indian prince, had a crow which he trained to act as his letter-carrier, because of its quickness. When it died, he built it a monument, and it became proverbial)

324. Ravens are more honoured than nightingales.

(Of a community with false standards.)

325. The man who chases two hares catches neither.

326. They don't sleep as much as nightingales.

(Of insomnia.)

THE GREEK WAY

327. A fish has no voice, an uneducated man no virtue.

328. The mouse didn't go to its hole, yet it was carrying the pumpkin.

(Of those who take on outside activities and neglect their own business.)

329. I can't carry the goat, and you load the bull on me as well.

330. The lion's skin, the donkey's life.

(Of noble natures put to unworthy toil. A young Carthaginian tamed a lion and taught it to act as a beast of burden. The citizens of Carthage put him to death for humiliating a noble creature.)

331. If the snake doesn't eat the snake, he can't become a serpent.

(Said of those aiming at absolute power.)

332. The blade of grass casts out the stone.

(It was said of the woodpecker that if an enemy discovered his home in a tree, and blocked the entrance with a stone, he would lay blades of grass on the stone until it overbalanced and fell out. This became proverbial of small but persistent efforts that succeed in overcoming great difficulties.)

333. " Ask the swallow."

(Answer to the question : " When shall we see an end of our troubles ? " The swallow is the harbinger of spring.)

334. A wasp buzzing against a cicada.

(Of those rivalling their betters.)

33 j. Then the swans will sing—when the crows are silent.

(That is, at the end of life.)

336. An ostrich among the vine-poles.

(Of those vainly trying to avoid detection.)

337. " The donkeys don't matter to me."

*(Of those who look after their own property but not that of others. A man had his own wagon, but the donkeys **were hired.**)*

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

38. A mangy camel can take the load of many donkeys.

39. Scyrian goat.

(Of those who give benefits and withdraw them. The goats of Scyros give much milk, but overturn the pail.)

40. The dog at the wedding.

.(A bad omen : it indicated future discord.)

41. Drones eat up the labour of others.

42. A small donkey is always a foal.

{Of people who, because of their small stature, are considered young}

43. An ape is an ape, even if he wears golden sandals.

44. The parrot speaks Hindu.

(Of someone whose opinions are conditioned by their origin.)

45. The Graces are naked.

(Beauty should be unadorned.)

46. Some men have tongues, others pegs.

(Of the eloquent and the tongue-tied.)

47. If there's no meat, one must put up with salt fish.

48. A man in flight doesn't wait for the lyre to beat time.

49. The Attic sailor in the harbour.

(Of someone showing off his prowess. Athenian sailors were said to row best in the harbour, because their fellow-countrymen were looking on.)

50. " Shake another oak-tree! "

(Request to an importunate borrower.)

51. " Your nobility is of the purse."

52. Sweet elbow.

(By euphemism, of a difficulty. Of a well-known bend in the Nile.)

THE GREEK WAY

353. To transplant an old tree-stump.
(Of moving old people!)
354. To strike twice against the same stone.
355. The right foot in the shoe, the left foot in the bath.
{Commentators exerted themselves to give this a mystical, Pythagorean interpretation: the right foot stands for justice, which must be employed, the left for injustice, which must be washed away. But it probably merely means " a foot in each camp " .}
356. " I'll be my own bath-man."
{That is, " Til fend for myself" Bath-men were proverbially lazy.}
357. To dance in the dark.
(Of work unseen and unrewarded: "to hide one's light under a bushel".)
358. On the road of Mandrabolus.
(Of going downhill financially. Mandrabolus was a man who found a buried treasure on the island of Samos. The first year afterwards, he dedicated to Hera a golden sheep ; the next year, a silver one ; and in the third year, a sheep of bronze.)
359. In the night is counsel.
360. Any tree will serve to make a gallows.
361. Tub-life.
(The simple life: from Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who lived in a tub.)
362. Either a pumpkin-flower or a pumpkin.
(Of people hovering between life and death. The pumpkin flower was used at funerals, we are told.)
363. A white line on white stone.
(Of explaining the obscure by the more obscure. A white measuring-line does not show up on white stone.)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

364. The Cretan doesn't know the sea.
{Of people pretending ignorance about something in which they are expert.}
365. Not for every man the trip to Corinth.
{Corinth was the ancient " Gay Paree " .}
366. His mind is played out.
{Of a man worn out with old age, like the mouthpiece of an old flute.}
367. To chew mastich.
{To be unduly interested in one's appearance. Mastich-wood was chewed to make the teeth white.}
368. The pebbles in the quiver.
(The sum total of a man's good and bad fortune. The Scythians had the custom of putting a white pebble in the quiver on a good day, and a black one on a bad day. At death, these were counted, and if the white exceeded the black, the departed was accounted happy)
369. Turning the pestle.
{Of unending toil: " the nose to the grind-stone " .}
- '370. The pole and the wine.
{The full phrase was, " The pole has deceived'", or "injured" the vine. Of a protigi let down by his protector.}
371. Arab flute-player.
{Used of chatterboxes. An Arab would play a tune for a shilling, but had to be given four to make him stop.}
372. " You live a flute-player's life."
{Said to people who lived on others.}
373. From the oar to the deck.
{A rise in the world.}
374. Listen to what comes from the heart

375. Power reveals the man.

376. " You're wearing your coat in summer."

377. To light a lamp at midday.
(*Of unseasonable actions,*)

378. Don't give a knife to a child.
(*Don't put power into irresponsible hands,*)

379. Don't poke the fire with a sword.
(*Pythagorean saying: " Don't irritate a man already angry. "*)

380. Wait your turn—even when you poke the fire.

381. " Don't add fire to fire ! "
(*Not the same as our " heaping coals of fire ". It was attributed to a charcoal-burner who was shut up in his own oven, and mea
" Don't add to my misery " ?*)

382. A reversal of the potsherd.
(*Of a sudden change of fortune, usually for the worse. Pieces of pottery were used in many games.*)

383. A donkey carrying the sacraments.
(*Of those unworthy of their office.*)

384. " He doesn't pipe our father's tunes."
(*Of new-fangled ways.*)

38j. " He needs the parsley."
(*Of those at death's door : parsley was used for funeral wreaths.*)

386. Serious work at dawn.
(*Of negligence punished. A Spartan army corps put off reading a message till morning ; and failing to prepare for an impending attack, was destroyed.*)

3 87. Men of ready tears are good.
(*That is, men easily moved to pity.*)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

388. Lightning strikes the highest.

389. He who is near to Zeus is **neat** the thunderbolt.

390. Springs of silver babble.

(Not quite the same as " money talks ". Used of an uneducated man who airs his views on the strength of his money)

391. They've dropped the main-brace to chase the sheet.

(Of dropping the important for what is less so.)

392. He knows neither swimming nor grammar.

(Of complete lack of education. The commentators say; " Athenians were taught from childhood diving and letters. ⁷⁹)

393. He feels neither rain nor sun.

(Of people free from worries. Said of a statue of Artemis in Asia Minor, which though in the open was never touched by snow or rain.)

394. The purse of a lover is tied with a leek-leaf.

(That is, with something too fragile to hold)

395. Anticipation is victory.

396. Everything becomes a handsome man.

397. A coward's mother sheds no tears.

(Perhaps because his death is no loss, as the Spartan mothers thought, or because he lives to fight another day.)

398. A curse on a black autumn, that gives its joys to all 1

{The " black autumn " is a heavy grape-harvest. The saying is attributed to lovers who get what they want too easily, and are annoyed when others do the same.)

399. " I f I dive, I freeze; if I don't, I starve."

(Of a dilemma. Said by a fisherman-diver in winter.)

400. The disease of friendship is flattery.

401. Men **fond** of criticising **are** not **naturally made for** friendship.

THE GREEK WAY

402. It's easier to blame than to do the same.
403. He hasn't time to scratch his ear.
404. When he sits down, he looks as if he were standing.
{Of a busy man.}
405. Beans are beans even in summer.
(Of constancy.)
406. You can't plug unsealed lips with a fig.
(Exhortation to take a strong line against those who betray secrets.)
407. " Enough of stocks ! "
(" Stocks " here are the blocks on which ships⁹ keels were laid down. The expression was used to those who keep on beginning a story and do not finish it: " Cut the cackle ! ")
408. To pick off fluff.
(Of obsequiousness : the man who picks off fluff from his patron's coat in order to curry favour?)
409. Setting fire to old heather.
(Of a swift disaster.)
410. If you say what you like, you'll hear what you don't like.
411. In Ceos, " What's the date ? "
{The people of Ceos were happy-go-lucky about time.}
412. Potter hates potter.
(A very old saying: of professional jealousy.)
413. He overrules his driver.
(Of obstinacy leading to disaster.)
414. When the high road is before you, don't look for a track.
415. " You're not even among the parsley."
(That is, " You haven't even reached the fringe of the subject. " Parsley and rue were planted as borders in gardens.)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

416. Words from the wagons.
(That is, " Music-hall jokes. " The wagons carried the jesters in the harvest festival procession, which was the forerunner of comedy,)
417. Human life is a wheel.
(Of the uncertainty of fortune.)
418. " Take me away from the quarry ! "
(Derived from the fate of the Athenian prisoners at Syracuse, who were condemned to the quarries. Became proverbial of a cry for help.)
419. " He's either dead—or teaching."
(Of the Athenian prisoners at Syracuse. Those who were educated were saved from the quarries to teach their captors' children ; those who were not, perished.)
420. A cup without a base is not placed on the table.
(That is, only a man of worth is given office)
421. They would turn somersaults on a knife.
(Of people of reckless courage.)
422. Don't turn back when you come to the end.
(At the end of the life, do not indulge in vain regret.)
423. Don't give your right hand to every man.
(Do not be too easily reconciled.)
424. " Don't turn your wiles against me ! "
(One friend to another.)
425. I hate my drinking-companion to have a good memory.
426. The cheese of Xenocrates.
(Of a miser: Xenocrates was a man who kept cheese and wine so long that they went bad.)

THE GREEK WAY

427. " You have covered the sand with grain."

(Of clever deception. A besieged general filled two grain-towers with sandy and covered this with a layer of grain. Ambassadors frotti the besieging army who came to discuss his surrender, were shown the towers apparently full of enough grain to last for years, and promptly made terms.)

428. The visible present is a vision of the invisible future.

429. " I'll make your whole life summer."

(Of overlavish promises.)

430. While the one gapes, the other takes his share.

431. Far better to treat illness at the beginning than at the end.

432. The treasure turned out to be charcoal.

(Of disappointment.)

433. The doors of the Muses stand open.

434. War is sweet—to the untried.

43 5. Equality is friendship.

43 6. " I shall let down the sacred anchor."

(Of a last resort: sailors called the sheet-anchor " sacred".)

437. " You wouldn't get praise even at your own funeral."

438. To drink from a leaky goblet.

(Of betrayal by a friend.)

439. Athos covers the side of the Lemnian bull.

(Mount Athos, nine miles away, is high enough to cast a shadow on the marble bull in the Market-place of the island of Lemnos. The proverb was used of power to harm the weaker, even at a distance.)

440. To make a mistake twice is not allowed in war,

441. If you throw many darts, you'll hit something some time.

PROVERBS AND STORISS WITH A MORAL

442. The unskilled labourer is everybody's slave.

443. Opportunity is the soul of action.

(That is, the right action at the right time.)

444. A bad gift is equivalent to a loss.

(A "white elephant".)

445. Adorn the measure you have received.

(Be content with your lot: the "measure" is of land. "Il faut cultiver notre jardin")

446. You can't undo a knot you don't understand,

447. Don't eat mint or plant it in war-time.

(Based on a belief that mint was cooling to the blood, causing a diminution of courage. Thyme, which in Greek also means "spirit," was thought to increase courage.)

448. "Come and get 'em !"

(King Leonidas of Sparta to Xerxes, King of Persia, when the latter sent a message: "Deliver up your arms !")

449. He doesn't even know how to blow his nose.

450. The river doesn't always produce axe-heads.

(A farmer walking by a river dropped his axe-head into the stream. The river, pitying him, offered him a silver one, which he refused, saying that it was not his. The river then offered him a gold one, which he refused likewise. Then the river gave him back his own and the other two as well, as a reward for his honesty.

Another farmer, who had heard the tale, passed that way, and purposely dropped his axe-head into the stream. The river returned him only his own.

Moral: Don't tempt Providence !)

451. "You seem to me to be wearing a wig."

(Of deception.)

THE GREEK WAY

452. " You carry your magic in yourself."
*(Philip, King of Mace don , father of Alexander the Great, was captivated by a woman who was accused of using magic drugs to win his love.
Olympias, Philip's queen, sent for the woman, and was so much impressed by her beauty, nobility and intelligence that she exclaimed: " Perish the slanders ! You are your own best magic ! ")*
453. He brings up his siege-engines after the war.
(Of belated help.)
454. " Place beside your golden goblet a cup of earthenware."
(That is, " Remember your origin " Advice of Agathocles to his young followers. He was the son of a potter, and rose to be ruler of Sicily.)
455. " Who could miss the door ? "
(Of anything easy.)
456. The weaver made the mistake, but the apprentice was beaten.
457. " He moistened my lips but not my palate,"
(Of a mean gift.)
458. Drops make a shower, showers make lakes.
459. There is pardon for a first offender.
460. From a fine beam, one can even bear to be hanged.
(In war, have a good general—and then let come what may.)
461. If you can't play the harp, cough!
(Of people covering up a deficiency.)
462. Common are the possessions of friends.
(Pythagorean proverb : There is no " mine " and " thine " between friends.)
463. Justice breeds justice, hurt breeds hurt.
464. To suppress the truth is to bury gold.

Some cynical sayings:

465. The moment pity enters, gratitude dies.
(If you pity anyone and do him a good turn, your kindness will be ill rewarded.)
466. Stand surety—and rue it !
467. Money makes the man.
468. Fight with silver spears, and you will conquer all.
469. Hot spot, hot friendship.
470. Where there's food to spare, the mice and weasels swarm.
471. In evil plight, one's friends are out of sight.
472. Even a sheep bites a man in misfortune.
473. More worship the rising than the setting sun.
474. When an oak falls, every man gets wood.
475. " I taught you to swim—and you're trying to drown me I "
476. A bad vessel never breaks.
(Bad men live long: pendant to " Whom the gods love dies young.')
477. Work for the young, committee-meetings for the middle-aged, flatulence for the old.
(The Christian commentator remarks : " It would be better and more seemly to say : ' Prayers for the old' .")
478. When the light is out, every woman is the same.
479. Don't trust a woman even when she's dead.
480. If you lie, don't be found out.

Terms of disparagement:

481. Bathman.
(" Busybody" because the bathmen had plenty of time to mind other people's business.)

THE GREEK WAT

482. Barber.
(Of garrulity: " Where there's a barber, there dwells a tongue")
483. White mouse.
(Of incontinence.)
484. Indian parrot.
(Of imitateness.)
485. Wild bee.
(Offerocity.)
486. Donkey's jaw.
(Glutton.)
487. Young swallow.
(Greenhorn.)
488. Horse's old age.
489. Thorny life.
490. Child of the wind.
(Of changeableness : " weathercock ".)
491. Thistledown.
(Of worthlessness.)
492. Chorus of idlers.
(Pack of good-for-nothings.)
493. Burden on the ground, or Burden on the ship.
494. Figwood ally.
(Man of straw.)
495. Clapping laughter.
(Unseemly mirth: laughter accompanied by clapping of hands and stamping of feet.)
496. To look unripe grapes.
(Look sour.)

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

Inter-State courtesies:

497. *Argos for theft.*

498. *Khegium for cowardice.*

499. *Crete for lying.*

("To play the Cretan" was equivalent to "telling lies". St. Paul wrote: "Cretans are always liars.")

500. *Lydia for decadence*: "Lydian shopkeeper".

501. *Paros for treachery.*

("To play the Parian" was "to back out of a treaty agreement".)

502. *Sparta for avarice.*

"Avarice alone will capture Sparta: nothing else."
(Ancient oracle.)

503. *Athens for greed.*

"When an Athenian is dying, he'll hold out his hand."

504. *Psyra for teetotalism {not admired in Greece}*: *Psyra was an island so small that it could not produce wine.*

The three most famous mottoes of Greece:

505. Nothing too much. (*Delphi.*)

506. Know thyself. (*Delphi: adopted by Socrates.*)

507. Look to the end. (*Solon to Croesus.*)

255. "THE BIRDS OF PSAPHdN"

(Of those who go in for self-advertisement.)

In Libya was a man called Psaphdn, who had conceived a passion for glory: not modest or ephemeral glory—oh no! He wanted to be considered a god.

THE GREEK WAY

So he collected a huge number of singing-birds, and taught them to sing:

" Psaphdn is a great god! "

Then he released them in the mountains again.

The birds not only sang this song themselves, but they taught it to the other birds. And so the Libyans, thinking that the voice was divine, used to sacrifice to Psaphdn, and he became their god, elected by the birds !

Apostolius

256. DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

A mosquito alighted on a bull's horn, and sat on it for a long time.

When it was ready to leave, it asked the bull: " Do you mind if I go now ? "

The bull replied : " Well, I didn't notice when you came, and I shan't notice if you go away."

Aesop

257. A SMALL OUTPUT, or QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY

A lioness, taunted by a fox because she produced only one cub at a time, replied : " One—but a lion."

Aesop

Sappho's poems : Few, but roses.

Meleager

258. FALSE FRIENDS

A dog, pursuing a hare, caught it up ; and sometimes he would bite the hare, and sometimes fawn on it with caresses.

The hare said: " If you are my friend, why do you bite ? If you are my enemy, why do you wag your tail ? "

Aesop

PROVERBS AND STORIES WITH A MORAL

259. THE MAN WITH TWO WIVES

A middle-aged man had two wives, one old, one young.

The old woman pulled out his black hairs for him, because she wanted him to be old; and the young one pulled out his grey hairs, until they made him bald and the scorn of everyone.

Aesop

260. AN ASTRONOMER'S CREED

Anaxagoras the scientist and philosopher was once accused of neglect of public affairs. He was asked :

" Have you no feeling for your own country ? "

He replied:

" Don't blaspheme: I am utterly devoted to my country," and pointed to the heavens.

Anaxagoras, after thirty years' residence at Athens, was banished for teaching that the sun is a red-hot mass and the moon a stone, contrary to the popular theology which regarded them as divinities. He bore his exile with a dignity based on a knowledge of his own worth : to a friend who spoke of his " having lost Athens", he replied:

" Not at all: *they* have lost *me*"

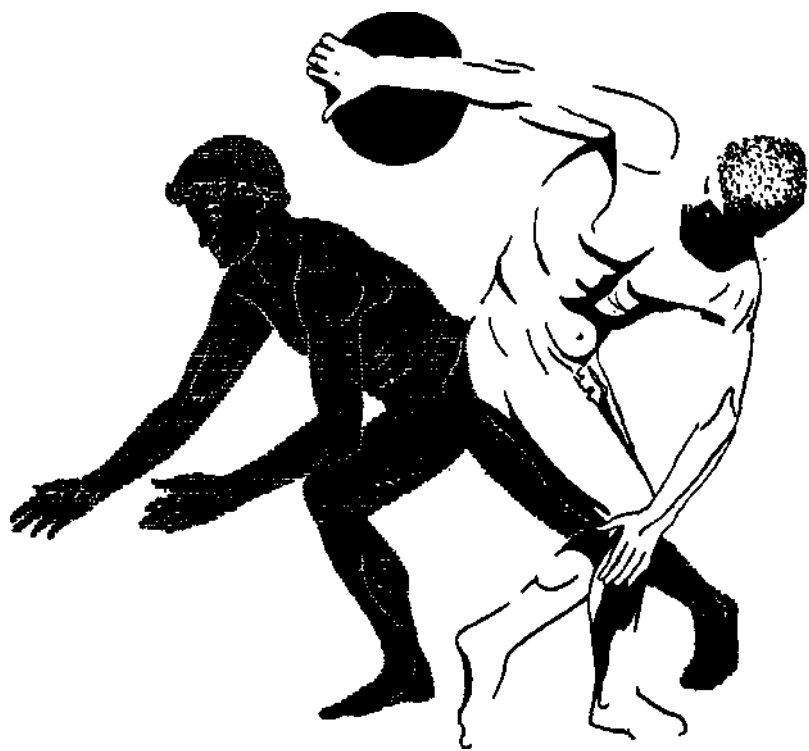
When he heard that after his departure the Athenians had condemned him to death, he remarked :

" Both they and I have been condemned to death long ago—by Nature."

When his friends asked him whether, if anything happened to him, he would like his remains to be taken home, he replied:

" There is no need : from every place the distance to the next world is the same."

Games and Riddles



XIII

GAMES AND RIDDLES

261. THE FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS

(Sec Plates 13, 14, 15)

The death of a hero or any great man might be honoured by the celebration of competitive athletic contests. Homer describes the games held by Achilles to honour his friend Patroclus, slain in battle. There was a chariot-race, a boxing-match, a wrestling-match, a foot-race, a single combat in armour, putting the weight, and a competition in archery.

THE CHARIOT-RACE

There are five competitors: EUMELUS, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, ANTILOCHUS, and MERIONES.

EUMELUS, son of Admetus, is the best driver, and is regarded as the favourite.

DIOMEDES, one of the best of the Greek chieftains, is driving the high-bred horses which he took from Aeneas in the fighting.

MENELAUS, brother of Agamemnon the commander-in-chief, is driving a mare belonging to his brother, and a horse of his own called Swiftfoot.

ANTILOCHUS, son of Nestor, has horses which lack speed, but knows all the tricks of chariot-racing.

Meriones, squire of Idomeneus the Cretan, has the slowest horses and is the least skilled driver.

Lots are cast for the starting-places. ANTILOCHUS wins the best place, on the inside of the course. Then come EUMELUS, MENELAUS, MERIONES, with DIOMEDES on the outside, the worst place.

THE GREEK WAY

I. *The Start.*

They took their places in line, and Achilles indicated the turning-point far off on the level plain; beside this he had placed Phoenix as umpire, to record the number of laps and give a true account.

The competitors all together raised their goads over the horses, and struck them with the reins, and shouted to them with urgent words. And the horses swiftly covered the plain, in the direction away from the ships. Beneath their chests the dust rose and hovered like a cloud or a whirlwind, and their manes streamed out on the breeze. The chariots sometimes touched the fruitful earth, sometimes bounced up in the air. The drivers stood firm on their cars, and each man's heart beat fast in his desire for victory; each was shouting to his horses, and they sped, raising the dust, over the plain.

At the last lap. EUMELUS the favourite is leadings with DIOMEDES so close behind him that his horses seem to be about to mount EUMELUS' chariot and EUMELUS could feel their hot breath on his back and shoulders. (DIOMEDES would have passed him ; but he dropped his whip. However, soon afterwards he recovered it: Apollo caused him to drop it, Athene handed it back. The gods take sides in games as in battle.)

But now EUMELUS comes to grief: his joke breaks, his mares bolt, and he is thrown out, suffering superficial injuries to his arms and face.

DIOMEDES is now leading, with MENELAUS second.

As the course is an improvised one, near the seashore where the Greek fleet is drawn up, there is room for sharp practice. ANTILOCHUS, whose horses are slow, sees a chance to defeat the faster MENELAUS. He has already, on his father Nestor's advice, made the most of his position by taking the turning-post as closely as possible without grazing it, by holding in the near horse and giving the off-horse its head, while he himself leans to the left. Now, on the last lap, they come to a narrow place where there is barely room to overtake. ANTILOCHUS seizes his opportunity.

GAMES AND RIDDLES

2. *The Last Lap.*

Turning his horses off the track, Antilochus kept them there, and pursued Menelaus close alongside,

Menelaus, alarmed, shouted to him, "Antilochus, you're driving dangerously! Check your horses! The path is narrow: soon it becomes wide enough for overtaking. Take care, or you'll smash us both up in a collision!"

These were his words, but Antilochus drove all the harder, urging on his horses with the goad, pretending not to hear.

And now the spectators see the horses nearing the goal, Idomeneus, MfeRiONfes' chief, who is watching from a look-out post high up, shouts that so far as he can make out, EUM&LUS is no longer leading, but Dio-MEDES. AJax, son of Oileus, refuses to believe this and attacks Idomeneus⁹ eyesight; but Achilles composes what looks like becoming a brawl. The leading chariot comes into sight.

3. *The Finish.*

And almost immediately Diomedes came up at full speed, and all the time as he drove he used the whip from his shoulder. His horses sprang high as they swiftly covered the ground; and all the time, the dust-grains beat on the driver, and the car fitted with gold and tin-work sped along behind the fleet horses. The track of the tyres was only a short distance behind them in the fine dust, and the pair flew along at full speed.

Diomedes pulled up in the midst of the spectators, and sweat streamed from the horses' necks and chests on to the ground. Diomedes himself leapt to the ground from his shining car, and laid the whip on the yoke.

His lusty squire wasted no time, but eagerly took the prizes and gave them into the charge of his high-spirited comrades to take away—a woman, and a tripod with handles—while he himself unyoked the horses.

A dispute arises over the second prize, which is a horse.

THE GREEK WAY

ANTILOCHUS *comes in second, followed closely by* MENELAUS, *with*

MERIONES *third, and EUMELUS, whose car has broken down, last.*

Achilles, seeing EUMELUS' plight, is sorry for him and wants to give him the second prize, because though the best, he has failed through ill luck ; but ANTILOCHUS protests that this is not fair.

Achilles agrees to give EUMELUS a valuable breastplate instead, ANTILOCHUS to have the second prize.

MENELAUS *now protests in his turn, alleging foul play by ANTILOCHUS and appealing to the spectators.*

ANTILOCHUS *gracefully gives way to MENELAUS as his elder and better, and forgoes the second prize.*

4. Amende honorable.

" You know how a young man will overstep the bounds of what is proper : his mind is quick, his wisdom is small. So let your heart be patient. I will give you the mare I have won ; and if you ask for any further and better gift from my own possessions, I should be happy to give it to you straight away, rather than fall from your affections for ever, noble prince, and also offend against Heaven."

So he spoke, the son of great-hearted Nestor; and bringing the mare, he gave it into the hands of Menelaus. And Menelaus' heart was gladdened as when the dew falls on the ears of growing wheat while the cornfield is bristling with its crop.

Not to be outdone in chivalry, MENELAUS refuses to accept the second prize, and takes instead the third, a shining cauldron.

MERIONES, *who came in fourth, takes two talents of gold.*

The fifth prize, a two-handled goblet (for there was a prize for each competitor) is now left over ; so Achilles awards it to Nestor, the oldest and wisest man present, who is prevented by age from competing, though he has been a great athlete as well as a great warrior in his day.

Thus ends the chariot-race, to the general satisfaction.

GAMES AND RIDDLES

THE BOXING MATCH

For this the entrants are EPEIOS and EURYALUS. The prize for the victor is a mule, and for the loser a cup.

DIOMEDES now acts as EURYALUS second.

First he girded him with the loin-cloth ; then he gave him the well-cut thongs of ox-hide. (*Thongs, wound round the hands, were the equivalent of boxing-gloves, the hands being used flat, not as fists.*)

The two competitors, thus girded, entered the arena, and confronted each other with their powerful hands raised; then they both fell to, and their heavy blows mingled. Dreadful smashing sounds rose as jaws were struck, and sweat poured down everywhere from their limbs. Godlike Epeios rushed in and got in a blow on the other's cheek when he turned his head to look; Euryalus did not long remain upright, but his noble form collapsed on the spot. As when under the ruffling of the north wind a fish leaps on to the shore covered with sea-weed, and a black wave overwhelms it, so did Euryalus leap into the air when struck ; but magnanimous Epeios took hold of him and set him upright; and his comrades surrounded him and led him across the arena, as he dragged his feet and spat clotted blood, and his head fell to one side.

Thus they took him along and sat him down in a stunned condition, and then went and fetched the two-handled cup.

THE WRESTLING-MATCH

For this the victor's prize was a tripod valued at twelve oxen ; and for the vanquished, a woman well-skilled in all handicrafts, valued at four oxen. The entrants were ODYSSEUS and Ajax son of Telamon.

When they had girded themselves, they stepped into the arena, and grasped each other closely in their strong arms, like the rafters joined together by a carpenter of repute in a lofty house, to resist the pressure of the winds.

THE GREEK WAY

Their backs creaked under the mighty strain of their powerful arms; streams of sweat ran down, and close-set cheeks ruddy with blood sprang up on their sides and shoulders, as they strained ever after the victory that would win the well-made tripod. Odysseus could not trip Ajax and bring him to the ground, nor could Ajax flop Odysseus, whose mighty strength held firm.

At last, Ajax, great son of Telamon, said: " Noble son of Laertes, Odysseus the resourceful, either try to lift me, or let me try to lift you—and let Zeus decide the issue."

So saying, he began the attempt. But Odysseus remembered a trick. He gave him a blow at the back of the knees, and loosened his legs under him. Ajax fell backwards, and Odysseus fell on top of him, while the spectators marvelled.

Next, stalwart Prince Odysseus tried to lift Ajax. He moved him a little way off the ground, but could not lift him: Ajax crooked his foot inside his knee, and together they fell to the ground near each other, and were bedabbled with dust.

They were going to try a third throw, but Achilles rose and stopped them, declaring a draw.

THE FOOT-RACE

The prizes are : first prize, a wrought silver bowl, imported from

Phoenicia ; second prize, an ox ; third prize, a half-talent of gold.

The competitors : AJAX son of Oileus (he who argued with Idomeneus in the chariot-race, not the wrestler), ODYSSEUS {although he has just finished wrestling}, and ANTILOCHUS (the winner of the second prize in the chariot-race).

ODYSSEUS came in first. AJAX slipped on some cow's dung, but still managed to come in second. ANTILOCHUS took defeat with a good grace, remarking on the prowess of the older generation, and complimenting Achilles on his well-known fleetness.

GAMES AND RIDDLES

THE SINGLE COMBAT IN ARMOUR

For this event, the first priZe was to go to whoever drew first blood. The entrants were AJAX son of Telamon, the competitor in the wrestling-match ; and DIOMEDES, winner of the chariot-race. DIOMEDES, had the better of the combat; but the spectators, fearing for Ajax, stopped the fight.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT

The missile in this event was a massive iron ball, which was also the priZe, iron being rare and therefore valuable at this time. This competition was won by POLYPOITES.

COMPETITION IN ARCHERY

The target was a dove tied by the leg to a mast set up in the sand. The priZes were a set of ten double-edged axe-heads, and a set of ten single-edged axe-heads. The entrants were MSRIONES and TEUCROS. TEUCROS won the right to shoot first.

At once Teucros let fly an arrow powerfully, but he did not vow to sacrifice a fine hecatomb of firstborn lambs to his Master {Apollo}. He missed the dove—Apollo begrudged him that—but he hit the cord by which the bird was tied, near its foot, and the sharp arrow-head severed the cord. The bird flew swiftly up into the sky, and the cord fell to earth. The spectators shouted.

Then Meriones hastily snatched the bow from his hand—the arrow he had already—and forthwith he vowed to far-shooting Apollo to sacrifice to him a splendid hecatomb of firstborn lambs.

High up below the clouds he could see the timorous dove; and he hit her in the body beneath the wing, as she whirled there above. The arrow passed straight through her, and falling back to earth, fixed itself in the ground before Meriones* feet. The bird, settling on the mast of a dark-prowed ship, dropped her head, and trailed her thickly-feathered wings. Swiftly her spirit fled

THE GREEK WAY

from her frame, and she fell down at a distance from him. The spectators watched and marvelled.

So Meriones took all ten double axe-heads, and Teucros the single axe-heads.

With a final complimentary presentation by ACHILLES to AGAMEMNON of a cauldron, and to MERIONES of a spear—which the latter passed on to Talthybios the Herald—the session ended.

262. DICE

The ancients used three dice. The highest throw was three sixes, the lowest three ones.

The "one" was called a "dog", or a "Chian". The "three" was called a "Coan". Hence there was a proverb: "A Chian against a Coan", or a "Coan to a Chian", of success or failure.

The luckiest throw was when all three numbers were different: this was called a "Midas".

Zenobius

263. DRAUGHTS

A favourite game was called "Cities", in which the pieces were moved according to throws of the dice.

There was a space called "sacred", from which the piece was not moved except as a last resort. Hence "From the sacred space" (like "the sacred anchor") became proverbial of "the last ditch", or "backs to the wall".

264. THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS

The noble Suitors had turned to their draught-playing, and were enjoying the game sitting in front of the doors on hides of oxen which they themselves had killed. Heralds and busy attendants were waiting on them; some were mixing wine and water in bowls, others again were wiping down the tables with

GAMES AND RIDDLES

porous sponges and laying them; others were serving out vast quantities of meat.

Homer

265. DRAUGHT-PLAYING AND GOSSIP

Man-Servant to the Nurse of Medea's children :

I heard someone saying—I was pretending not to listen—I had reached the Place of the Draught-Players, where as you know the old men sit, near the sacred spring of Peirens: I heard it said that the King means to turn these children out of this country, along with their mother. I don't know if there's any truth in the rumour. I hope there is none . . .

Euripides

266. SPORT IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

^v They have strong sunshine there below while here it is night, and their place of residence is set in meadows red with roses, shaded with aromatic trees, and rich with a harvest of golden fruit.

Some of them are enjoying horse-riding and athletic sports, others games of draughts, others playing the lyre," Beside them blossoms every sort of luxury. A perfume is scattered ever throughout the lovely land—the manifold savour of the sacrifice mingled in the far-seen fire on the altars of the gods.

Pindar

267. QUOITS

The Suitors were in front of Odysseus' hall enjoying games of quoit- and javelin-throwing on the pitch prepared, as before,

(Odysseus, sitting incognito among the Pbaeacians, watching the athletic sports, is rudely challenged by two young nobles to show his prowess.)

He dashed up, still wearing his cloak, and seized a quoit of larger size and heavy, much more massive than the ones used by

THE GREEK WAY

the Phaeacians in their matches. Thk he whirled round and flung it from his mighty hand, and the stone disc whiZZed through the air, while the Phaeacians (famed seamen, wielders of the long oar) crouched to the ground beneath the whirr of the stone, which flew lightly through the air from his hands, right over everybody's marks.

Athene in the guise of a man set a peg on the place and spoke up and addressed him :

" Even a blind man, stranger, could pick out your mark by groping with his hands, because it is not mixed up with the mass but is far ahead of them. You can be happy so far as this prize is concerned : no Phaeacian will reach this or pass it."

So she spoke, and noble, stalwart Odysseus was glad.

Homer

268. GIRLS PLAYING BALL

When the girls had finished bathing and anointing themselves, they had lunch on the river-bank, while they waited for the clothes to dry in the heat of the suni

When Nausicaa and the girls had finished the pleasant meal, they put off their veils and began to play ball, while white-armed Nausicaa led their song. She was like Artemis, shooter of arrows, as she goes over the mountains, over lofty Mount Taygetus or Mount Erymanthus, delighting in the hunt for wild boar or fleet deer; and with her go the nymphs, daughters of aegis-holding Zeus, the wild huntresses, at their sport; and Leto rejoices in her heart, because her daughter surpasses all of them by brow and head, and readily distinguished is she, though all are beautiful.

So likewise did Nausicaa, the maiden still unwon, stand out among the girls who attended on her.

But when the time came for them to yoke the mules, fold up the fine clothes and return home, bright-eyed Athene had another idea : that Odysseus should wake, and see the pretty girl, who should lead him to the city of the Phaeacians.

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At that point the princess threw the ball to one of her maids. She missed the girl, and the ball fell into the deep current. **The** girls shrieked out, and noble Odysseus woke.

HOMER

269. DANCING

(See Plate 10)

(On the Shield of Achilles.)

On the Shield, Hephaestus set a scene cunningly-wrought: a dancing-floor, like the one which in spacious Cnossus long ago Daedalus prepared for fair-tressed Ariadne.

Here were dancing young men and maidens, holding each other's arms at the wrist. The girls, maidens highly-prized, wore fine veils; the men were clad in well-woven tunics, and their skins shone with oil. The girls wore beautiful garlands, the men carried golden daggers on silver shoulder-straps.

At one time they would dance lightly with skilful steps in a ring, as when a potter at his seat tests his well-mounted wheel with his hands, to see if it will run; at another time they would dance up to one another in a row. A great crowd of people were standing round the fine dancing-floor, admiring the display; and in their midst the inspired musician sang to the accompaniment of his lyre. Two tumblers led off the song, turning somersaults in and out of the dancers.

HOMER

270. DANCING WITH A BALL

King Alcinous bade Halius and Leodamas dance a duet alone, since they had no rivals.

They took in their hands a fine ball, coloured scarlet, which the artist Polybus had made for them. One of the pair would throw the ball up towards the shadowy clouds, bending himself backward, and the other would jump high off the ground and catch it smartly before his feet touched the earth again.

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Then, when they had tried their skill with the ball in straight throwing, they began tossing the ball quickly to and fro as they danced on the fertile ground.

The other young men standing round the dancing-floor clapped their hands in time, and a lively sound arose. Then Odysseus said to Alcinous :

V Noble Alcinous, ruler of the people, you declared that your dancers were the best, and now I see it proved. I am filled with admiration at the spectacle."

Alcinous, revered ruler, was delighted to hear this praise.

Homer

271. PHAININDA

He seized the ball,
And passed it where he pleased,
Or bolted with it,
Or snatched it from another,
Or set up another player.
Loud the shouting rose I
He threw it far,
Sideways,
Ahead,
Below,
Above,
With many swift and skilled returns.

Antiphanes

This is the game called Phaininda, a sort of lacrosse, a great favourite with Greek youth. The following is a description by a twelfth-century Byzantine scholar called John Cinnamus :

" A group of youths divide into two teams.

" Taking a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, they throw it on to a level space, which they have chosen and measured out. The ball then rests as a sort of prize between them in this space, and they rush out, each group from their opposite

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lines, and each man having in his hand a stick of fair length, ending in a sort of flattened curve, the middle of which is divided up by strings of seasoned gut interwoven like a net. Each team has as its object to reach the ball first and carry it to the opposite goal, which has of course been marked out by them from the start.

"When the ball, carried by the * sticks', reaches either goal, this constitutes victory for the other side,"

272. KOTTABOS

HOST *{to his two guests, a man and a woman}*:

Please play at Kottabos,

Until I've time to get the dinner ready for you both.

M A N : Do we keep rules ?

HOST : Yes, throwing at a basin.

M A N : Bring water, fetch the basin,

Set the goblets beside us,

And we'll play the game for kisses.

HOST : I won't allow bad manners during the play.

As prizes, I ordain these shoes she's wearing,

And this cup of yours.

M A N : Upon my soul,

There looms before us a contest mightier than the

Isthmian Games I

Plato Comicus

Kottabos a game introduced into Greece from Sicily, was played in various ways, its essence being the tossing of the dregs of one's wine-cup at or into a prescribed object.

There were nine or ten different methods of playing this game. One was to throw the wine into a bronze basin while pronouncing the name of one's beloved ; if the wine striking the basin gave out a pure melodious note, the lover knew that his love was returned.

Other forms, as in the above extract were competitive: for instance, the basin was filled with water, on which were floated small saucers.

THE GREEK WAY

Into these the players threw the last drops of wine from their goblets, and he who sank the most saucers was the winner.

Another method was to stand a small bronze figure {called Manis} in the bowl, and aim the wine-dregs at him ; sometimes two bowls were used, balancing like scales at the ends of a horizontal bar. Underneath each scale was placed a bowl of water in which stood a Manis. The object of the game was then to throw the wine from one's goblet into one of the scales so that the scale fell and struck the head of the Manis below. The prize was given to whoever threw most accurately, spilt the least wine, and—here is the Hellenic touch—produced the most musical sound when the bronze scale struck the bronze Manes. The Manis in his bowl was sometimes placed high up on a lamp stand, with the " scale " above him, so that even more skill was required.

The goblet from which one threw the wine was usually held by the handle on one finger, and the heel-taps thrown with a sudden jerk. " Don't keep your hand rigid when you play Kottabos," says a character in one of the plays of Plato the, comic poet, and we are told that " to discharge the heel taps gracefully, the hand must be bent in a considerable curve."

The prices were usually eggs, cakes and sweetmeats ; but there was always the added interest of the omen : a harmonious sound meant love reciprocated.

273. CHILDREN'S GAMES

Among the titles of children's games are :

In-the-Pot.
Copper Fly.
Shine-out-my-dear-Sun.
Turtle-Turtle.
Cockchafer.
Cross-finger.
Five-Stones.
Slap-the-Poppy.

GAMES AND KIDDLES

LOve-in-Absence.

Lilies.

Apple-Pips.

Donkey.

How all of these were played is not known. Here are the rules for some of them;

IN-THE-POT is a sort of pick-a-back game. One player clasps his hands behind him, and another kneels on his hands and is carried round; the " rider " puts his hands over the eyes of his mount. This game was also called Horses, so probably it was a blind-fold race, or a rough-and-tumble blind-fold game.

COPPER FLY (why so-called, no one seems to know) is a kind of Blind Man's Buff. One child was blind-folded, and turned round and round saying:

" I'm going to hunt a Copper Fly,"

and the others answered:

" Hunt away, you won't catch your Fly."

The Flies could tease the Hunter by hitting him with whips of papyrus until he caught them.

The Sun-Game was hardly a game at all, but an incantation. In it the children clap their hands when a cloud passes over the sun, singing : " Shine out, my dear Sun ! " This was no doubt in imitation of their elders, who, according to Marcus Aurelius, used to sing;

" Rain, rain, please, dear Zeus, send rain,
Over the fields of Athens
And over the fields of the plain,"

except that the elders wanted rain for their crops, and children want the weather always to be fine.

THE GREEK WAY

Another baiting game is called POT, which is not the same as IN-THE-POT. In POT, one player sits in the middle; he is called Pot. The others run round him, tickling him or pinching him or even hitting him. If Pot turns quickly enough and catches one of the players, the latter has to take his place.

There was another way of playing this game : sometimes there was a pot in the centre, and the player had to keep hold of the edge with his left hand and run round in a circle. The others strike him, saying:

" Who's watching the Pot ? "

And he answers:

" I, Midas," that is, " I, the Donkey."

Whoever he can reach with his foot has to become Donkey or Pot in his turn.

The epithet DONKEY, as with us, indicated the unskilled player who got caught. It was used in the Crock game described by Plato.

In this, a line is drawn across the road; the players divide themselves into two groups and take their places on each side of the line. They have a piece of broken crockery. Each band of players chooses a side of the piece of crockery to represent them : the inside of the crocks was black, as the pots were smeared with pitch to make them impervious, and was called Night; the outside was called Day.

A player then threw the crock on to the line between the sides, and as he did so he called out " Night or Day I " Which-ever side fell uppermost, the band that had chosen it had to flee; the others pursued, and anyone caught was called Donkey and had to sit out.

There was also one of the numerous ball games, in which the aim was to see who could keep a ball rebounding from a wall the greatest number of times; the winner was called King, and the

GAMES AND RIDDLES

vanquished was called Donkey and had to obey the King's commands.

When girls played the Pot game, it was called TURTLE-TORTLE; The girl who sat in the middle was called Turtle, and the others ran round her saying :

" Turtle-Turtle, what do you do ? "

She answered:

" I'm weaving a web of finest hue."

The rhyme then took up a different tale :

" And how came your littld one dead to be ? "

Turtle replied:

" He drove his white horses into the sea."

Another game, called HUNT-IN-THE-TUB, was a sort of Duck-Apple without water. Wine-lees are suggested by its Greek name. In this game, something is put at the bottom of a vessel, and the player has to get it out with his mouth, his hands being tied behind him.

In most of these games there is an element of roughness There is one game actually called KICK-HIM-BEHIND.

The children of Tarentum played a game in which they sang : " I'm leading out my little tame goat", but how it was played is not known.

Another children's saying the origin of which is unknown is :

" Put your foot to the rock,
And out the birds flock,"

uttered or sung when they saw a flock of birds.

Pollux

The game of sand-castles has been known from time immemorial. In the *Iliad* Homer says that after the Greeks had taken

THE GREEK WAY

Troy and gone away, Apollo destroyed their earth-work fortifications " very easily, as a child treats the sand by the sea-side: when he has built it up into a heap in his playing, he levels it all again with his hands and feet".

275. THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

(See Plate 16.)

The Sphinx of the Riddle is not the Egyptian Sphinx, which is a male recumbent figure dating back to the Fourth Millennium B.C. The Greek Sphinx was a creature half-female, half-lion, often winged, which was associated with death in youth, and whose figure was often sculptured on tombs.

The famous Riddle was proposed by the Sphinx of Thebes, a monster who slew all who tried to answer the riddle and failed. When Ædipus came to Thebes, he solved the riddle, and the Sphinx committed suicide.

The Riddle was:

Four-footed, two-footed, then three-footed.

Answer: Man—the baby, the adult, and the old man with his stick.

276. THE ENIGMA AND THE GRIPH

" It's a dream you're telling—or a griph."

This was a saying used to those who spoke enigmatically. There were two sorts of riddles: the enigma and the griph. The enigma was a riddle in our sense of the word: a puzzle to which one does not know the answer. The griph was a play on words, such that the hearer thought he understood it but did not.

An enigma:

My two brothers and the two sons of my wife ! Go and tell my father and yours that his son, the husband of his wife, has come 1
The answer is: Ædipus arriving in Hades. (Edipus unwittingly married his own mother, so that his sons were his own half-brothers.

GAMES AND RIDDLES

A griph:

(These are really untranslatable, but here is an attempt:)

Diomedes man killed Hector son of Priam (*which is nonsense*).

This can be punctuated:

Diomedes (man) killed Hector son of Priam (*which is not true*) ;

or:

Diomedes's man killed Hector son of Priam (*which is true: Hector was killed by Achilles, one of whose concubines was called Diomedes*).

277. THE RIDDLES OF RHODES

There were two famous writers of metrical riddles in antiquity, a father and daughter called CLEOBOULUS and CLEOBOULINS, who lived on the island of Rhodes in the sixth century B.C. He was included in the list of the Seven Sages of Greece, with Solon of Athens, Thales of Miletus, Chilon of Sparta, Bias of PriSni, Periander of Corinth, Pittacus and My son. Cleobulus had advanced views on the education of women. One of his riddles, sometimes assigned to his daughter, was :

One father has twelve sons, and each of these
Has sixty daughters, of two different kinds.
One half are white, the others black, and all
Though always in existence, yet must die.

Answer: The year, the months, the days and nights.

Cleoboulins riddles often began intriguingly: " I saw a man . . •"

I saw a man who to another man
Had welded bronze, and fire was in the pan.

Answer: The doctor applying the bronze cupping-instrument.

I saw a man cheating with all his might:
Yet this deception proved to be most right.

Answer: The actor on the stage.

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With his shin-bone a donkey dead
Struck the ear upon my head.

Answer: The Lydian flute, made of an ass's shin-bone.

278. A SIMPLE PROBLEM

Not mortal, not immortal;
Having something of both;
Living a life not wholly human,
Nor yet divine;
For ever growing,
Then again declining,
Fading,
Vanishing:
Invisible, yet known to all mankind.

- B. Ever you please to speak in riddles, lady.
- A. And yet I pose a clear and simple problem.
- B. What growing thing can own so vast a nature ?
- A. 'Tis Sleep, my child, soother of mortal cares.

Alexis

279. THREE RIDDLES

- 1. I am the black child of a light father,
A wingless bird.
And yet, even to the clouds of heaven I fly.
When I meet pupils, I engender tears.
As soon as born, I vanish into air.
- 2. One wind, two ships, ten sailors rowing,
One helmsman guides them both.
- 3. I was born on the mountains.
A tree was my mother,
Fire was my father.

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I am a black ball,
If my father melts me in a deep earthenware crock,
I protect the sea-chariot from wounds.

{Answers on page 310.}

280. FOUR PROBLEMS

1. MOTHER : Where have your apples gone, my child ?
GIRL : Ino has two-sixths,
Semele one-eighth,
Autonoe snatched away a fourth,
Agave went off with one-fifth which she stole from
my lap.
And for you I have kept ten apples.
But as for me, I assure you, by sweet Cypris,
I have only this one for myself.
2. Of the four spouts, this one filled the whole tank in one day,
This one in two days,
This one in three days, .

And this fourth one in four days.

How long will it take all four to fill it ?.
3. A. Give me ten minas and I become twice as big as you.
B. And if I took the same sum from you, I should be four
times as much as you.
4. Brick-makers, I am in a hurry to build this house.
Today is cloudless, and I don't need many more bricks.
I have all I need except three hundred.

You by yourself could make this number,
But your son left off working when he had made two hundred,
And your son-in-law when he had made two hundred and fifty.

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How many hours would it take you to make them, working all three of you together ?

(Answers below)

281. THE FIRST CONJURER?

PASES was a lazy man, exceedingly good at " magic ".

He had a certain silver coin, which he used to hand over in payment, and which used somehow to return into his possession. " Pases' florin " became proverbial of any clever piece of deception.

He could also create the illusion of an expensive banquet, with servants in attendance, and cause this to disappear again.

Apostolius

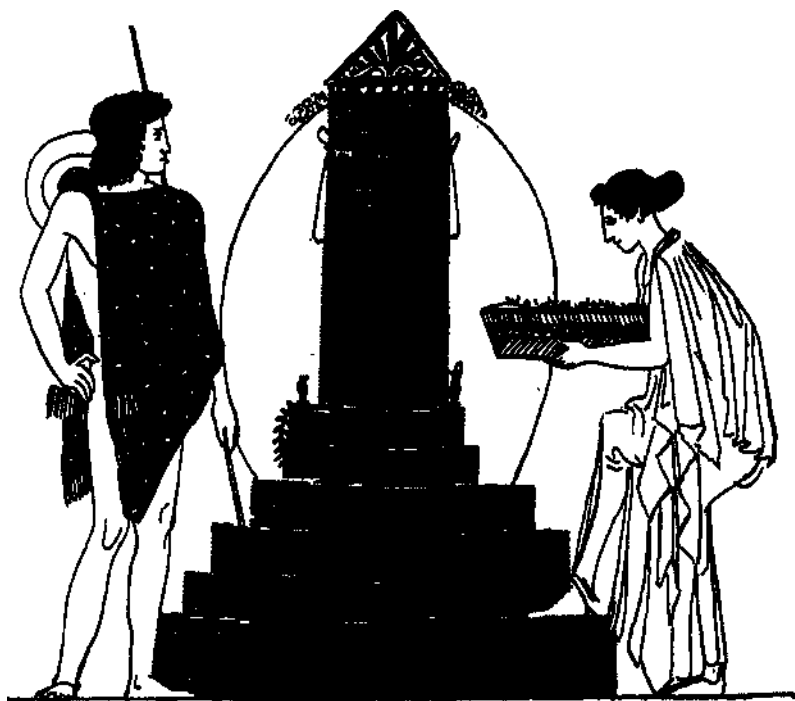
ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. Smoke.
2. The double flute. The ten sailors are the fingers.
3. Pitch.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS

1. 120 apples ($40 + 15 + 30 + 24 + 10 + 1$)
2. U of a day.
3. $A = 3^5/7$, $B = 4^6/7$.
4. I of a day.

Epitaphs



XIV

EPITAPHS

282. THE SLAVE-GIRL

Zosima, slave in body only, free in mind,
Has sought the realm of death, full liberty to find.

Damascius the Philosopher

283. THE CHURL

Dead, as living, Timon is
A savage wight.
Look out, Cerberus, watch-dog of hell,
Lest Timon bite I

Anonymous

284. THE MISANTHROPE

Sixty years of age am I.
Wife I never had.
Would that I could say the same
Of my dad!

Anonymous

285. THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

Ye sailor-men, God keep you safe on land and on the wave I
Know that you here ate passing by a shipwrecked comrade's
grave.

Plato

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286. VICTOR, A LITTLE BOY

Twelve years old he was
When he died.
Philip his father raised this tomb to him :
His hope and pride.

Callimachus

287. THE GRAVE OF MYRO'S PETS

Myro, who made this tomb for them, her pets,
Grasshopper and cicada, sprinkled light
The dust above them, and shed tears, tears without end.

But her regrets
Cannot recall them from the realms of Night:
The little singer and his tuneless friend.

Anyte

288. THE HEROIC HEN

Sprinkled with wintry snowflakes, this careful mother-hen
Covered her brood with sheltering wings, until the moment when
Fighting the heavenly elements, a champion to the death,
She sank beneath the cruel cold and yielded up her breath.

Mothers who dwell in Hades—Procnus, Medea too—
Look here, and blush with shame to learn what mother-hens can
do!

Alpheus of Mitykm

289. THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE

There lies no millionaire, my friend, within this little tomb.
You're looking at a workman's grave—and yet for me there's
room.

Simonides

EPITAPHS

290. MAIA

Three decades Maia's life had passed,
And then three years, till at the last
Death aimed at her his cruel dart,
Stole her away. -

The counterpart
In beauty, of the rosebuds she;
In weaving, of Penelope.

Cyrus the Poet

291. ON A WARBLER

Bird, darling of the Graces, with thy song
Tuned to the halcyon's note—dear Warbler—Death
Has seized thee I Now thy pretty ways belong
To the silent paths of Night, and thy sweet breath.

Tymnes

292. CRETHIS

Crethis had always a story to tell,
Crethis knew all their games so well!
The lasses of Samos, they miss her sore,
They look for her often beside the loom,
Their sweetest comrade ; but in this tomb
She sleeps, who was never silent before,
The sleep that is every lass's doom.

Callimachus

293. "TEARS, IDLE TEARS"

If tears were medicine for our grief,
And ever the mourner ceased from suffering when he mourned,
We would buy tears for gold.

THE GREEK WAY

But now, we know
Fate heeds not tears, nor spares a glance for them,
But marches on the same unchanging road
Whether you weep or no.

Therefore, my lord,
What use for you to weep ?
Why, none I
Your grief must have its tears
As the tree bears its fruit.

Philemon

294. THE DEAD ARE GONE BEFORE

Mourn moderately your own beloved dead.
They are not dead :
They have but gone before,
Treading the road all travellers must go.

One day, we too shall join them at that Inn,
There to pass all eternity together.

Antiphanes

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- „ 7. **BANQUETING-SCENES.** Hoppin, *Handbook of Attic Vases* (Harvard Univ. Press, 1919), p. 241 ; British Museum, E.49(852).
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