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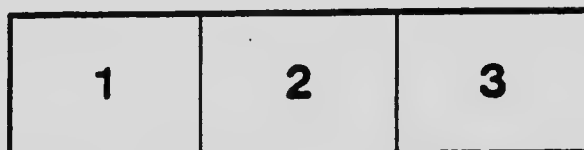
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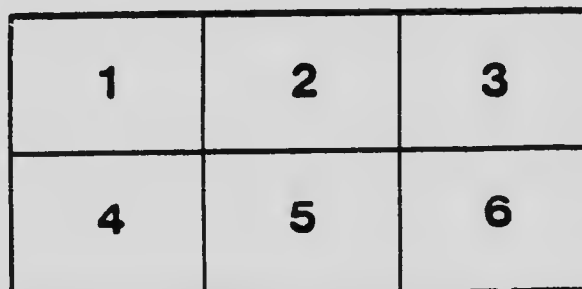
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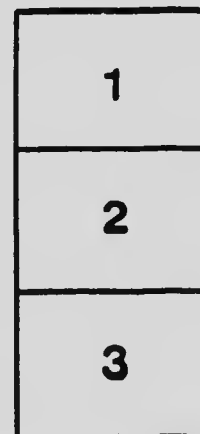
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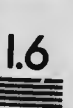
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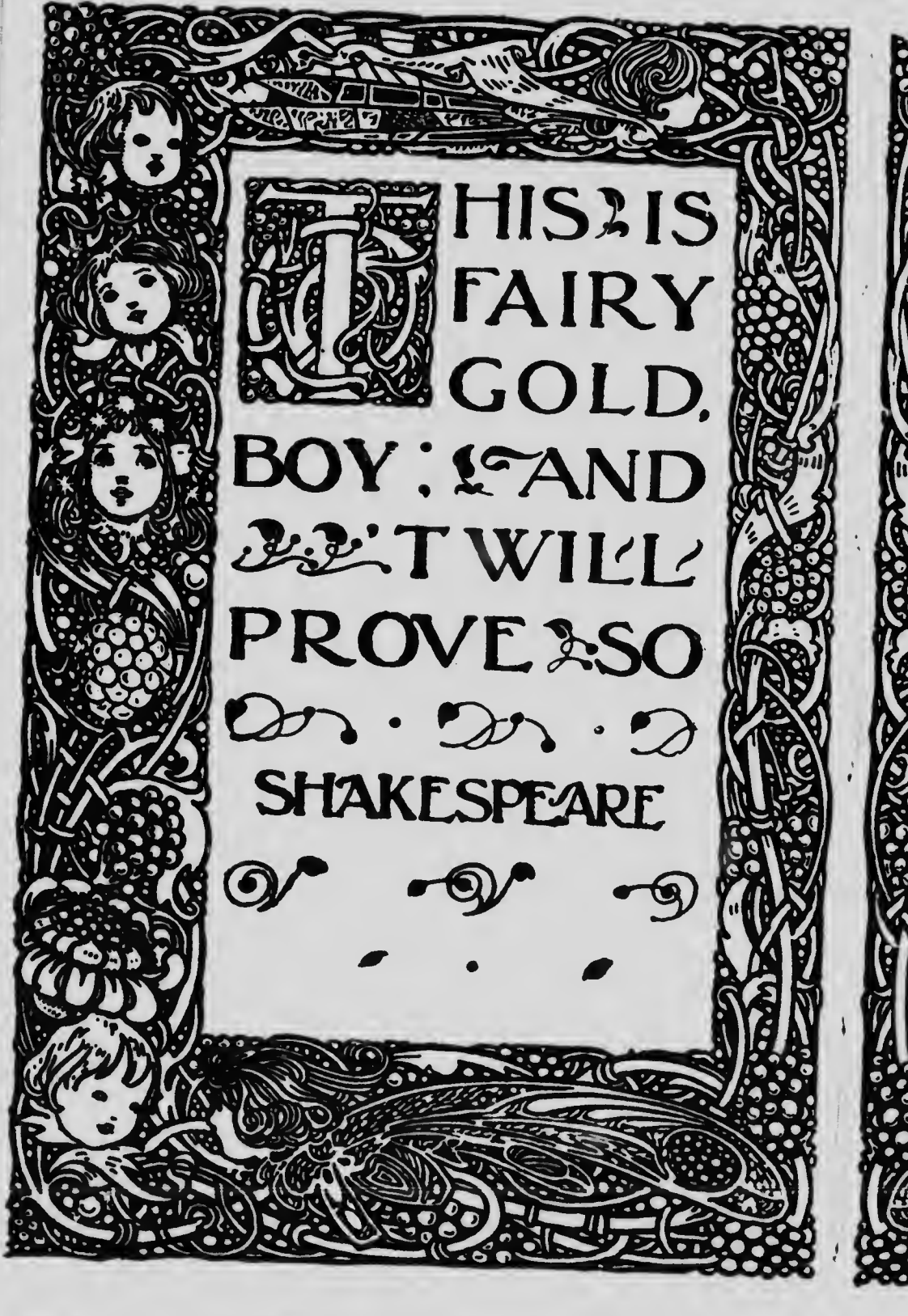
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EDITOR'S NOTE

SIR GEORGE W. COX—to give him the title he claimed—a scholar of great attainments, was born at Benares in 1827. He came of a very active family. His father, Captain George Hamilton Cox, was in the East India Company's service. His mother, Eliza Kearton, was the daughter of a West India planter. A brother, Colonel Edmund Henry Cox, of the Royal Marine Artillery, had the distinction of firing the first shot against Sevastopol in the Crimean war. Cox came to England in 1836, was sent to school at Bath and Ilminster, and became a Rugby boy, under A. C. Tait, in 1842. The following year he won the senior school scholarship, and two years later he was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. This gave him his classical groundwork, and his adventures after Oxford were such as to quicken his experience of men. He served as curate at Salcombe Regis, went as chaplain in 1851 to Gibraltar, and later to Africa with John William Colenso, Bishop of Natal. One of the fortunate events of his life was his association with Edward Augustus Freeman, the historian, with whom he wrote, in 1850, his first book, *Poems Legendary and Historical*. This title both indicates Sir George Cox's literary bent, and offers us the key to his career. All his life he devoted to writing histories and legends, and while his histories have gone by the board, his books on mythology still hold their own. And this may be regarded as a tribute to his literary ingenuity and to his tale-writing powers. In dealing with mythology, he followed Max Müller, though with a note of individuality. In 1877 Cox applied for the baronetcy of Cox of Dunman-

way; this title had been granted to Sir Richard Cox in 1706, and Sir George Cox believed himself to be its rightful heir. He actually assumed it in 1877, but his right to it was set aside after his death. He died in 1902, at Ivy House, Walmer, and was buried at Long Cross, Chertsey.

J. C.

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TALES OF ANCIENT GREECE

INTRODUCTION

THE results obtained from the examination of Language in its several forms leave no room for doubt that the great stream of mythology has been traced to its fountain-head. We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that there was a stage in the history of human speech, during which all the abstract words in constant use among ourselves were utterly unknown, when men had formed no notions of virtue or prudence, of thought and intellect, of slavery or freedom, but spoke only of the man who was strong, who could point the way to others and choose one thing out of many, of the man who was bound to any other or able to do as he pleased.

That even this stage was not the earliest in the history of language is now a growing opinion among philologists; but for the comparison of legends current in different countries it is not necessary to carry the search further back. Language without words denoting abstract qualities implies a condition of thought in which men were only awakening to a sense of the objects which surrounded them, and points to a time when the world was to them full of strange sights and sounds, some beautiful, some bewildering, some terrific, when, in short, they knew little of themselves beyond the vague consciousness of their existence, and nothing of the phenomena of the world without. In such a state they could but attribute to all that they saw or touched or heard a life which was like their own in its consciousness, its joys, and its sufferings. That power of sympathising with nature which we are apt to regard as the peculiar gift of the poet, was then shared alike by all. This

sympathy was not the result of any effort. It was inseparably bound up with the words which rose to their lips. It implied no special purity of heart or mind; it pointed to no Arcadian paradise where shepherds knew not how to wrong or oppress or torment each other. We say that the morning light rests on the mountains; they said that the sun was greeting his bride, as naturally as our own poet would speak of the sunlight clasping the earth, or the moonbeams as kissing the sea.

We have then before us a stage of language corresponding to a stage in the history of the human mind, in which all sensible objects were regarded as instinct with a conscious life. The varying phases of that life were therefore described as truthfully as they described their own feelings or sufferings; and hence every phrase became a picture. But so long as the conditions of their life remained unchanged, they knew perfectly what the picture meant, and ran no risk of confusing one with another. Thus they had but to describe the things which they saw, felt, or heard, in order to heap up an inexhaustible store of phrases faithfully describing the facts of the world from their point of view. This language was indeed the result of an observation not less keen than that by which the inductive philosopher extorts the secrets of the natural world. Nor was its range much narrower. Each object received its own measure of attention, and no one phenomenon was so treated as to leave no room for others in their turn. They could not fail to note the changes of days and years, of growth and decay, of calm and storm; but the objects which so changed were to them living things, and the rising and setting of the sun, the return of winter and summer, became a drama in which the actors were their enemies or their friends.

That this is a strict statement of facts in the history of the human mind, philology alone would abundantly prove; but not a few of these phrases have come down to us in their earliest form, and point to the long-buried stratum of language of which they are the fragments. These relics exhibit in their germs the myths which after-

wards became the legends of gods and heroes with human forms, and furnished the groundwork of the epic poems whether of the Eastern or Western world.

So long as we do not suppose that this great fabric was reared by system, it matters little how we arrange the legends of which it is made up. We may take the daily alternation of light and darkness, or the yearly changes of summer and winter, so long as we do not fancy that these old phrases spoke only of the sun in his daily course, or only of vapours and storms. The mythical or myth-making language of mankind had no partialities; and if the career of the sun occupies a large extent of the horizon, we cannot fairly simulate ignorance of the cause.

Men so placed would not fail to put into words the thoughts or emotions roused in them by the varying phases of that mighty world on which we, not less than they, feel that our life depends, although we may know something more of its nature.

Thus grew up a multitude of expressions which described the sun as the child of the night, as the destroyer of the darkness, as the lover of the dawn and the dew—of phrases which would go on to speak of him as killing the dew with his spears, and of forsaking the dawn as he rose in the heaven. The feeling that the fruits of the earth were called forth by his warmth, would find utterance in words which spoke of him as the friend and the benefactor of man; while the constant recurrence of his work would lead them to describe him as a being constrained to toil for others, as doomed to travel over many lands, and as finding everywhere things on which he could bestow his love or which he might destroy by his power. His journey, again, might be across cloudless skies, or amid alternations of storm and calm; his light might break fitfully through the clouds, or be hidden for many a weary hour, to burst forth at last with dazzling splendour as he sank down in the western sky. He would thus be described as facing many dangers and many enemies, none of whom, however, may arrest his course; as sullen, or capricious, or resentful; as grieving

for the loss of the dawn whom he had loved, or as nursing his great wrath and vowing a pitiless vengeance. Then as the veil was rent at eventide, they would speak of the chief, who had long remained still, girding on his armour; or of the wanderer throwing off his disguise, and seizing his bow or spear to smite his enemies; of the invincible warrior whose face gleams with the flush of victory when the fight is over, as he greets the fair-haired Dawn who closes as she had begun the day. To the wealth of images thus lavished on the daily life and death of the sun there would be no limit. He was the child of the morning, or her husband, or her destroyer; he forsook her and he returned to her, either in calm serenity or only to sink presently in deeper gloom.

So with other sights and sounds. The darkness of night brought with it a feeling of vague horror and dread; the return of daylight cheered them with a sense of unspeakable gladness; and thus the sun who scattered the black shades of night would be the mighty champion doing battle with the biting snake which lurked in its dreary hiding-place. But as the sun accomplishes his journey day by day through the heaven, the character of the seasons is changed. The buds and blossoms of spring-time expand in the flowers and fruits of summer, and the leaves fall and wither on the approach of winter. Thus the daughter of the earth would be spoken of as dying or as dead, as severed from her mother for five or six weary months, to be restored to her again until the time for her return to the dark land should once more arrive. But as no other power than that of the sun can recall vegetation to life, this child of the earth would be represented as buried in a sleep from which the touch of the sun alone could rouse her, when he slays the frost and cold which lie like snakes around her motionless form.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances for the sake of showing that this language was the perfectly natural and even involuntary utterance of thoughts awakened, not by one or another, but by all the phenomena of the outward world. Winds and storms, thunder and lightning,

drought, famine and pestilence, mists and vapours, were all endowed with the same life in a language which could adapt itself with a boundless elasticity to all physical conditions whatsoever. The thunder became the dark speech of the cloud which brought sickness and death. The eye of light which glares down through the dense storm vapours, was the eye of the monstrous child sprung from the union of the earth and the sea. If drought scorched the crops, it was because the chariot of the sun approached too near to the earth. If the storm kindled the forests into flame, it was because the wind was hungry; and if the fire alone devoured that which came in its way, it was because the wind, though able to kindle fire, could not satisfy with food the cravings of its hunger.

It would therefore be a grave error to suppose that the form of thought which laid the foundations of the most complicated mythology found utterance in phrases applicable only to one particular set of phenomena, instead of embracing all alike in proportion to the impression made by them on their imaginations, their hopes, and their fears. That these phrases would furnish the germs of myths or legends teeming with human feeling, as soon as the meaning of the phrases was in part or wholly forgotten, was as inevitable as that in the infancy of our race men should attribute to all sensible objects the same kind of life which they were conscious of possessing themselves. To trace back the theft of the Golden Fleece or the fair-haired Helen to the theft of the light from the sky by the dark night, to refer the wrath of the great chieftain of Phthia to the grief of the sun for the loss of the morning, may appear like the reduction of a complicated tale to a form too simple to be consistent with facts. But the objection applies with neither more nor less force to the phenomena of speech, in which it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that "the final perfection of the noblest languages has been the result of a slow and gradual development, under the impulse of tendencies and through the instrumentality of processes, which are even yet active in every living tongue;

that all this wealth has grown by long accumulation out of an original poverty; and that the actual germs of language were a scanty list of formless roots, representing a few of the most obvious sensible acts and phenomena appearing in ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and the nature by which we are surrounded."¹

The mythology of the Greeks exhibits the impressions made by a vast range of phenomena, although the climatic conditions of the Hellenic land would necessarily bring into prominence the career of the sun in his daily journey through the heaven rather than the interchange of summer and winter. That nothing more would be needed for the growth of legends capable of being expanded into any number of epic poems, the history of Greek epical literature abundantly proves; and we have only to see now that the most intricate myths have earlier forms in which the physical meaning of the phrases employed is no longer a matter of doubt.

Of the two legends narrated in the poems afterwards combined in the hymn to Apollo, the former (I.) relates the birth of the sun from the darkness, which is called his mother. The wanderings of Lêtô, which represent the weary march of the night before the day breaks, come to an end, as they could find an end, only in Delos, the bright land. Why the myth should be localised especially in the barren island of the Ægæan sea is a question with which we are not much concerned, although the meaning of local names is a subject of no little interest. It may be enough to say that a multitude of names are but translations of that of Delos, that Sarpêdon and Glaukos are alike born in the Lykian land of light, that Zeus is nursed in the cave of Dictê, that the Hellenes themselves are the children of the Sun, and that the same idea is set forth in the names of Athens, Arkadia, Lykosoura, Argos, Europa. At length the child is born, and a halo of serene light encircles his cradle where the nymphs bathe him in pure water and gird a broad golden band around his form. Here, then, in Delos, is for a while the place of his rest; and to Delos, after all his

¹ Whitney, *On Language and the Study of Language*, p. 398.

Introduction

7

wanderings, he returns with undiminished gladness, just as each day the sun reappears in the east with undiminished splendour.

But as the minutes go by, the sun rising in the heavens is invested with a more dazzling majesty, and he becomes Chrysâôr, the lord of the golden sword, the invincible weapon which never misses its mark. Now begins (II.) his westward journey to Pytho, so named, the story went, because the sun-god there slew the great dragon which meets its doom at the hand of every solar hero, as Vritra, the biting snake, who lurks in the dark cloud, is smitten by the club of Indra, the rain-giver. The rest of the legend accounts for the greatness of the Delphian temple, and the pre-eminence of the oracle which was inspired with the wisdom of Apollo.

In the tale of Niobê (III.) Phœbus is seen armed with his irresistible arrows, dealing death to all at whom he aims them. The beauty of the children of Niobê is the beauty of clouds flushed with the light of morning, which are scattered presently from before the face of the morning sun. Her tears are the rain-drops which turn to ice on the mountain-summits, where men fancy that they see her form hardened into stone.

The story of Dapînê (IV.) is but one of a large class of legends which relate the love of the Sun for the Dawn, who flies at his approach, and at length, as he draws nearer to her, vanishes away. Still, although his first love is gone, other brides await him in other lands; but in the tale of Kyrênê (V.) we have an instance of mythological language applied to an event to which we may assign something of an historical character in its bare outline. The myth, which spoke of the maiden whom Apollo loved and carried to Libya, thus represents the fact that "the town of Kyrênê in Thessaly sent a colony to Libya under the auspices of Apollo."¹

The legend of Hermes (VI.) is so transparent that, the clue being once furnished, we trace with ease the old mythical phrases even in the minutest details. Hermes,

¹ Max Müller, *Comparative Mythology*, Chips from a German Workshop, ii. 68.

the being who *moves*, is simply air in motion, which in one hour may breathe as softly as a child in its cradle, and in the next may tear up forests in its rage. If his fury may appal, in his gentler moments he soothes and charms us, for the gift of music is his birth-right, just as an incommunicable wisdom is the heritage of the sun who can pry into the depths of the sea which no winds can ever stir. The child drives before him the cattle of Phœbus, as the bright clouds are driven across the heaven by the breeze of an hour old. But Hermes, with his tamarisk sandals, makes strange marks on the sands of the plain; as we should say, the wind strengthens, and tosses the leaves and branches across the road tracks. And still the wind moves until the branches which it has rubbed together burst into a blaze and consume the flesh with which the hungry Hermes may not appease his hunger. Onward yet it goes, but more slowly, until with a faint sigh it sinks to rest once more like a child in its cradle. But the mischief which it has done remains, and Phœbus, the lord of the bright clouds which the wind drove across the sky, comes to search for them. From this old phrase sprang up the legend of the rivalry of Hermes and Apollo, for the sun envied to Hermes his gift of song, whether it be sweet and soft, stirring or sublime, while the wind would have from the Sun-god his power of piercing the hidden depths into which the wind cannot find its way. The exchange can be made only in part: the Sun will place his bright cattle in charge of the wind, who shall drive them to their pastures, and the wind will waken the softer music of his harp when Phœbus journeys across the blue skies of summer. Throughout, even in its minutest touches, the myth is faithful to its leading idea. The capriciousness of the wind, shown in the sudden gust which makes Phœbus loose his hold of the child, his prying search into every nook and cranny, his mocking laugh at the folk who come to see the mischief wrought by him, his twistings and turnings, his shifty evasions, his downright lies, his gentleness and his rage, the gigantic strength which he can put forth at will, the sweet repose to which he can

return at pleasure, all stand out with life-like fidelity as characteristics of the wind, in contrast to the absolute truthfulness, the searching glance, and the boundless knowledge of the lord of light.

The myth of the Sorrow of Dêmêtêr (VII.) brings us to the great subject of the mythology of Northern Europe. The absence of Persephonê in the dark land of Hades is the sleep of Brynhild within the coils of the dragon on the Glistening Heath. Her departure is the death of the summer, when the earth seeks in vain for the fruits and flowers which had gladdened her since the days of spring. Here, as in the myth of Hermes, Hêlios alone can tell Dêmêtêr whither her child is gone. The sun alone can see where the summer has been hidden away. The key once given, the legend explains itself. As Sigurd awakens Brynhild, so Hermes brings Persephonê to Dêmêtêr, and the six or seven months of summer begin again, when the grief of the mourning mother has passed away.

The myth of Endymiôn (VIII.) is even more transparent. Indeed, it has scarcely reached that crystallised state in which alone a myth strictly deserves the name. The rays of the setting sun rest on the peaceful valley which glistens with its radiance; the moon comes forth to gaze on the setting sun; she asks him to journey with her to other lands, but he cannot do so, and as her eyes still remain fixed upon him, he plunges suddenly into the dreamless sleep of the Latmian land.

"One who cannot guide the fiery horses sits in the chariot of the sun." So ran the phrase which, scarcely disguised in the brief myth of Phaethon (IX.), rose naturally to the lips of men when all herbage was scorched and withered in times of drought. In his brightness Phaethon resembles Hêlios, but he is not the same being; he lacks either his wisdom or his strength. The story is repeated in the legends of Patroklos and Telemachos, who faintly reflect the power and majesty of Achilleus and Odysseus. The thunderbolt which smites Phaethon in the chariot is the lightning ushering in the storm which brings rain to the parched earth.

The monstrous forms assumed by clouds and vapours are seen in their most terrific aspect in Briareôs (X.), the giant with the hundred arms, while the majesty of the heaven when clothed in its robe of storms finds expression in the myth of Semelê (XI.), the daughter of the king who came to his home in the West from the purple land of morning. But the rain-storms quicken the vine plants; and the child of Semelê is born amid the din of the thunder and the blaze of the lightnings. Thus the lord of the vine and of the teeming fruits of earth grows up, like Hermes, a being of mighty strength, capable of doing wondrous things at will—soothing, irritating, or maddening the minds of men, whether as the Hellenic Dionysos (XII.) or as the Soma the Hindoo. The strange rites of the women who follow him are the frantic revels of worshippers excited by wine; but the story of his return to Thebes, of the resistance which he encounters at the hands of the Thracian Lykurgos or the Kadmeian Pentheus (XIII.), points to a change in the religious system of the Hellenic tribes, and would thus denote an historical fact. The myth would seem further to show that the change came from the East, and that in it we have a point of affinity to Syrian systems like that which is furnished by the myths of Tammuz and Adonis.

The desertion of Korônîs (XIV.) by Phœbus is precisely parallel to the desertion of Prokris (XXVIII.) by Kephalos. In both it is the crystallisation of the mythical phrase, "The sun kisses the dew, and the dew is faithless." Each dewdrop reflects its peculiar image, yet it is the image of the same object. Hence in the story of Prokris the new lover is Kephalos himself in disguise; in that of Asklepios, Korônîs gives her love to Ischys, a name which simply denotes the sun in his strength as contrasted with his gentler aspect on his rising. The doom which lies on Daphnê (IV.), Arethusa (XXXIV.), and Prokris, lies also on Korônîs; but her child Asklepios represents to men the wisdom and beneficence of the bright being who brings light and life to men. The sun wakens the earth to life when the winter is done; and

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II

thus Asklepios was the raiser of the dead, until, like Semelê, he was smitten by the thunderbolts of Zeus. The wrath of Apollo on his death is but another form of the sorrow of Dêmêtêr, while the bondage to which he is doomed in the house of Admêtos is the subjection of Herakles to Eurystheus, of Achilleus to Agamemnon, the toil of the mighty sun for weak and mortal man.

Whatever be the origin of the name, Ixion (XV.) is the sun of noonday, whose four-spoked wheel, in the words of Pindar, is seen whirling in the highest heaven. His wife Dia (the pure air of morning) is the child of the darkness which will gaze on the treasures of the sun, although warned that he cannot do so and live. But the doom which requites his rashness brings on Ixion the guilt of his death, and Ixion ascends to the throne of Zeus in the highest æther to receive purification, as the sun leaves beneath him the vapours which soil his brightness. In this abode of unsullied purity he sees the face of Hêrê (the cloudless air), and seeks to win her love. But Zeus cheats him with a phantom and binds him to the blazing wheel which revolves eternally in the heaven.

The punishment of the Sun comes before us again in the story of the Phrygian Tantalos (XVI.), whose palace is like the house of Hêlios in its dazzling splendour. In Tantalos also we have the wisdom of Hêlios, of Phœbus, and of the wise man Sisypheos; the wisdom which Hêlios gives to Medeia, but which Phœbus cannot give to Hermes. At first his action is purely beneficent, like that of the sun in the genial spring; but the heat becomes more fierce, and as the phrase went, "The Sun slays the fruits which he wakened into life," so it was said that Tantalos had slain his son and spread his scorched limbs in the face of Zeus, the high heaven, and that he had met his doom. The more that the blazing Sun looks down on fruits and flowers or sparkling waters, the more do they droop and die, and the stream-beds are turned into slime, while over his head beetles the frowning mass of cloud like that which hangs over Tiebes while the Sphinx (the demon of the thunder) utters her dark sayings.

The bondage of Apollo, which concludes the myth of Asklepios, is the leading idea of the almost endless series of legends which, without any fixed order or system, relate the toils of Herakles (XVII.). Throughout, Herakles is the toiling sun, labouring for the benefit of others, not his own, and doing hard service for a mean and cruel taskmaster. Almost at his birth he strangles the serpents of darkness and goes upon his way full of strength and beauty. Temptations to sloth and luxury are offered to him in vain. He has his work to do, and nothing can stay him from doing it, as nothing can arrest the sun in his journey through the heaven. Like all the other solar heroes, he has his early love, and Iolê here plays the part of Daphnê. Of his toils it is scarcely necessary to speak in detail. They are but a thousand variations on the story of the great conflict which Indra wages against Vritra, the demon of darkness. He has his brides in all lands, as the fruits of the earth ripen everywhere under the genial rays of the sun. But although he wins Dêianeira, he may not tarry in Kalydon. He yet must reach the goal, and there, when he offers up his great sacrifice, he puts on the robe by which Dêianeira hoped to win back his love for herself, the coat, in Professor Max Müller's words, "which in the Veda the mothers weave for their bright son; the clouds which rise from the waters and surround the sun like a dark raiment. Herakles tries to tear it off; his fierce splendour breaks through the thickening gloom, but fiery mists embrace him and are mingled with the parting rays of the sun, and the dying hero is seen through the scattered clouds of the sky, tearing his own body to pieces, till at last his bright form is consumed in a general conflagration."¹ But Iolê stands by his side, cheering him to the last, and thus the fair-haired dawn closes, as it had begun, the day.²

In the myth of Admêtos (XVIII.) Herakles reappears as the kindly benefactor, who goes down into the underworld and there wrests from the grasp of death the

¹ Chips from a German Workshop, ii. 89.

² Odyssey v. 390; x. 144.

twilight, which dies away at sundown, to be brought back again in the morning.

The myth of Epimetheus (XIX.) is in part a mere institutional legend to account for the assignment of the bones and fat as the portion of the gods in burnt sacrifices, just as the story of Poseidon and Athênê (XXII.) is devised to explain the name of Athens, the city of the dawn-goddess. The story of Pandôra points to the same train of thought, which in the Hesiodic ages made men start from a state of absolute happiness, in contrast with other myths, which represented them as beginning their existence in utter helplessness and misery and slowly learning the commonest things by the aid of Promêtheus or Phorôneus. These two, then, with Hermes, are the givers of fire to men; but the progress made by the sons of men in knowledge and power wakens the jealousy of Zeus, and Promêtheus (XX.), the deliverer, is chained on the desolate crags of Caucasus, until Herakles, the descendant of the Argive Iô (a name akin to that of Iolê, Iokastê (LVI.), Iamos (XLI.) and Iolâos, with many others), comes to set him free.

The resemblance of the myth of Deukalion (XXI.) to the narrative of the Noachian deluge it is unnecessary to point out. It may be enough to remark here that the legend of Deukalion is interwoven with other legends, as with those of Endymiôn and of Minos, in which old mythical phrases are again and again reproduced with a marvellous variety of combination.

The story of Medusa (XXIII.) belongs to the great series of myths which, having Perseus for their centre, were localised in the Peloponnesian Argos. The myths had existed in a simpler form during the ages in which the name Argos had carried with it no geographical meaning, but, like Lykia and Delos, Athens and Arkadia, denoted simply the bright land of the Dawn and the Sun. These dynastic legends are in all cases genuine subjects for epic poetry; and the myth of Perseus, which certainly cannot be assigned to the latest class of such narratives, furnishes a theme not less magnificent than that of the Trojan war. Whether it was treated at any

length in epic poems now lost, we cannot say; but the existence of this great series of mythical tales, scarcely noticed in the poems to which we give the name "Homeric," is at once proof of the slender value of arguments drawn from the silence of the authors of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. In these dynastic legends, again, the tendency of myths to reproduce themselves, with differences only of names and of local colouring, becomes especially manifest. The mythical history of Perseus is, in all its essential features, the history of the Attic hero Theseus, and of the Theban *Œdipus*; and they all reappear with heightened colours in the myths of Herakles. But neither Thebans nor Athenians could penetrate through the thin veil which scarcely concealed the substantial identity of all these legends; and thus the Argives of Peloponnesus, having already one solar hero in Perseus, repeated his career in the legend of his alleged descendant Herakles.

The life of Perseus, like that of Theseus, Herakles, *Œdipus*, and *Odysseus*, is one of toil. His adversaries are dragons and Gorgons, the beings who dwell on the confines of light and darkness, or in the deep abysses of night. The doubtful gloaming is the home of the Graiai, and the mortal Medusa is the night which comes to an end on the rising of the sun, while her deathless sisters are the powers of the eternal darkness which no sun ever penetrates. The mysterious beauty of the former would naturally be expressed by phrases suggestive of a rivalry between the goddess of the night and the goddess of the dawn, and this would lead to the idea of the curse which imparted to the face of Medusa its deadly power.

But the sun which scatters the darkness is also the child of the darkness; and so the phrase went that the child was to be the destroyer of his parents; and oracles, it was said, warned the latter of the doom which would overtake them. This is followed in all cases by the exposure and the rescue of the babe; and Danaë (XXIV.), a name which carries us to other names of the morning, plays the part of *Iokastê* in the story of *Œdipus*, of

Augé in that of Telephos, and of Ilia and Mandanê in the myths of Romulus and Cyrus. In Diktys and Polydektes we have faint reflexions, again, of the powers of light and of darkness. Polydektes is, in fact, Polydegmon, or Hades, the darkness which swallows all that comes within its grasp; Diktys is the genial light which is born in the cave of Dikte; but the light is the brother of the darkness as the sun is the child of the night, and so Diktys and Polydektes are brethren. So, again, the night is the lover of the twilight or the dawn, and thus Polydektes woos Danaê as Paris wooed the Argive Helen. On her refusal to grant his prayer, Polydektes sends Perseus away on a toilsome errand; but this errand is only a reproduction of the conflict of Apollo with Python, and of Indra with Vritra. Beginning his western journey Perseus (XXV.) reaches first the bright Argive land, and there during the still hours of night he receives the invincible weapons which are to carry him scathless through all his battles. It is scarcely necessary to say that these weapons are the heritage of all the solar heroes, that they are found in the hands of Phœbus and Herakles, of Œdipus, Achilles, Philoktetes, of Sigurd, Rustem, Indra, Isfendiyar, of Telephos, Meleagros, Theseus, Kadmos, Bellerophôn, and all other slayers of noxious and fearful things. With the death of Medusa the first part of his labours comes to an end. The night is slain, and the sun rises into the serene regions of the upper air, the beautiful Hyperborean gardens, while the dark sisters hasten after him to avenge the death of Medusa. Their chase is vain. Perseus has reached the bright land where there is no storm or tumult, the peaceful home where Penelopê weaves her web of evening clouds, to be undone again until their fairy forms are seen once more in the morning (XXVI.) Here, however, he may not tarry; but, as with the Teutonic Sigurd, his toil is now to bring with it its own reward. The good sword Gram slays the dragon Fafnir, and Sigurd wins Brynhild; the sword of Hermes smites the Libyan monster, and Andromeda becomes the bride of Perseus. But here, too, the imagery of other tales is repeated, and

Phineus is only another form of Polydektes, and, like him, is turned to stone by the deadly countenance which Perseus holds up before them. His work is done, and with his mother and his bride he re-enters Argos in triumph; but the fate must be accomplished, and Perseus unwittingly becomes the slayer of Akrisios (XXVII.), as Œdipus slays Laios, and as Theseus unknowingly causes the death of his father Aigeus.

In the myth of Kephalos (XXVIII.) the invincible weapons of Perseus reappear in the hands of Artemis, and slay the beautiful and guileless Prokris. Even in the most complicated versions of the tale, the mythical phrases which lie at its root may be traced with the utmost clearness. The very name Prokris denotes dew, and, true to the old saying, the Athenian who had forgotten the meaning of the name, still called her the child of Hersê (the dew). In its simplest form the myth brings before us a series of phrases, each of which furnishes an incident in the story. The dew sparkles on the hill-side (Prokris lies on the slopes of Hymettos). The sun (Kephalos denotes the head of the orb as it rises slowly from the sea) loves the dew (Kephalos loves Prokris). But the dawn loves the sun (Eôs loves Kephalos). The dawn is jealous of the dew (Eôs is jealous of Prokris); and the dew takes a delight in more than one lover, who yet is one and the same; in other words, the dewdrops exhibit a thousand images of the same sun (Kephalos in disguise wins the love of Prokris). The dew flashes for a time with dazzling brightness (Prokris is armed with the spear of Artemis). The sun takes this brightness to himself, while he looks down on the dew (Prokris yields up the spear for the love of Kephalos). The dew lingers latest in the thicket (Prokris watches Kephalos from her secret bower). The dew is dried up and dies as the sun rises in the sky (Prokris is smitten by the spear of Kephalos).

The rest of the tale reproduces the legends of Herakles and Belerophôn. Like them, Kephalos must journey to the west, doing great deeds, and sink as the sun goes down into the waters of the western sea.

But the rays of the sun, which are sometimes called his spears or his sword, are sometimes the golden locks which no razor has ever touched. These locks of Phœbus Akersekomês (the unshorn) are endowed with a mysterious power to ward off all harm from their possessors, and they reappear in the purple lock which Skylla (XXIX.), like another Delilah, takes from the head of Nisos while he sleeps, and thus delivers him and his people into the power of Minos.

In the myth of Phrixos and Hellê (XXX.) the sunlight becomes a golden fleece, just as in the legend of Herakles, and again in that of Medeia, it becomes a robe which devours the flesh of those who put it on. This fleece is borne from the Western land far away to the East; and the Argonautic expedition sets forth to recover and to bring back the lost treasure. The chieftains of all the tribes, afterwards known collectively as the Hellênes, are carried in the speaking ship to the Kolchian land, whence after a long and perilous voyage they reach once more their own country. The whole narrative is in substance a close parallel to that of the Trojan war. In both cases a treasure is lost; in both an allied army goes from the West to the East in order to recover it; in both there is a long and hard conflict before the prize is won, while the returning chieftains undergo many dangers and losses on their homeward voyage. There are thus two struggles, one to recover the robbed treasures, the other to reach their home and establish their title to their old inheritance, a title which Odysseus establishes only when he has bathed his hall in the blood of the suitors of Penelopê. The two legends, of the Golden Fleece and of the Trojan War, are thus a third time repeated in the myths which relate the departure of the Herakleids from Argos and their reconquest of the Peloponnese after the lapse of generations. The journey of Phrixos and Hellê on the back of the golden-fleeced ram thus answers to the departure of Helen from Sparta to Ilion. The name Hellê, like that of Hellên, itself denotes the bright light, whether of the morning or of the evening when it fades away from the sky after sundown. But Phrixos

and Hellê are both the children of the mist, the illumined atmosphere, not the light-giving sun. Hence Hellê dies on the journey, while Phrixos (the cold air) still lives on, until the light is again kindled in the East. In the voyage of the Argo we have the journey of the children of the Sun, who seeks for the light on which their life depends and which again vanishes from the west soon after the dangers of the return have been successfully surmounted.

Not a few of the phrases which originally denoted only the phenomena of the day are exhibited in the myth of Medeia (XXXI.). The wisdom of the Sun is bestowed on his daughter the Morning (Hêlios has filled the heart of Medeia with wisdom). The dawn puts on the glory of the sun (Medeia is clothed with the robe of Hêlios). The dawn wakens the sleepers to a new life (Medeia renews the limbs of the aged to youth). The sun deserts the dawn (Iason cares no more for the Kolchian Medeia). The sun's rays bear onward the chariot of the morning (the dragons draw the chariot of Medeia).

In Theseus (XXXII.) we see a reflection at once of Perseus and of Herakles; but the myth is instructive chiefly as carrying us to the Teutonic legend of the Volsunga Saga. The weapons of the Sun can be handled effectively only by the Sun himself; and thus Theseus becomes master of his father's sword, as Sigmund draws out the blade from the tree-trunk into which Odin had thrust it to the hilt. He is the son of Aithra (the pure air), as Œdipus is the son of Iokastê (the violet light of morning); and as Œdipus must overcome the Sphinx, so must Theseus do battle with the Minotaur (XXXIII.), who devoured the children of the dawn goddess Athênê, as Vritra hides the cattle of Indra in the dark lurking places which answer to the labyrinth of Knossos. The abandonment of Ariadnê by Theseus is, again, the desertion of Medeia by Iason, or of Brynhild by Sigurd. The Sun may not tarry with his first love, whether it be that he leaves her, or that she vanishes away as he strives to reach her.

The chase of the huntsman Alpheios after Arethusa

(XXXIV.) is the pursuit of Daphnê by Apollo. As Daphnê plunges into the Peneian stream, so Arethusa plunges into the sea and reappears on the Ortygian shore of the twilight or quail land. The dawn, which has fled from Phœbus in the morning, comes back again at eventide, and is united with him just when the journey of both has wellnigh come to an end.

The chief incidents in the myth of Tyro (XXXV.) are found in the legends of Perseus, of Hellê, and of Romulus, whose mother, Ilia, fills precisely the part of Tyro. In Narkissos, again (XXXVI.), we look on Endymiôn, the tired Sun hurrying to his rest, and dead to the love which is lavished on him; and as the name Endymiôn denotes the sudden plunge of the sun into the sea, so Narkissos means the deadly lethargy which makes him deaf to the pleadings of Echo, as Endymiôn had been deaf to the entreaties of Selênê.

In the myth of Orpheus (XXXVII.) the beautiful Eurydikê, whose name in its thousand modifications belongs to the dawn, is bitten by the serpent of night, and Orpheus resolves to seek her out in Hades, as Herakles vowed to rescue Alkestis from the grasp of Thanatos (Death). The marvellous power of song which Phœbus had received from Hermes (VI.) disarms the fierce guardians of the shadowy kingdom, and Eurydikê is suffered to follow Orpheus, on the one condition that he is not to look back until he has reached the earth. But the course of his love may not run more smoothly than that of Phœbus for Daphnê, of Alpheios for Arethusa, of Kephalos for Prokris. The Sun loves the dew and the dawn; and dew and dawn alike are smitten by the splendour of his countenance. But the Sun grieves for their death, and Orpheus mourns until the women of the land take vengeance on him for a coldness akin to that of Narkissos and Endymiôn. He is torn limb from limb; and in this catastrophe we see the blood-red sunset which closes the career of Herakles.

In the story of Europa (XXXVIII.) we have a myth substantially identical with that of Kephalos or Bellerophon employed as a legend to explain the founding of

the Bœotian Thebes. Europa, whose name suggests a comparison with those of Euryganeia, Eurydikê, Euryphassa, Eurytos, and many others, is the morning with its broad-spreading light, born in the Phœnician or purple land of the dawn. She is the child of Telephassa, the being who shines from far. But she is soon taken from her beautiful home. In Hindoo myths, the bull Indra shatters the car of Daphnê: in the Greek tale he carries Europa over seas and mountains, journeying always, like the sun, from east to west, until he gives her a home in the Hesperian Delphi. The Dawn has been taken from the sky; but her mother follows her, until at length she sinks to sleep in the Thessalian plain in the evening, just as the pale and tender light which precedes the sun-rising reappears again only to die out in the western heavens at eventide.

The myth of Bellerophôn (XXXIX.) is but another version of the servitude of Apollo in the house of Admetos, of Herakles to Eurystheus and Laomedon. The love and jealousy of Anteia for the beautiful Hipponoös are a reflection of the love and jealousy of Eôs in the legend of Kephalos; and on Bellerophôn, as on Kephalos, they entail a long and weary pilgrimage. Like Herakles, Hipponoös is sent forth to do battle with terrific foes; but he is pre-eminently Bellerophontes, the slayer of the monster Belleros, the demon of the cloud, who appears in the Veda as a ram, in other words, as a shaggy and hairy animal, according to the meaning of the name. Thus the shaggy she-goat slain by Hipponoös carries us at once to the monster slain by Indra, and Bellerophontes becomes a mere reflection of the Vedic Indra Vritrahan, the slayer of Vritra.¹ But the afternoon of the life of Bellerophôn is gloomy as an autumn day when the sun sinks slowly through the pale-coloured sky which is seen beneath the dark cloud-canopy of the upper heavens. This rift of light, when the sun seems to rest without motion, is the Aleian plain through which Bellerophôn wanders until, like Kephalos, he reaches the Western sea.

In the story of Althaia and the Burning Brand (XL.),

¹ Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 185.

Meleagros, in his irresistible strength, in his love, his unselfish toil for others, his caprice and his early doom, is so completely the prototype of Achilles, that the aged Phoinix uses his story in the *Iliad* as a warning to the son of Peleus that he should conquer his unreasonable anger. Achilles and Meleagros represent alike the short-lived sun, whose course is one of toil for others, ending in an early death after a series of wonderful victories alternating with periods of darkness and gloom. But the life of Meleagros is connected directly with that of the torch which the Moirai threw on the hearth at his birth. The day must die when the torch of the sun is extinguished in the sea, but it cannot die sooner; and thus the storing away of the rescued brand is the rescuing of the sun from his doom of death during the hours which pass between morning and eventide. The episode of the Kalydonian boar is only one of the thousand versions in which the battle of the Sun with the noxious powers of darkness is related with a marvellous wealth of varied colouring. But while the poets of the *Iliad* leave Achilles in the hour of his triumph over Hektor, the myth of Meleagros carries on the story to the fatal moment when the brand saved from the burning is once again cast upon the fire.

The tale of Iamos (XLI.) is professedly a legend to account for the honour and influence of the soothsayers known as the Iamidæ; but the name connects itself with those of Iolê, Iokastê, Iason, Iolâos, Ion, words significant of the violet hues seen in the sky whether of the morning or the evening, and thus the story of Iamos is the story of the birth of the morning, which is here cherished by the serpents of the night, for the Drakontes, or keen-eyed beings, may represent the penetrating light of the dawn not less than the hateful and terrifying darkness. We may note further that the wisdom of Iamos comes from the sun-god Phœbus, just as Hêlios gives to Medeia her marvellous wisdom and power.

The siege of Troy is, in Professor Max Müller's words, "a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest

treasures in the West." It is thus reduced to the mythical phrases which said, "The light, or the Dawn, is stolen from the heaven. The dark beings have carried her far away. The children of the Sun are gone to bring her back; but the journey is long and weary. They do battle with the robbers who will not yield up their prize. For ten long hours the fight lasts on. Then the Sun bursts out in his splendour; the dark dwelling of the thieves falls down, and the light which they had hidden away comes forth in all its former beauty." The story of Helen is thus a counterpart of the story of Phrixos and Hellê. In either case a treasure is stolen; and the chieftains gather together to go in search of it. In both there is the long and perilous voyage, the protracted conflict, the recovery of the treasure, and the return of the chieftains to their home in the West. In the earliest form assumed by the myth, Agamemnon and his allies are the children of the Sun, who arm themselves to rescue the Dawn from the grasp of the thief who has taken her away; and Paris (XLII.) with his allies represents the dark power of night which blots out the light from the sky. The phrases into which the myth thus resolves itself are found in the oldest Vedic hymns. The Panis (Paris) steal the cows of Indra, who sends Saramâ (Helen) to find them and bring them back. The Panis seek to seduce Saramâ from her allegiance to Indra, and to retain her in their dark lurking place. For awhile she yields to the temptation; but afterwards she returns to tell Indra where his cattle (the tinted clouds of morning) are hidden away. Here, then, we have the germ which was expanded into the story of the seduction of Helen by Paris, of the long search of her kinsfolk, and of her return to her glowing Western home, "pardoned and glorified." But the expanded myth shows also the blending of several ideas. The great conflict of the Iliad is the battle of the powers of light and darkness, and Paris represents the night fighting with the children of the day. But the great storehouse of mythical speech furnished a thousand phrases applicable to any of the fated actors who play their part in the great drama; and

Paris is thus invested with not a few of the characteristics of Achilles and other solar heroes. Like Perseus, Œdipus, Romulus, and Cyrus, he is doomed to bring ruin on his parents; like them he is exposed in his infancy on the hill-side, and rescued by a shepherd. As Sigurd gives up Brynhild, and Achilles is parted from Briseïs, so Paris forsakes Œnônê for one who dwells nearer to the Western sea. Then follows a time of capricious inaction, which answers to the sullenness and anger of Achilles and Meleagros. But Paris is the slayer of Achilles at the Skaian or Western gates of the evening, and here he appears as the Pani, or dark power, who blots out the light of the sun from the heaven, while in the sequel of the story, which describes Œnone as returning to him when he is smitten by the arrow of Philoktetes, we have the myth of the Dawn light, ever fair and ever young, looking on the death of the Sun, whom she cannot save from the doom which is on him.

The legend of Iphigeneia (XLIII.) is found in many forms; but the most important is the version of Æschylus, who has given to it a deep moral significance as the event for which the avenging Atê brooded heavily on the house of Agamemnon. The same moral element entered even more deeply into the myth of Œdipus; but the sacrifice of Iphigeneia during the long voyage to Ilion, and in order to bring it to a successful issue, points to phrases which had said once that the child of the light, the daughter of the Sun, must die during the lagging hours of darkness in order that the Dawn may come back with all its glory in the morning.

Whether there may or may not have been some Phthiotic chieftain bearing the name of Achilles (XLIV.) is a question with which we are scarcely concerned, when even writers who contend most strenuously for the historical character of the Trojan war allow that there may have been no Helen to provoke the struggle, and that Achilles and Agamemnon may perhaps have never met at all. The Achilles of Homer is one whose story is interwoven inextricably with that of Agamemnon and Menelaos; and the chief features in the narrative are

these. He comes to fight, as he emphatically says, in a quarrel which is not his own, and to win wealth and glory for others, not for himself. He is deprived of *Briséis* by command of a chief whom he regards as in every way his inferior. He has an invincible spear, and his chariot is drawn by undying horses who have the gift of articulate speech. In his friend *Patroklos* we have the reflection of his beauty and splendour without his strength. He is doomed to a terrible struggle with a formidable enemy, and his victory is to be followed by his own early death. These are features which he shares with *Kephalos*, *Bellerophôn*, *Theseus*, *Meleagros*, *Perseus*, *Ædipus*, *Sigurd*. What *Eurystheus* is to *Herakles*, that *Agamemnon* is to *Achilleus*; and the final conflict in the *Iliad* is the counterpart of the slaughter of the suitors in the *Odyssey*. Thus the story of the mythical *Achilleus* may be traced to its germ in phrases which, as in the myth of *Herakles*, spoke of the Sun as doomed to toil for man, as being parted from the Dawn in the morning, as grieving for her loss and nursing his wrath behind a thick veil of clouds, as sending forth a reflection of himself in the light which breaks the surrounding gloom only to be swallowed up again in the darkness, as vowing vengeance for the death of his friend, as coming forth at last in intolerable splendour, and bathing the heavens in the blood-red hues which light up the torn vapours that crowd around him, as offering a terrible sacrifice on the funeral pyre of his friend, and then revealing a countenance from which all wrath and sullenness has passed away, as he sinks to rest "in one unclouded blaze of living light."

The legend of *Sarpêdon* (XLV.) is a transparent solar myth interwoven with the story of *Paris*, the dark being who steals the evening light from the West. His name denotes the golden splendour which stretches across the morning sky. He is the chieftain of *Lykia*, the land of light; his friend is *Glaukos*, the glistening. His mother is the daughter of *Bellerophon*, the slayer of the demon of darkness. But the sun must die young, and *Sarpêdon* is smitten down in the prime of his manhood. Then the

powers of sleep and death bear him during the night to his Eastern home, which they reach just as the day dawns. It is the journey of the Sun from the Latmian cave to the home of the Morning; and another version of the same myth would speak of Sarpêdon rising again from his couch, like Adonis and Osiris, in all the radiance of his former beauty

Memnôn also (XLVI.) is the sun in his short career and his early death. He is the child of Eôs, the morning, and her tears fall on his body like rain at sundown. But more particularly Memnôn rises again, and thus the myth takes us a step beyond the legend of Sarpêdon, which stops at the end of the eastward journey, when the night is done.

The parting of Hektor and Andromachê (XLVII.) is an incident of touching human interest, for which it is unnecessary to seek any mythical origin. It marks that stage in the conflict between the powers of light and darkness, in which Athênê, the dawn goddess, opposes herself inexorably to the latter.

With the story of the Lotos-eaters (XLVIII.) we begin the tale of the weary trials and wanderings of Odysseus before he can see again the wife whom he had left to go to the war at Ilion. He belongs to the great company of chiefs who bring back Helen from Troy, and his homeward voyage is the counterpart of the voyage of Iason and his comrades as they return in the Argo with the Golden Fleece. The whole series of legends of which the myth is composed had its origin in phrases which described the general phenomena of daytime from the rising of the sun to its setting. The Sun leaves his bride, the twilight, in the sky when he sinks beneath the sea, to journey in silence and darkness to the scene of the great fight with the powers of darkness. The ten weary years of the war are the weary hours of the night; in the tenth the fortress falls, as the dark shades are scattered at break of day. The victory is won; but the Sun still longs to see again the fair and beautiful bride from whom he was parted yestereve. Dangers may await him, but these cannot arrest his steps, things lovely may lavish

their beauty upon him, but they cannot make him forget her. His long journey must begin,—a strange chequered course, alternating between gloom and splendour, between joys and utter hopelessness. But do what he will, he cannot reach his home until another series of ten long years has come to an end—the sun cannot see the twilight until another day is done. He is first carried to the land of the Lotos-eaters, the fair fields of the deep blue heaven where the bright cirri float lazily as if they could linger there for ever. In the legend of Polyphemos (XLIX.) he encounters the one-eyed monster, the child of the sea and the storm-cloud. The shapeless vapours which rise from the waters, and through which the sun, like a huge eye, sheds a sickly light, assume strange and gigantic forms, which appear as the Sphinx in the story of Œdipus, as Cacus in that of Herakles, as Vritra in the primitive mythical phrases that tell of the exploits of Indra. Like all gigantic forms in Aryan tradition, the Cyclops is outwitted, and falls a victim to the being who is endowed with the higher wisdom which is the inheritance of Phœbus, the lord of light. This idea of an encounter between the keen-eyed sun and the huge unwieldy storm-cloud furnished the germ of the story which relates the victory of Odysseus over the stupid and brutal son of Poseidon.

In the myth of Kirkê (L.) we see before us a being whose wisdom and craft marks her affinity to Medeia, while in the food which turns the companions of Odysseus into swine we have only another version of the story of the Lotos-eaters. In either case they who partake of the food forget their homes, their wives, and their children, and cease to live the life of thinking men. In the Seirens (LI.) we have another of the many foes which the solar heroes have to encounter in their westward journey—the soft and treacherous calms which tempt the mariner to his ruin. But the myth of the Cattle of Hêlios (LII.) carries us again to phrases familiar to the writers of the Vedic hymns. Every morning the bright and glistening daughters of the Dawn drive the fleecy clouds to their bright pastures in the broad heaven, and

each reappearance marks the lapse of another day. Hence the story ran that the whole herd consisted of three hundred and fifty cattle, whose number was never increased nor lessened. But in the Vedic hymns these cattle are still the clouds, and the phrases still remain transparent in their meaning. In the Greek myth this earlier meaning has been in part forgotten, and the children of the early morning (Neaira) feed the cattle of Hêlios in the local home of Thrinakia. But they are still sacred. None may harm them with impunity; and by laying hands upon them the comrades of Odysseus insure their own destruction. They had killed the days (the cattle) of the sun, they had wasted their time, and thus they should never reach the end of their journey.

The cave of the beautiful Kalypso, the veiling goddess (LIII.), brings before us again the cave of the Latmian hill, where Endymiôn plunges into his deep and dreamless slumber, and Narkissos hides his beauty and his grief. What Selênê is to Endymiôn, what Lêtô is to Zeus, what Echo is to Narkissos, that is Kalypso to Odysseus. It is the bright and beautiful night which veils the sun from mortal eyes in her chamber flashing with a thousand stars, and lulls the wayfarer to sleep with an irresistible spell. But once again the morning comes, and Hermes delivers him from the soft dominion of Kalypso. From her odorous home he is carried, after greivous buffetings on the stormy sea, to the fair Phæakian land (LIV.), where he rests as Perseus rested in the delicious Hyperborean gardens. He has reached the region of the bright clouds unsullied by grosser vapours, and bathed in undying splendour. But here, though fair forms cluster round him, he yet may not tarry, and so at last he stands on the rugged soil of his island home (LV.). The dark mists have again gathered round him; his body is bent, his beauty is marred, his eye has lost its brightness. But there is yet one who can restore him to his ancient strength and glory, though he stands a beggar in his own hall. Athênê, the dawn, who filled him with irresistible might in the conflict at Ilion, will

restore him to the freshness of youth before he is restored to Penelopê, the weaver of the bright web of morning clouds which have many times faded away, while the sun struggled wearily through the dark and angry sky. A few phrases which spoke of the disguised chief seizing his bow, as the hidden sun darts his ray through the cloud-rift, of the scattering of the heavy vapours which had gathered round the dawn light, of the awful slaughter as they fall beneath his irresistible arrows, of the consummation of his vengeance, and the serene peace which follows the hard battle as Penelopê stands once more by his side, supply all the incidents of a tale which is precisely parallel to the legends of Achilleus and Sigurd, and is in the closest agreement with those of Perseus, Œdipus, Theseus, Herakles, and many others. In truth, the tale is found in all lands peopled by Aryan races; and the forms which it has assumed attest by their very differences their independent growth from one and the same fertile stem. The popular tales of southern India dwell frequently on a chief who is separated from his newly-married bride, to be restored to her only when a long series of years, generally eighteen, has come to an end. This chief, like Achilleus, Odysseus, and Herakles, sets off to do great exploits in other lands; but in some of the stories he falls among vagabonds, who induce him to take some food which makes him forget his home, his people, and himself, and who disguise him as a beggar. Thus the long years are spent, until his forsaken wife spies him out from among the ignoble crowd, and at once recognises him in spite of his squalid raiment and wasted features. In this instance Odysseus yields to the seduction of the Lotos-eaters, and his wife acts the part of Athênê in discerning the bright hero even while the shadows close thickest around his form.¹

The dynastic legend of Thebes has, like those of Argos and Athens, localised a number of phrases which described originally some phenomena of the outward world. The Sun is the child of darkness, and he is doomed to

¹ Old Deccan Days, Hindoo Fairy Tales current in Southern India. By M. Frere.

slay his father. He is the child also of the dawn, whose soft violet hues tint the clouds of early morning. But while the morning is his mother, so also is the dawn his bride. From her he is parted at the beginning of his course; to her he is reunited at its close. But he has other foes beside the darkness, and he must encounter danger for the benefit of others, not for his own. The demon of drought vexes the land; the dark thunder clouds brood on the mountain summit. Who can understand its dark sayings? Who can read aright its bewildering riddle? He only on whom rests the wisdom of Phœbus; he only whose glance is like the dazzling glare of the great eye of day. But the sun has slain the darkness of the night, and now he solves the riddle of the monster, who leaps from the rock and is slain. The storm-cloud is pierced by the irresistible rays, and the prisoned waters refresh the thirsting earth. There remains yet the reward of victory. The evening has come, and the violet hues of morning reappear. So is Œdipus wedded to Iokastê (LVI.). Thus far the story followed strictly the old solar phrases; but at this point it received at the hands of the Greek poets an ethical turn, which supplied the germ for its dark and gloomy sequel. The marriage of the mother with her child was an unnatural crime for which a stern recompense must be exacted, even when the actors are wholly unconscious of the evil which they have done. But even here the poets write with a singular fidelity to the old mythical speech. The tender light of evening is suddenly blotted out by the dark vapours; the light of the sun is quenched in gloom. In other words, Iokastê dies in her bridal chamber, and Œdipus tears out his eyes (LVII.). But the woeful time at length draws to an end, and amidst the crash of the thunder he sinks into his grave, unseen by mortal eye; but this grave is in the sacred land of the gentle beings whose name (Erînyes, Saranyû) carries us again to the dawn light which steals across the sky at the break and the close of day.

Laïos, then, is to Œdipus what Akrisios is to Perseus, or Aleos to Telephos—the dark night from which the

day is born, the enemy¹ whom the sun will slay. The fate of Perseus and of Telephos is also the lot of Œdipus. The babe is exposed on a bare hill-side, as the sun seems to rest on the earth (Ida) at its rising. But he has yet a long course before him. Like Theseus, Romulus, Cyrus, and the rest, he grows up both wise and strong, and the Sphinx is discomfited by him as Vritra is smitten by the spear of Indra. The word tells its own tale. The Sphinx is the being who shuts up the waters in the dark thunder-cloud.

The rest of the story is a necessary sequel to the unnatural marriage of Œdipus and Iokastê. A grievous doom must rest on the children of such a union; and the sons of Œdipus, by their hateful strife, bring ruin on themselves and on their country (LVIII.). One child alone remains faithful to her father. It is Antigônê (LIX.), the light which looks forth from the east when the sun sinks down in the west, as Selênê comes to gaze upon Endymiôn. The remainder of the legend belongs rather to the region of ethics, and turns on the violation of positive human enactment for the sake of discharging a natural duty of prior obligation.

The legend of Eriphylê (LX.) must be classed with the sequel of the story of Œdipus. In both we can trace mythical phrases; but the tale, as a whole, is the development of moral ideas. This ethical character marks especially the myths which have grown up round persons who are undoubtedly historical, and more especially round Crœsus, king of Lydia. The existence of a Lydian monarchy and its overthrow by Cyrus are not to be doubted. But the story of Crœsus, as related by Herodotus, is, like the book of Job, the expression of the thought of the time on the great problem of human life. It illustrates, in part, the irresistible accomplishment of doom, as in the death of the beautiful Atys (LXI.), and partly the conviction that the spiritual condition of men is not to be measured by their outward fortunes.

The story of the Vengeance of Apollo (LXII.) may be a local legend possibly founded on historical fact; it

¹ Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 168.

marks in Herodotus the culminating point in the pride and arrogance of Xerxes, and the beginning of his ruin. How far it may relate to some real incident in the Persian invasion is a question with which we are not here concerned. Like that of Arion (LXIII.), it may contain a substratum of fact embellished by the introduction of the marvellous.

The "Battle of the Frogs and Mice" (LXIV.) is remarkable chiefly as the earliest satire on the great epics of the Homeric poets, and as showing that a sharp line of distinction must be drawn between the mythology of the Greeks and their religion. The story of Rhampsinitos (LXV.), which Herodotus heard in Egypt, is included in this series, not only for its wit and cleverness, but as showing the existence of a common popular mythology relating neither to gods nor heroes. The leading idea of the tale is found in the Arabian story of the Forty Thieves, a narrative which exhibits points of contact with the popular tales of northern Europe¹ just as features in the story of Aristomenes of Eira appear also in the voyages of Sindbad.

¹ For example, with the "Wonderful Quern": Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." Powell and Magnusson's Icelandic Legends.

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THE GODS AND HEROES

THE DELIAN APOLLO

FROM land to land the Lady Lêtô wandered in fear and sorrow, for no city or country would give her a home where she might abide in peace. From Crete to Athens, from Athens to Ægina, from Ægina to the heights of Pelion and Athos, through all the islands of the wide Ægæan Sea, Skyros and Imbros and Lemnos, and Chios the fairest of all, she passed, seeking a home. But in vain she prayed each land to receive her, until she came to the island of Delos, and promised to raise it to great glory if only there she might rest in peace. And she lifted up her voice and said, "Listen to me, O island of the dark sea: if thou wilt grant me a home, all nations shall come unto thee, and great wealth shall flow in upon thee; for here shall Phœbus Apollo, the lord of light and life, be born, and men shall come hither to know his will and win his favour." Then answered Delos, and said, "Lady, thou promisest great things; but they say that the power of Phœbus Apollo will be such as nothing on the wide earth may withstand; and mine is but a poor and stony soil, where there is little to please the eye of those who look upon me. Wherefore I fear that he will despise my hard and barren land, and go to some other country where he will build a more glorious temple, and grant richer gifts to the people who come to worship him." But Lêtô swore by the dark water of Styx, and the wide heaven above, and the broad earth around her, that in Delos should be the shrine of Phœbus, and that there should the rich offerings burn on his altar the whole year round.

So Lêtô rested in the island of Delos, and there was Phœbus Apollo born. And there was joy among the undying gods who dwell in Olympus, and the earth laughed beneath the smile of heaven. Then was his temple built in Delos, and men came to it from all lands to learn his will and offer rich sacrifices on his altar.

THE PYTHIAN APOLLO

LONG time Apollo abode in Delos; and every year all the children of Iôn were gathered to the feast which was held before his temple. But at length it came to pass that Apollo went through many lands, journeying towards Pytho. With harp in hand he drew nigh to the gates of Olympus where Zeus and the gods dwell in their glory; and straightway all rejoiced for the sweetness of his harping. The Muses sang the undying gifts of the gods, and the griefs and woes of mortal men who cannot flee from old age and death. The bright Horai joined hands together with Hêbê and Harmonia; and Ares stood by the side of Aphroditê with Hermes the slayer of Argos, gazing on the face of Phœbus Apollo which glistened as with the light of the new-risen sun. Then from Olympus he went down into the Pierian land, to Iolkos and the Lelantian plain; but it pleased him not there to build himself a home. Thence he wandered on to Mykalessos, and, traversing the grassy plains of Teumessos, came to the sacred Thebes; but neither would he dwell there, for no man had yet come thither, neither was there road or path, but only wild forest in all the land.

Further and further he roamed, across the stream of Kephîsos and beyond Okalea and Harliartos, until he came to Telphûsa. There he thought to build himself a temple, for the land was rich and fair; so he said, "Beautiful Telphûsa, here would I rest in thy happy vale, and here shall men come to ask my will and seek for aid in the hour of fear; and great glory shall come to thee while I abide in thy land." But Telphûsa was moved with anger as she saw Phœbus marking out the place for his shrine and laying its foundations; and she spake craftily to him and said, "Listen to me, Phœbus Apollo. Thou seekest here to have a home, but here

thou canst never rest in peace; for my broad plain will tempt men to the strife of battle, and the tramp of war-horses shall vex the stillness of thy holy temple. Nay, even in time of peace, the lowing cattle shall come in crowds to my fountain, and the tumult will grieve thine heart. But go thou to Krisa, and make for thyself a home in the hidden clefts of Parnassus, and thither shall men hasten with their gifts from the utmost bounds of the earth." So Apollo believed her words, and he went on through the land of the Phlegyes until he came to Krisa. There he laid the foundations of his shrine in the deep cleft of Parnassus; and Trophonios and Agamemes, the children of Ergînos, raised the walls. There also he found the mighty dragon who nursed Typhâon, the child of Hêrê, and he smote him, and said, "Rot there upon the ground, and vex not more the children of men. The days of thy life are ended, neither can Typhœus himself aid thee now, or Chimæra of the evil name. But the earth and the burning sun shall consume and scorch thy body." So the dragon died, and his body rotted on the ground; wherefore the name of that place is called Pytho, and they worship Phœbus Apollo as the great Pythian king.

But Phœbus knew now that Telphûsa had deceived him, because she said nothing of the great dragon of Krisa, or of the roughness of the land. So he hastened back in his anger and said, "Thou hast beguiled me, Telphûsa, with thy crafty words; but no more shall thy fountain send forth its sweet water, and the glory shall be mine alone." Then Apollo hurled great crags down and choked the stream near the beautiful fountain, and the glory departed from Telphûsa.

Then he thought within himself what men he should choose to be his priests at Pytho; and far away, as he stood on a high hill, he saw a ship sailing on the wine-faced sea, and the men who were in it were Cretans, sailing from the land of King Minos to barter their goods with the men of Pylos. So Phœbus leaped into the sea and changed his form to the form of a dolphin, and hastened to meet the ship. None knew whence the great

fish came which smote the side of their vessel with its mighty fins; but all marvelled at the sight, as the dolphin guided the ship through the dark waters, and they sat trembling with fear, as they sped on without a sail by the force of the strong south wind. From the headland of Malea and the land of the Lakonians they passed to Helos and to Tænaron where Helios dwells in whom the sons of men take delight, and where his cattle feed in the rich pastures. There the sailors would have ended their wanderings; but they sought in vain to land, for the ship would not obey its helm. Onward it went along the coast of the island of Pelops, for the mighty dolphin guided it. So from Arênê and Arguphea it came to the sandy Pylos, by Chalkis and Dymê to the land of the Epeians, to Pheræ and to Ithaka. There the men saw spread out before them the waters which wash the shores of Krisa; and the strong west wind came with its fierce breath, and drove them on to the east and towards the sunrising, until they came to Krisa.

Then Phœbus Apollo came forth from the sea like a star, and the brightness of his glory reached up to the high heaven. Into his shrine he hastened, and on the altar he kindled the undying fire, and his bright arrows were hurled abroad, till all Krisa was filled with the blaze of his lightnings, so that fear came upon all, and the cries of the women rose shrill in the sultry air. Then, swift as a thought of the heart, he hastened back to the ship; but his form was now the form of a man in his beauty, and his golden locks flowed down over his broad shoulders. From the shore he called out to the men in the Cretan ship, and said, "Who are ye, strangers? and do ye come as thieves and robbers, bringing terror and sorrow whithersoever ye may go? Why stay ye thus, tarrying in your ship, and seek not to come out upon the land? Surely ye must know that all who sail on the wide sea rejoice when their ship comes to the shore, that so they may come forth and feast with the people of the land." So spake Phœbus Apollo; and the leader of the Creta; took courage and said, "Stranger, sure I am that thou art no mortal man, but one of the bright heroes or the

undying gods. Wherefore tell us now the name of this land and of the people who dwell in it. Hither we never sought to come, for we were sailing from the land of Minos to barter our wares at Pyk ; but some one of the gods hath brought us hither against our will." Then spake the mighty Apollo and said to them, " O strangers who have dwelt in Knossos of the Cretan land, think not to return to your ancient home, to your wives or to your children. Here ye must guard and keep my shrine, and ye shall be honoured of all the children of men. For I am the son of Zeus, and my name is Phœbus Apollo. It was I who brought you hither across the wide sea, not in guile or anger, but that in all time to come ye may have great power and glory, that ye may learn the counsels of the undying gods and make known their will to men. Hasten then to do my bidding; let down your sails, and bring your ship to the shore. Then bring out your goods and build an altar on the beach, and kindle a fire and offer white barley as an offering; and because I led you hither under the form of a dolphin, so worship me as the Delphian god. Then eat bread and drink wine, as much as your soul may lust after; and after that come with me to the holy place where ye shall guard my temple."

So they obeyed the words of Phœbus; and when they had offered the white barley and feasted richly on the sea-shore, they rose up to go, and Apollo led them on their way. His harp was in his hand, and he made sweet music, such as no mortal ear had heard before; and they raised the chant of Io Pæan, for a new power was breathed into their hearts, as they went along. They thought not now of toil or sorrow; but with feet unwearied they went up the hill until they reached the clefts of Parnassus, where Phœbus would have them dwell.

Then out spake the leader of the Cretans and said boldly, " O king, thou hast brought us far away from our homes to a strange land; whence are we to get food here? No harvest will grow on these bare rocks, no meadows are spread out before our eyes. The whole land is bare and desolate." But the son of Zeus smiled

and said, " O foolish men, and easy to be cast down, if ye had your wish ye would gain nothing but care and toil. But listen to me and ponder well my words. Stretch forth your hands, and slay each day the rich offerings, for they shall come to you without stint and sparing, seeing that the sons of men shall hasten hither from all lands, to learn my will and ask for aid in the hour of fear. Only guard ye my temple well, and keep your hands clean and your heart pure; for if ye deal rightly, no man shall take away your glory; but if ye speak lies and do iniquity, if ye hurt the people who come to my altar, and make them to go astray, then shall other men rise up in your place, and ye yourselves shall be thrust out for ever, because ye would not obey my words."

NIOBE AND LETO

IN the little island of Delos there lived a long time ago a lady who was called Niobê. She had many sons and many daughters, and she was very proud of them, for she thought that in all the island of Delos, and even in all the world, there were no children so beautiful as her own. And as they walked, and leaped, and ran amongst the hills and valleys of that rocky island, all the people looked at them and said, "Surely there are no other children like the children of the lady Niobê." And Niobê was so pleased at hearing this, that she began to boast to every one how strong and beautiful her sons and daughters were.

Now in this island of Delos there lived also the lady Lêtô. She had only two children, and their names were Artemis and Phœbus Apollo; but they were very strong and fair indeed. And whenever the lady Niobê saw them, she tried to think that her own children were still more beautiful, although she could hardly help feeling that she had never seen any so glorious as Artemis and Apollo. So one day the lady Lêtô and the lady Niobê were together, and their children were playing before them; and Phœbus Apollo played on his golden harp, and then he shot from his golden bow the arrows which never missed their mark. But Niobê never thought of Apollo's bow, and the arrows which he had in his quiver; and she began to boast to the lady Lêtô of the beauty of her children, and she said, "See, Lêtô; look at my seven sons and my seven daughters, and see how strong and fair they are. Apollo and Artemis are beautiful, I know, but my children are fairer still; and you have only two children, while I have seven sons and seven daughters." So Niobê went on boasting, and never thought whether she should make Lêtô angry. But Lêtô said nothing until Niobê and her children were gone, and then she

called Apollo, and said to him, "I do not love the lady Niobê. She is always boasting that her sons and daughters are more beautiful than you and your sister; and I wish you to show her that no one else is so strong as my children, or so beautiful." Then Phœbus Apollo was angry, and a dark frown came upon his fair young face, and his eyes were like the flaming fire. But he said nothing; and he took his golden bow in his hand, and put his quiver with his terrible arrows across his shoulder, and went away to the hills where he knew that the lady Niobê and her children were. And when he saw them he went and stood on a bare high rock, and stretched the string of his golden bow, and took an arrow from his quiver. Then he held out the bow, and drew the string to his breast, until the point of the arrow touched the bow; and then he let the arrow fly. Straight to its mark it went, and one of the lady Niobê's sons fell dead. Then another arrow flew swiftly from the bow, and another, and another, and another, till all the sons and all the daughters of Niobê lay dead on the hill-side. Then Apollo called out to Niobê and said, "Go and boast now of your beautiful children."

It had all passed so quickly that Niobê scarcely knew whether it was not a dream. She could not believe that her children were really gone—all her sons and all her daughters, whom she had just now seen so happy and strong around her. But there they lay still and cold upon the ground. Their eyes were closed as if they were asleep, and their faces had still a happy smile, which made them look more beautiful than ever. And Niobê went to them all one by one, and touched their cold hands, and kissed their pale cheeks; and then she knew that the arrows of Phœbus Apollo had killed them. Then she sat down on a stone which was close to them, and the tears flowed from her eyes, and they streamed down her face, as she sat there as still as her children who lay dead before her. She never raised her head to look at the blue sky—she never moved hand or foot, but she sat weeping on the cold rock till she became as cold as the rock herself. And still her tears flowed on, and

still her body grew colder and colder, until her heart beat no more, and the lady Niobê was dead. But there she still seemed to sit and weep, for her great grief had turned her into a stone; and all the people, whenever they came near that place, said, "See, there sits the lady Niobê, who was turned into stone, when Phœbus Apollo killed all her children, because she boasted that no one was so beautiful as they were." And long after, when the stone was grown old and covered with moss, the people still thought they could see the form of the lady Niobê; for the stone, which did not look much like the form of a woman when they came near to it, seemed at a distance just as though Niobê still sat there, weeping for her beautiful children whom Phœbus Apollo slew.

DAPHNE

IN the vale of Tempê, where the stream of Peneios flows beneath the heights of Olympus towards the sea, the beautiful Daphnê passed the days of her happy childhood. Fresh as the earliest morning, she climbed the crags to greet the first rays of the rising sun; and when he had driven his fiery horses over the sky, she watched his chariot sink behind the western mountains. Over hill and dale she roamed, free and light as the breeze of spring. Other maidens round her spoke each of her love, but Daphnê cared not to listen to the voice of man, though many a one sought her to be his wife.

One day, as she stood on the slopes of Ossa in the glow of early morning, she saw before her a glorious form. The light of the new-risen sun fell on his face with a golden splendour, and she knew that it was Phœbus Apollo. Hastily he ran towards her, and said, "I have found thee, child of the morning. Others thou hast cast aside, but from me thou canst not escape. I have sought thee long, and now will I make thee mine." But the heart of Daphnê was bold and strong; and her cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with anger, as she said, "I know neither love nor bondage. I live free among the streams and hills; and to none will I yield my freedom."

Then the face of Apollo grew dark with anger, and he drew near to seize the maiden; but swift as the wind she fled away. Over hill and dale, over crag and river, the feet of Daphnê fell lightly as falling leaves in autumn; but nearer yet came Phœbus Apollo, till at last the strength of the maiden began to fail. Then she stretched out her hands, and cried for help to the lady Démêtêr; but she came not to her aid. Her head was dizzy, and her limbs trembled in utter feebleness as she drew near to the broad river which gladdens the plains

of Thessaly, till she almost felt the breath of Phœbus, and her robe was almost in his grasp. Then, with a wild cry, she said, "Father Peneios, receive thy child," and she rushed into the stream, whose waters closed gently over her.

She was gone; and Apollo mourned for his madness in chasing thus the free maiden. And he said, "I have punished myself by my folly; the light of the morning is taken out of the day. I must go on alone till my journey shall draw towards its end." Then he spake the word, and a laurel came up on the bank where Daphnê had plunged into the stream; and the green bush with its thick clustering leaves keeps her name for ever.

KYRENE

AMONG the valleys and hills of Thessaly, Kyrênê, the fair-armed daughter of Hypseus, wandered free as the deer upon the mountain side. Of all the maidens of the land there was none to vie with her in beauty; neither was there any that could be matched with her for strength of arm and speed of foot. She touched not the loom or spindle; she cared not for banquets with those who revel under houses. Her feasts were spread on the green grass, beneath the branching tree; and with her spear and dagger she went fearless among the beasts of the field, or sought them out in their dens.

One day she was roaming along the winding banks of Peneios, when a lion sprang from a thicket across her path. Neither spear nor dagger was in her hand, but the heart of Kyrênê knew no fear, and she grappled with him until the beast sank wearied at her feet. She had conquered, but not unseen, for Phœbus Apollo had watched the maiden as she battled with the angry lion; and straightway he called the wise centaur Cheiron, who had taught him in the days of his youth. "Come forth," he said, "from thy dark cave, and teach me once again, for I have a question to ask thee. Look at yonder maiden, and the beast which lies beaten at her feet; and tell me (for thou art wise) whence she comes, and what name she bears. Who is she, that thus she wanders in these lonely valleys without fear and without hurt? Tell me if she may be wooed and won." Then Cheiron looked steadfastly at the face of Phœbus, and a smile passed over his countenance as he answered, "There are hidden keys to unlock the prisonhouse of love; but why asketh thou me of the maiden's name and race,—thou who knowest the end of all things, and all the paths along which the sons of men are journeying? Thou hast counted the leaves which burst forth in the

spring-time, and the grains of sand which the winds toss on the river-bank or by the sea-shore. But if I must needs match thee in subtle wisdom, then listen to my words. The maiden is wooed and won already; and thou art going to bear her as thy bride over the dark sea, and place her in golden halls on the far-off Libyan land. There she shall have a home rich in every fruit that may grow up from the earth; and there shall thy son Aristaios be born, on whose lips the bright Horai shall shed nectar and ambrosia, so that he may not come under the doom of mortal men."

Then Phœbus Apollo smiled as he answered, "Of a truth, Cheiron, thou deservest thy fame, for there are none to match with thee in wisdom; and now I go to bear Kyrênê to the land which shall be called by her name, and where, in time to come, her children shall build great and mighty cities, and their name shall be spread abroad throughout all the earth for strength and wisdom."

So the maiden Kyrênê came to the Libyan land, and there Aristaios her child was born. And Hermes carried the babe to the bright Horai, who granted him an endless life; and he dwelt in the broad Libyan plains, tending his flocks, and bringing forth rich harvests from the earth. For him the bees wrought their sweetest honey; for him the sheep gave their softest wool; for him the cornfields waved with the fullest grain. No blight touched the grapes which his hand had tended; no sickness vexed the herds which fed in his pastures. And they who dwelt in the land said, "Strife and war bring no such gifts as these to the sons of men; therefore let us live in peace."

HERMES

EARLY in the morning, long ago, in a cave of the great Kyllenian hill, lay the new-born Hermes, the son of Zeus and Maia. The cradle-clothes were scarcely stirred by his soft breathing, while he slept as peacefully as the children of mortal mothers. But the sun had not driven his fiery chariot over half the heaven, when the babe arose from his sacred cradle and stepped forth from the dark cavern. Before the threshold a tortoise fed lazily on the grass; and when the child saw it, he laughed merrily. "Ah! this is luck indeed," he said; "whence hast thou come, pretty creature, with thy bright speckled shell? Thou art mine now, and I must take thee into my cave. It is better to be under shelter than out of doors; and though there may be some use in thee while thou livest, it will comfort thee to think that thou wilt sing sweetly when thou art dead."

So the child Hermes took up his treasure in both arms, and carried it into the cavern. There he took an iron probe, and pierced out the life of the tortoise; and quick as thought, he drilled holes in its shell, and fixed in them reed-canes. Then across the shell he fastened a piece of ox-hide, and with seven sheep-gut cords he finished the making of his lyre. Presently he struck it with the bow, and a wave of sweet music swelled out upon the air. Like the merry songs of youths and maidens, as they sport in village feasts, rose the song of the child Hermes; and his eyes laughed slyly as he sang of the loves of Zeus and Maia, and how he himself was born of the mighty race of the gods. Still he sang on, telling of all that he saw around him in the glittering home of the nymph, his mother. But all the while, as he sang, his mind was pondering on other things; and when the song was ended, he went forth from the cave, like a thief in the night, on his wily errand.

The sun was hastening down the slope of heaven with his chariot and horses to the slow-rolling stream of Ocean, as Hermes came to the shadowy hills of Pieria, where the cattle of the gods feed in their large pastures. There he took fifty from the herd, and made ready to drive them to the Kyllenian hill. But before him lay vast plains of sand; and, therefore, lest the track of the cattle should tell the tale of his thieving, he drove the beasts round about by crooked paths, until it seemed as though they had gone to the place from which he had stolen them. He had taken good care that his own footsteps should not betray him, for with branches of tamarisk and myrtle, well twisted with their leaves, he hastily made himself sandals, and sped away from Pieria. One man alone saw him, a very old man, who was working in his vineyard on the sunny plain of Onchêstos. To him Hermes went quickly, and said, "Old man, thou wilt have plenty of wine when these roots come all into bearing trim. Meanwhile, keep a wise head on thy crumpled shoulders, and take heed not to remember more than may be convenient."

Onwards, over dark hills, and through sounding dells, and across flowery plains, hastened the child Hermes, driving his flock before him. The night waxed and waned, and the moon had climbed to her watchtower in the heaven, when, in the flush of early morning, Hermes reached the banks of the great Alpheian stream. There he turned his herd to feed on the grassy plain, while he gathered logs of wood, and, rubbing two sticks together, kindled the first flame that burned upon the earth where dwell the sons of men. The smoke went up to the heaven, and the flame crackled fiercely beneath it, as Hermes brought forth two of the herd, and, tumbling them on their back, pierced out the life of both. Their hides he placed on the hard rock; their flesh he cut up into twelve portions; and so Hermes hath the right of ordering all sacrifices which the children of men offer to the undying gods. But he ate not of the flesh or fat, although hunger sorely pressed him; and he burnt the bones in the fire, and tossed his tamarisk sandals into

the swift stream of Alpheios. Then he quenched the fire, and with all his might trampled down the ashes, until the pale moon rose up again in the sky. So he sped on his way to Kyllênê. Neither god nor man saw him as he went, nor did the dogs bark. Early in the morning he reached his mother's cave, and darted through the keyhole of the door, softly as a summer breeze. Without a sound his little feet paced the stony floor, till he reached his cradle and lay down, playing like a babe among the clothes with his left hand, while his right held the tortoise-lyre hidden underneath them.

But, wily though he was, he could not cheat his mother. To his cradle she came and said, "Whither hast thou wandered in the dark night? Crafty rogue, mischief will be thy ruin. The son of Lêtô will soon be here, and bear thee away bound in chains not easily shaken off. Out of my sight, little wretch, born to worry the blessed gods and plague the race of men!" "Mother," said Hermes gently, "why talk thus to me, as though I were like mortal babes, a poor cowering thing, to cry for a little scolding? I know thy interest and mine: why should we stay here in this wretched cave, with never a gift or a feast to cheer our hearts? I shall not stay. It is pleasanter to banquet with the gods than to dwell in a cavern in draughts of whistling wind. I shall try my luck against Apollo, for I mean to be his peer; and if he will not suffer me, and if Zeus my father takes not up my cause, I will see what I can do for myself, by going to the shrine of Pytho and stealing thence the tripods and cauldrons, the iron vessels and glittering robes. If I may not have honour in Olympus, I can at least be the prince of thieves."

Meanwhile, as they talked together, Eôs rose up from the deep ocean stream, and her tender light flushed across the sky, while Apollo hastened to Onchêstos and the holy grove of Poseidon. There the old man was at work in his vineyard, and to him Phœbus went quickly and said, "Friend hedger, I am come from Pieria looking for my cows. Fifty of them have been driven away, and the bull has been left behind with the four dogs who guarded

them. Tell me, old man, hast thou seen any one with these cows, on the road?" But the old man said that it would be a hard matter to tell of all that he might chance to see. "Many travellers journey on this road, some with evil thoughts, some with good; I cannot well remember all. This only I know, that yesterday, from the rising up of the sun to its setting, I was digging in my vineyard; and I think, but I am not sure, that I saw a child with a herd of cattle. A babe he was, and he held a staff in his hand, and, as he went, he wandered strangely from the path on either side."

Then Phœbus stayed not to hear more, for now he knew of a surety that the new-born son of Zeus had done him the mischief. Wrapped in a purple mist, he hastened to beautiful Pylos, and came on the track of the cattle. "O Zeus," he cried, "this is indeed a marvel. I see the footprints of cattle, but they are marked as though the cattle were going to the asphodel meadow, not away from it. Of man or woman, of wolf, bear, or lion, I spy not a single trace. Only here and there I behold the footprint of some strange monster, who has left his mark at random on either side of the road." So on he sped to the woody heights of Kyllênê, and stood on the doorstep of Maia's cave. Straightway the child Hermes nestled under the cradle-clothes in fear, like a new-born babe asleep. But, seeing through all his craft, Phœbus looked steadily through all the cave and opened three secret places full of the food and drink of the gods, and full also of gold and silver raiment; but not a cow was in any of them. At last he fixed his eyes sternly on the child and said, "Wily babe, where are my cows? If thou wilt not tell me, there will be strife between us; and then I shall hurl thee down to the gloomy Tartarus, to the land of darkness whence neither thy father nor thy mother can bring thee back, and where thy kingdom shall be only over the ghosts of men." "Ah!" said Hermes, "these are dreadful words indeed; but why dost thou chide me thus, or come here to look for cows? I have not seen or heard of them, nor has any one told me of them. I cannot tell where they are,

or get the reward, if any were promised, for discovering them. This is no work of mine; what do I care for but for sleeping and sucking and playing with my cradle-clothes and being washed in warm water? My friend, it will be much better that no one should hear of such a silly quarrel. The undying gods would laugh at the very thought of a little babe leaving its cradle to run after cows. I was born but yesterday. My feet are soft, and the ground is hard. But if it be any comfort to thee, I will swear by my father's head (and that is a very great oath) that I have not done this deed, nor seen any one else steal your cows, and that I do not know what cows are."

As he spoke he looked stealthily from one side to the other, while his eyes winked slyly, and he made a long soft whistling sound, as if the words of Phœbus had amused him mightily. "Well, friend," said Apollo, with a smile, "thou wilt break into many a house, I see, and thy followers after thee; and thy fancy for beef will set many a herdsman grieving. But come down from the cradle, or this sleep will be thy last. Only this honour can I promise thee, to be called the prince of thieves for ever." So without more ado Phœbus caught up the babe in his arms, but Hermes gave so mighty a sneeze that he quickly let him fall, and Phœbus said to him gravely, "This is the sign that I shall find my cows: show me, then, the way." In great fear Hermes started up and pulled the cradle-clothes over both his ears, as he said, "Cruel god, what dost thou seek to do with me? Why worry me thus about cows? I would there were not a cow in all the earth. I stole them not, nor have I seen any one steal the cows, whatever things cows may be. I know nothing but their name. But come; Zeus must decide the quarrel between us."

Thus each with his own purpose spake to the other, and their minds grew all the darker, for Phœbus sought only to know where his cows might be, while Hermes strove only to cheat him. So they went quickly and sulkily on, the babe first, and Phœbus following after him, till they came to the heights of Olympus and the

home of the mighty Zeus. There Zeus sat on the throne of judgment, and all the undying gods stood around him. Before them in the midst stood Phœbus and the child Hermes, and Zeus said, "Thou hast brought a fine booty after thy hunt to-day, Phœbus—a child of a day old. A fine matter is this to put before the gods."

"My father," said Apollo quickly, "I have a tale to tell which will show that I am not the only plunderer. After a weary search, I found this babe in the cave of Kyllênê; and a thief he is such as I have never seen whether among gods or men. Yester eve he stole my cattle from the meadow, and drove them straight towards Pylos to the shore of the sounding sea. The tracks left were such that gods and men might well marvel at them. The footprints of the cows on the sand were as though they were going to my meadows, not away from them; his own footmarks beggar all words, as if he had gone neither on his feet nor on his hands, and as if the oak tops had suddenly taken to walking. So was it on the sandy soil; and after this was passed, there remained no marks at all. But an old man saw him driving them on the road to Pylos. There he shut up the cattle at his leisure, and, going to his mother's cave, lay down in his cradle like a spark in a mass of cinders, which an eagle could scarcely spy out. When I taxed him with the theft, he boldly denied it, and told me that he had not seen the cows or heard aught of them, and could not get the reward if one were offered for restoring them."

So the words of Phœbus were ended, and the child Hermes made obeisance to Zeus, the lord of all the gods, and said, "Father Zeus, I shall tell thee the truth, for I am a very truthful being, and I know not how to tell a lie. This morning, when the sun was but newly risen, Phœbus came to my mother's cave, looking for cows. He brought no witnesses; he urged me by force to confess; he threatened to hurl me into the abyss of Tartarus. Yet he has all the strength of early manhood, while I, as he knows, was born but yesterday, and am not in the least like a cattle-reiver. Believe me (by thy love for me, thy

child) that I have not brought these cows home, or passed beyond my mother's threshold. This is strict truth. Nay, by Hêlios and the other gods, I swear that I love thee and have respect for Phœbus. Thou knowest that I am guiltless, and, if thou wilt, I will also swear it. But, spite of all his strength, I will avenge myself some day on Phœbus for his unkindness; and then help thou the weaker."

So spake Hermes, winking his eyes and holding the clothes to his shoulders; and Zeus laughed aloud at the wiliness of the babe, and bade Phœbus and the child be friends. Then he bowed his head and charged Hermes to show the spot where he had hidden the cattle, and the child obeyed, for none may despise that sign and live.

To Pylos they hastened and to the broad stream of Alpheios, and from the fold Hermes drove forth the cattle. But as he stood apart, Apollo beheld the hides flung on the rock, and he asked Hermes, "How wast thou able, cunning rogue, to flay two cows, thou a child but one day old? I fear thy might in time to come, and I cannot let thee live." Again he seized the child, and bound him fast with willow bands, but the child tore them from his body like flax, so that Phœbus marvelled greatly.

In vain Hermes sought a place wherein to hide himself, and great fear came upon him till he thought of his tortoise-lyre. With his bow he touched the strings, and the wave of song swelled out upon the air more full and sweet than ever. He sang of the undying gods and the dark earth, how it was made at the first, and how to each of the gods his own appointed portion was given, till the heart of Apollo was filled with a mighty longing, and he spake to Hermes, and said, "Cattle-reiver, wily rogue, thy song is worth fifty head of cattle. We will settle our strife by and by. Meanwhile, tell me, was this wondrous gift of song born with thee, or hast thou it as a gift from any god or mortal man? Never on Olympus, from those who cannot die, have I heard such strains as these. They who hear thee may have what

they will, be it mirth, or love, or sleep. Great is thy power, and great shall be thy renown, and by my cornel staff I swear that I will not stand in the way of thy honour or deceive thee in anywise."

Then said Hermes, "I grudge thee not my skill, son of Lêtô, for I seek but thy friendship. Yet thy gifts from Zeus are great. Thou knowest his mind, thou canst declare his will, and reveal what is stored up in time to come for undying gods or mortal men. This knowledge I fain would have. But my power of song shall this day be thine. Take my lyre, the soother of the wearied, the sweet companion in hours of sorrow or of feasting. To those who come skilled in its language, it can discourse sweetly of all things, and drive away all thoughts that annoy and cares that vex the soul. To those who touch it, not knowing how to draw forth its speech, it will babble strange nonsense, and rave with uncertain moanings. But thy knowledge is born with thee, and so my lyre is thine. Wherefore now let us feed the herds together, and with our care they shall thrive and multiply. There is no more cause for anger."

So saying, the babe held out the lyre, and Phœbus Apollo took it. In his turn he gave to the child Hermes a glittering scourge, with charge over his flocks and herds. Then, touching the chords of the lyre, he filled the air with sweet music, and they both took their way to Olympus, and Zeus was glad at heart to see that the wrath of Apollo had passed away. But Phœbus dreaded yet the wiles of Hermes, and said, "I fear me much, child of Maia, that in time to come thou mayest steal both my harp and my bow, and take away my honour among men. Come now, and swear to me by the dark water of Styx that thou wilt never do me wrong." Then Hermes bowed his head, and swore never to steal anything from Apollo, and never to lay hands on his holy shrine; and Phœbus swore that of all the undying gods there should be none so dear to him as Hermes. "And of this love," he said, "I will give thee a pledge. My golden rod shall guard thee, and teach thee all that Zeus may say to me for the well or ill doing of gods or men."

But the higher knowledge for which thou didst pray may not be thine; for that is hidden in the mind of Zeus, and I have sworn a great oath that none shall learn it from me. But the man who comes to me with true signs, I will never deceive; and he who puts trust in false omens and then comes to inquire at my shrine, shall be answered according to his folly, but his offering shall go into my treasure-house. Yet further, son of Maia, in the clefts of Parnassus far away dwell the winged Thriai, who taught me long ago the secret things of times to come. Go thou then to the three sisters, and thus shalt thou test them. If they have eaten of the honeycomb before they speak, they will answer thee truly; but if they lack the sweet food of the gods, they will seek to lead astray those who come to them. These I give thee for thy counsellors; only follow them warily; and have thou dominion over all flocks and herds, and over all living things that feed on the wide earth; and be thou the guide to lead the souls of mortal men to the dark kingdom of Hades."

So was the love of Apollo for Hermes made sure; and Hermes hath his place amongst all the deathless gods and dying men. Nevertheless, the sons of men have from him no great gain, for all night long he vexes them with his treacherous wiles.

THE SORROW OF DEMETER

IN the fields of Enna, in the happy island of Sicily, the beautiful Persephonê was playing with the girls who lived there with her. She was the daughter of the Lady Dêmêtêr, and every one loved them both; for Dêmêtêr was good and kind to all, and no one could be more gentle and merry than Persephonê. She and her companions were gathering flowers from the field, to make crowns for their long flowing hair. They had picked many roses and lilies and hyacinths which grew in clusters around them, when Persephonê thought she saw a splendid flower far off; and away she ran, as fast as she could, to get it. It was a beautiful narcissus, with a hundred heads springing from one stem; and the perfume which came from its flowers gladdened the broad heaven above, and the earth and sea around it. Eagerly Persephonê stretched out her hand to take this splendid prize, when the earth opened, and a chariot stood before her drawn by four coal-black horses; and in the chariot there was a man with a dark and solemn face, which looked as though he could never smile, and as though he had never been happy. In a moment he got out of his chariot, seized Persephonê round the waist, and put her on the seat by his side. Then he touched the horses with his whip, and they drew the chariot down into the great gulf, and the earth closed over them again.

Presently the girls who had been playing with Persephonê came up to the place where the beautiful narcissus was growing; but they could not see her anywhere. And they said, "Here is the very flower which she ran to pick, and there is no place here where she can be hiding." Still for a long time they searched for her through the fields of Enna; and when the evening was come, they went home to tell the Lady Dêmêtêr that they could not tell what had become of Persephonê.

Very terrible was the sorrow of Dêmêtêr when she was told that her child was lost. She put a dark robe on her shoulders, and took a flaming torch in her hand, and went over land and sea to look for Persephonê. But no one could tell her where she was gone. When ten days were passed she met Hekatê, and asked her about her child; but Hekatê said, "I heard her voice, as she cried out when some one seized her; but I did not see it with my eyes, and so I know not where she is gone." Then she went to Hêlios, and said to him, "O Hêlios, tell me about my child. Thou seest everything on the earth, sitting in the bright sun." Then Hêlios said to Dêmêtêr, "I pity thee for thy great sorrow, and I will tell thee the truth. It is Hades who has taken away Persephonê to be his wife in the dark and gloomy land which lies beneath in the earth."

Then the rage of Dêmêtêr was more terrible than her sorrow had been; and she would not stay in the palace of Zeus, on the great Thessalian hill, because it was Zeus who had allowed Hades to take away Persephonê. So she went down from Olympus, and wandered on a long way until she came to Eleusis, just as the sun was going down into his golden cup behind the dark blue hills. There Dêmêtêr sat down close to a fountain, where the water bubbled out from the green turf and fell into a clear basin, over which some dark olive-trees spread their branches.

Just then the daughters of Keleos, the king of Eleusis, came to the fountain with pitchers on their heads to draw water; and when they saw Dêmêtêr, they knew from her face that she must have some great grief; and they spoke kindly to her, and asked if they could do anything to help her. Then she told them how she had lost and was searching for her child; and they said, "Come home and live with us: and our father and mother will give you everything that you can want, and do all that they can to soothe your sorrow." So Dêmêtêr went down to the house of Keleos, and she stayed there for a whole year. And all this time, although the daughters of Keleos were very gentle and kind to her,

she went on mourning and weeping for Persephonê. She never laughed or smiled, and scarcely ever did she speak to any one, because of her great grief. And even the earth, and the things which grow on the earth, mourned for the sorrow which had come upon Dêmêtêr. There was no fruit upon the trees, no corn came up in the fields, and no flowers blossomed in the gardens. And Zeus looked down from his high Thessalian hill, and saw that everything must die unless he could soothe the grief and anger of Dêmêtêr. So he sent Hermes down to Hades, the dark and stern king, to bid him send Persephonê to see her mother Dêmêtêr. But before Hades let her go, he gave her a pomegranate to eat, because he did not wish her to stay away from him always, and he knew that she must come back if she tasted but one of the pomegranate seeds. Then the great chariot was brought before the door of the palace, and Hermes touched with his whip the coal-black horses, and away they went as swiftly as the wind, until they came close to Eleusis. Then Hermes left Persephonê, and the coal-black horses drew the chariot away again to the dark home of King Hades.

The sun was sinking down in the sky when Hermes left Persephonê, and as she came near to the fountain she saw some one sitting near it in a long black robe, and she knew that it must be her mother who still wept and mourned for her child. And as Dêmêtêr heard the rustling of her dress, she lifted up her face, and Persephonê stood before her.

Then the joy of Dêmêtêr was greater, as she clasped her daughter to her breast, than her grief and her sorrow had been. Again and again she held Persephonê in her arms, and asked her about all that had happened to her. And she said, "Now that you are come back to me, I shall never let you go away again; Hades shall not have my child to live with him in his dreary kingdom." But Persephonê said, "It may not be so, my mother; I cannot stay with you always; for before Hermes brought me away to see you, Hades gave me a pomegranate, and I have eaten some of the seeds; and after tasting the

seed I must go back to him again when six months have passed by. And indeed, I am not afraid to go; for although Hades never smiles or laughs, and everything in his palace is dark and gloomy, still he is very kind to me: and I think that he feels almost happy since I have been his wife. But do not be sorry, my mother, for he has promised to let me come up and stay with you for six months in every year, and the other six months I must spend with him in the land which lies beneath the earth."

So Démêtêr was comforted for her daughter Persephonê, and the earth and all the things that grew in it felt that her anger and sorrow had passed away. Once more the trees bore their fruits, the flowers spread out their sweet blossoms in the garden, and the golden corn waved like the sea under the soft summer breeze. So the six months passed happily away, and then Hermes came with the coal-black horses to take Persephonê to the dark land. And she said to her mother, "Do not weep much; the gloomy king whose wife I am is so kind to me that I cannot be really unhappy; and in six months more he will let me come to you again." But still, whenever the time came round for Persephonê to go back to Hades, Démêtêr thought of the happy days when her child was a merry girl playing with her companions and gathering the bright flowers in the beautiful plains of Enna.

THE SLEEP OF ENDYMION

ONE beautiful evening, when the sun was sinking down in the west, Selênê was wandering on the banks of the river Mæander; and she thought that of all the places which she had ever seen there were none more lovely than the quiet valley through which that gentle river was flowing. On her right hand rose a hill, whose sides were covered with trees and flowers; where the vine clambered over the elm, and the purple grapes shone out from amongst the dark leaves. Then Selênê asked some people who were passing by to tell her the name of the hill, and they told her that it was called the hill of Latmos.

On she went, under the tall trees, whose branches waved over her in the clear evening light, till she reached the top, and looked down on the valley which lay beneath her. Then Selênê was indeed astonished, for she had never seen anything so beautiful before, even in a dream. She had fancied that nothing could be more lovely than the vale of the Mæander, and now she saw something far more beautiful than the rocks and stones and clear bright water of that winding river. It was a small valley, at the bottom of which a lake shone like silver in the light of the setting sun. All around it beautiful trees covered the sloping banks; and their long branches drooped down over the water. Not a breath of wind was stirring the dark leaves—not a bird was flying in the air. Only the large green dragon-fly floated lazily on the lake, while the swan lay half asleep on the silvery waters. On one side, in the loveliest corner of the valley, there was a marble temple, whose pillars shone like the white snow; and, leading down to the lake, there were steps of marble, over which the palm-trees spread their branches; and everywhere were clusters of all beautiful flowers, amongst which mosses,

and ferns, and the green ivy were tangled. There was the white narcissus and the purple tulip—the dark hyacinth and the soft red rose. But more beautiful than all the trees and flowers, a man lay sleeping on the marble steps of the temple. It was Endymiôn, who lived in this quiet valley, where the storms never came, and where the dark rain-clouds never covered the sides of the mountain. There he lay in the still evening hour; and at first Selênê thought that it could scarcely be a living man whom she saw, for he lay as still as if he were made of marble himself. And as she looked upon him, Selênê drew in her breath for wonder; and she went gently down the valley till she came to the steps where Endymiôn lay asleep. Presently the sun sank behind the hill, and the rich glow of the evening made the silvery lake gleam like gold; and Endymiôn awoke and saw Selênê standing near him. Then Selênê said, "I am wandering over the earth; and I may not stay here. Come away, and I will show you larger lakes and more glorious valleys than these." But Endymiôn said, "Lady, I cannot go. There may be lakes which are larger, and valleys more splendid than this; but I love this still and quiet place, where the storms never come, and the sky is never black with clouds. You must not ask me to leave the cool shade of these sleeping trees, and the myrtles and roses which twine under the tall elms, and these waters, where the swans rest in the hot hours of the day and the dragon-fly spreads his green and golden wings to the sun."

Many times did Selênê ask him, but Endymiôn would not leave his pleasant home; and at last she said, "I can stay no more; but if you will not come with me, then you shall sleep on these marble steps and never wake up again."

So Selênê left him; and presently a deep sleep came over Endymiôn, and his hands dropped down by his side, and he lay without moving on the steps of the temple, while the evening breeze began to stir gently the broad leaves of the palm-trees, and the lilies which bowed their heads over the calm water. There he lay

all through the still and happy night; and there he lay when the sun rose up from the sea, and mounted up with his fiery horses into the sky. There was a charm now on this beautiful valley, which made the breeze more gentle and the lake more still than ever. The green dragon-flies came floating lazily in the air near Endymion, but he never opened his eyes; and the swans looked up from the lake, to see if he was coming to feed them: but he stirred not in his deep and dreamless sleep. There he lay day and night, for weeks, and months, and years; and many times, when the sun went down into the sea, Selênê came and stood on the Latmian hill, and watched Endymion as he lay asleep on the marble steps beneath the drooping palm-trees; and she said, "I have punished him because he would not leave his home; and Endymion sleeps for ever in the land of Latmos."

PHAETHON

IN the golden house which Hephaistos had wrought for him with his wondrous skill, Hêlios saw nothing fairer than his son Phaethon; and he said to his mother Klymenê that no mortal child might be matched with him for beauty. And Phaethon heard the words, and his heart was filled with an evil pride. So he stood before the throne of Hêlios and said, "O father who dwellest in the dazzling light, they say that I am thy child; but how shall I know it while I live in thy house without name and glory? Give me a token, that men may know me to be thy son." Then Hêlios bade him speak, and sware to grant his prayer; and Phaethon said, "I will guide thy chariot for one day through the high heaven; bid the Horai make ready the horses for me, when Eôs spreads her quivering light in the sky."

But the heart of Hêlios was filled with fear, and he besought his son with many tears to call back his words. "O Phaethon, bright child of Klymenê, for all thy beauty thou art mortal still; and the horses of Hêlios obey no earthly master." But Phaethon hearkened not to his words, and hastened away to the dwelling of the Horai who guard the fiery horses. "Make ready for me," he said, "the chariot of Hêlios, for this day I go through the high heaven in the stead of my father."

The fair-haired Eôs spread her faint light in the pale sky, and Lampetiê was driving the cattle of Hêlios to their bright pastures, when the Horai brought forth his horses and harnessed them to the fiery chariot. With eager hand Phaethon seized the reins, and the horses sped upon their way up the heights of the blue heaven, until the heart of Phaethon was full of fear and the reins quivered in his grasp. Wildly and more madly sped the steeds till at last they hurried from the track

which led to the Hesperian land. Down from their path they plunged and drew near to the broad plains of earth. Fiercer and fiercer flashed the scorching flames; the trees bowed down their withered heads; the green grass shrivelled on the hillsides; the rivers vanished from their slimy beds, and the black vapours rose with smoke and fire from the hidden depths of the mighty hills. Then in every land the sons of men lay dying on the scorched and gaping ground. They looked up to the yellow sky, but the clouds came not; they sought the rivers and fountains, but no water glistened on their seething beds; and young and old, all lay down in madness of heart to sleep the sleep of death.

So sped the horses of Hêlios on their fiery wanderings, and Zeus looked down from his Thessalian hill and saw that all living things on the earth must die, unless Phaethon should be smitten down from his father's chariot. Then the mighty thunders woke in the hot sky which mourned for the clouds that were dead; and the streams of lightning rushed forth upon Phaethon, and bore him from the blazing heaven far down beneath the waters of the green sea.

But his sisters wept sore for the death of the bright Phaethon, and the daughters of Hesperos built his tomb on the sea-shore, that all men might remember the name of the son of Hêlios and say, "Phaethon fell from his father's chariot, but he lost not his glory, for his heart was set upon great things."

BRIAREOS

THERE was strife in the halls of Olympus, for Zeus had conquered the ancient gods, and sat on the throne of his father Kronos. In his hand he held the thunderbolts; the lightning slumbered at his feet; and around him all the gods trembled for the greatness of his power. For he laid hard tasks on all, and spake hard words; and he thought to rule harshly over the gods who dwell on the earth and in the broad sea. All the day long Hermes toiled on weary errands to do his will; for Zeus sought to crush all alike, and remembered not the time when he too was weak and powerless.

Then were there secret whisperings, as the gods of earth and sea took counsel together; and Poseidon, the lord of the dark waters, spake in fierce anger and said, "Hearken to me, Hêrê and Athênê, and let us rise up against Zeus, and teach him that he has not power over all. See ye how he bears himself in his new majesty,—how he thinks not of the aid which we gave him in the war with his father Kronos,—how he has smitten down even the mightiest of his friends. For Promêtheus, who gave fire to mortal men and saved them from biting cold and gnawing hunger, lies chained on the crags of Caucasus; and if he shrink not to bind the Titan, see that he smite not thee also in his wrath, O lady Hêrê." And Athênê said, "The wisdom of Zeus is departed from him, and all his deeds are done now in craft and falsehood; let us bind him fast, lest all the heaven and earth be filled with strife and war." So they vowed a vow that they would no more bear the tyranny of Zeus; and Hephaistos forged strong chains at their bidding to cast around him when sleep lay heavy on his eyelids.

But Thetis heard the words of Poseidon and Athênê, as she sat beneath the waters in her coral cave; and she

rose up like a white mist from the sea, and knelt before the throne of Zeus. Then she clasped her arms round his knees and said, "O Zeus, the gods tremble at thy might, but they love not thy hard words; and they say that thy wisdom hath departed from thee, and that thou doest all things in craft and falsehood. Hearken to me, O Zeus; for Hephaistos hath forged the chain, and the lady Hêrê, and Poseidon the lord of the sea, and the pure Athênê have vowed a vow to bind thee fast when sleep lies heavy on thine eyes. Let me therefore go, that I may bring Briareôs to aid thee with his hundred hands; and when he sits by thy side, then shalt thou need no more to fear the wrath of Hêrê and Poseidon. And when the peril is past, then, O Zeus, remember that thou must rule gently and justly, for that power shall not stand which fights with truth and love; and forget not those who aid thee, nor reward them as thou hast rewarded Promêtheus on the crags of Caucasus; for it may be that, in time to come, I may ask a boon from thee for Achilles my child, who dwells now in the house of his father Peleus; and when that hour shall come, then call to mind how in time past I saved thee from the chains of Hephaistos."

Then Zeus spake gently, and said, "Hasten, Thetis, and bring hither the mighty Briareôs that he may guard me with his hundred hands; and fear not for the words that thou hast spoken, for Zeus will not cast aside good counsel, and the gods shall hate me no more for hard and unkindly words."

So from the depths of the inmost earth Thetis summoned Briareôs to the aid of Zeus; and presently his giant form was seen in the hall of Olympus, and the gods trembled as he sat down by the side of Zeus, exulting in the greatness of his strength. And Zeus spake and said, "Hearken to me, O lady Hêrê, and Poseidon, and Athênê. I know your counsels, and how ye purposed to bind me for my evil deeds; but fear not. Only do my bidding in time to come, and ye shall no more have cause to say that Zeus is a hard and cruel master."

SEMELE

THROUGH all the Bœotian land, Semelê, the daughter of King Kadmos, was known for her great beauty; and when Zeus looked on her in her father's house at Thebes, he loved the maiden, and it wakened the wrath of Hêrê, so that she sought how she might slay her. And when she knew that Zeus went many times down from Olympus to see the daughter of Kadmos, she bade Beroê, her nurse, go to Semelê and cheat her into her ruin.

So Beroê went and spake crafty words to Semelê, and told her of the glories of Olympus. "There Zeus dwells," she said, "high above the dark clouds; and the thunder roars and the lightning flashes about his throne. There his fiery horses bear him in terrible majesty when he goes to visit Hêrê the queen, and the sun is blotted out from the sky in the thick darkness which he spreads around him." Then Beroê hastened away, for her work was done; and Semelê pondered on the words which she had heard, and when Zeus came again, she said to him, "Why comest thou to me always so calmly and gently? I love to see thee kind and tender to me, but I seek also to behold thy majesty. Come to me once as thou art when thou goest to see Hêrê the queen."

Then Zeus said, "Ah, Semelê, thou knowest not what thou wouldest have. Hêrê, the queen, is of the race of the bright gods, and immortal blood flows in her veins; but thou art the child of mortal man, and thine eyes will fail before the blinding glare of my lightnings, and thy form be scorched by the searing flame."

But Semelê answered gaily, "O Zeus, it cannot be so fearful as thou sayest; else even the race of the bright gods would quail before thy splendour. But thou hast

promised long ago to grant me whatsoever I shall ask of thee, and I would that thou shouldst come to me in all thy great glory." So Zeus promised to come as she wished, although he knew that then Semele must die.

Not long after, as she sat alone, there came a deep stillness over the air. She heard no sound, but a great horror fell on her, and she felt as if she were taken away far from all help of men; and suddenly from the dead stillness burst the angry lightnings, and the blazing flame scorched up her body, as Zeus drew near to meet her. So amidst the blaze of the lightning and the crashing of the thunderbolts, her child Dionysos was born.

Long time Semelê wandered in the land of shadows beneath the earth, until Dionysos had grown up into manhood and become the god of the feast and wine-cup. Then he went down to the kingdom of Hades, and led his mother away from her dark home, and Zeus and all the gods welcomed her by the name of Thyônê as she entered the halls of Olympus.

DIONYSOS

IN the dark land beneath the earth, where wander the ghosts of men, lay Semelê, the daughter of Kadmos, while her child Dionysos grew up full of strength and beauty on the flowery plain of Orchomenos. But the wrath of the lady Hêrê still burned alike against the mother and the child. No pity felt she for the hapless maiden whom the fiery lightning of Zeus had slain; and so in the prison-house of Hades Semelê mourned for the love which she had lost, waiting till her child should lead her forth to the banquet of the gods. But for him the wiles of Hêrê boded long toil and grievous peril. On the land and on the sea strange things befell him, but from all dangers his own strong arm and the love of Zeus, his father, rescued him. Thus throughout the land men spake of his beauty and his strength, and said that he was worthy to be the child of the maiden who had dared to look on the majesty of Zeus. At length the days of his youth were ended, and a great yearning filled his heart to wander through the earth and behold the cities and the ways of men. So from Orchomenos Dionysos journeyed to the sea-shore, and he stood on a jutting rock to gaze on the tumbling waters. The glad music of the waves fell upon his ear and filled his soul with a wild joy. His dark locks streamed gloriously over his shoulders, and his purple robe rustled in the soft summer breeze. Before him on the blue waters the ships danced merrily in the sparkling sunlight, as they hastened from shore to shore on the errands of war or peace. Presently a ship drew near to the beach. Her white sail was lowered hastily to the deck, and five of her crew leaped out and plunged through the sea-foam to the shore, near the rock on which stood Dionysos. "Come with us," they said, with rough voices, as they seized him in their brawny arms. "It is not every day that Tyrrhenian mariners

fall in with youths like thee." With rude jests they dragged him to the ship, and there made ready to bind him. "A brave youth and fair he is," they said; "we shall not lack bidders when we put forth our goods for sale." So round his limbs they fastened stout withy bands, but they fell from off him as withered leaves fall from trees in autumn; and a careless smile played on his face as he sat down and looked calmly on the robbers who stood before him. Then on a sudden the voice of the helmsman was heard as he shouted, "Fools, what do ye? The wrath of Zeus is hurrying you to your doom. This youth is not of mortal race; and who can tell which of the undying gods has put on this beautiful form? Send him straightway from the ship in peace, if ye fear not a deadly storm as we cross the open sea." Loud laughed the crew, as their chief answered jeeringly, "Look out for the breeze, wise helmsman, and draw up the sail to the wind. That is more thy task than to busy thyself with our doings. Fear not for the boy. The withy bands were but weak; it is no great marvel that he shook them off. He shall go with us, and before we reach Egypt or Cyprus or the land of the Hyperboreans, doubtless he will tell us his name and the name of his father and his mother. Fear not; we have found a godsend."

So the sail was drawn up to the mast, and it swelled proudly before the breeze as the ship dashed through the crested waves. And still the sun shone brightly down on the water, and the soft white clouds floated lazily in the heaven, as the mighty Dionysos began to show signs and wonders before the robbers who had seized him. Over the deck ran a stream of purple wine, and a fragrance as of a heavenly banquet filled the air. Over mast and sail-yard clambered the clustering vine, and dark masses of grapes hung glistening from the branches. The ivy twined in tangled masses round the tackling, and bright garlands shone, like jewelled crowns, on every oar-pin. Then a great terror fell on all, as they cried to the old helmsman, "Quick, turn the ship to the shore; there is no hope for us here." But there followed a

mightier wonder still. A loud roar broke upon the air, and a tawny lion stood before them, with a grim and grisly bear by his side. Cowering like pitiful slaves, the Tyrrhenians crowded to the stern, and crouched round the good helmsman. Then the lion sprang and seized the chief, and the men leaped in their agony over the ship's side. But the power of Dionysos followed them still; and a change came over their bodies as they heard a voice which said, "In the form of dolphins shall ye wander through the sea for many generations. No rest shall ye have by night or by day, while ye fly from the ravenous sharks that shall chase you through the seas."

But before the old helmsman again stood Dionysos, the young and fair, in all the glory of undying beauty. Again his dark locks flowed gently over his shoulders, and the purple robe rustled softly in the breeze. "Fear not," he said, "good friend and true, because thou hast aided one who is sprung from the deathless race of the gods. I am Dionysos, the child of Zeus, the lord of the wine-cup and the revel. Thou hast stood by me in the hour of peril; wherefore my power shall shield thee from the violence of evil men and soothe thee in a green old age, till thine eyes close in the sleep of death and thou goest forth to dwell among brave heroes and good men in the asphodel meadows of Elysium."

Then, at the bidding of Dionysos, the north wind came and wafted the ship to the land of Egypt, where Proteus was king. And so began the long wanderings of the son of Semelê, through the regions of the Ethiopians and the Indians, towards the rising of the sun. Whithersoever he went, the women of the land gathered round him with wild cries and songs, and he showed them of his secret things, punishing grievously all who set at nought the new laws which he ordained. So, at his word, Lykurgos, the Edonian chieftain, was slain by his people, and none dared any more to speak against Dionysos, until he came back to the city where Semelê, his mother, had been smitten by the lightnings of Zeus.

PENTHEUS

FOR many years Dionysos wandered far away from the land of his birth; and wherever he went, he taught the people of the country to worship him as a god, and showed them strange rites. Far away he roamed, to the regions where the Ganges rolls his mighty stream into the Indian sea, and where the Nile brings every year rich gifts from the southern mountains. And in all the lands to which he came, he made the women gather round him and honour him with wild cries and screams and marvellous customs such as they had never known before. As he went onwards, the face of the land was changed. The women grouped themselves in companies far away from the sight of men, and, high up on the barren hills or down in the narrow valleys, with wild movements and fierce shoutings, paid honour to Dionysos, the lord of the wine-cup and the feast. At length, through the Thracian highlands and the soft plains of Thessaly, Dionysos came back to Thebes, where he had been born amid the roar of the thunder and the blaze of the fiery lightning. Kadmos the king, who had built the city, was now old and weak, and he had made Pentheus, the child of his daughter Agâvê, king in his stead. So Pentheus sought to rule the people well, as his father Kadmos had done, and to train them in the old laws, that they might be quiet in the days of peace, and orderly and brave in war.

And then it came to pass that when Dionysos came near to Thebes and commanded all the people to receive the new rites which he sought to teach them, it grieved Pentheus at the heart; and when he saw how the women seemed smitten with madness, and that they wandered away in groups to desert places, where they lurked for many days and nights far from the sight of men, he mourned for the evils which his kinsman Dionysos was

bringing upon the land. So King Pentheus made a law that none should follow these new customs, and that the women should stay quietly doing their own work in their homes. But when they heard this, they were all full of fury, for Dionysos had deceived them by his treacherous words, and even Kadmos himself, in his weakness and his old age, had been led astray by them. In crowds they thronged around the house of Pentheus, raising loud shouts in honour of Dionysos, and besought him to follow the new way; but he would not hearken to them.

Thus it was for many days; and when all the city was shaken by the madness of the new worship, Pentheus thought that he would see with his own eyes the strange rites by which the women in their lurking-places did honour to Dionysos. So he went secretly to some hidden dells whither he knew that the women had gone; but Dionysos saw him and laid his hands upon him, and straightway the mind of King Pentheus himself was darkened and the madness of the worshippers was upon him also. Then in his folly he climbed a tall pine-tree, to see what the women did in their revelry; but on a sudden one of them saw him and they shrieked wildly and rooted up the tree in their fury. With one accord they seized Pentheus and tore him in pieces; and his own mother Agâvê was among the first to lay hands on her son. So Dionysos the wine-god triumphed; and this was the way in which the new worship was set up in the Hellenic land.

ASKLEPIOS

ON the shores of the lake Boibéis, the golden-haired Apollo saw and loved Korónis, the beautiful daughter of Phlegyas. Many a time they wandered beneath the branching elms while the dewdrops glistened like jewels on the leaves, or sat beneath the ivy bowers as the light of evening faded from the sky and the blue veil of mist fell upon the sleeping hills. But at length the day came when Apollo must journey to the western land, and as he held Korónis in his arms, his voice fell softly and sadly on her ear. "I go," he said, "to a land that is very far off, but surely I will return. More precious to me than aught else on the wide earth is thy love, Korónis. Let not its flower fade, but keep it fresh and pure as now, till I come to thee again. The dancing Horai trip quickly by, Korónis, and when they bring the day on which I may clasp thee in mine arms once more, it may be that I shall find thee watching proudly over the child of our love."

He was gone; and for Korónis it seemed as though the sun had ceased to shine in the heaven. For many a day she cared not to wander by the winding shore in the light of early morning or to rest in the myrtle bowers as the flush of evening faded from the sky. Her thoughts went back to the days that were passed, when Apollo the golden-haired made her glad with the music of his voice. But at length a stranger came to the Boibêan land, and dwelt in the house of Phlegyas, and the spell of his glorious beauty fell upon Korónis, and dimmed the love which she had borne for Apollo, who was far away. Again for her the sun shone brightly in the heaven, and the birds filled the air with a joyous music; but the tale went swiftly through the land, and Apollo heard the evil tidings as



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he journeyed back with his sister Artemis to the house of Phlegyas. A look of sorrow that may not be told passed over his fair face; but Artemis stretched forth her hand towards the flashing sun and swore that the maiden should rue her fickleness. Soon, on the shore of the lake Boibêis, Korônîs lay smitten by the spear which may never miss its mark, and her child Asklepios lay a helpless babe by her side. Then the voice of Apollo was heard saying, "Slay not the child with the mother; he is born to do great things; but bear him to the wise centaur Cheiron, and bid him train the boy in all his wisdom and teach him to do brave deeds, that men may praise his name in the generations that shall be hereafter."

So in the deep glens of Pelion the child Asklepios grew up to manhood under the teaching of Cheiron the wise and good. In all the land there was none that might vie with him in strength of body; but the people marvelled yet more at his wisdom, which passed the wisdom of the sons of men, for he had learnt the power of every herb and leaf to stay the pangs of sickness and bring back health to the wasted form. Day by day the fame of his doings was spread abroad more widely through the land, so that all who were sick hastened to Asklepios and besought his help. But soon there went forth a rumour that the strength of death had been conquered by him, and that Athênê, the mighty daughter of Zeus, had taught Asklepios how to bring back the dead from the dark kingdom of Hades. Then, as the number of those whom he brought from the gloomy Stygian land increased more and more, Hades went in hot anger to Olympus, and spake bitter words against the son of Korônîs, so that the heart of Zeus was stirred with a great fear lest the children of men should be delivered from death and defy the power of the gods. Then Zeus bowed his head, and the lightnings flashed from heaven, and Asklepios was smitten down by the scathing thunderbolt.

Mighty and terrible was the grief that stirred the

soul of the golden-haired Apollo when his son was slain. The sun shone dimly from the heaven; the birds were silent in the darkened groves; the trees bowed down their heads in sorrow; and the hearts of all the sons of men fainted within them, because the healer of their pains and sickness lived no more upon the earth. But the wrath of Apollo was mightier than his grief, and he smote the giant Cyclôpes who shaped the fiery lightnings far down in the depths of the burning mountain. Then the anger of Zeus was kindled against his own child, the golden-haired Apollo, and he spake the word that he should be banished from the home of the gods to the dark Stygian land. But the lady Lêtô fell at his knees and besought him for her child, and the doom was given that a whole year long he should serve as a bondman in the house of Admêtos, who ruled in Phæræ.

IXION

FAIR as the blushing clouds which float in early morning across the blue heaven, the beautiful Dia gladdened the hearts of all who dwelt in the house of her father Hesioneus. There was no guile in her soft clear eye, for the light of Eôs was not more pure than the light of the maiden's countenance. There was no craft in her smile, for on her rested the love and the wisdom of Athênê. Many a chieftain sought to win her for his bride, but her heart beat with love only for Ixion the beautiful and mighty, who came to the halls of Hesioneus with horses which cannot grow old or die. The golden hair flashed a glory from his head dazzling as the rays which stream from Hêlios when he drives his chariot up the heights of heaven; and his flowing robe glistened as he moved like the vesture which the sun-god gave to the wise maiden Medeia who dwelt in Kolchis.

Long time Ixion abode in the house of Hesioneus, for Hesioneus was loth to part with his child. But at the last Ixion swore to give for her a ransom precious as the golden fruits which Hêlios wins from the teeming earth. So the word was spoken, and Dia the fair became the wife of the son of Amythaon, and the undying horses bare her away in his gleaming chariot. Many a day and month and year the fiery steeds of Hêlios sped on their burning path, and sank down hot and wearied in the western sea; but no gifts came from Ixion, and Hesioneus waited in vain for the wealth which had tempted him to barter away his child. Messenger after messenger went and came, and always the tidings were that Ixion had better things to do than to waste his wealth on the mean and greedy. "Tell him," he said, "that every day I journey across the wide earth, gladdening the hearts of the children of men, and that his child has now a more glorious home than that of the

mighty gods who dwell on the high Olympus. What would he have more?" Then day by day Hesioneus held converse with himself, and his people heard the words which came sadly from his lips. "What would I more?" he said; "I would have the love of my child. I let her depart, when not the wealth of Phœbus himself could recompense me for her loss. I bartered her for gifts, and Ixion withholds the wealth which he swore to give. Yet were all the riches of his treasure-house lying now before me, one loving glance from the eyes of Dia would be more than worth them all."

But when his messengers went yet again to plead with Ixion, and their words were all spoken in vain, Hesioneus resolved to deal craftily, and he sent his servants by night and stole the undying horses which bore his gleaming chariot. Then the heart of Ixion was humbled within him, for he said, "My people look for me daily throughout the wide earth. If they see not my face, their souls will faint with fear; they will not care to sow their fields, and the golden harvests of Dêmêtêr will wave no more in the summer breeze." So there came messengers from Ixion, who said, "If thou wouldest have the wealth which thou seekest, come to the house of Ixion, and the gifts shall be thine, and thine eyes shall once more look upon thy child." In haste Hesioneus went forth from his home, like a dark and lonely cloud stealing across the broad heaven. All night long he sped upon his way, and, as the light of Eôs flushed the eastern sky, he saw afar off the form of a fair woman who beckoned to him with her long white arms. Then the heart of the old man revived, and he said, "It is Dia, my child. It is enough if I can but hear her voice and clasp her in mine arms and die." But his limbs trembled for joy, and he waited until presently his daughter came and stood beside him. On her face there rested a softer beauty than in the former days, and the sound of her voice was more tender and loving, as she said, "My father, Zeus has made clear to me many dark things, for he has given me power to search out the secret treasures of the earth, and to learn from the wise beings

who lurk in its hidden places the things that shall be hereafter. And now I see that thy life is wellnigh done, if thou seekest to look upon the treasures of Ixion, for no man may gaze upon them and live. Go back then to thy home, if thou wouldest not die. I would that I might come with thee, but so it may not be. Each day I must welcome Ixion, when his fiery horses come back from their long journey, and every morning I must harness them to his gleaming chariot before he speeds upon his way. Yet thou hast seen my face, and thou knowest that I love thee now even as in the days of my childhood."

But the old greed filled again the heart of Hesioneus, and he said, "The faith of Ixion is pledged. If he withhold still the treasures which he swore to give, he shall never more see the deathless horses. I will go myself into his treasure-house, and see whether in very truth he has the wealth of which he makes such proud boasting." Then Dia clasped her arms once again around her father, and she kissed his face, and said sadly, "Farewell, then, my father; I go to my home, for even the eyes of Dia may not gaze on the secret treasures of Ixion." So Dia left him, and when the old man turned to look on her departing form, it faded from his sight as the clouds melt away before the sun at noonday.

Yet once again he toiled on his way, until before his glorious home he saw Ixion, radiant as Phœbus Apollo in his beauty; but there was anger in his kindling eye, for he was wroth for the theft of his undying horses. Then the voice of Ixion smote the ear of Hesioneus, harsh as the flapping of the wings of Erinyes when she wanders through the air. "So thou wilt see my secret treasures. Take heed that thy sight be strong." But Hesioneus spake in haste and said, "Thy faith is pledged, not only to let me see them, but to bestow them on me as my own, for therefore didst thou win Dia my child to be thy wife." Then Ixion opened the door of his treasure-house, and thrust in Hesioneus, and the everlasting fire devoured him.

But far above, in the pure heaven, Zeus beheld the deed of Ixion, and the tidings were sent abroad to all the gods of Olympus, and to all the sons of men, that Ixion had slain Hesioneus by craft and guile. A horror of great blackness fell on the heaven above and the earth beneath for the sin of which Zeus alone can purge away the guilt. Once more Dia made ready her husband's chariot, and once more he sped on his fiery journey; but all men turned away their faces, and the trees bowed their scorched and withered heads to the ground. The flowers drooped sick on their stalks and died, the corn was kindled like dried stubble on the earth, and Ixion said within himself, "My sin is great; men will not look upon my face as in the old time, and the gods of Olympus will not cleanse my hands from the guilt of my treacherous deed." So he went straightway and fell down humbled before the throne of Zeus, and said, "O thou that dwellest in the pure air far above the dark cloud, my hands are foul with blood, and thou alone canst cleanse them: therefore purge mine iniquity, lest all living things die throughout the wide earth."

Then the undying gods were summoned to the judgment-seat of Zeus. By the side of the son of Kronos stood Hermes, ever bright and fair, the messenger who flies on his golden sandals more swiftly than a dream; but fairer and more glorious than all who stood near his throne was the lady Hêrê, the queen of the blue heaven. On her brow rested the majesty of Zeus and the glory of a boundless love which sheds gladness on the teeming earth and the broad sea. And even as he stood before the judgment-seat, the eyes of Ixion rested with a strange yearning on her undying beauty, and he scarce heard the words which cleansed him from bloodguiltiness.

So Ixion tarried in the house of Zeus, far above in the pure æther, where only the light clouds weave a fairy network at the rising and the setting of the sun. Day by day his glance rested more warm and loving on the countenance of the lady Hêrê, and Zeus saw that her heart too was kindled by a strange love, so that a fierce wrath was stirred within him.

Presently he called Hermes the messenger and said, "Bring up from among the children of Nephelê one who shall wear the semblance of the lady Hêrê, and place her in the path of Ixion when he wanders forth on the morrow." So Hermes sped away on his errand, and on that day Ixion spake secretly with Hêrê, and tempted her to fly from the house of Zeus. "Come with me," he said; "the winds of heaven cannot vie in speed with my deathless horses; and the palace of Zeus is but as the house of the dead by the side of my glorious home." Then the heart of Ixion bounded with a mighty delight as he heard the words of Hêrê. "To-morrow I will meet thee in the land of the children of Nephelê." So on the morrow, when the light clouds had spread their fairy network over the heaven, Ixion stole away from the house of Zeus to meet the lady Hêrê. As he went, the fairy web faded from the sky, and it seemed to him that the lady Hêrê stood before him in all her beauty. "Hêrê, great queen of the unstained heaven," he said, "come with me, for I am worthy of thy love, and I quail not for all the majesty of Zeus." But even as he stretched forth his arms, the bright form vanished away. The crashing thunder rolled through the sky, and he heard the voice of Zeus saying, "I cleansed thee from thy guilt; I sheltered thee in my home; and thou hast dealt with me treacherously as thou didst before with Hesioneus. Thou hast sought the love of Hêrê; but the maiden which stood before thee was but a child of Nephelê, whom Hermes brought hither to cheat thee with the semblance of the wife of Zeus. Wherefore hear thy doom. No more shall thy deathless horses speed with thy glistening chariot over the earth, but high in the heaven a blazing wheel shall bear thee through the rolling years; and the doom shall be on thee for ever and ever."

So was Ixion bound on the fiery wheel, and the sons of men see the flashing spokes day by day as it whirls in the high heaven.

TANTALOS

BENEATH the mighty rocks of Sipylos stood the palace of Tantalos the Phrygian king, gleaming with the blaze of gold and jewels. Its burnished roofs glistened from afar like the rays which dance on ruffled waters. Its marble columns flashed with hues rich as the hues of purple clouds which gather round the sun as he sinks down in the sky. And far and wide was known the name of the mighty chieftain, who was wiser than all the sons of mortal men; for his wife Euryanassa, they said, came of the race of the undying gods, and to Tantalos Zeus had given the power of Hêlios, that he might know his secret counsels and see into the hidden things of the earth and air and sea. Many a time, so the people said, he held converse with Zeus himself in his home on the high Olympus; and day by day his wealth increased, his flocks and herds multiplied exceedingly, and in his fields the golden corn waved like a sunlit sea.

But, as the years rolled round, there were dark sayings spread abroad that the wisdom of Tantalos was turned to craft, and that his wealth and power were used for evil ends. Men said that he had sinned like Promêtheus the Titan, and had stolen from the banquet-hall of Zeus the food and drink of the gods, and given them to mortal men. And tales yet more strange were told, how that Pandareôs brought to him the hound which Rhea placed in the cave of Dictê to guard the child Zeus, and how, when Hermes bade him yield up the dog, Tantalos laughed him to scorn, and said, "Dost thou ask me for the hound which guarded Zeus in the days of his childhood? It were as well to ask me for the unseen breeze which sighs through the groves of Sipylos."

Then, last of all, men spake in whispers of a sin yet more fearful which Tantalos had sinned, and the tale was told that Zeus and all the gods came down from Olympus

to feast in his banquet-hall, and how, when the red wine sparkled in the golden goblets, Tantalos placed savoury meat before Zeus, and bade him eat of a costly food, and, when the feast was ended, told him that in the dish had lain the limbs of the child Pelops, whose sunny smile had gladdened the hearts of mortal men. Then came the day of vengeance, for Zeus bade Hermes bring back Pelops again from the kingdom of Hades to the land of living men, and on Tantalos was passed a doom which should torment him for ever and ever. In the shadowy region where wander the ghosts of men, Tantalos, they said, lay prisoned in a beautiful garden, gazing on bright flowers and glistening fruits and laughing waters; but for all that his tongue was parched, and his limbs were faint with hunger. No drop of water might cool his lips, no luscious fruit might soothe his agony. If he bowed his head to drink, the water fled away; if he stretched forth his hand to pluck the golden apples, the branches vanished like mists before the face of the rising sun; and in place of ripe fruits glistening among green leaves a mighty rock beetled above his head as though it must fall and grind him to powder. Wherefore men say, when the cup of pleasure is dashed from the lips of those who would drink of it, that on them has fallen the doom of the Phrygian Tantalos.

THE TOILS OF HERAKLES

By the doom of his father Zeus, Herakles served in Argos the false and cruel Eurystheus. For so it was that Zeus spake of the birth of Herakles to Hêrê, the queen, and said, "This day shall a child be born of the race of Perseus, who shall be the mightiest of the sons of men." Even so he spake, because Atê had deceived him by her evil counsel. And Hêrê asked whether this should be so in very deed; and Zeus bowed his head, and the word went forth which could not be recalled. Then Hêrê went to the mighty Eileithyiai, and by their aid she brought it about that Eurystheus was born before Herakles the son of Zeus.

So the lot was fixed that all his life long Herakles should toil at the will of a weak and crafty master. Brave in heart and stout of body, so that no man might be matched with him for strength or beauty, yet was he to have no profit of all his labour till he should come to the land of the undying gods. But it grieved Zeus that the craft of Hêrê, the queen, had brought grievous wrong on his child, and he cast forth Atê from the halls of Olympus, that she might no more dwell among the gods. Then he spake the word that Herakles should dwell with the gods in Olympus, as soon as the days of his toil on earth should be ended.

Thus the child grew in the house of Amphitryon, full of beauty and might, so that men marvelled at his great strength; for as he lay one day sleeping, there came two serpents into the chamber, and twisted their long coils round the cradle, and peered upon him with their cold glassy eyes, till the sound of their hissing woke him from his slumber. But Herakles trembled not for fear, but he stretched forth his arms and placed his hands on the serpents' necks, and tightened his grasp more and more till they fell dead on the ground. Then all knew

by this sign that Herakles must do great things and suffer many sorrows, but that in the end he should win the victory. So the child waxed great and strong, and none could be matched with him for strength of arm and swiftness of foot and in taming of horses and in wrestling. The best men in Argos were his teachers, and the wise centaur Cheiron was his friend and taught him ever to help the weak and take their part against any who oppressed them. So, for all his great strength, none were more gentle than Herakles, none more full of pity for those who were bowed down by pain and labour.

But it was a sore grief to Herakles that all his life long he must toil for Eurystheus, while others were full of joy and pleasure and feasted at tables laden with good things.

And so it came to pass that one day, as he thought of these things, he sat down by the wayside, where two paths met, in a lonely valley far away from the dwellings of men. Suddenly, as he lifted up his eyes, he saw two women coming towards him, each from a different road. They were both fair to look upon; but the one had a soft and gentle face, and she was clad in a seemingly robe of pure white. The other looked boldly at Herakles, and her face was more ruddy, and her eyes shone with a hot and restless glare. From her shoulders streamed the long folds of her soft embroidered robe, which scantily hid the beauty of her form beneath. With a quick and eager step she hastened to Herakles that so she might be the first to speak. And she said, "I know, O man of much toil and sorrow, that thy heart is sad within thee, and that thou knowest not which way thou shalt turn. Come then with me, and I will lead thee on a soft and pleasant road, where no storms shall vex thee and no sorrows shall trouble thee. Thou shalt never hear of wars and battles, and sickness and pain shall not come nigh to thee. But all day long shalt thou feast at rich banquets and listen to the songs of minstrels. Thou shalt not want for sparkling wine, and soft robes, and pleasant couches; thou shalt not lack the delights of love, for the bright eyes of maidens shall look gently

upon thee, and their song shall lull thee to sleep in the soft evening hour, when the stars come out in the sky."

And Herakles said, "Thou promisest to me pleasant things, lady, and I am sorely pressed down by a hard master. What is thy name?" "My friends," she said, "call me the happy and joyous one; and they who look not upon me with love have given me an evil name, but they speak falsely."

Then the other spake and said, "O Herakles, I too know whence thou art, and the doom that is laid upon thee, and how thou hast lived and toiled even from the days of thy childhood; and therefore I think that thou wilt give me thy love, and if thou dost, then men shall speak of thy good deeds in time to come, and my name shall be yet more exalted. But I have no fair words wherewith to cheat thee. Nothing good is ever reached without labour; nothing great is ever won without toil. If thou seek for fruit from the earth, thou must tend and till it; if thou wouldst have the favour of the undying gods, thou must come before them with prayers and offerings; if thou longest for the love of men, thou must do them good."

Then the other brake in upon her words and said, "Thou seest, Herakles, that Aretê seeks to lead thee on a long and weary path, but my broad and easy road leads thee quickly to happiness." But Aretê answered her (and her eye flashed with anger), "O wretched one, what good thing hast thou to give, and what pleasure canst thou feel, who knowest not what it is to toil. Thy lusts are pampered, thy taste is dull. Thou quaffest the rich wine before thou art thirsty, and fillest thyself with dainties before thou art hungry. Though thou art numbered amongst the undying ones, the gods have cast thee forth out of heaven, and good men scorn thee. The sweetest of all sounds, when a man's heart praises him, thou hast never heard; the sweetest of all sights, when a man looks on his good deeds, thou hast never seen. They who bow down to thee are weak and feeble in youth, and wretched and

loathsome in old age. But I dwell with the gods in heaven, and with good men on the earth; and without me nothing good and pure may be thought and done. More than all others am I honoured by the gods, more than all others am I cherished by the men who love me. In peace and in war, in health and in sickness, I am the aid of all who seek me; and my help never fails. My children know the purest of all pleasures, when the hour of rest comes after the toil of day. In youth they are strong, and their limbs are quick with health; in old age they look back upon a happy life, and when they lie down to the sleep of death, their name is cherished among men for their brave and good deeds. Love me, therefore, Herakles, and obey my words, and thou shalt dwell with me, when thy toil is ended, in the home of the undying gods."

Then Herakles bowed down his head, and swore to follow her counsels; and when the two maidens passed away from his sight, he went forth with a good courage to his labour and suffering. In many a land he sojourned and toiled to do the will of the false Eurystheus. Good deeds he did for the sons of men; but he had no profit of all his labour, save the love of the gentle Iolê. Far away in Æchalia, where the sun rises from the eastern sea, he saw the maiden in the halls of Eurytos, and sought to win her love. But the word which Zeus spake to Hêrê the queen gave him no rest; and Eurystheus sent him forth to other lands, and he saw the maiden no more.

But Herakles toiled on with a good heart, and soon the glory of his great deeds was spread abroad throughout all the earth. Minstrels sang how he slew the monsters and savage beasts who vexed the sons of men, how he smote the Hydra in the land of Lernai, and the wild boar which haunted the groves of Erymanthos, and the Harpies who lurked in the swamps of Stymphalos. They told how he wandered far away to the land of the setting sun, when Eurystheus bade him pluck the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides,—how over hill and dale, across marsh and river, through thicket

and forest, he came to the western sea, and crossed to the African land where Atlas lifts up his white head to the high heavens,—how he smote the dragon which guarded the brazen gates, and brought the apples to King Eurystheus. They sang of his weary journey when he roamed through the land of the Ethiopians and came to the wild and desolate heights of Caucasus,—how he saw a giant form high on the naked rock, and the vulture which gnawed the Titan's heart with its beak. They told how he slew the bird, and smote off the cruel chains, and set Promêtheus free. They sang how Eurystheus laid on him a fruitless task and sent him down to the dark land of King Hades to bring up the monster Kerberos, how upon the shore of the gloomy Acheron he found the mighty hound who guards the home of Hades and Persephonê, how he seized him in his strong right hand and bare him to King Eurystheus. They sang of the days when he toiled in the land of Queen Omphalê beneath the Libyan sun, how he destroyed the walls of Ilion when Laomedon was king, and how he went to Kalydon and wooed and won Dêianeira, the daughter of the chieftain Oineus.

Long time he abode in Kalydon, and the people of the land loved him for his kindly deeds. But one day his spear smote the boy Eunomos; and his father was not angry, because he knew that Herakles sought not to slay him. Yet Herakles would go forth from the land, for his heart was grieved for the death of the child. So he journeyed to the banks of the Evênos, where he smote the centaur Nessos because he sought to lay hands on Dêianeira. Swiftly the poison from the barb of the spear ran through the centaur's veins; but Nessos knew how to avenge himself on Herakles, and with a faint voice he besought Dêianeira to fill a shell with his blood, so that, if ever she lost the love of Herakles, she might win it again by spreading it on a robe for him to wear.

So Nessos died; and Herakles went to the land of Trachis, and there Dêianeira abode while he journeyed to the eastern sea. Many times the moon waxed and

waned in the heaven, and the corn sprang up from the ground and gave its golden harvest; but Herakles came not back. At last the tidings came how he had done great deeds in distant lands, how Eurytos the king of Œchalia was slain, and how among the captives was the daughter of the king, the fairest of all the maidens of the land.

Then the words of Nessos came back to Dêianeira, and she hastened to anoint a broidered robe; for she thought only that the love of Herakles had passed away from her, and that she must win it to herself again. So, with words of love and honour, she sent the gift for Herakles to put on; and the messenger found him on the Keneian shore where he was offering rich sacrifice to Zeus his father, and gave him the broidered robe in token of the love of Dêianeira. Then Herakles wrapt it closely round him, and he stood by the altar while the dark smoke went up in a thick cloud to the heaven. Presently the vengeance of Nessos was accomplished. Through the veins of Herakles the poison spread like devouring fire. Fiercer and fiercer grew the burning pain, and Herakles vainly strove to tear the robe and cast it from him. It ate into his flesh; and as he struggled in his agony, the dark blood gushed from his body in streams.

Then came the maiden Iolê to his side. With her gentle hands she sought to soothe his pain, and with pitying words to cheer him in his woe. Then once more the face of Herakles flushed with a deep joy, and his eye glanced with a pure light, as in the days of his might and strength; and he said, "Ah, Iolê, brightest of maidens, thy voice shall cheer me as I sink down in the sleep of death. I loved thee in the bright morning time, when my hand was strong and my foot swift; but Zeus willed not that thou shouldst be with me in my long wanderings. Yet I grieve not now, for again thou hast come, fair as the soft clouds which gather round the dying sun."

Then Herakles bade them bear him to the high crest of Oita and gather wood. So, when all was ready,

he lay down to rest, and they kindled the great pile. The black mists were spreading over the sky, but still Herakles sought to gaze on the fair face of Iolê and to comfort her in her sorrow. "Weep not, Iolê," he said; "my toil is done, and now is the time for rest. I shall see thee again in the bright land which is never trodden by the feet of night."

Black and blacker grew the evening shades; and only the long line of light broke the darkness which gathered round the blazing pile. Then from the high heaven came down the thick cloud, and the din of its thunder crashed through the air. So Zeus carried his child home, and the halls of Olympus were opened to welcome the bright hero who rested from his mighty toil. There the fair maiden Aretê placed a crown upon his head, and Hêbê clothed him in a white robe for the banquet of the gods.

ADMETOS

THERE was high feasting in the halls of Pheres, because Admêtos, his son, had brought home Alkêstis, the fairest of all the daughters of Pelias, to be his bride. The minstrels sang of the glories of the house of Pheræ, and of the brave deeds of Admêtos—how, by the aid of the golden-haired Apollo, he had yoked the lion and the boar, and made them drag his chariot to Iolkos, for Pelias had said that only to one who came thus would he give his daughter Alkêstis to be his wife. So the sound of mirth and revelry echoed through the hall, and the red wine was poured forth in honour of Zeus and all the gods, each by his name; but the name of Artemis was forgotten, and her wrath burned sore against the house of Admêtos.

But one, mightier yet than Artemis, was nigh at hand to aid him, for Apollo, the son of Lêtô, served as a bondman in the home of Pheres, because he had slain the Cyclôpes who forged the thunderbolts of Zeus. No mortal blood flowed in his veins; but, though he could neither grow old nor die, nor could any of the sons of men do him hurt, yet all loved him for his gentle dealing, for all things had prospered in the land from the day when he came to the house of Admêtos. And so it came to pass that, when the sacrifice of the marriage feast was ended, he spake to Admêtos and said, "The anger of Artemis my sister is kindled against thee, and it may be that she will smite thee with her spear which can never miss its mark. But thou hast been to me a kind taskmaster; and though I am here as thy bondservant, yet have I power still with my father Zeus, and I have obtained for thee this boon, that, if thou art smitten by the spear of Artemis, thou shalt not die, if thou canst

find one who in thy stead will go down to the dark kingdom of Hades."

Many a time the sun rose up into the heaven and sank down to sleep beneath the western waters; and still the hours went by full of deep joy to Admêtos and his wife Alkêstis, for their hearts were knit together in a pure love, and no cloud of strife spread its dark shadow over their souls. Once only Admêtos spake to her of the words of Apollo, and Alkêstis answered, with a smile, "Where is the pain of death, my husband, for those who love truly? Without thee I care not to live; wherefore, to die for thee will be a boon."

Once again there was high feasting in the house of Admêtos, for Herakles, the mighty son of Alkmênê, had come thither as he journeyed through many lands, doing the will of the false Eurystheus. But, even as the minstrels sang the praises of the chieftains of Pheræ, the flush of life faded from the face of Admêtos, and he felt that the hour of which Apollo had warned him was come. But soon the blood came back tingling through his veins, when he thought of the sacrifice which alone could save him from the sleep of death. Yet what will not a man do for his life? and how shall he withstand when the voice of love pleads on his side? So once again the fair Alkêstis looked lovingly upon him as she said, "There is no darkness for me in the land of Hades, if only I die for thee;" and even as she spake, the spell passed from Admêtos, and the strength of the daughter of Pelias ebbed slowly away.

The sound of mirth and feasting was hushed. The harps of the minstrels hung silent on the wall, and men spake in whispering voices, for the awful Moirai were at hand to bear Alkêstis to the shadowy kingdom. On the couch lay her fair form, pale as the white lily which floats on the blue water, and beautiful as Eôs when her light dies out of the sky in the evening. Yet a little while, and the strife was ended, and Admêtos mourned in bitterness and shame for the love which he had lost.

Then the soul of the brave Herakles was stirred within him, and he swore that the Moirai should not win the victory. So he departed in haste, and far away in the unseen land he did battle with the powers of death, and rescued Alkêstis from Hades, the stern and rugged king.

So once more she stood before Admêtos, more radiant in her beauty than in the former days, and once more in the halls of Pheræ echoed the sound of high rejoicing, and the minstrels sang of the mighty deed of the good and brave Herakles, as he went on his way from the home of Admêtos to do in other lands the bidding of the mean Eurystheus.

EPIMETHEUS AND PANDORA

THERE was strife between Zeus and men; for Promêtheus stood forth on their side and taught them how they might withstand the new god who sat on the throne of Kronos; and he said, "O men, Zeus is greedy of riches and honour; and your flocks and herds will be wasted with burnt offerings, if ye offer up to Zeus the whole victim. Come and let us make a covenant with him, that there may be a fair portion for him and for men." So Promêtheus chose out a large ox, and slew him, and divided the body. Under the skin he placed the entrails and the flesh, and under the fat he placed the bones. Then he said, "Choose thy portion, O Zeus; and let that on which thou layest thine hands be thy share for ever." So Zeus stretched forth his hand in haste, and placed it upon the fat; and fierce was his wrath when he found only the bare bones underneath it. Wherefore men offer up to the undying gods only the bones and fat of the victims that are slain.

Then in his anger Zeus sought how he might avenge himself on the race of men; and he took away from them the gift of fire, so that they were vexed by cold and darkness and hunger, until Promêtheus brought them down fire which he had stolen from heaven. Then was the rage of Zeus still more cruel, and he smote Promêtheus with his thunderbolts; and at his bidding Hermes bare him to the crags of Caucasus, and bound him with iron chains to the hard rock, where the vulture gnawed his heart with its beak.

But the wrath of Zeus was not appeased, and he sought how he might yet more vex the race of men; and he remembered how the Titan Promêtheus had warned them to accept no gift from the gods, and how he left his brother Epimêtheus to guard them against the wiles of the son of Kronos. And he said within himself, "The

race of men knows neither sickness nor pain, strife or war, theft or falsehood; for all these evil things are sealed up in the great cask which is guarded by Epimêtheus. I will let loose these evils, and the whole earth shall be filled with woe and misery."

So he called Hephaistos, the lord of fire, and he said, "Make ready a gift which all the undying gods shall give to the race of man. Take earth, and fashion it into the shape of woman. Very fair let it be to look upon, but give her an evil nature, that the race of men may suffer for all the deeds that they have done to me." Then Hephaistos took the clay and moulded from it the image of a fair woman, and Athênê clothed her in a beautiful robe, and placed a crown upon her head, from which a veil fell over her snowy shoulders. And Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, gave her the power of words, and a greedy mind, to cheat and deceive the race of men. Then Hephaistos brought her before the assembly of the gods, and they marvelled at the greatness of her beauty; and Zeus took her by the hand and gave her to Epimêtheus and said, "Ye toil hard, ye children of men: behold one who shall soothe and cheer you when the hours of toil are ended. The undying gods have taken pity on you, because ye have none to comfort you; and woman is their gift to men, therefore is her name called Pandôra."

Then Epimêtheus forgot the warning of his brother, and the race of men did obeisance to Zeus and received Pandôra at his hands; for the greatness of her beauty enslaved the hearts of all who looked upon her. But they rejoiced not long in the gift of the gods; for Pandôra saw a great cask on the threshold of the house of Epimêtheus, and she lifted the lid; and from it came strife and war, plague and sickness, theft and violence, grief and sorrow. Then in her terror she set down the lid again upon the cask, and Hope was shut up within it, so that she could not comfort the race of men for the grievous evil which Pandôra had brought upon them.

IO AND PROMETHEUS

IN the halls of Inachos, king of Argos, Zeus beheld and loved the fair maiden Iô; but when Hêrê the queen knew it, she was very wroth and sought to slay her. Then Zeus changed the maiden into a heifer, to save her from the anger of Hêrê; but presently Hêrê learned that the heifer was the maiden whom she hated, and she went to Zeus and said, "Give me that which I shall desire;" and Zeus answered, "Say on." Then Hêrê said, "Give me the beautiful heifer which I see feeding in the pastures of King Inachos." So Zeus granted her prayer, for he liked not to confess what he had done to Iô to save her from the wrath of Hêrê; and Hêrê took the heifer and bade Argos with the hundred eyes watch over it by night and by day.

Long time Zeus sought how he might deliver the maiden from the vengeance of Hêrê; but he strove in vain, for Argos never slept, and his hundred eyes saw everything around him, and none could approach without being seen and slain. At the last Zeus sent Hermes, the bright messenger of the gods, who stole gently towards Argos, playing soft music on his lute. Soothingly the sweet sounds fell upon his ear, and a deep sleep began to weigh down his eyelids, until Argos with the hundred eyes lay powerless before Hermes. Then Hermes drew his sharp sword, and with a single stroke he smote off his head; wherefore men call him the slayer of Argos with the hundred eyes. But the wrath of Hêrê was fiercer than ever when she learned that her watchman was slain; and she swore that the heifer should have no rest, but wander in terror and pain from land to land. So she sent a gadfly to goad the heifer with its fiery sting over hill and valley, across sea and river, to torment her if she lay down to rest, and madden her with pain when she sought to sleep. In grief and madness she fled from

the pastures of Inachos, past the city of Erechtheus into the land of Kadmos the Theban. On and on still she went, resting not by night or day, through the Dorian and Thessalian plains, until at last she came to the wild Thracian land. Her feet bled on the sharp stones; her body was torn by the thorns and brambles, and tortured by the stings of the fearful gadfly. Still she fled on and on, while the tears streamed often down her cheeks, and her moaning showed the greatness of her agony. "O Zeus," she said, "dost thou not see me in my misery? Thou didst tell me once of thy love; and dost thou suffer me now to be driven thus wildly from land to land, without hope of comfort or rest? Slay me at once, I pray thee, or suffer me to sink into the deep sea, that so I may put off the sore burden of my woe."

But Iô knew not that, while she spake, one heard her who had suffered even harder things from Zeus. Far above her head, towards the desolate crags of Caucasus, the wild eagle soared shrieking in the sky; and the vulture hovered near, as though waiting close to some dying man till death should leave him for its prey. Dark snow-clouds brooded heavily on the mountain, the icy wind crept lazily through the frozen air; and Iô thought that the hour of her death was come. Then, as she raised her head, she saw far off a giant form, which seemed fastened by nails to the naked rock; and a low groan reached her ear, as of one in mortal pain, and she heard a voice which said, "Whence comest thou, daughter of Inachos, into the savage wilderness? Hath the love of Zeus driven thee thus to the icy corners of the earth?" Then Iô gazed at him in wonder and awe, and said, "How dost thou know my name and my sorrows? and what is thine own wrong? Tell me (if it is given to thee to know) what awaits thee and me in the time to come; for sure I am that thou art no mortal man. Thy giant form is as the form of gods or heroes, who come down sometimes to mingle with the sons of men; and great must be the wrath of Zeus, that thou shouldst be thus tormented here." Then he said, "Maiden, thou seest the Titan Promêtheus who brought

down fire for the children of men, and taught them how to build themselves houses and till the earth, and how to win for themselves food and clothing. I gave them wise thoughts and good laws and prudent counsel, and raised them from the life of beasts to a life which was fit for speaking men. But the son of Kronos was afraid at my doings, lest, with the aid of men, I might hurl him from his place and set up new gods upon his throne. So he forgot all my good deeds in times past, how I had aided him when the earth-born giants sought to destroy his power and heaped rock on rock and crag on crag to smite him on his throne; and he caught me by craft, telling me in smooth words how that he was my friend, and that my honour should not fail in the halls of Olympus. So he took me unawares and bound me with iron chains, and bade Hephaistos take and fasten me to this mountain side, where the frost and wind and heat scorch and torment me by day and night, and the vulture gnaws my heart with its merciless beak. But my spirit is not wholly cast down; for I know that I have done good to the sons of men, and that they honour the Titan Promêtheus, who has saved them from cold and hunger and sickness. And well I know, also, that the reign of Zeus shall one day come to an end, and that another shall sit at length upon his throne, even as now he sits on the throne of his father Kronos. Hither come, also, those who seek to comfort me; and thou seest before thee the daughters of Okeanos, who have but now come from the green halls of their father to talk with me. Listen then to me, daughter of Inachos, and I will tell thee what shall befall thee in time to come. Hence, from the ice-bound chain of Caucasus, thou shalt roam into the Scythian land and the regions of the Chalybes. Thence thou shalt come to the dwelling-place of the Amâzons on the banks of the river Thermôdon; these shall guide thee on thy way, until at length thou shalt come to a strait, which thou wilt cross, and which shall tell by its name for ever where the heifer passed from Europe into Asia. But the end of thy wanderings is not yet."

Then Iô could no longer repress her grief, and her tears burst forth afresh; and Promêtheus said, " Daughter of Inachos, if thou sorrowest thus at what I have told thee, how wilt thou bear to hear what beyond these things there remains for thee to do? " But Iô said, " Of what use is it, O Titan, to tell me of these woeful wanderings? Better were it now to die and be at rest from all this misery and sorrow." " Nay, not so, O maiden of Argos," said Promêtheus, " for if thou livest, the days will come when Zeus shall be cast down from his throne; and the end of his reign shall also be the end of my sufferings. For when thou hast passed by the Thracian Bosphoros, into the land of Asia, thou wilt wander on through many regions, where the Gorgons dwell, and the Arimaspians and Ethiopians, until at last thou shalt come to the three-cornered land where the mighty Nile goes out by its many arms into the sea. There shall be thy resting-place, and there shall Epaphos, thy son, be born, from whom, in times yet far away, shall spring the great Herakles, who shall break my chain and set me free from my long torments. And if in this thou doubtest my words, I can tell thee of every land through which thou hast passed on thy journey hither; but it is enough if I tell thee how the speaking oaks of Dodona hailed thee as one day to be the wife of Zeus and the mother of the mighty Epaphos. Hasten, then, on thy way, daughter of Inachos. Long years of pain and sorrow await thee still: but my griefs shall endure for many generations. It avails not now to weep; but this comfort thou hast, that thy lot is happier than mine; and for both of us remains the surety that the right shall at last conquer, and the power of Zeus shall be brought low, even as the power of Kronos whom he huried from his ancient throne. Depart hence quickly, for I see Hermes the messenger drawing nigh, and perchance he comes with fresh torments for thee and me."

So Iô went on her weary road, and Hermes drew nigh to Promêtheus, and bade him once again yield himself to the will of the mighty Zeus. But Promêtheus laughed him to scorn; and as Hermes turned to go away,

the icy wind came shrieking through the air, and the dark cloud sank lower and lower down the hillside, until it covered the rock on which the body of the Titan was nailed; and the great mountain heaved with the earthquake, and the blazing thunderbolts darted fearfully through the sky. Brighter and brighter flashed the lightning, and louder pealed the thunder in the ears of Prometheus; but he quailed not for all the fiery majesty of Zeus; and still, as the storm grew fiercer and the curls of fire were wreathed around his form, his voice was heard amid the din and roar, and it spake of the day when the good shall triumph, and unjust power shall be crushed and destroyed for ever.

DEUKALION

FROM his throne on the high Olympus, Zeus looked down on the children of men, and saw that everywhere they followed only their lusts and cared nothing for right or for law. And ever, as their hearts waxed grosser in their wickedness, they devised for themselves new rites to appease the anger of the gods, till the whole earth was filled with blood. Far away in the hidden glens of the Arcadian hills the sons of Lykaon feasted and spake proud words against the majesty of Zeus, and Zeus himself came down from his throne to see their way and their doings.

The sun was sinking down in the sky when an old man drew nigh to the gate of Lykosoura. His grey locks streamed in the breeze, and his beard fell in tangled masses over his tattered mantle. With staff in hand he plodded wearily on his way, listening to the sound of revelry which struck upon his ear. At last he came to the Agora, and the sons of Lykaon crowded round him. "So the wise seer is come," they said; "what tale hast thou to tell us, old man? Canst thou sing of the days when the earth came forth from Chaos? Thou art old enough to have been there to see." Then with rude jeering they seized him and placed him on the ground near to the place where they were feasting. "We have done a great sacrifice to Zeus this day; and thy coming is timely, for thou shalt share the banquet." So they placed before him a dish, and the food that was in it was the flesh of man, for with the blood of men they thought to turn aside the anger of the gods. But the old man thrust aside the dish, and, as he rose up, the weariness of age passed away from his face, and the sons of Lykaon were scorched by the glory of his countenance; for Zeus stood before them and scathed them all with his lightnings, and their ashes cumbered the ground.

Then Zeus returned to his home on Olympus, and he gave the word that a flood of waters should be let loose

upon the earth, that the sons of men might die for their great wickedness. So the west wind rose in his might, and the dark rain-clouds veiled the whole heaven, for the winds of the north which drive away the mists and vapours were shut up in their prison-house. On hill and valley burst the merciless rain, and the rivers, loosened from their courses, rushed over the wide plains and up the mountain side. From his home on the highlands of Phthia, Deukalion looked forth on the angry sky, and, when he saw the waters swelling in the valleys beneath, he called Pyrrha, his wife, the daughter of Epimêtheus, and said to her, "The time is come of which my father, the wise Promêtheus, forewarned me. Make ready, therefore, the ark which I have built, and place in it all that we may need for food while the flood of waters is out upon the earth. Far away on the crags of Caucasus the iron nails rend the flesh of Promêtheus, and the vulture gnaws his heart; but the words which he spake are being fulfilled, that for the wickedness of men the flood of waters would come upon the earth; for Zeus himself is but the servant of one that is mightier than he, and must do his bidding."

Then Pyrrha hastened to make all things ready, and they waited until the waters rose up to the highlands of Phthia and floated away the ark of Deukalion. The fishes swam amidst the old elm-groves, and twined amongst the gnarled boughs of the oaks, while on the face of the waters were tossed the bodies of men; and Deukalion looked on the dead faces of stalwart warriors, of maidens, and of babes, as they rose and fell upon the heaving waves. Eight days the ark was borne on the flood, while the waters covered the hills, and all the children of men died save a few who found a place of shelter on the summits of the mountains. On the ninth day the ark rested on the heights of Parnassus, and Deukalion, with his wife Pyrrha, stepped forth upon the desolate earth. Hour by hour the waters fled down the valleys, and dead fishes and sea-monsters lay caught in the tangled branches of the forest. But, far as the eye could reach, there was no sign of living thing, save of the

vultures who wheeled in circles through the heaven to swoop upon their prey; and Deukalion looked on Pyrrha, and their hearts were filled with a grief which cannot be told. "We know not," he said, "whether there live any one of all the sons of men, or in what hour the sleep of death may fall upon us. But the mighty being who sent the flood has saved us from its waters: to him let us build an altar and bring our thank-offering." So the altar was built, and Zeus had respect to the prayer of Deukalion, and presently Hermes the messenger stood before him. "Ask what thou wilt," he said, "and it shall be granted thee, for in thee alone of all the sons of men hath Zeus found a clean hand and a pure heart." Then Deukalion bowed himself before Hermes and said, "The whole earth lies desolate; I pray thee, let men be seen upon it once more." "Even so shall it come to pass," said Hermes, "if ye will cover your faces with your mantles and cast the bones of your mother behind you as ye go upon your way."

So Hermes departed to the home of Zeus, and Deukalion pondered his words, till the wisdom of his father Promêtheus showed him that his mother was the earth, and that they were to cast the stones behind them as they went down from Parnassus. Then they did each as they were bidden, and the stones which Deukalion threw were turned into men, but those which were thrown by Pyrrha became women; and the people which knew neither father nor mother went forth to their toil throughout the wide earth. The sun shone brightly in the heaven and dried up the slime beneath them; yet was their toil but a weary labour, and so hath it been until this day—a struggle hard as the stones from which they have been taken.

But, as the years passed on, there were children born to Pyrrha and Deukalion, and the old race of men still lived on the heights of Phthia. From Hellen, their son, sprang the mighty tribes of the Hellenes; and from Protogeneia, their daughter, was born Aëthlios, the man of toil and suffering, the father of Endymiôn the fair who sleeps on the hill of Latmos.

POSEIDON AND ATHENE

NEAR the banks of the stream Kephîsos, Erechtheus had built a city in a rocky and thin-soiled land. He was the father of a free and brave people; and though his city was small and humble, yet Zeus by his wisdom foresaw that one day it would become the noblest of all cities throughout the wide earth. And there was a strife between Poseidon the lord of the sea, and Athênê the virgin child of Zeus, to see by whose name the city of Erechtheus should be called. So Zeus appointed a day in the which he would judge between them in presence of the great gods who dwell on high Olympus.

When the day was come, the gods sat each on his golden throne, on the banks of the stream Kephîsos. High above all was the throne of Zeus, the great father of gods and men, and by his side sat Hêrê the queen. This day even the sons of men might gaze upon them, for Zeus had laid aside his lightnings, and all the gods had come down in peace to listen to his judgment between Poseidon and Athênê. There sat Phœbus Apollo with his golden harp in his hand. His face glistened for the brightness of his beauty; but there was no anger in his gleaming eye, and idle by his side lay the unerring spear with which he smites all who deal falsely and speak lies. There beside him sat Artemis, his sister, whose days were spent in chasing the beasts of the earth and in sporting with the nymphs on the reedy banks of Eurôtas. There by the side of Zeus sat Hermes, ever bright and youthful, the spokesman of the gods, with staff in hand to do the will of the great father. There sat Hephaistos the lord of fire, and Hestia who guards the hearth. There, too, was Arês, who delights in war; and Dionysos, who loves the banquet and the wine-cup; and Aphroditê, who rose from the sea-foam to fill the earth with laughter and woe.

Before them all stood the great rivals, awaiting the

judgment of Zeus. High in her left hand, Athênê held the invincible spear; and on her ægis, hidden from mortal sight, was the face on which no man may gaze and live. Close beside her, proud in the greatness of his power, Po eidon waited the issue of the contest. In his right hand gleamed the trident with which he shakes the earth and cleaves the waters of the sea.

Then from his golden seat rose the spokesman Hermes; and his clear voice sounded over all the great council. "Listen," he said, "to the will of Zeus, who judges now between Poseidon and Athênê. The city of Erechtheus shall bear the name of that god who shall bring forth out of the earth the best gift for the sons of men. If Poseidon do this, the city shall be called Poseidonia; but if Athênê brings the higher gift, it shall be called Athens."

Then King Poseidon rose up in the greatness of his majesty, and with his trident he smote the earth where he stood. Straightway the hill was shaken to its depths, and the earth clave asunder, and forth from the chasm leaped a horse, such as never shall be seen again for strength and beauty. His body shone white all over as the driven snow; his mane streamed proudly in the wind as he stamped on the ground and scoured in very wantonness over hill and valley. "Behold my gift," said Poseidon, "and call the city after my name. Who shall give aught better than the horse to the sons of men?"

But Athênê looked steadfastly at the gods with her keen grey eye; and she stooped slowly down to the ground and planted in it a little seed which she held in her right hand. She spake no word, but still gazed calmly on that great council. Presently they saw springing from the earth a little germ, which grew up and threw out its boughs and leaves. Higher and higher it rose, with all its thick green foliage, and put forth fruit on its clustering branches. "My gift is better, O Zeus," she said, "than that of King Poseidon. The horse which he has given shall bring war and strife and anguish to the children of men; my olive-tree is the sign of peace and plenty, of health and strength, and the pledge of happiness and

freedom. Shall not then the city of Erechtheus be called after my name? "

Then with one accord rose the voices of the gods in the air, as they cried out, " The gift of Athênê is the best which may be given to the sons of men; it is the token that the city of Erechtheus shall be greater in peace than in war, and nobler in its freedom than its power. Let the city be called Athens."

Then Zeus, the mighty son of Kronos, bowed his head in sign of judgment that the city should be called by the name of Athênê. From his head the immortal locks streamed down, and the earth trembled beneath his feet, as he rose from his golden throne to return to the halls of Olympus. But still Athênê stood gazing over the land which was now her own; and she stretched out her spear towards the city of Erechtheus, and said: " I have won the victory, and here shall be my home. Here shall my children grow up in happiness and freedom; and hither shall the sons of men come to learn of law and order. Here shall they see what great things may be done by mortal hands when aided by the gods who dwell on Olympus; and when the torch of freedom has gone out at Athens, its light shall be handed on to other lands, and men shall learn that my gift is still the best, and they shall say that reverence for law and the freedom of thought and deed has come to them from the city of Erechtheus, which bears the name of Athênê."

MEDUSA

IN the far western land, where the Hesperides guard the golden apples which Gaia gave to the lady Hêrê, dwelt the maiden Medusa, with her sisters Stheino and Euryalê, in their lonely and dismal home. Between them and the land of living men flowed the gentle stream of ocean, so that only the name of the Gorgon sisters was known to the sons of men, and the heart of Medusa yearned in vain to see some face which might look on her with love and pity. For on her lay the doom of death, but her sisters could neither grow old nor die. For them there was nothing fearful in the stillness of their gloomy home, as they sat with stern un pitying faces, gazing on the silent land beyond the ocean stream. But Medusa wandered to and fro, longing to see something new in a home to which no change ever came; and her heart pined for lack of those things which gladden the souls of mortal men. For where she dwelt there was neither day nor night. She never saw the bright children of Hêlios driving his flocks to their pastures in the morning. She never beheld the stars as they look out from the sky, when the sun sinks down into his golden cup in the evening. There no clouds ever passed across the heaven, no breeze ever whispered in the air; but a pale yellow light brooded on the land everlastingly. So there rested on the face of Medusa a sadness such as the children of men may never feel; and the look of hopeless pain was the more terrible because of the greatness of her beauty. She spake not to any of her awful grief, for her sisters knew not of any such thing as gentleness and love, and there was no comfort for her from the fearful Graiai who were her kinsfolk. Sometimes she sought them out in their dark caves, for it was something to see even the faint glimmer of the light of day which reached the dwelling of the Graiai; but they spake not to her a word

of hope when she told them of her misery, and she wandered back to the land which the light of Hêlios might never enter. Her brow was knit with pain, but no tear wetted her cheek, for her grief was too great for weeping.

But harder things yet were in store for Medusa; for Athênê, the daughter of Zeus, came from the Libyan land to the dwelling of the Gorgon sisters, and she charged Medusa to go with her to the gardens where the children of Hesperos guard the golden apples of the lady Hêrê. Then Medusa bowed herself down at the feet of Athênê, and besought her to have pity on her changeless sorrow, and she said, "Child of Zeus, thou dwellest with thy happy kinsfolk, where Hêlios gladdens all with his light and the Horai lead the glad dance when Phœbus touches the strings of his golden harp. Here there is neither night nor day, nor cloud or breeze or storm. Let me go forth from this horrible land and look on the face of mortal men; for I too must die, and my heart yearns for the love which my sisters scorn." Then Athênê looked on her sternly, and said, "What hast thou to do with love? and what is the love of men for one who is of kin to the beings who may not die? Tarry here till thy doom is accomplished; and then it may be that Zeus will grant thee a place among those who dwell in his glorious home." But Medusa said, "Lady, let me go forth now. I cannot tell how many ages may pass before I die, and thou knowest not the yearning which fills the heart of mortal things for tenderness and love." Then a look of anger came over the fair face of Athênê, and she said, "Trouble me not. Thy prayer is vain; and the sons of men would shrink from thee, if thou couldst go among them, for hardly could they look on the woeful sorrow of thy countenance." But Medusa answered gently, "Lady, hope has a wondrous power to kill the deepest grief, and in the pure light of Hêlios my face may be as fair as thine."

Then the anger of Athênê became fiercer still, and she said, "Dost thou dare to vie with me? I stand by the side of Zeus, to do his will, and the splendour of his glory rests upon me; and what art thou, that thou shouldst

“speak to me such words as these? Therefore, hear thy doom. Henceforth, if mortal man ever look upon thee, one glance of thy face shall turn him to stone. Thy beauty shall still remain, but it shall be to thee the blackness of death. The hair which streams in golden tresses over thy fair shoulders shall be changed into hissing snakes, which shall curl and cluster round thy neck. On thy countenance shall be seen only fear and dread, that so all mortal things which look on thee may die.” So Athênê departed from her, and the blackness of great horror rested on the face of Medusa, and the hiss of the snakes was heard as they twined around her head and their coils were wreathed about her neck. Yet the will of Athênê was not wholly accomplished; for the heart of Medusa was not changed by the doom which gave to her face its deadly power, and she said, “Daughter of Zeus, there is hope yet, for thou hast left me mortal still, and, one day, I shall die.”

DANAË

FROM the home of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi came words of warning to Akrisios, the king of Argos, when he sent to ask what should befall him in the afterdays; and the warning was that he should be slain by the son of his daughter Danaë. So the love of Akrisios was changed towards his child, who was growing up, fair as the flowers of spring, in her father's house; and he shut her up in a dungeon, caring nothing for her wretchedness. But the power of Zeus was greater than the power of Akrisios, and Danaë became the mother of Perseus; and they called her child the son of the Bright Morning, because Zeus had scattered the darkness of her prison-house. Then Akrisios feared exceedingly, and he spake the word that Danaë and her child should die.

The first streak of day was spreading its faint light in the eastern sky when they led Danaë to the seashore, and put her in a chest, with a loaf of bread and a flask of water. Her child slept in her arms, and the rocking of the waves, as they bore the chest over the heaving sea, made him slumber yet more sweetly; and the tears of Danaë fell on him as she thought of the days that were past and the death which she must die in the dark waters. And she prayed to Zeus, and said, "O Zeus, who hast given me my child, canst thou hear me still and save me from this horrible doom?" Then a deep sleep came over Danaë, and, as she slept with the babe in her arms, the winds carried the chest at the bidding of Poseidon, and cast it forth on the shore of the island of Seriphos.

Now it so chanced that Diktys, the brother of Polydektes, the king of the island, was casting a net into the sea, when he saw something thrown up by the waves on the dry land; and he went hastily and took Danaë with her child out of the chest, and said, "Fear not, lady; no harm shall happen to thee here, and they who have dealt hardly with thee shall not come nigh to hurt thee in this land." So he led her to the house of King

Polydektes, who welcomed her to his home, and Danaë had rest after all her troubles.

Thus the time went on, and the child Perseus grew up brave and strong, and all who saw him marvelled at his beauty. The light of early morning is not more pure than was the colour on his fair cheeks, and the golden locks streamed brightly over his shoulders, like the rays of the sun when they rest on the hills at midday. And Danaë said, "My child, in the land where thou wast born, they called thee the son of the Bright Morning. Keep thy faith, and deal justly with all men; so shalt thou deserve the name which they gave thee." Thus Perseus grew up, hating all things that were mean and wrong; and all who looked on him knew that his hands were clean and his heart pure.

But there were evil days in store for Danaë—for King Polydektes sought to win her love against her will. Long time he besought her to hearken to his prayer; but her heart was far away in the land of Argos, where her child was born, and she said, "O king, my life is sad and weary; what is there in me that thou shouldest seek my love? There are maidens in thy kingdom fairer far than I; leave me then to take care of my child while we dwell in a strange land." Then Polydektes said hastily, "Think not, lady, to escape me thus. If thou wilt not hearken to my words, thy child shall not remain with thee; but I will send him forth far away into the western land, that he may bring me the head of the Gorgon Medusa."

So Danaë sat weeping when Polydektes had left her, and when Perseus came he asked her why she mourned and wept; and he said, "Tell me, my mother, if the people of this land have done thee wrong, and I will take a sword in my hand and smite them." Then Danaë answered, "Many toils await thee in time to come, but here thou canst do nothing. Only be of good courage, and deal truly, and one day thou shalt be able to save me from my enemies."

Still, as the months went on, Polydektes sought to gain the love of Danaë, until at last he began to hate her because she would not listen to his prayer. And he spake

the word, that Perseus must go forth to slay Medusa, and that Danaë must be shut up in a dungeon until the boy should return from the land of the Graiai and the Gorgons.

So once more Danaë lay within a prison; and the boy Perseus came to bid her farewell before he set out on his weary journey. Then Danaë folded her arms around him, and looked sadly into his eyes, and said, "My child, whatever a mortal man can do for his mother, that, I know, thou wilt do for me; but I cannot tell whither thy long toils shall lead thee, save that the land of the Gorgons lies beyond the slow-rolling stream of ocean. Nor can I tell how thou canst do the bidding of Polydektes, for Medusa alone of the Gorgon sisters may grow old and die, and the deadly snakes will slay those who come near, and one glance of her woeful eye can turn all mortal things to stone. Once, they say, she was fair to look upon; but the lady Athênê has laid on her a dark doom, so that all who see the Gorgon's face must die. It may be, Perseus, that the heart of Medusa is full rather of grief than hatred, and that not of her own will the woeful glare of her eye changes all mortal things into stone; and, if so it be, then the deed which thou art charged to do shall set her free from a hateful life, and bring to her some of those good things for which now she yearns in vain. Go then, my child, and prosper. Thou hast a great warfare before thee; and though I know not how thou canst win the victory, yet I know that true and fair dealing gives a wondrous might to the children of men, and Zeus will strengthen the arm of those who hate treachery and lies."

Then Perseus bade his mother take courage, and vowed a vow that he would not trust in craft and falsehood; and he said, "I know not, my mother, the dangers and the foes which await me; but be sure that I will not meet them with any weapons which thou wouldest scorn. Only, as the days and months roll on, think not that evil has befallen me; for there is a hope within me that I shall be able to do the bidding of Polydektes and to bear thee hence to our Argive land." So Perseus went forth with a good courage to seek out the Gorgon Medusa.

PERSEUS

THE east wind crested with a silvery foam the waves of the sea of Hellê, when Perseus went into the ship which was to bear him away from Seriphos. The white sail was spread to the breeze, and the ship sped gaily over the heaving waters. Soon the blue hills rose before them, and as the sun sank down in the west, Perseus trod once more the Argive land.

But there was no rest for him now in his ancient home. On and on, through Argos and other lands, he must wander in search of the Gorgon, with nothing but his strong heart and his stout arm to help him. Yet for himself he feared not, and if his eyes filled with tears, it was only because he thought of his mother Danaë; and he said within himself, "O my mother, I would that thou wert here. I see the towers of the fair city where Akrisios still is king; I see the home which thou longest to behold, and which now I may not enter; but one day I shall bring thee hither in triumph, when I come to win back my birthright."

Brightly before his mind rose the vision of the time to come, as he lay down to rest beneath the blue sky; but when his eyes were closed in sleep, there stood before him a vision yet more glorious, for the lady Athênê was come from the home of Zeus, to aid the young hero as he set forth on his weary labour. Her face gleamed with a beauty such as is not given to the daughters of men. But Perseus feared not because of her majesty, for the soft spell of sleep lay on him; and he heard her words as she said, "I am come down from Olympus where dwells thy father Zeus, to help thee in thy mighty toil. Thou art brave of heart and strong of hand, but thou knowest not the way which thou shouldest go, and thou hast no

weapons with which to slay the Gorgon Medusa. Many things thou needest, but only against the freezing stare of the Gorgon's face can I guard thee now. On her countenance thou canst not look and live; and even when she is dead, one glance of that fearful face will still turn all mortal things to stone. So, when thou drawest nigh to slay her, thine eye must not rest upon her. Take good heed, then, to thyself, for while they are awake the Gorgon sisters dread no danger, for the snakes which curl around their heads warn them of every peril. Only while they sleep canst thou approach them; and the face of Medusa, in life or in death, thou must never see. Take then this mirror, into which thou canst look, and when thou beholdest her image there, then nerve thy heart and take thine aim, and carry away with thee the head of the mortal maiden. Linger not in thy flight, for her sisters will pursue after thee, and they can neither grow old nor die."

So Athênê departed from him; and early in the morning he saw by his side the mirror which she had given to him; and he said, "Now I know that my toil is not in vain, and the help of Athênê is a pledge of yet more aid in time to come." So he journeyed on with a good heart over hill and dale, across rivers and forests, towards the setting of the sun. Manfully he toiled on, till sleep weighed heavy on his eyes, and he lay down to rest on a broad stone in the evening. Once more before him stood a glorious form. A burnished helmet glistened on his head, a golden staff was in his hand, and on his feet were the golden sandals which bore him through the air with a flight more swift than the eagle's. And Perseus heard a voice which said, "I am Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, and I am come to arm thee against thine enemies. Take this sword, which slays all mortal things on which it may fall, and go on thy way with a cheerful heart. A weary road yet lies before thee, and for many a long day must thou wander on before thou canst have other help in thy mighty toil. Far away, towards the setting of the sun, lies the Tartessian land, whence thou shalt see the white-crested mountains where Atlas holds up

the pillars of the heaven. There must thou cross the dark waters, and then thou wilt find thyself in the land of the Graiai, who are of kin to the Gorgon sisters, and thou wilt see no more the glory of Hêlios, who gladdens the homes of living men. Only a faint light from the far-off sun comes dimly to the desolate land where, hidden in a gloomy cave, lurk the hapless Graiai. These thou must seek out; and when thou hast found them, fear them not. Over their worn and wrinkled faces stream tangled masses of long grey hair; their voice comes hollow from their toothless gums, and a single eye is passed from one to the other when they wish to look forth from their dismal dwelling. Seek them out, for these alone can tell thee what more remaineth yet for thee to do."

When Perseus woke in the morning, the sword of Hermes lay beside him; and he rose up with great joy, and said, "The help of Zeus fails me not; if more is needed, will he not grant it to me?" So onward he went to the Tartessian land, and thence across the dark sea towards the country of the Graiai, till he saw the pillars of Atlas rise afar off into the sky. Then, as he drew nigh to the hills which lie beneath them, he came to a dark cave, and as he stooped to look into it, he fancied that he saw the grey hair which streamed over the shoulders of the Graiai. Long time he rested on the rocks without the cave, till he knew by their heavy breathing that the sisters were asleep. Then he crept in stealthily, and took the eye which lay beside them, and waited till they should wake. At last, as the faint light from the far-off sun who shines on mortal men reached the cave, he saw them groping for the eye which he had taken; and presently from their toothless jaws came a hollow voice, which said, "There is some one near us who is sprung from the children of men; for of old time we have known that one should come and leave us blind until we did his bidding." Then Perseus came forth boldly and stood before them and said, "Daughters of Phorkos and of Kêtô, I know that ye are of kin to the Gorgon sisters, and to these ye must now guide me. Think not to escape

by craft or guile, for in my hand is the sword of Hermes, and it slays all living things on which it may fall." And they answered quickly, "Slay us not, child of man, for we will deal truly by thee, and tell thee of the things which must be done before thou canst reach the dwelling of the Gorgon sisters. Go hence, along the plain which stretches before thee, then over hill and vale, and forest and desert, till thou comest to the slow-rolling ocean stream; there call on the nymphs who dwell beneath the waters, and they shall rise at thy bidding, and tell thee of many things which it is not given to us to know."

Onwards again he went, across the plain, and over hill and vale, till he came to the ocean which flows lazily round the world of living men. No ray of the pure sunshine pierced the murky air, but the pale yellow light, which broods on the land of the Gorgons, showed to him the dark stream, as he stood on the banks and summoned the nymphs to do his bidding. Presently they stood before him, and greeted him by his name; and they said, "O Perseus, thou art the first of living men whose feet have trodden this desolate shore. Long time have we known that the will of Zeus would bring thee hither to accomplish the doom of the mortal Medusa. We know the things of which thou art in need, and without us thy toil would in very truth be vain. Thou hast to come near to beings who can see all around them, for the snakes which twist about their heads are their eyes; and here is the helmet of Hades, which will enable thee to draw nigh to them unseen. Thou hast the sword which never falls in vain; but without this bag which we give thee, thou canst not bear away the head the sight of which changes all mortal things to stone. And when thy work of death is done on the mortal maiden, thou must fly from her sisters who cannot die, and who will follow thee more swiftly than eagles; and here are the sandals which shall waft thee through the air more quickly than a dream. Hasten then, child of Danaë, for we are ready to bear thee in our hands across the ocean stream."

So they bare Perseus to the Gorgon land, and he journeyed on in the pale yellow light which rests upon it everlastingly.

On that night, in the darkness of their lonesome dwelling, Medusa spake to her sisters of the doom which should one day be accomplished; and she said, "Sisters, ye care little for the grief whose image on my face turns all mortal things to stone. Ye who know not old age or death, know not the awful weight of my agony, and cannot feel the signs of the change that is coming. But I know them. The snakes which twine around my head warn me not in vain; but they warn me against perils which I care not now to shun. The wrath of Athênê, who crushed the faint hopes which lingered in my heart, left me mortal still, and I am weary with the woe of the ages that are past. O sisters, ye know not what it is to pity, but something more ye know what it is to love, for even in this living tomb we have dwelt together in peace, and peace is of kin to love. But hearken to me now. Mine eyes are heavy with sleep, and my heart tells me that the doom is coming, for I am but a mortal maiden; and I care not if the slumber which is stealing on me be the sleep of those whose life is done. Sisters, my lot is happier at the least than yours; for he who slays me is my friend. I am weary of my woe, and it may be that better things await me when I am dead."

But, even as Medusa spake, the faces of Stheino and Euryalê remained unchanged; and it seemed as though for them the words of Medusa were but an empty sound. Presently the Gorgon sisters were all asleep. The deadly snakes lay still and quiet, and only the breath which hissed from their mouths was heard throughout the cave.

Then Perseus drew nigh, with the helmet of Hades on his head, and the sandals of the nymphs on his feet. In his right hand was the sword of *Hermes*, and in his left the mirror of Athênê. Long time he gazed on the image of Medusa's face, which still showed the wreck of her ancient beauty; and he said within himself,

"Mortal maiden, well may it be that more than mortal woe should give to thy countenance its deadly power. The hour of thy doom is come; but death to thee must be a boon." Then the sword of Hermes fell, and the great agony of Medusa was ended. So Perseus cast a veil over the dead face, and bare it away from the cave in the bag which the nymphs gave him on the banks of the slow-rolling Ocean.

ANDROMEDA

TERRIBLE was the rage of the Gorgon sisters when they woke up from their sleep and saw that the doom of Medusa had been accomplished. The snakes hissed as they rose in knotted clusters round their heads, and the Gorgons gnashed their teeth in fury, not for any love of the mortal maiden whose woes were ended, but because a child of weak and toiling men had dared to approach the daughters of Phorkos and Kêtô. Swifter than the eagles they sped from their gloomy cave; but they sought in vain to find Perseus, for the helmet of Hades was on his head and the sandals of the nymphs were bearing him through the air like a dream. Onwards he went, not knowing whither he was borne, for he saw but dimly through the pale yellow light which brooded on the Gorgon land everlastingly; but presently he heard a groan as from one in mortal pain, and before him he beheld a giant form, on whose head rested the pillars of the heaven; and he heard a voice, which said, "Hast thou slain the Gorgon Medusa, child of man, and art thou come to rid me of my long woe? Look on me, for I am Atlas, who rose up with the Titans against the power of Zeus, when Promêtheus fought on his side; and of old time have I known that for me is no hope of rest till a mortal man should bring hither the Gorgon head which can turn all living things to stone. For so was it shown to me from Zeus, when he made me bow down beneath the weight of the brazen heaven. Yet, if thou hast slain Medusa, Zeus hath been more merciful to me than to Promêtheus who was his friend, for he lies nailed on the rugged crags of Caucasus, and only thy child in the third generation shall scare away the vulture which gnaws his heart, and set the Titan free. But hasten now, Perseus, and let me look upon the Gorgon's face, for the agony of my labour is wellnigh greater than I can bear."

So Perseus hearkened to the words of Atlas, and he unveiled before him the dead face of Medusa. Eagerly he gazed for a moment on the changeless countenance, as though beneath the blackness of great horror he yet saw the wreck of her ancient beauty and pitied her for her hopeless woe. But in an instant the straining eyes were closed, the heaving breast was still, the limbs which trembled with the weight of heaven were stiff and cold; and it seemed to Perseus, as he rose again into the pale yellow air, that the grey hairs which streamed from the giant's head were like the snow which rests on the peaks of a great mountain, and that in place of the trembling limbs he saw only the rents and clefts on a rough hillside.

Onward yet and higher he sped, he knew not whither, on the golden sandals, till from the murky glare of the Gorgon land he passed into a soft and tender light in which all things wore the colours of a dream. It was not the light of sun or moon; for in that land was neither day nor night. No breeze wafted the light clouds of morning through the sky, or stirred the leaves of the forest trees where the golden fruits glistened the whole year round; but from beneath rose the echoes of sweet music, as he glided gently down to the earth. Then he took the helmet of Hades from off his head, and asked the people whom he met the name of this happy land; and they said, "We dwell where the icy breath of Boreas cannot chill the air or wither our fruits; therefore is our land called the garden of the Hyperboreans." There for a while Perseus rested from his toil; and all day long he saw the dances of happy maidens fair as Hêbê and Harmonia, and he shared the rich banquets at which the people of the land feasted with wreaths of laurel twined around their head. There he rested in a deep peace, for no sound of strife or war can ever break it; and they know nothing of malice and hatred, of sickness, or old age.

But presently Perseus remembered his mother Danaë as she lay in her prison-house at Seriphos, and he left the garden of the Hyperboreans to return to the world of toiling men; but the people of the land knew only that it lay beyond the slow-rolling Ocean stream, and

Perseus saw not whither he went as he rose on his golden sandals into the soft and dreamy air. Onwards he went, until far beneath he beheld the Ocean river, and once more he saw the light of Hêlios as he drove his fiery chariot through the heaven. Far away stretched the mighty Libyan plain, and further yet beyond the hills which shut it in he saw the waters of the dark sea, and the white line of foam where the breakers were dashed upon the shore. As he came nearer, he saw the huge rocks which rose out of the heaving waters, and on one of them he beheld a maiden whose limbs were fastened with chains to a stone. The folds of her white robe fluttered in the breeze, and her fair face was worn and wasted with the heat by day and the cold by night. Then Perseus hastened to her and stood a long time before her, but she saw him not, for the helmet of Hades was on his head, and he watched her there till the tears started to his eyes for pity. Her hands were clasped upon her breast, and only the moving of her lips showed the greatness of her misery. Higher and higher rose the foaming waters, till at last the maiden said, "O Zeus, is there none whom thou canst send to help me?" Then Perseus took the helmet in his hand, and stood before her in all his glorious beauty; and the maiden knew that she had nothing to fear when he said, "Lady, I see that thou art in great sorrow: tell me who it is that has wronged thee, and I will avenge thee mightily." And she answered, "Stranger, whoever thou art, I will trust thee, for thy face tells me that thou art not one of those who deal falsely. My name is Andromeda, and my father, Kepheus, is king of the rich Libyan land; but there is strife between him and the old man Nereus who dwells with his daughters in the coral caves beneath the sea; for, as I grew up in my father's house, my mother made a vain boast of my beauty, and said that among all the children of Nereus there was none so fair as I. So Nereus rose from his coral caves, and went to the king Poseidon, and said, 'King of the broad sea, Kassiopeia hath done a grievous wrong to me and to my children. I pray thee let not her people escape for her evil words.'

Then Poseidon let loose the waters of the sea, and they rushed in over the Libyan plains till only the hills which shut it in remained above them, and a mighty monster came forth and devoured all the fruits of the land. In grief and terror the people fell down before my father Kepheus, and he sent to the home of Ammon to ask what he should do for the plague of waters and for the savage beast who vexed them; and soon the answer came that he must chain up his daughter on a rock, till the beast came and took her for his prey. So they fastened me here to this desolate crag, and each day the monster comes nearer as the waters rise; and soon, I think, they will place me within his reach." Then Perseus cheered her with kindly words, and said, "Maiden, I am Perseus, to whom Zeus has given the power to do great things. I hold in my hand the sword of Hermes, which has slain the Gorgon Medusa, and I am bearing to Polydektes, who rules in Seriphos, the head which turns all who look on it into stone. Fear not, then, Andromeda. I will do battle with the monster, and, when thy foes are vanquished, I will sue for the boon of thy love." A soft blush as of great gladness came over the pale cheek of Andromeda as she answered, "O Perseus, why should I hide from thee my joy? Thou hast come to me like the light of morning when it breaks on a woeful night." But, even as she spake, the rage of the waves waxed greater, and the waters rose higher and higher, lashing the rocks in their fury, and the hollow roar of the monster was heard as he hastened to seize his prey. Presently by the maiden's side he saw a glorious form with the flashing sword in his hand, and he lashed the waters in fiercer anger. Then Perseus went forth to meet him, and he held aloft the sword which Hermes gave to him, and said, "Sword of Phœbus, let thy stroke be sure, for thou smitest the enemy of the helpless." So the sword fell, and the blood of the mighty beast reddened the waters of the green sea.

In gladness of heart Perseus led the maiden to the halls of Kepheus, and he said, "O king, I have slain the monster to whom thou didst give thy child for a prey:

let her go with me now to other lands, if she gainsay me not." But Kepheus answered, "Tarry with us yet awhile, and the marriage feast shall be made ready, if indeed thou must hasten away from the Libyan land." So, at the banquet, by the side of Perseus sate the beautiful Andromeda; but there arose a fierce strife, for Phineus had come to the feast, and it angered him that another should have for his wife the maiden whom he had sought to make his bride. Deeper and fiercer grew his rage, as he looked on the face of Perseus, till at last he spake evil words of the stranger who had taken away the prize which should have been his own. But Perseus said calmly, "Why, then, didst thou not slay the monster thyself and set the maiden free?" When Phineus heard these words, his rage almost choked him, and he charged his people to draw their swords and slay Perseus. Wildly rose the din in the banquet-hall, but Perseus unveiled the Gorgon's face, and Phineus and all his people were frozen into stone.

Then, in the still silence, Perseus bare away Andromeda from her father's home; and when they had wandered through many lands, they came at length to Seriphos. Once more Danaë looked on the face of her son, and said, "My child, the months have rolled wearily since I bade thee farewell; but sure I am that my prayer has been heard, for thy face is as the face of one who comes back a conqueror from battle." Then Perseus said, "Yes, my mother, the help of Zeus has never failed me. When the eastern breeze carried me hence to the Argive land, my heart was full of sorrow, because I saw the city which thou didst yearn to see, and the home which thou couldst not enter; and I vowed a vow to bring thee back in triumph when I came to claim my birthright. That evening, as I slept, the lady Athênê came to me from the home of Zeus, and gave me a mirror so that I might take the Gorgon's head without looking on the face which turns everything into stone; and yet another night, Hermes stood before me, and gave me the sword whose stroke never fails, and the Graiai told me where I should find the nymphs who gave me the helmet of Hades, and

the bag which has borne hither the Gorgon's head, and the golden sandals which have carried me like a dream over land and sea. O my mother, I have done wondrous things by the aid of Zeus. By me the doom of Medusa has been accomplished; and I think that the words which thou didst speak were true, for the image of the Gorgon's face, which I saw in Athené's mirror, was as the countenance of one whose beauty has been marred by a woeful agony; and whenever I have looked since on that image, it has seemed to me as though it wore the look of one who rested in death from a mighty pain. So, as the giant Atlas looked on that grief-stricken brow, he felt no more the weight of the heaven as it rested on him; and the grey hair which streamed from his head seemed to me, when I left him, like the snow which clothes the mountain-tops in winter. So, when from the happy gardens of the Hyperboreans I came to the rich Libyan plain and had killed the monster who sought to slay Andromeda, the Gorgon's face turned Phineus and his people into stone, when they sought to slay me because I had won her love." Then Danaë answered the questions of Perseus, and told him how Polydektes had vexed her with his evil words, and how Diktys alone had shielded her from his brother. And Perseus bade Danaë be of good cheer, because the recompense of Polydektes was nigh at hand.

There was joy and feasting in Seriphos when the news was spread abroad that Perseus had brought back for the king the head of the Gorgon Medusa; and Polydektes made a great feast, and the wine sparkled in the goblets as the minstrels sang of the great deeds of the son of Danaë. Then Perseus told them of all that Hermes and Athênê had done for him. He showed them the helmet of Hades, and the golden sandals, and the unerring sword, and then he unveiled the face of Medusa before Polydektes and the men who had aided him against his mother Danaë. So Perseus looked upon them, as they sate at the rich banquet, stiff and cold as stone, and he felt that his mighty work was ended. Then, at his prayer, came Hermes, the messenger of

Zeus, and Perseus gave him back the helmet of Hades, and the sword which had slain the Gorgon, and the sandals which had borne him through the air like a dream. And Hermes gave the helmet again to Hades, and the sandals to the ocean nymphs; but Athênê took the Gorgon's head and it was placed upon her shield.

Then Perseus spake to Danaê, and said, " My mother, it is time for thee to go home. The Gorgon's face has turned Polydektes and his people into stone, and Diktys rules in Seriphos." So once more the white sails were filled with the eastern breeze, and Danaê saw once more the Argive land. From city to city spread the tidings that Perseus was come, who had slain the Gorgon, and the youths and maidens sang " Io Pæan " as they led the conqueror to the halls of Akrisios.

AKRISIOS

THE shouts of "Io Pæan" reached the ear of Akrisios, as he sat in his lonely hall, marvelling at the strange things which must have happened to waken the sounds of joy and triumph; for, since the day when Danaë was cast forth with her babe on the raging waters, the glory of war had departed from Argos, and it seemed as though all the chieftains had lost their ancient strength and courage. But the wonder of Akrisios was changed to a great fear when they told him that his child Danaë was coming home, and that the hero Perseus had rescued her from Polydektes, the king of Seriphos. The memory of all the wrong which he had done to his daughter tormented him, and still in his mind dwelt the words of warning which came from Phœbus Apollo that he should one day be slain by the hands of her son; so that, as he looked forth on the sky, it seemed to him as though he should see the sun again no more.

In haste and terror Akrisios fled from his home. He tarried not to hear the voice of Danaë; he stayed not to look on the face of Perseus, nor to see that the hero who had slain the Gorgon bore him no malice for the wrongs of the former days. Quickly he sped over hill and dale, across river and forest, till he came to the house of Teutamidas, the great chieftain who ruled in Larissa.

The feast was spread in the banquet-hall, and the Thessalian minstrels sang of the brave deeds of Perseus, for even thither had his fame reached already. They told how from the land of toiling men he had passed to the country of the Graiai and the Gorgons, how he had slain the mortal Medusa and stiffened the giant Atlas into stone; and then they sang how with the sword of Hermes he smote the mighty beast which ravaged the Libyan land, and won Andromeda to be his bride. Then

Teutamidas spake and said, " My friend, I envy thee for thy happy lot, for not often in the world of men may fathers reap such glory from their children as thou hast won from Perseus. In the ages to come, men shall love to tell of his great and good deeds, and from him shall spring mighty chieftains, who shall be stirred up to a purer courage when they remember how Perseus toiled and triumphed before them. And now tell me, friend, wherefore thou hast come hither. Thy cheek is pale, and thy hand trembles; but I think not that it can be from the weight of years, for thy old age is yet but green, and thou mayest hope still to see the children of Perseus clustering around thy knees."

But Akrisios could scarcely answer for shame and fear; for he cared not to tell Teutamidas of the wrongs which he had done to Danaë. So he said hastily that he had fled from a great danger, for the warning of Phœbus was that he should be slain by his daughter's son. And Teutamidas said, " Has thy daughter yet another son? " And then Akrisios was forced to own that he had fled from the hero Perseus. But the face of Teutamidas flushed with anger as he said, " O shame, that thou shouldest flee from him who ought to be thy glory and thy pride! Everywhere men speak of the goodness and the truth of Perseus, and I will not believe that he bears thee a grudge for anything that thou hast done to him. Nay, thou doest to him a more grievous wrong in shunning him now than when thou didst cast him forth in his mother's arms upon the angry sea." So he pleaded with Akrisios for Perseus, until he spake the word that Danaë and her child might come to the great games which were to be held on the plain before Larissa.

With shouts of " Io Pæan " the youths and maidens went out before Perseus as he passed from the city of Akrisios to go to Larissa, and everywhere as he journeyed the people came forth from town and village to greet the bright hero and the beautiful Andromeda, whom he had saved from the Libyan dragon. Onwards they went, spreading gladness everywhere, till the cold heart of Akrisios himself was touched with a feeling of strange

joy, as he saw the band of youths and maidens who came before them to the house of Teutamidas. So once more his child Danaë stood before him, beautiful still, although the sorrows of twenty years had dimmed the brightness of her eye, and the merry laugh of her youth was gone. Once more he looked on the face of Perseus, and he listened to the kindly greeting of the hero whom he had wronged in the days of his helpless childhood. But he marvelled yet more at the beauty of Andromeda, and he thought within himself that throughout the wide earth were none so fair as Perseus and the wife whom he had won with the sword of Hermes.

Then, as they looked on the chiefs who strove together in the games, the shouting of the crowd told at the end of each that Perseus was the conqueror. At last they stood forth to see which should have most strength of arm in hurling the quoit; and, when Perseus aimed at the mark, the quoit swerved aside and smote Akrisios on the head; and the warning of Phœbus Apollo was accomplished.

Great was the sorrow of Teutamidas and his people as the chieftain of Argos lay dead before them; but deeper still and more bitter was the grief of Perseus for the deed which he had unwittingly done; and he said, "O Zeus, I have striven to keep my hands clean and to deal truly, and a hard recompense hast thou given me."

So they went back mourning to Argos; but although he strove heartily to rule his people well, the grief of Perseus could not be lessened while he dwelt in the house of Akrisios. So he sent a messenger to his kinsman Megapenthes who ruled at Tiryns, and said, "Come thou and rule in Argos, and I will go and dwell among thy people." So Perseus dwelt at Tiryns, and the men of the city rejoiced that he had come to rule over them. Thus the months and years went quickly by, as Perseus strove with all his might to make his people happy and to guard them against their enemies. At his bidding, the Cyclôpes came from the far-off Lykian land, and built the mighty walls which gird the city round about; and they helped him to build yet another city, which grew in

after-times to be even greater and mightier than Tiryns. So rose the walls of Mykênæ, and there too the people loved and honoured Perseus for his just dealing more than for all the deeds which he had done with the sword of Hermes. At last the time came when the hero must rest from his long toil; but as they looked on his face, bright and beautiful even in death, the minstrels said, "We shall hear his voice no more, but the name of Perseus shall never die."

KEPHALOS AND PROKRIS

OF all the maidens in the land of Attica none was so beautiful as Prokris, the daughter of King Erechtheus. She was the delight of her father's heart, not so much for her beauty as for her goodness and her gentleness. The sight of her fair face, and the sound of her happy voice, brought gladness to all who saw and heard her. Every one stopped to listen to the songs which she sang as she sat working busily at the loom; and the maidens who dwelt with her were glad when the hour came to go with Prokris and wash their clothes or draw water from the fountain. Then, when all her tasks were ended, she would roam over hill and valley, into every nook and dell. There was no spot in all the land where Prokris had not been. She lay down to rest on the top of the highest hills, or by the side of the stream where it murmured among the rocks far down in the woody glen. So passed her days away; and while all loved her and rejoiced to see her face, only Prokris knew not of her own beauty, and thought not of her own goodness. But they amongst whom she lived, the old and the young, the sorrowful and the happy, all said that Prokris, the child of Hersê, was always as fair and bright as the dew of early morning.

Once in her many wanderings she had climbed the heights of Mount Hymettos, almost before the first streak of dawn was seen in the sky. Far away, as she looked over the blue sea, her eyes rested on the glittering cliffs of Eubœa, and as she looked she saw that a ship was sailing towards the shore beneath the hill of Hymettos. Presently it reached the shore, and she could see that a man stepped out of the ship, and began to climb the hill, while the rest remained on the beach. As he came nearer to her, Prokris knew that his face was very fair, and she thought that she had never seen such beauty in mortal man before. She had heard that sometimes the gods

come down from their home on Olympus to mingle among the children of men, and that sometimes the bright heroes were seen in the places where they had lived on the earth before they were taken to dwell in the halls of Zeus. As the stranger came near to her, the sun rose up brightly and without a cloud from the dark sea; and its light fell on his face, and made it gleam with more than mortal beauty. Gently he came towards her, and said, "Lady, I am come from the far-off eastern land; and as I drew near to this shore, I saw that some one was resting here upon the hill. So I hastened to leave the ship, that I might learn the name of the country which I have reached. My name is Kephalos, and my father Hêlios lives in a beautiful home beyond the sea; but I am travelling over the earth, till I shall have gone over every land and seen all the cities which men have built. Tell me now thy name, and the name of this fair land." Then she said, "O stranger, my name is Prokris, and I am the daughter of King Erechtheus, who dwells at Athens yonder, where thou seest the bright line of Kephisos flowing gently towards the sea." So Prokris guided the stranger to her father's house; and Erechtheus received him kindly, and spread a banquet before him. But as they feasted and drank the dark red wine, he thought almost that Kephalos must be one of the bright heroes come back to his own land, so fair and beautiful was he to look upon, and that none save only his own child Prokris might be compared to him for beauty.

Long time Kephalos abode in the house of Erechtheus, and, each day, he loved more and more the bright and happy Prokris; and Prokris became brighter and happier, as the eye of Kephalos rested gently and lovingly upon her. At last Kephalos told her of his love, and Erechtheus gave him his child to be his wife; and there were none in all the land who dwelt together in a love so deep and pure as that of Kephalos and Prokris.

But among the maidens of that land there was one who was named Eôs. She too was fair and beautiful; but she had not the gentle spirit and the guileless heart

of Prokris. Whenever Kephalos wandered forth with his young wife, then Eôs would seek to follow them stealthily; or, if she met them by chance, she would suffer her eyes to rest long on the fair face of Kephalos, till she began to envy the happiness of Prokris. And so one day, when there was a feast of the people of the land and the maidens danced on the soft grass around the fountain, Kephalos and Eôs talked together; and Eôs suffered herself to be carried away by her evil love. From that day she sought more and more to talk with Kephalos, till at last she bowed her head before him and told him softly of her love. But Kephalos said to her gently, "Maiden, thou art fair to look upon, and there are others who may love thee well, and thou deservest the love of any. But I may not leave Prokris, whom Erechtheus has given to me to be my wife. Forgive me, maiden, if Prokris appear to me even fairer than thou art; but I prize her gentleness more than her beauty, and Prokris with her pure love and guileless heart shall be always dearer to me than any other in all the wide earth." Then Eôs answered him craftily, "O Kephalos, thou hast suffered thyself to be deceived. Prokris loves thee not as I do; prove her love and thou shalt see that I have spoken truly."

Thus Eôs spake to him for many days; and the great happiness of his life was marred, for the words of Eôs would come back to his mind, as he looked on the happy and guileless Prokris. He had begun to doubt whether she were in very deed so pure and good as she seemed to be; and at last he said to Eôs that he would prove her love. Then Eôs told him how to do so, and said that if he came before his wife as a stranger and brought to her rich gifts as from a distant land, she would forget her love for Kephalos.

With a heavy heart he went away, for he foreboded evil days from the subtle words of Eôs; and he departed and dwelt in another land. So the time passed on, until many weeks and months had gone by; and Prokris mourned and wept in the house of Erechtheus, until the brightness of her eye was dimmed and her voice had lost

its gladness. Day after day she sought throughout all the land for Kephalos; day after day she went up the hill of Hymettos, and as she looked towards the sea, she said, "Surely he will come back again; ah, Kephalos, thou knowest not the love which thou hast forsaken." Thus she pined away in her sorrow, although to all who were around her she was as gentle and as loving as ever. Her father was now old and weak, and he knew that he must soon die; but it grieved him most of all that he must leave his child in a grief more bitter than if Kephalos had remained to comfort her. So Erechtheus died, and the people honoured him as one of the heroes of the land; but Prokris remained in his house desolate, and all who saw her pitied her for her true love and her deep sorrow. At last she felt that Kephalos would return no more, and that she could no more be happy until she went to her father in the bright home of the heroes and the gods.

Then a look of peace and loving patience came over her fair face; and she roamed with a strange gladness through every place where Kephalos had wandered with her; and so it came to pass that one day Prokris sat resting in the early morning on the eastern slopes of Mount Hymettos, when suddenly she beheld a man coming near to her. The dress was strange, but she half thought she knew his tall form and the light step as he came up the hill. Presently he came close to her, and she felt as if she were in a strange dream. The sight of his face and the glance of his eye carried her back to the days that were past, and she started up and ran towards him, saying, "O Kephalos, thou art come back at last; how couldst thou forsake me so long?" But the stranger answered, in a low and gentle voice (for he saw that she was in great sorrow), "Lady, thou art deceived. I am a stranger come from a far country, and I seek to know the name of this land." Then Prokris sat down again on the grass, and clasped her hands and said slowly, "It is changed and I cannot tell how; yet surely it is the voice of Kephalos." Then she turned to the stranger and said, "O stranger, I am mourning for Kephalos whom I have loved and lost; he too came from a far land

across the eastern sea. Dost thou know him, and canst thou tell me where I may find him?" And the stranger answered, "I know him, lady; he is again in his own home far away, whither thou canst not go; yet think not of him, for he has forgotten his love." Then the stranger spoke to her in gentle and soothing words, until her grief became less bitter. Long time he abode in the land; and it pleased Prokris to hear his voice while his eye rested kindly on her, until she almost fancied that she was with Kephalos once more. And she thought within herself, "What must that land be, from which there can come two who are beautiful as the bright heroes?"

So at last, when with soft and gentle words he had soothed her sorrow, the stranger spoke to her of his love; and Prokris felt that she too could love him, for had not Kephalos despised her love and forsaken her long ago? So he said, "Canst thou love me, Prokris, instead of Kephalos?" and when she gently answered "Yes," then a change came over the face of the stranger, and she saw that it was Kephalos himself who clasped her in his arms. With a wild cry she broke from him, and as bitter tears ran down her cheek, she said, "O Kephalos, Kephalos, why hast thou done thus? All my love was thine; and *thou* hast drawn me into evil deeds." Then, without tarrying for his answer, with all her strength she fled away; and she hastened to the sea-shore and bade them make ready a ship to take her from her father's land. Sorrowfully they did as she besought them, and they took her to the island of Crete far away in the eastern sea.

When Prokris was gone, the maiden Eôs came and stood before Kephalos, and she said to him, "My words are true, and now must thou keep the vow by which thou didst swear to love me, if Prokris should yield herself to a stranger." So Kephalos dwelt with Eôs; but for all her fond words he could not love her as still he loved Prokris.

Meanwhile Prokris wandered, in deep and bitter sorrow, among the hills and valleys of Crete. She cared not to look on the fair morning as it broke on the pale

path of night; she cared not to watch the bright sun as he rose from the dark sea, or when he sank to rest behind the western waters. For her the earth had lost all its gladness, and she felt that she could die. But one day as she sat on a hillside and looked on the broad plains which lay stretched beneath, suddenly a woman stood before her, brighter and more glorious than the daughters of men; and Prokris knew, from the spear which she held in her hand and the hound which crouched before her, that it was Artemis, the mighty child of Zeus and Lêtô. Then Prokris fell at her feet, and said, "O lady Artemis, pity me in my great sorrow;" and Artemis answered, "Fear not, Prokris; I know thy grief. Kephalos hath done thee a great wrong, but he shall fall by the same device wherewith he requited thy pure and trusting love." Then she gave to Prokris her hound and her spear, and said, "Hasten now to thine own land; and go stand before Kephalos, and I will put a spell upon him that he may not know thee. Follow him in the chase; and at whatsoever thou mayest cast this spear, it shall fall, and from this hound no prey which thou mayest seek for shall ever escape."

So Prokris sailed back to the land of Erechtheus with the gifts of Artemis. And when Kephalos went to the chase, Prokris followed him; and all the glory of the hunt fell to her portion, for the hound struck down whatever it seized, and her spear never missed its aim. And Kephalos marvelled greatly, and said to the maiden, "Give me thy hound and thy spear;" and he besought the stranger many times for the gift, till at last Prokris said, "I will not give them but for thy love; thou must forsake Eôs and come to dwell with me." Then Kephalos said, "I care not for Eôs; so only I have thy gifts, thou shalt have my love." But even as he spake these words, a change came over the face of the stranger, and he saw that it was Prokris herself who stood before him. And Prokris said, "Ah, Kephalos, once more thou hast promised to love me; and now may I keep thy love, and remain with thee always. Almost I may say that I never loved any one but thee; but thou art changed,

Kephalos, although still the same; else wouldst thou not have promised to love me for the gift of a hound and a spear." Then Kephalos besought Prokris to forgive him, and he said, "I am caught in the trap which I laid for thee; but I have fallen deeper. When thou gavest thy love to me as to a stranger, it pleased thee yet to think that I was like Kephalos; and now my vow to thee has been given for the mere gifts which I coveted." But Prokris only said, "My joy is come back to me again, and now I will leave thee no more."

So once more, in the land of Erechtheus, Prokris and Kephalos dwelt together in a true and a deep love. Once more they wandered over hill and dale as in the times that were past, and looked out from the heights of Hymettos to the white shore of Eubœa, as it glistened in the light of early day. But whenever he went to the chase with the hound and the spear of Artemis, Prokris saw that Eôs still watched if haply she might talk with Kephalos alone, and win him again for herself. Once more she was happy, but her happiness was not what it had been when Kephalos first gave her his love, while her father Erechtheus was yet alive. She knew that Eôs still envied her, and she sought to guard Kephalos from the danger of her treacherous look and enticing words. So she kept ever near him in the chase, although he saw her not; and thus it came to pass that one day, as Prokris watched him from a thicket, the folds of her dress rustled against the branches, so that Kephalos thought it was some beast moving from its den, and hurled at her the spear of Artemis that never missed its mark. Then he heard the cry as of one who has received a deadly blow, and when he hastened into the thicket, Prokris lay smitten down to the earth before him. The coldness of death was on her face, and her bright eye was dim; but her voice was as loving as ever, while she said, "O Kephalos, it grieves me not that thy arm hath struck me down. I have thy love; and having it, I go to the land of the bright heroes, where my father Erechtheus is waiting for his child, and where thou too shalt one day meet me, to dwell with me for ever." One

loving look she gave to Kephalos, and the smile of parting vanished in the stillness of death.

Then over the body of Prokris Kephalos wept tears of bitter sorrow; and he said, "Ah, Eôs, Eôs, well hast thou rewarded me for doubting once a love such as thou couldst never feel." Many days and many weeks he mourned for his lost love; and daily he sat on the slopes of Hymettos, and thought with a calm and almost happy grief how Prokris there had rested by his side. All this time the spear of Artemis was idle, and the hound went not forth to the chase, until chieftains came from other lands to ask his aid against savage beasts or men. Among them came Amphytryon, the lord of Thebes, to ask for help; and Kephalos said, "I will do as thou wouldst have me. It is time that I should begin to journey to the bright land where Prokris dwells beyond the western sea."

So he went with Amphytryon into the Theban land, and hunted out the savage beasts which wasted his harvests; and then he journeyed on till he came to the home of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. There the god bade him hasten to the western sea, where he should once again find Prokris. Onward he went, across the heights and vales of Ætôlia, until at last he stood on the Leukadian cape and looked out on the blue waters. The sun was sinking low down in the sky, and the golden clouds of evening were gathered round him as he hastened to his rest. And Kephalos said, "Here must I rest also, for my journey is done, and Prokris is waiting for me in the brighter land." There on the white cliff he stood, and just as the sun touched the waters, the strength of Kephalos failed him, and he sank gently into the sea.

So again, in the homes of the bright heroes, Kephalos found the wife whom he had loved and slain.

SKYLLA

FROM the turret of her father's house, Skylla, the daughter of Nisos, watched the ships of King Minos, as they drew near from the island of Crete. Their white sails, and the spears of the Cretan warriors, sparkled in the sunshine, as the crested waves rose and fell, carrying the long billows to the shore. As she watched the goodly sight, Skylla thought sadly of the days that were gone, when her father had sojourned as a guest in the halls of King Minos, and she had looked on his face as on the face of a friend. But now there was strife between the chieftains of Crete and Megara, for Androgeôs, the son of Minos, had been slain by evil men as he journeyed from Megara to Athens, and Minos was come hither with his warriors to demand the price of his blood. But when the herald came with the message of Minos, the face of Nisos the king flushed with anger, as he said, "Go thy way to him that sent thee, and tell him that he who is guarded by the undying gods cares not for the wrath of men whose spears shall be snapped like bulrushes." Then said the herald, "I cannot read thy riddle, chieftain of Megara; but the blood of the gods runs in the veins of Minos, and it cannot be that the son of Europa shall fall under the hands of thee or of thy people."

The sun went down in a flood of golden glory behind the purple heights of Geraneia; and as the mists of evening fell upon the land, the warriors of Minos made ready for the onset on the morrow. But when the light of Eôs flushed the eastern sky and the men of Crete went forth to the battle, their strength and their brave deeds availed them nothing, for the arms of the mightiest became weak as the hands of a little child, because the secret spell, in which lay the strength of the undying gods, guarded the city of Nisos. And so it came to pass that, as day by day they fought in vain against the walls of

Megara, the spirit of the men of Crete waxed feeble, and many said that they came not thither to fight against the deathless gods.

But each day as Minos led his men against the city, the daughter of Nisos had looked forth from her turret, and she saw his face, beautiful as in the days when she had sojourned in his house at Gnosso, and flushed with the pride and eagerness of war. Then the heart of Skylla was filled with a strange love, and she spake musingly within herself, "To what end is this strife of armed men? Love is beyond all treasures, and brighter for me than the love of others would be one kindly look from the bright son of Europa. I know 'he spell which keeps the city of the Megarians; and where is the evil of the deed, if I take the purple lock of hair which the gods have given to my father as a pledge that, so long as it remains untouched, no harm shall befall his people? If I give it to Minos, the struggle is ended, and it may be that I shall win his love."

So, when the darkness of night fell again upon the earth and all the sons of men were buried in a deep sleep, Skylla entered stealthily into her father's chamber, and shore off the purple lock in which lay his strength and the strength of his people. Then, as the tints of early morning stole across the dark heavens, the watchman of the Cretans beheld the form of a woman as she drew nigh to them and bade them lead her to the tent of King Minos. When she was brought before him, with downcast face she bowed herself to the earth and said, "I have sojourned in thy halls in the days that are gone, when there was peace between thee and the house of my father Nisos. O Minos, peace is better than war, and of all treasures the most precious is love. Look on me then gently, as in the former days, for at a great price do I seek thy kindness. In this purple lock is the strength of my father and of his people." Then a strange smile passed over the face of Minos, as he said, "The gifts of fair maidens must not be lightly cast aside; the requital shall be made when the turmoil of strife is ended."

With a mighty shout the Cretan warriors went forth to

the onset as the fiery horses of Hêlios rose up with his chariot into the kindled heaven. Straightway the walls of Megara fell, and the men of Crete burst into the house of Nisos. So the city was taken, and Minos made ready to go against the men of Athens, for on them also he sought to take vengeance for the death of his son Androgeôs. But even as he hastened to his ship, Skylla stood before him on the sea-shore. "Thy victory is from me," she said; "where is the requital of my gift?" Then Minos answered, "She who cares not for the father that has cherished her has her own reward; and the gift which thou didst bring me is beyond human recompense." The light southern breeze swelled the outspread sail, and the ship of Minos danced gaily over the rippling waters. For a moment the daughter of Nisos stood musing on the shore. Then she stretched forth her arms as with a low cry of bitter anguish she said, "O Love, thy sting is cruel; and my life dies poisoned by the smile of Aphroditê!" So the waters closed over the daughter of Nisos, as she plunged into the blue depths; but the strife which vexes the sons of men follows her still, when the eagle swoops down from the cloud for his prey in the salt sea.

PHRIXOS AND HELLE

MANY, many years ago, there was a man called Athamas, and he had a wife whose name was Nephelê. They had two children—a boy and a girl. The name of the boy was Phrixos, and his sister was called Helle. They were good and happy children, and played out merrily in the fields, and their mother Nephelê loved them dearly. But by and by their mother was taken away from them; and their father Athamas forgot all about her, for he had not loved her as he ought to do. And very soon he married another wife whose name was Ino; but she was harsh and unkind to Phrixos and Helle, and they began to be very unhappy. Their cheeks were no more rosy, and their faces no longer looked bright and cheerful, as they used to do when they could go home to their mother Nephelê; and so they played less and less, until none would have thought that they were the same children who were so happy before Nephelê was taken away. But Ino hated these poor children, for she was a cruel woman, and she longed to get rid of Phrixos and Helle, and she thought how she might do so. So she said that Phrixos spoilt all the corn, and prevented it from growing, and that they would not be able to make any bread till he was killed. At last she persuaded Athamas that he ought to kill Phrixos. But although Athamas cared nothing about Phrixos and Helle, still their mother Nephelê saw what was going on, although they could not see her, because there was a cloud between them; and Nephelê was determined that Athamas should not hurt Phrixos. So she sent a ram, which had a golden fleece, to carry her children away; and one day, when they were sitting down on the grass (for they were too sad and unhappy to play), they saw a beautiful ram come into the field. And Phrixos said to Helle, "Sister, look at this sheep that is coming to us; see, he shines all over like

gold—his horns are made of gold, and all the hair on his body is golden too." So the ram came nearer and nearer, and at last he lay down quite close to them, and looked so quiet that Phrixos and Hellê were not at all afraid of him. Then they played with the sheep, and they took him by the horns, and stroked his golden fleece, and patted him on the head; and the ram looked so pleased that they thought they would like to have a ride on his back. So Phrixos got up first, and put his arms round the ram's neck, and little Hellê got up behind her brother and put her arms round his waist, and then they called to the ram to stand up and carry them about. And the ram knew what they wanted, and began to walk first, and then to run. By and by it rose up from the ground and began to fly. And when it first left the earth, Phrixos and Hellê became frightened, and they begged the ram to go down again and put them upon the ground; but the ram turned his head round, and looked so gently at them, that they were not afraid any more. So Phrixos told Hellê to hold on tight round his waist; and he said, "Dear Hellê, do not be afraid, for I do not think the ram means to do us any harm, and I almost fancy that he must have been sent by our dear mother Nephielê, and that he will carry us to some better country, where the people will be kind to us as our mother used to be."

Now it so happened that, just as the ram began to fly away with the two children on its back, Ino and Athamas came into the field, thinking how they might kill Phrixos, but they could not see him anywhere; and when they looked up, then, high up in the air over their heads, they saw the ram flying away with the children on its back. So they cried out and made a great noise, and threw stones up into the air, thinking that the ram would get frightened and come down to the earth again; but the ram did not care how much noise they made or how many stones they threw up. On and on he flew, higher and higher, till at last he looked only like a little yellow speck in the blue sky; and then Ino and Athamas saw him no more.

So these wicked people sat down, very angry and un-

happy. They were sorry because Phrixos and Hellê had got away all safe, when they wanted to kill them. But they were much more sorry because they had gone away on the back of a ram whose fleece was made of gold. So Ino said to Athamas, "What a pity that we did not come into the field a little sooner, for then we might have caught this ram and killed him and stripped off his golden fleece, and we should have been rich for the rest of our days."

All this time the ram was flying on and on, higher and higher, with Phrixos and Hellê on its back. And Hellê began to be very tired, and she said to her brother that she could not hold on much longer; and Phrixos said, "Dear Hellê, try and hold on as long as you possibly can: I dare say the ram will soon reach the place to which he wants to carry us, and then you shall lie down on the soft grass, and have such pleasant sleep that you will not feel tired any more." But Hellê said, "Dearest Phrixos, I will indeed try and hold fast as long as I can; but my arms are becoming so weak that I am afraid that I shall not be able to hold on long." And by and by, when she grew weaker, she said, "Dear Phrixos, if I fall off, you will not see Hellê any more; but you must not forget her, you must always love her as much as she loved you; and then some day or other we shall see each other again, and live with our dear mother Nephelê." Then Phrixos said, "Try and hold fast a little longer still, Hellê. I can never love any one so much as I love you: but I want you to live with me on the earth, and I cannot bear to think of living without you."

But it was of no use that he talked so kindly and tried to encourage his sister, because he was not able to make her arms and her body stronger: so by and by poor Hellê fell off, just as they were flying over a narrow part of the sea; and she fell into it, and was drowned. And the people called the part of the sea where she fell in the Hellespont, which means the sea of little Hellê.

So Phrixos was left alone on the ram's back; and the ram flew on and on a long way, till it came to the palace of Aiêtes, the King of Kolchis. And King Aiêtes was

walking about in his garden, when he looked up into the sky, and saw something which looked very like a yellow sheep with a little boy on its back. And King Aiêtes was greatly amazed, for he had never seen so strange a thing before; and he called his wife and his children, and every one else that was in his house, to come and see this wonderful sight. And they looked, and saw the ram coming nearer and nearer, and then they knew that it really was a boy on its back; and by and by the ram came down upon the earth near their feet, and Phrixos got off its back. Then King Aiêtes went up to him, and took him by the hand, and asked him who he was; and he said, "Tell me, little boy, how it is that you come here, riding in this strange way, on the back of a ram." Then Phrixos told him how the ram had come into the field where he and Hellê were playing, and had carried them away from Ino and Athamas, who were very unkind to them, and how little Hellê had grown tired, and fallen off his back, and had been drowned in the sea. Then King Aiêtes took Phrixos up in his arms, and said, "Do not be afraid, I will take care of you and give you all that you want, and no one shall hurt you here; and the ram which has carried you through the air shall stay in this beautiful place, where he will have as much grass to eat as he can possibly want, and a stream to drink out of and to bathe in whenever he likes."

So Phrixos was taken into the palace of King Aiêtes, and everybody loved him, because he was good and kind, and never hurt any one. And he grew up healthy and strong, and he learnt to ride about the country and to leap and run over the hills and valleys, and swim about in the clear rivers. He had not forgotten his sister Hellê, for he loved her still as much as ever, and very often he wished that she could come and live with him again; but he knew that she was now with his mother Nephelê, in the happy land in which good people go after they are dead. And therefore he was never unhappy when he thought of his sister, for he said, "One day I too shall be taken to that bright land, and live with my mother and my sister again, if I try always to

do what is right." And very often he used to go and see the beautiful ram with the golden fleece feeding in the garden, and stroke its golden locks.

But the ram was not so strong now as he was when he flew through the air with Phrixos and Hellê on his back, for he was growing old and weak; and at last the ram died, and Phrixos was very sorry. And King Aiêtes had the golden fleece taken off from his body, and they nailed it up upon the wall; and every one came to look at the fleece which was made of gold, and to hear the story of Phrixos and Hellê.

But all this while Athamas and Ino had been hunting about everywhere, to see if they could find out where the ram had gone with the children on his back; and they asked every one whom they met, if they had seen a sheep with a fleece of gold carrying away two children. But no one could tell them anything about it, till at last they came to the house of Aiêtes, the King of Kolchis. And they came to the door, and asked Aiêtes if he had seen Phrixos and Hellê, and the sheep with the golden fleece. Then Aiêtes said to them, "I have never seen little Hellê, for she fell off from the ram's back, and was drowned in the sea; but Phrixos is with me still; and as for the ram, see here is his golden fleece nailed up upon the wall." And just then Phrixos happened to come in, and Aiêtes asked them, "Look now, and tell me if this is the Phrixos whom you are seeking." And when they saw him they said, "It is indeed the same Phrixos who went away on the ram's back; but he is grown into a great man:" and they began to be afraid, because they thought they could not now ill-treat Phrixos, as they used to do when he was a little boy. So they tried to entice him away by pretending to be glad to see him; and they said, "Come away with us, and we shall live happily together." But Phrixos saw from the look of their faces that they were not telling the truth, and that they hated him still; and he said to them, "I will not go with you; King Aiêtes has been very good to me, and you were always unkind to me and to my sister, and therefore I will never leave King

Aiêtes to go away with you." Then they said to Aiêtes, "Phrixos may stay here, but give us the golden fleece which came from the ram that carried away the children." But the king said, "I will not;—I know that you only ask for it because you wish to sell it, and therefore you shall not have it."

Then Ino and Athamas turned away in a rage, and went to their own country again, wretched and unhappy because they could not get the golden fleece. And they told every one that the fleece of the ram was in the palace of the King of Kolchis, and they tried to persuade every one to go in a great ship and take away the fleece by force. So a great many people came, and they all got into a large ship called the Argo, and they sailed and sailed, until at last they came to Kolchis. Then they sent some one to ask Aiêtes to give them the golden fleece; but he would not; and they would never have found the fleece again, if the wise maiden Medeia had not shown Iason how he might do the bidding of King Aiêtes. But when Iason had won the prize and they had sailed back again to their own land, the fleece was not given to Athamas and Ino. The other people took it, for they said, "It is quite right that we should have it, to make up for all our trouble in helping to get it." So, with all their greediness, these wretched people remained as poor and as miserable as ever.

MEDEIA

FAR away in the Kolchian land, where her father Aiêtes was king, the wise maiden Medeia saw and loved Iason, who had come in the ship Argo to search for the golden fleece. To her Zeus had given a wise and cunning heart, and she had power over the hidden things of the earth, and nothing in the broad sea could withstand her might. She had spells to tame the monsters which vex the children of men, and to bring back youth to the wrinkled face and the tottering limbs of the old. But the spells of Eros were mightier still, and the wise maiden forgot her cunning as she looked on the fair countenance of Iason; and she said within herself that she would make him conqueror in his struggle for the golden fleece, and go with him to be his wife in the far-off western land. So King Aiêtes brought up in vain the fire-breathing bulls that they might scorch Iason as he ploughed the land with the dragon's teeth; and in vain from these teeth sprang up the harvest of armed men ready for strife and bloodshed. For Medeia had anointed the body of Iason with ointment, so that the fiery breath of the bulls hurt him not; and by her bidding he cast a stone among the armed men, and they fought with one another for the stone till all lay dead upon the ground. Still King Aiêtes would not give to him the golden fleece; and the heart of Iason was cast down till Medeia came to him and bade him follow her. Then she led him to a hidden dell where the dragon guarded the fleece, and she laid her spells on the monster and brought a heavy sleep upon his eyes, while Iason took the fleece and hastened to carry it on board the ship Argo.

So Medeia left her father's house, and wandered with Iason into many lands—to Iolkos, to Athens, and to Argos. And wherever she went, men marvelled at her for her wisdom and her beauty; but as they looked on

her fair face and listened to her gentle voice, they knew not the power of the maiden's wrath if any one should do her wrong. So she dwelt at Iolkos in the house of Pelias, who had sent forth Iason to look for the golden fleece, that he might not be king in his stead; and the daughters of Pelias loved the beautiful Medeia, for they dreamed not that she had sworn to avenge on Pelias the wrong which he had done to Iason. Craftily she told the daughters of Pelias of the power of her spells, which could tame the fire-breathing bulls, and lull the dragon to sleep, and bring back the brightness of youth to the withered cheeks of the old. And the daughters of Pelias said to her, "Our father is old, and his limbs are weak and tottering; show us how once more he can be made young." Then Medeia took a ram and cut it up, and put its limbs into a cauldron, and when she had boiled them on the hearth there came forth a lamb; and she said, "So shall your father be brought back again to youth and strength, if ye will do to him as I have done to the ram; and when the time is come, I will speak the words of my spell, and the change shall be accomplished." So the daughters of Pelias followed her counsel, and put the body of their father into the cauldron; and, as it boiled on the hearth, Medeia said, "I must go up to the housetop and look forth on the broad heaven, that I may know the time to speak the words of my charm." And the fire waxed fiercer and fiercer, but Medeia gazed on at the bright stars, and came not down from the housetop till the limbs of Pelias were consumed away.

Then a look of fierce hatred passed over her face, and she said, "Daughters of Pelias, ye have slain your father, and I go with Iason to the land of Argos." So thither she sped with him in her dragon chariot which bore them to the house of King Kreon.

Long time she abode in Argos, rejoicing in the love of Iason and at the sight of her children who were growing up in strength and beauty. But Iason cared less and less for the wise and cunning Medeia, for she seemed not to him as one of the daughters of men; and he loved more to look on Glaukê the daughter of the king, till at

last he longed to be free from the love and the power of Medeia.

Then men talked in Argos of the love of Iason for the beautiful Glaukê; and Medeia heard how he was going to wed another wife. Once more her face grew dark with anger, as when she left the daughters of Pelias mourning for their father; and she vowed a vow that Iason should repent of his great treachery. But she hid her anger within her heart, and her eye was bright and her voice was soft and gentle as she spake to Iason and said, "They tell me that thou art to wed the daughter of Kreon; I had not thought thus to lose the love for which I left my father's house and came with thee to the land of strangers. Yet do I chide thee not, for it may be thou canst not love the wise Kolchian maiden like the soft daughters of the Argive land; and yet thou knowest not altogether how I have loved thee. Go then and dwell with Glaukê, and I will send her a bright gift, so that thou mayest not forget the days that are past."

So Iason went away, well pleased that Medeia had spoken to him gently and upbraided him not; and presently his children came after him to the house of Kreon, and said, "Father, we have brought a wreath for Glaukê, and a robe which Hêlios gave to our mother Medeia before she came away with thee from the house of her father." Then Glaukê came forth eagerly to take the gifts; and she placed the glittering wreath on her head and wrapped the robe round her slender form. Like a happy child, she looked into a mirror to watch the sparkling of the jewels on her fair forehead, and sat down on the couch playing with the folds of the robe of Hêlios. But soon a look of pain passed over her face, and her eyes shone with a fiery light as she lifted her hand to take the wreath away; but the will of Medeia was accomplished, for the poison had eaten into her veins, and the robe clung with a deadly grasp to her scorched and wasted limbs. Through the wide halls ran the scream of her agony, as Kreon clasped his child in his arms. Then sped the poison through his veins also, and Kreon died with Glaukê.

Then Medeia went with her children to the housetop, and looked up to the blue heaven; and stretching forth her arms she said, "O Hêlios who didst give to me the wise and cunning heart, I have avenged me on Iason, even as once I avenged him on Pelias. Thou hast given me thy power; yet, it may be, I would rather have the lifelong love of the helpless daughters of men."

Presently her dragon chariot rose into the sky, and the people of Argos saw the mighty Medeia no more.

THESEUS

MANY a long year ago a little child was playing on the white sands of the bay of Troizen. His golden locks streamed in the breeze as he ran amongst the rippling waves which flung themselves lazily on the beach. Sometimes he clapped his hands in glee as the water washed over his feet, and he stopped again to look with wondering eyes at the strange things which were basking on the sunny shore, or gazed on the mighty waters which stretched away bright as a sapphire stone into the far distance. But presently some sadder thought troubled the child, for the look of gladness passed away from his face, and he went slowly to his mother, who sat among the weed-grown rocks, watching her child at play.

"Mother," said the boy, "I am very happy here, but may I not know to-day why I never see my father as other children do? I am not now so very young, and I think that you feel sometimes lonely, for your face looks sad and sorrowful as if you were grieving for some one who is gone away."

Fondly and proudly the mother looked on her boy, and smoothed the golden locks on his forehead, as she said, "My child, there is much to make us happy, and it may be that many days of gladness are in store for us both. But there is labour and toil for all, and many a hard task awaits thee, my son. Only have a brave heart, and turn away from all things mean and foul, and strength will be given thee to conquer the strongest enemy. Sit down then here by my side, and I will tell thee a tale which may make thee sad, but which must not make thee unhappy, for none can do good to others who waste their lives in weeping. Many summers have come and gone since the day when a stranger drew nigh to the house of my father Pittheus. The pale light of evening was fading from the sky; but we could see, by

his countenance and the strength of his stalwart form, that he was come of a noble race and could do brave deeds. When Pittheus went forth from the threshold to meet him, the stranger grasped his hand and said, "I come to claim the rights of our ancient friendship; for our enemies have grown too mighty for us, and Pandion my father rules no more in Athens. Here then let me tarry till I can find a way to punish the men who have driven away their king and made his children wanderers on the earth." So Aigeus sojourned in my father's house, and soon he won my love, and I became his wife. Swiftly and happily the days went by, and one thing only troubled me, and this was the thought that one day he must leave me, to fight with his enemies and place his father again upon his throne. But even this thought was forgotten for a while, when Aigeus looked on thee for the first time, and stretching forth his hands towards heaven, said, 'O Zeus, that dwellest in the dark cloud, look down on my child, and give him strength that he may be a better man than his father; and if thou orderest that his life shall be one of toil, still let him have the joy which is the lot of all who do their work with a cheerful heart and keep their hands from all defiling things.' Then the days passed by more quickly and happily than ever; but at last there came messengers from Athens, to tell him that the enemies of Pandion were at strife among themselves, and that the time was come that Aigeus should fight for his father's house. Not many days after this we sat here, watching thee at play among the weeds and flowers that climb among the rocks, when thy father put his arms gently round me and said, 'Aithra, best gift of all that the gods have ever given to me, I leave thee to go to my own land; and I know not what things may befall me there, nor whether I may return hither to take thee to dwell with me at Athens. But forget not the days that are gone, and faint not for lack of hope that we may meet again in the days that are coming. Be a brave mother to our child, that so he too may grow up brave and pure; and when he is old enough to know what he must do, tell him that

he is born of a noble race, and that he must one day fight stoutly to win the heritage of his fathers.' And now, my son, thou seest yonder rock, over which the wild briars have clambered. No hands have moved it since the day when thy father lifted it up and placed beneath it his sword and his sandals. Then he put back the stone as it was before, and said to me, 'When thou thinkest fit, tell our child that he must wait until he is able to lift this stone. Then must he put my sandals on his feet, and gird my sword on his side, and journey to the city of his forefathers.' From that day, my child, I have never seen thy father's face, and the time is often weary, although the memory of the old days is sweet and my child is by my side to cheer me with his love. So now thou knowest something of the task that lies before thee. Think of thy father's words, and make thyself ready for the toil and danger that may fall to thy lot in time to come."

The boy looked wistfully into his mother's face, and a strange feeling of love and hope and strength filled his heart, as he saw the tears start to her eyes when the tale was ended. His arms were clasped around her neck; but he said only, "Mother, I will wait patiently till I am strong enough to lift the stone; but before that time comes, perhaps my father may come back from Athens."

So for many a year more the days went by, and the boy Theseus grew up brave, truthful, and strong. None who looked upon him grudged him his beauty, for his gentleness left no room for envy; and his mother listened with a proud and glad heart to the words with which the people of the land told of his kindly deeds. At length the days of his youth were ended, but Aigeus came not back; and Theseus went to Aithra, and said, "The time is come, my mother; I must see this day whether I am strong enough to lift this stone." And Aithra answered gently, "Be it as thou wilt, and as the undying gods will it, my son." Then he went up to the rock, and nerved himself for a mighty effort, and the stone yielded slowly to his strength, and the sword and sandals lay before him. Presently he stood before Aithra, and to her it

seemed that the face of Theseus was as the face of one of the bright heroes who dwell in the halls of Zeus. A flush of glorious beauty lit up his countenance, as she girt the sword to his side and said, "The gods prosper thee, my son; and they will prosper thee, if thou livest in time to come as thou hast lived in the days that are gone."

So Theseus bade his mother farewell, there on the white sea-shore, where long ago he had asked her first to tell him of his name and kindred. Sadly, yet with a good hope, he set out on his journey. The blue sea lay before him, and the white sails of ships glistened as they danced on the heaving waters. But Theseus had vowed a vow that he would do battle with the evil-doers who filled the land with blood, and for terror of whom the travellers walked in by-ways. So at Epidauros he fought with the cruel Periphêtes, and smote him with his own club; and at the Megarian isthmus he seized the robber Sinis, and tare him to pieces between the trunks of pines, even as he had been wont to do with the wayfarers who fell into his hands. Then in the thickets of Krommyon he slew the huge sow that ravaged the fair cornfields, and on the borderland he fought a sore fight with Skiron, who plundered all who came in his path, and, making them wash his feet, hurled them, as they stooped, down the cliffs which hung over the surging sea. Even so did Theseus to him, and, journeying on to the banks of Kephîsos, stretched the robber Prokrustes on the bed on which he had twisted and tortured the limbs of his victims till they died.

Thus amid the joyous shoutings of the people whom he had set free, Theseus entered into the city of his fathers; and the rumour of him was brought to Aigeus the king. Then the memory of the days that were gone came back to Aigeus, and his heart smote him as he thought within himself that this must be the child of Aithra, whom he had left mourning on the shore of Troizen. But soon there was a strife in the city, for among the mightiest of the people were many who mocked at Theseus and said, "Who is this stranger that

men should exalt him thus, as though he came of the race of heroes? Let him show that he is the child of Aigeus, if he would win the heritage which he claims." So was Theseus brought before the king, and a blush of shame passed over the old man's face when he saw the sword and sandals which he had left beneath the great stone near the Troizenian shore. Few words only he spake of welcome, and none of love or kindness for his child or for the wife who still yearned for the love of the former days. Then, at his father's bidding, Theseus made ready to go forth once again on his path of toil, and he chafed not against the hard lot which had fallen to his portion. Only he said, "The love of a father would sweeten my labour; but my mother's love is with me still, and the battle is for right and for law."

So in after-times the minstrels sang of the glorious deeds of Theseus the brave and fair. They told how at the bidding of his father he went forth from the gates of Athens and smote the bull which ravaged the broad plains of Marathon, and how in the secret mazes of the labyrinth he smote the Minotauros. They sang of his exploits in the day when the Amâzons did battle with the men of Athens—how he went with Meleagros and his chieftains to the chase of the boar in Kalydon—how with the heroes in the ship Argo he brought back the golden fleece from Kolchis. They told how at the last he went down with Peirithoös his comrade into the gloomy kingdom of Hades and seized on the daughter of Démêtêr, to bring her to the land of living men. They sang of the fierce wrath of Hades when his lightnings burst forth and smote Peirithoös—of the dark prison-house where Theseus lay while many a rolling year went round, until at the last the mighty Herakles passed the borders of the shadowy land and set the captive free.

And so it was that, when the heroes had passed to the home of Zeus and the banquet of the gods, the glory of Theseus was as the glory of the brave son of Alkmênê who toiled for the false Eurystheus; and ever, in the days of feasting, the minstrels linked together the names of Herakles and of Theseus.

ARIADNE

THE soft western breeze was bearing a ship from the Athenian land to the fair haven of Gnosso; and the waters played merrily round the ship as it sped along the paths of the sea. But on board there were mournful hearts and weeping eyes, for the youths and maidens which that ship was bearing to Crete were to be the prey of the savage Minotauros. As they came near the harbour gates, they saw the people of King Minos crowded on the shore, and they wept aloud because they should no more look on the earth and on the sun as he journeyed through the heaven.

In that throng stood Ariadne the daughter of the king, and as she gazed on the youths and maidens who came out of the tribute ship, there passed before her one taller and fairer than all; and she saw that his eye alone was bright and his step firm, as he moved from the shore to go to the house of Minos. Presently they all stood before the king, and he saw that one alone gazed steadfastly upon him, while the eyes of all the rest were made dim with many tears. Then he said, "What is thy name?" The young man answered, "I am Theseus, the son of King Aigeus, and I have come as one of the tribute children; but I part not with my life till I have battled for it with all my strength. Wherefore send me first, I pray thee, that I may fight with Minotauros; for if I be the conqueror, then shall all these go back with me in peace to our own land." Then Minos said, "Thou shalt indeed go first to meet Minotauros; but think not to conquer him in the fight, for the flame from his mouth will scorch thee, and no mortal man may withstand his strength." And Theseus answered, "It is for man to do what best he may; the gods know for whom remains the victory."

But the gentle heart of Ariadne was moved with love

and pity as she looked on his fair face and his bright and fearless eye; and she said within herself, "I cannot kill the Minotauros or rob him of his strength, but I will guide Theseus so that he may reach the monster while sleep lies heavy upon him."

On the next day Theseus, the Athenian, was to meet the dreadful Minotauros who dwelt in the labyrinth of Gnosso. Far within its thousand twisted alleys was his den, where he waited for his prey, as they were brought each along the winding paths. But Ariadne talked in secret with Theseus in the still evening time, and she gave him a clue of thread, so that he might know how to come back out of the mazes of the labyrinth after he had slain the Minotauros; and when the moon looked down from heaven, she led him to a hidden gate, and bade him go forth boldly, for he should come to the monster's den while sleep lay heavy on his eyes. So when the morning came, the Minotauros lay lifeless on the ground; and there was joy and gladness in the great city of Gnosso, and Minos himself rejoiced that the youths and maidens might go back with Theseus in peace to Athens.

So once again they went into the ship, and the breeze blew softly to carry them to the homes which they had not thought to see again. But Theseus talked with Ariadne in the house of Minos, and the maiden wept as though some great grief lay heavy upon her; and Theseus twined his arm gently round her and said, "Fairest of maidens, thy aid hath saved me from death; but I care not now to live if I may not be with thee. Come with me, and I will lead thee to the happier land, where my father Aigeus is king. Come with me, that my people may see and love the maiden who rescued the tribute children from the savage Minotauros."

Then Ariadne went with him joyfully, for her own love made her think that Theseus loved her not less dearly. So she wept not as she saw the towers of Gnosso growing fainter and fainter while the ship sped over the dancing waters; and she thought only of the happy days which she should spend in the bright Athens

where Theseus should one day be king. Gaily the ship sped upon her way, and there was laughter and mirth among the youths and maidens who were going back to their home. And Theseus sat by the side of Ariadnê, speaking the words of a deeper love than in truth he felt, and fancying that he loved the maiden even as the maiden loved him. But while yet he gazed on the beautiful Ariadnê, the image of Aiglê came back to his mind, and the old love was wakened again in his heart. Onward sailed the ship, cleaving its way through the foaming waters, by the islands of Thêra and Amorgos, till the high cliffs of Naxos broke upon their sight.

The sun was sinking down into the sea when they came to its winding shores, and the seamen moored the ship to the land, and came forth to rest until the morning. There they feasted gaily on the beach, and Theseus talked with Ariadnê until the moon was high up in the sky. So they slept through the still hours of night; but when the sun was risen, Ariadnê was alone upon the sea-shore. In doubt and fear, she roamed along the beach, but she saw no one; and there was no ship sailing on the blue sea. In many a bay and nook she sought him, and she cried in bitter sorrow, "Ah, Theseus, Theseus, hast thou forsaken me?" Her feet were wounded by the sharp flints, her limbs were faint from very weariness, and her eyes were dim with tears. Above her rose the high cliffs like a wall, before her was spread the bright and laughing sea; and her heart sank within her, for she felt that she must die. "Ah, Theseus," she cried, "have I done thee wrong? I pitied thee in the time of thy sorrow and saved thee from thy doom; and then I listened to thy fair words, and trusted them as a maiden trusts when love is first awakened within her. Yet hast thou dealt me a hard requital. Thou art gone to happy Athens, and it may be thou thinkest already of some bright maiden who there has crossed thy path; and thou hast left me here to die for weariness and hunger. So would not I requite thee for a deed of love and pity."

Wearied and sad of heart, she sank down on the rock; and her long hair streamed over her fair shoulders. Her

hands were clasped around her knees, and the hot tears ran down her cheeks; and she knew not that there stood before her one fairer and brighter than the sons of men, until she heard a voice which said, "Listen to me, daughter of Minos. I am Dionysos, the lord of the feast and revel. I wander with light heart and the sweet sounds of laughter and song over land and sea; I saw thee aid Theseus when he went into the labyrinth to slay the Minotauros. I heard his fair words when he prayed thee to leave thy home and go with him to Athens. I saw him this morning, while yet the stars twinkled in the sky, arouse his men and sail away in his ship to the land of Aigeus; but I sought not to stay him, for, Ariadnê, thou must dwell with me. Thy love and beauty is a gift too great for Theseus; but thou shalt be the bride of Dionysos. Thy days shall be passed amidst feasts and banquets; and when thy life is ended here, thou shalt go with me to the homes of the undying gods, and men shall see the crown of Ariadnê in the heavens when the stars look forth at night from the dark sky. Nay, weep not, Ariadnê; thy love for Theseus hath been but the love of a day, and I have loved thee long before the black-sailed ship brought him from poor and rugged Athens." Then Ariadnê wept no more, and in the arms of Dionysos she forgot the false and cruel Theseus; so that among the matrons who thronged round the joyous wine-god the fairest and the most joyous was Ariadnê the daughter of Minos.

ARETHUSA

ON the heights of Mænalos the hunter Alpheios saw the maiden Arethusa as she wandered joyously with her companions over the green swelling downs where the heather spread out its pink blossoms to the sky. Onward she came, the fairest of all the band, until she drew nigh to the spot where Alpheios stood marvelling at the brightness of her beauty. Then, as she followed the winding path on the hillside, she saw his eye resting upon her, and her heart was filled with fear, for his dark face was flushed by the toil of the long chase and his torn raiment waved wildly in the breeze. And yet more was she afraid when she heard the sound of his rough voice, as he prayed her to tarry by his side. She lingered not to listen to his words, but with light foot she sped over hill and dale and along the bank of the river where it leaps down the mountain cliffs and winds along the narrow valleys.

Then Alpheios vowed a vow that the maiden should not escape him. "I will follow thee," he said, "over hill and dale, I will seek thee through rivers and seas; and where thou shalt rest, there will I rest also." Onward they sped, across the dark heights of Erymanthos and over the broad plains of Pisa, till the waters of the western sea lay spread out before them, dancing in the light of the midday sun. Then with arms outstretched, and with wearied limbs, Arethusa cried aloud and said, "O daughters of the gentle Okeanos, I have played with you on the white shore in the days of mirth and gladness; and now I come to your green depths. Save me from the hand of the wild huntsman." So she plunged beneath the waves of the laughing sea, and the daughters of Okeanos bare her gently downwards till she came to the coral caves where they sat listening to the sweet song of the waters. But there they suffered her not to rest, for

they said, "Yet further must thou flee, Arethusa; for Alpheios comes behind thee." Then in their arms they bare her gently beneath the depths of the sea, till they laid her down at last on the Ortygian shore of the Thrinakian land, as the sun was sinking down in the sky. Dimly she saw spread before her the blue hills, and she felt the soft breath of the summer breeze, as her eyes closed for weariness. Then suddenly she heard the harsh voice which scared her on the heights of Mænalos; and she tarried not to listen to his prayer. "Flee not away, Arethusa," said the huntsman Alpheios; "I mean not to harm thee; let me rest in thy love, and let me die for the beauty of thy fair face." But the maiden fled with a wild cry along the winding shore, and the light step of her foot left no print on the glistening sand. "Not thus shalt thou escape from my arms," said the huntsman Alpheios; and he stretched forth his hand to seize the maiden, as she drew nigh to a fountain whose waters flashed clear and bright in the light of the sinking sun. Then once again Arethusa called aloud on the daughters of Okeanos, and she said, "O friends, once more I come to your coral caves, for on earth there is for me no resting-place." So the waters closed over the maiden, and the image of heaven came down again on the bright fountain. Then a flush of anger passed over the face of Alpheios, as he said, "On earth thou hast scorned my love, O maiden; but my form shall be fairer in thy sight when I rest beside thee beneath the laughing waters." So over the huntsman Alpheios flowed the Ortygian stream; and the love of Arethusa was given to him in the coral caves where they dwell with the daughters of Okeanos.

TYRO

ON the banks of the fairest stream in all the land of Thessaly, the golden-haired Enîpeus wooed the maiden Tyro: with her he wandered in gladness of heart, following the path of the winding river, and talking with her of his love. And Tyro listened to his tender words, as day by day she stole away from the house of her father Salmôneus, to spend the livelong day on the banks of his beautiful stream.

But Salmôneus was full of rage when he knew that Tyro loved Anîpeus, and how she had become the mother of two fair babes. There was none to plead for Tyro and her helpless children; for her mother Alkidikê was dead, and Salmôneus had taken the iron-hearted Sidêro to be his wife. So he followed her evil counsels, and he said to Tyro, "Thy children must die, and thou must wed Kretheus, the son of the mighty Aiolos."

Then Tyro hastened in bitter sorrow to the banks of the stream, and her babes slept in her arms; and she stretched out her hands with a loud cry for aid, but Enîpeus heard her not, for he lay in his green dwelling far down beneath the happy waters. So she placed the babes amidst the thick rushes which grew along the banks, and she said, "O Enîpeus, my father says that I may no more see thy face; but to thee I give our children: guard them from the anger of Salmôneus, and it may be that in time to come they will avenge my wrongs."

There, nestled amid the tall reeds, the children slept, till a herdsman saw them as he followed his cattle along the shore. And Tyro went back in anguish of heart to the house of Salmôneus, but she would not have the love of Kretheus or listen to his words. Then Sidêro whispered again her evil counsels into the ear of Salmôneus, and he shut up Tyro, so that she might not see the light of the sun or hear the voice of man. He cut off the

golden locks that clustered on her fair cheeks; he clothed her in rough raiment, and bound her in fetters which gave her no rest by night or by day. So in her misery she pined away, and her body was wasted by hunger and thirst, because she would not become the wife of Kretheus. Then more and more she thought of the days when she listened to the words of Enipeus as she wandered with him by the side of the sounding waters; and she said within herself, "He heard me not when I called to him for help; but I gave him my children, and it may be that he has saved them from death; and if ever they see my face again, they shall know that I never loved any save Enipeus, who dwells beneath the stream."

So the years passed on, and Pelias and Neleus dwelt with the herdsman, and they grew up strong in body and brave of soul. But Enipeus had not forgotten the wrongs of Tyro, and he put it into the heart of her children to punish Sidêro for her evil counsels. So Sidêro died, and they brought out their mother from her dreary dungeon, and led her to the banks of the stream where she had heard the words of Enipeus in the former days. But her eyes were dim with long weeping, and the words of her children sounded strangely in her ears; and she said, "O my children, let me sink to sleep while I hear your voices, which sound to me like the voice of Enipeus." So she fell asleep and died, and they laid her body in the ground by the river's bank, where the waters of Enipeus made their soft music near her grave.

NARKISSOS

ON the banks of Kephîsos, Echo saw and loved the beautiful Narkissos; but the youth cared not for the maiden of the hills, and his heart was cold to the words of her love, for he mourned for his sister whom Hermes had taken away beyond the Stygian river. Day by day he sat alone by the stream side, sorrowing for the bright maiden whose life was bound up with his own, because they had seen the light of the sun in the selfsame day; and thither came Echo and sat down by his side, and sought in vain to win his love. "Look on me and see," she said; "I am fairer than the sister for whom thou dost mourn." But Narkissos answered her not, for he knew that the maiden would ever have something to say against his words. So he sat silent and looked down into the stream, and there he saw his own face in the clear water, and it was to him as the face of his sister for whom he pined away in sorrow; and his grief became less bitter as he seemed to see again her soft blue eye, and almost to hear the words which came from her lips. But the grief of Narkissos was too deep for tears, and it dried up slowly the fountain of his life. In vain the words of Echo fell upon his ears, as she prayed him to hearken to her prayer: "Ah, Narkissos, thou mournest for one who cannot heed thy sorrow, and thou carest not for her who longs to see thy face and hear thy voice for ever." But Narkissos saw still in the waters of Kephîsos the face of his twin sister, and still gazing at it he fell asleep and died. Then the voice of Echo was heard no more, for she sat in silence by his grave; and a beautiful flower came up close to it. Its white blossoms drooped over the banks of Kephîsos where Narkissos had sat and looked down into its clear water, and the people of the land called the plant after his name.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDIKE

IN the pleasant valleys of a country which was called Thessaly, there lived a man whose name was Orpheus. Every day he made soft music with his golden harp, and sang beautiful songs such as no one had ever heard before. And whenever Orpheus sang, then everything came to listen to him, and the trees bowed down their heads to hear; and even the clouds sailed along more gently and brightly in the sky when he sang, and the stream which ran close to his feet made a softer noise, to show how glad his music made it.

Now Orpheus had a wife who was called Eurydikê, whom he loved very dearly. All through the winter when the snow was on the hills, and all through the summer when the sunshine made everything beautiful, Orpheus used to sing to her; and Eurydikê sat on the grass by his side while the beasts came round to listen, and the trees bowed down their heads to hear him.

But one day when Eurydikê was playing with some children on the bank of the river, she trod upon a snake in the long grass, and the snake bit her. And by and by she began to be very sick, and Eurydikê knew that she must die. So she told the children to go to Orpheus (for he was far away) and say how sorry she was to leave him, and that she loved him always very dearly; and then she put her head down upon the soft grass, and fell asleep and died. Sad indeed was Orpheus when the children came to tell him that Eurydikê was dead. He felt so wretched that he never played upon his golden harp, and he never opened his lips to sing; and the beasts that used to listen to him wondered why Orpheus sat all alone on the green bank where Eurydikê used to sit with him, and why it was that he never made any more of his beautiful music. All day long he sat there,

and his cheeks were then wet with his tears. At last he said, "I cannot stay here any more; I must go and look for Eurydikê. I cannot bear to be without her, and perhaps the king of the land where people go after they are dead will let her come back and live with me again."

So he took his harp in his hand, and went to look for Eurydikê in the land which is far away, where the sun goes down into his golden cup before the night comes on. And he went on and on a very long way, till at last he came to a high and dark gateway. It was barred across with iron bars, and it was bolted and locked so that nobody could open it. It was a wretched and gloomy place, because the sunshine never came there, and it was covered with clouds and mist. In front of this great gateway there sat a monstrous dog, with three heads, and six eyes, and three tongues; and everything was dark around, except his eyes, which shone like fire, and which saw every one that dared to come near. Now when Orpheus came looking for Eurydikê, the dog raised his three heads, and opened his three mouths, and gnashed his teeth at him, and roared terribly; but when Orpheus came nearer, the dog jumped up upon his feet and got himself ready to fly at him and tear him to pieces. Then Orpheus took down his harp and began to play upon its golden strings. And the dog Kerberos (for that was his name) growled and snarled and showed the great white teeth which were in his three mouths; but he could not help hearing the sweet music, and he wondered why it was that he did not wish any more to tear Orpheus in pieces. Very soon the music made him quiet and still, and at last lulled him to sleep; and only his heavy breathing told that there was any dog there. So when Kerberos had gone to sleep, Orpheus passed by him and came up to the gate, and he found it wide open, for it had come open of its own accord while he was singing. And he was glad when he saw this, for he thought that now he should see Eurydikê.

So he went on and on a long way, until he came to the palace of the king; and there were guards placed before the door who tried to keep him from going in; but

Orpheus played upon his harp, and then they could not help letting him go.

So he went into the great hall, where he saw the king and queen sitting on a throne; and as Orpheus came near, the king called out to him with a loud and terrible voice, "Who are you, and how dare you to come here? Do you not know that no one is allowed to come here till after they are dead? I will have you chained and placed in a dungeon, from which you will never be able to get out." Then Orpheus said nothing; but he took his golden harp in his hand and began to sing more sweetly and gently than ever, because he knew that, if he liked to do so, the king could let him see Eurydikê again. And as he sang, the face of the king began to look almost glad, and his anger passed away, and he began to feel how much happier it must be to be gentle and loving than to be angry and cruel. Then the king said, "You have made me feel happy with your sweet music, although I have never felt happy before; and now tell me why you have come, because you must want something or other, for, otherwise, no one would come, before he was dead, to this sad and gloomy land of which I am the king." Then Orpheus said, "O king, give me back my dear Eurydikê, and let her go from this gloomy place and live with me on the bright earth again." So the king said that she should go. And the king said to Orpheus, "I have given you what you wanted, because you sang so sweetly; and when you go back to the earth from this place, your wife whom you love shall go up after you: but remember that you must never look back until she has reached the earth, for if you do, Eurydikê will be brought back here, and I shall not be able to give her to you again, even if you should sing more sweetly and gently than ever."

Now Orpheus was longing to see Eurydikê, and he hoped that the king would let him see her at once; but when the king said that he must not try to see her till she had reached the earth, he was quite content, for he said, "Shall I not wait patiently a little while, that Eurydikê may come and live with me again?" So he

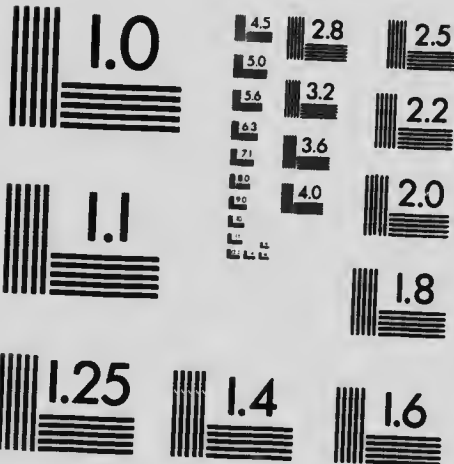
promised the king that he would go up to the earth without stopping to look behind and see whether Eurydikê was coming after him.

Then Orpheus went away from the palace of the king, and he passed through the dark gateway, and the dog Kerberos did not bark or growl, for he knew that Orpheus would not have been allowed to come back if the king had not wished it. So he went on and on a long way; and he became impatient, and longed more and more to see Eurydikê. At last he came near to the land of living men, and he saw just a little streak of light, where the sun was going to rise from the sea; and presently the sky became brighter, and he saw everything before him so clearly that he could not help turning round to look at Eurydikê. But, ah! she had not yet quite reached the earth, and so now he lost her again. He just saw something pale and white, which looked like his own dear wife; and he just heard a soft and gentle voice, which sounded like the voice of Eurydikê, and then it all melted away. And still he thought that he saw that pale white face, and heard that soft and gentle voice, which said, "O Orpheus, Orpheus, why did you look back? How dearly I love you, and how glad I should have been to live with you again; but now I must go back, because you have broken your promise to the king, and I must not even kiss you, and say how much I love you."

And Orpheus sat down at the place where Eurydikê was taken away from him; and he could not go on any further, because he felt so miserable. There he stayed day after day, and his cheek became more pale, and his body weaker and weaker, till at last he knew that he must die. And Orpheus was not sorry; for although he loved the bright earth, with all its flowers and soft grass and sunny streams, he knew that he could not be with Eurydikê again until he had left it. So at last he laid his head upon the earth, and fell asleep, and died: and then he and Eurydikê saw each other in the land which is far away, where the sun goes down at night into his golden cup, and were never parted again.



(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

KADMOS AND EUROPA

IN a beautiful valley in Phœnicia, a long time ago, two children, named Kadmos and Europa, lived with their mother Téléphassa. They were good and happy children, and full of fun and merriment. It was a very lovely place in which they lived, where there were all sorts of beautiful trees with fruits and flowers. The oranges shone like gold among the dark leaves, and great bunches of dates hung from the tall palm-trees which bowed their heads as if they were asleep; and there was a delicious smell from the lime groves, and from many fruits and flowers which are never seen in England, but which blossom and ripen under the hot sun in Syria.

So the years went, and one day, as they were playing about by the side of the river, there came into the field a beautiful white bull. He was quite white all over—as white as the whitest snow; there was not a single spot or speck on any part of his body. And he came and lay down on the green grass, and remained still and quiet. So they went nearer and nearer to the bull; and the bull did not move, but looked at them with his large eyes as if he wished to ask them to come and play with him; and at last they came to the place where the bull was. Then Kadmos thought that he would be very brave, so he put out his hand, and began to pat the bull on his side; and the bull only made a soft sound to show how glad he was. Then Europa put out her hand, and stroked him on the face, and laid hold of his white horn, and the bull rubbed his face gently against her dress. So by and by Kadmos thought that it would be pleasant to have a ride on the back of the bull; and he got on, and the bull rose up from the ground, and went slowly round the field with Kadmos on his back, and just for a minute or two Kadmos felt frightened; but when he saw how well and safely the bull carried him, he was not afraid any more. So they

played with the bull until the sun sank down behind the hills, and then they hastened home.

When they reached the house, they ran quickly to Téléphassa, and said to her, "Only think, we have been playing in the field with a beautiful white bull." And Téléphassa was glad that they had been so happy; but she would not have been so glad if she had known what the bull was going to do.

Now the next day while Europa was on its back, the bull began to trot quickly away; but Kadmos thought he was only trotting away for fun. So he ran after him, and cried out to make him stop. But the faster that Kadmos ran, the bull ran faster still, and then Kadmos saw that the bull was running away with his sister Europa. Away the bull flew, all along the bank of the river, and up the steep hill and down into the valley on the other side; and then he scoured along the plain beneath. And Kadmos watched his white body, which shone like silver as he dashed through the small bushes and the long waving grass and the creeping plants which were trailing about all over the ground, till at last the white body of the bull looked only like a little speck, and then Kadmos could see it no more.

Very wretched was Kadmos when his sister was taken away from him in this strange way. His eyes were full of tears so that he could scarcely see; but still he kept on looking and looking in the way that the bull had gone, and hoping that he would bring his sister back by and by. But the sun sank lower and lower in the sky, and then Kadmos saw him go down behind the hills: and he knew now that the bull would not come again; and then he began to weep bitterly. He hardly dared to go home and tell Téléphassa what had happened; and yet he knew that he ought to tell her. So he went home slowly and sadly; and Téléphassa saw him coming alone, and she began to be afraid that something had happened to Europa; and when she came up to him Kadmos could scarcely speak. At last he said, "The bull has run away with Europa." Then Téléphassa asked him where he had gone; and Kadmos said that he did not know. But

Téléphassa said, "Which way did he go?" and then Kadmos told her that the bull had run away towards the land of the West, where the sun goes down into his golden cup. Then Téléphassa said that they too must get up early in the morning and go towards the land of the West, and see if they could find Europa again.

That night they hardly slept at all; and their cheeks were pale and wet with their tears. And before the sun rose, and while the stars still glimmered in the pale light of the morning, they got up and went on their journey to look for Europa. Far away they went: along the valleys and over the hills, across the rivers and through the woods, and they asked every one whom they met if they had seen a white bull with a girl upon its back. But no one had seen anything of the kind, and many people thought that Kadmos and Téléphassa were silly to ask such a question, for they said, "Girls do not ride on the backs of bulls; you cannot be telling us the truth." So they went on and on, asking every one, but hearing nothing about her; and as they journeyed, sometimes they saw the great mountains rising up high into the sky, with their tops covered with snow, and shining like gold in the light of the setting sun; sometimes they rested on the bank of a great broad river, where the large white lilies lay floating and sleeping on the water, and where the palm-trees waved their long branches above their heads. Sometimes they came to a waterfall, where the water sparkled brightly as it rushed over the great stones. And whenever they came to these beautiful places, Kadmos would say to Téléphassa, "How we should have enjoyed staying here if Europa were with us: but we do not care to stay here now; we must go on looking for her everywhere." So they went on and on till they came to the sea, and then they wondered how they could get across it, for it was a great deal wider than any river which they had seen. At last they found a place where the sea was narrow; and here a boatman took them across in his boat, just where little Hellê had been drowned when she fell off the back of the ram that was carrying her and her brother away to Kolchis. So

Téléphassa and Kadmos crossed over Hellespontos, which means the Sea of Hellê; and they went on and on, over mountains and hills and rocks, and wild gloomy places, till they came to the sunny plains of Thessaly. And still they asked every one about Europa; but they found no one who had seen her. And Kadmos saw that his mother was getting weak and thin, and that she could not walk now as far and as quickly as she had done when they had set out from home to look for his sister. So he asked her to rest for a little while. But Téléphassa said, "We must go on, Kadmos; for if we do, perhaps we may still find Europa." So they went on, until at last Téléphassa felt that she could not go any further. And she said to Kadmos, "I am very tired, and I do not think I shall be able to walk any more with you; I must lie down and go to sleep here, and perhaps, Kadmos, I may not wake again. But if I die while I am asleep, then you must go on by yourself and look for Europa, for I am quite sure that you will find her some day, although I shall not be with you. And when you see your sister, tell her how I longed to find her again, and how much I loved her always. And now, my child, I must go to sleep; and if I do not wake up any more, then I trust that we shall all see each other again one day, in a land which is brighter and happier than even the land in which we used to live before your sister was taken away from us."

So when she had said this, Téléphassa fell asleep, just as the daylight was going away from the sky, and when the bright round moon rose up slowly from behind the dark hill. All night long Kadmos watched by her side; and when the morning came, he saw that Téléphassa had died while she was asleep. Her face was quite still, and Kadmos knew by the happy smile which was on it that she had gone to the bright land to which good people go when they are dead. Kadmos was very sorry to be parted from his mother; but he was not sorry that now she could not feel tired or sorrowful any more. So Kadmos placed his mother's body in the ground; and very soon all kinds of flowers grew up upon her grave.

But Kadmos had gone on to look for his sister Europa: and presently he met a shepherd who was leading his flock of sheep. He was very beautiful to look at. His face shone as bright almost as the sun. He had a golden harp, and a golden bow, and arrows in a golden quiver; and his name was Phœbus Apollo. And Kadmos went up to him and said, "Have you seen my sister Europa? a white bull ran away with her on his back. Can you tell me where I may find her?" And Phœbus Apollo said, "I have seen your sister Europa, but I cannot tell you yet where she is: you must go on a great way further still, till you come to a town which is called Delphi, under a great mountain named Parnassus; and there perhaps you may be able to find out something about her. But when you have seen her you must not stay there; because I wish you to build a city, and become a king, and be wise and strong and good. You and Europa must follow a beautiful cow that I shall send, till it lies down upon the ground to rest; and the place where the cow shall lie down shall be the place where I wish you to build the city."

So Kadmos went on and on till he came to the town of Delphi, which lay beneath the great mountain called Parnassus. And there he saw a beautiful temple with white marble pillars, which shone brightly in the light of the early morning. And Kadmos went into the temple; and there he saw his dear sister Europa. And Kadmos said, "Europa, is it you indeed? How glad I am to find you." Then Europa told Kadmos how the bull had brought her and left her there a long time ago, and how sorry she had been that she could not tell Téléphassa where she was. Then she said to Kadmos, "How pale and thin and weak you look; tell me how it is you are come alone, and when shall I see our dear mother?" Then his eyes became full of tears, and Kadmos said, "We shall never see our mother again in this world. She has gone to the happy land where good people go when they are dead. She was so tired with seeking after you that at last she could not come any further, and she lay down and fell asleep, and never

waked up again. But she said that when I saw you, I must tell you how she longed to see you, and how she hoped that we should all live together one day in the land to which she has gone before us. And now, Europa, we must not stay here: for I met a shepherd whose name is Phœbus Apollo. He had a golden harp and a golden bow, and his face shone like the sun: and he told me that we must follow a beautiful cow which he would send, and build a city in that place where the cow shall lie down to rest."

So Europa left Delphi with her brother Kadmos: and when they had gone a little way, they saw a cow lying down on the grass. But when they came near, the cow got up, and began to walk in front of them: and then they knew that this was the cow which Phœbus Apollo had sent. So they followed the cow; and it went on and on, a long way, and at last it lay down to rest on a large plain; and Kadmos knew then that this was the place where he must build the city. And there he built a great many houses, and the city was called Thebes. And Kadmos became the king of Thebes, and his sister Europa lived there with him. He was a wise and good king, and ruled his people justly and kindly. And by and by Kadmos and Europa both fell asleep and died; and then they saw their mother Téléphassa in the happy land to which good people go when they are dead, and were never parted from her any more.

BELLEROPHON

THE minstrels sang of the beauty and the great deeds of Bellerophôn through all the land of Argos. His arm was strong in the battle; his feet were swift in the chase; and his heart was pure as the pure heart of Artemis and Athênê. None that were poor and weak and wretched feared the might of Bellerophôn. To them the sight of his beautiful form brought only joy and gladness; but the proud and boastful, the slanderer and the robber, dreaded the glance of his keen eye. But the hand of Zeus lay heavy upon Bellerophôn. He dwelt in the halls of King Prœtos, and served him even as Herakles served the mean and crafty Eurystheus. For many long years Bellerophôn knew that he must obey the bidding of a man weaker than himself; but his soul failed him not, and he went forth to his long toil with a heart strong as the sun when he rises in his strength, and pure as the heart of a little child.

But Anteia, the wife of King Prœtos, saw day by day the beauty of Bellerophôn, and she would not turn away her eye from his fair face. Every day he seemed to her to be more and more like to the bright heroes who feast with the gods in the halls of high Olympus; and her heart became filled with love, and she sought to beguile Bellerophôn by her enticing words. But he hearkened not to her evil prayer, and heeded not her tears and sighs; so her love was turned to wrath, and she vowed a vow that Bellerophôn should suffer a sore vengeance, because he would not hear her prayer. Then in her rage she went to King Prœtos and said, "Bellerophôn, thy slave, hath sought to do me wrong, and to lead me astray by his crafty words. Long time he strove with me to win my love; but I would not hearken to him. Therefore let thine hand lie more heavy upon him than in time past, for the evil that he hath done; and slay him before my

face." Then was Prætos also full of anger; but he feared to slay Bellerophôn, lest he should bring on himself the wrath of Zeus his father. So he took a tablet of wood, and on it he drew grievous signs of toil and war, of battles and death, and gave it to Bellerophôn to carry to the far-off Lykian land, where the father of Anteia was king; and as he bade him farewell, he said, "Show this tablet to the king of Lykia, and he will recompense thee for all thy good deeds which thou hast done for me and for the people of Argos."

So Bellerophôn went forth on his long wandering, and dreamed not of the evil that was to befall him by the wicked craft of Anteia. On and on he journeyed towards the rising of the sun, till he came to the country of the Lykians. Then he went to the house of the king, who welcomed him with rich banquets and feasted him for nine days; and on the tenth day he sought to know wherefore Bellerophôn had come to the Lykian land. Then Bellerophôn took the tablet of Prætos and gave it to the king, who saw on it grievous signs of toil and woe, of battles and death. Presently the king spake and said, "There are great things which remain for thee to do, Bellerophôn; but when thy toil is over, high honour awaits thee here and in the homes of the bright heroes."

The king sent him forth to slay the terrible Chimæra, which had the face of a lion with a goat's body and a dragon's tail. Then Bellerophôn journeyed yet further towards the rising of the sun, till he came to the pastures where the winged horse Pegasus, the child of Gorgo with the snaky hair, was feeding; and he knew that if he could tame the steed he should then be able to conquer the fierce Chimæra. Long time he sought to seize on Pegasus; but the horse snorted wildly and tore up the ground in his fury, till Bellerophôn sank wearied on the earth and a deep sleep weighed down his eyelids. Then, as he slept, Pallas Athênê came and stood by his side, and cheered him with her brave words, and gave him a philtre which should tame the wild Pegasus. When Bellerophôn awoke, the philtre was in his hand, and he

knew now that he should accomplish the task which the Lykian king had given him to do. So, by the help of Athênê, he mounted the winged Pegasos and smote the Chimæra, and struck off its head; and with it he went back, and told the king of all that had befallen him. But the king was filled with rage, for he thought not to see the face of Bellerophôn again; and he charged him to go forth and do battle with the mighty Solymi and the fair Amâzons. Then Bellerophôn went forth again, for he dreamed not of guile and falsehood, and he dreaded neither man nor beast which might meet him in open battle.

Long time he fought with the Solymi and the Amâzons, until all his enemies shrank from the stroke of his mighty arm, and sought for mercy. Glad of heart, Bellerophôn departed to carry his spoils to the home of the Lykian king; but as he drew nigh to it and was passing through a narrow dell where the thick brushwood covered the ground, fifty of the mightiest of the Lykians rushed upon him with fierce shoutings, and sought to slay him. At the first, Bellerophôn withheld his hands, and said, "Lykian friends, I have feasted in the halls of your king, and eaten of his bread; surely ye are not come hither to slay me." But they shouted the more fiercely, and hurled their spears at Bellerophôn; so he stretched forth his hand in the greatness of his strength, and did battle for his life until all the Lykians lay dead before him.

Weary in body and sad of heart, Bellerophôn entered the hall where the king was feasting with his chieftains. And the king knew that Bellerophôn could not have come thither unless he had first slain all the warriors whom he had sent forth to lie in wait for him. But he dissembled his wrath, and said, "Welcome, Bellerophôn, bravest and mightiest of the sons of men. Thy toils are done, and the time of rest is come for thee. Thou shalt wed my daughter, and share with me my kingly power."

Then the minstrels praised the deeds of Bellerophôn, and there was feasting for many days when he wedded

the daughter of the king. But not yet was his doom accomplished; and once again the dark cloud gathered round him, laden with woe and suffering. Far away from his Lykian home, the wrath of Zeus drove him to the western land where the sun goes down into the sea. His heart was brave and guileless still, as in the days of his early youth; but the strength of his arm was weakened, and the light of his eye was now dim. Sometimes the might was given back to his limbs, and his face shone with its ancient beauty; and then, again, he wandered on in sadness and sorrow, as a man wanders in a strange path through the dark hours of night, when the moon is down. And so it was that when Bellerophón reached the western sea, he fell asleep and died, and the last sight which he saw before his eyes were closed was the red glare of the dying sun as he broke through the barred clouds and plunged beneath the sea.

ALTHAIA AND THE BURNING BRAND

THERE was feasting in the halls of Oineus the chieftain of Kalydon in the Ætolian land, and all prayed for wealth and glory for the chief, and for his wife Althaia, and for the child who had on that day been born to them. And Oineus besought the king of gods and men with rich offerings, that his son Meleagros might win a name greater than his own, that he might grow up stout of heart and strong of arm, and that in time to come men might say, "Meleagros wrought mighty works and did good deeds to the people of the land."

But the mighty Moirai, whose word even Zeus himself may not turn aside, had fixed the doom of Meleagros. The child lay sleeping in his mother's arms, and Althaia prayed that her son might grow up brave and gentle, and be to her a comforter in the time of age and the hour of death. Suddenly, as she spake, the Moirai stood before her. There was no love or pity in their cold grey eyes, and they looked down with stern unchanging faces on the mother and her child, and one of them said, "The brand burns on the hearth: when it is burnt wholly, thy child shall die." But love is swifter than thought; and the mother snatched the burning brand from the fire, and quenched its flame in water; and she placed it in a secret place where no hand but her own might reach it.

So the child grew, brave of heart and sturdy of limb, and ever ready to hunt the wild beasts or to go against the cities of men. Many great deeds he did in the far-off Kolchian land, when the chieftains sailed with Athamas and Ino to take away the golden fleece from King Aiêtes. But there were greater things for him to do when he came again to Kalydon, for his father Oineus had roused the wrath of the mighty Artemis. There was rich banqueting in his great hall when his harvest was ingathered and Zeus and all the other gods

feasted on the fat burnt-offerings; but no gift was set apart for the virgin child of Lêtô. Soon she requited the wrong to Oineus, and a savage boar was seen in the land, which tare up the fruit-trees, and destroyed the seed in the ground, and trampled on the green corn as it came up. None dared to approach it, for its mighty tusks tare everything that crossed its path. Long time the chieftains took counsel what they should do, until Meleagros said, "I will go forth: who will follow me?" Then from Kalydon and from the cities and lands round about came mighty chieftains and brave youths, even as they had hastened to the ship Argo when they sought to win the golden fleece from Kolchis. With them came the Kourêtes who live in Pleurôn, and among them were seen Kastor and Polydeukês the twin brethren, and Theseus with his comrade Peirithoôs, and Iason and Admêtos. But more beautiful than all was Atalantê, the daughter of Schoineus, a stranger from the Arcadian land. Much the chieftains sought to keep her from the chase, for the maiden's arm was strong, and her feet swift, and her aim sure; and they liked not that she should come from a far country to share their glory or take away their name. But Meleagros loved the fair and brave maiden; and he said, "If she go not to the chase, neither will I go with you." So they suffered her, and the chase began. At first the boar fled, trampling down those whom he chanced to meet, and rending them with his tusks; but at length he stood fiercely at bay, and fought furiously, and many of the hunters fell, until at length the spear of Atalantê pierced his side, and then Meleagros slew him.

Then was there great gladness as they dragged the body of the boar to Kalydon, and made ready to divide the spoil. But the anger of Artemis was not yet soothed; and she roused a strife between the men of Pleurôn and the men of Kalydon. For Meleagros sought to have the head, and the Kourêtes of Pleurôn cared not to take the hide only for their portion. So the strife grew hot between them, until Meleagros slew the chieftain of the Kourêtes, who was the brother of Althaia his mother.

Then he seized the head of the boar, and bare it to Atalantê, and said, "Take, maiden, the spoils that are rightly thine. From thy spear came the first wound which smote down the boar; and well hast thou earned the prize for the fleetness of thy foot and the sureness of thy aim."

So Atalantê took the spoils and carried them to her home in the Arcadian land; but the men of Pleurôn were full of wrath, and they made war on the men of Kalydon. Many times they fought, but in every battle the strong arm of Meleagros and his stout heart won the victory for the men of his own city; and the Kourêtes began to grow faint in spirit, so that they quailed before the spear and sword of Meleagros. But presently Meleagros was seen no more with his people, and his voice was no longer heard cheering them on to the battle. No more would he take lance in hand or lift up his shield for the strife, but he tarried in his own house by the side of the beautiful Kleopatra, whom Idas her father gave to him to be his wife.

For the heart of his mother was filled with grief and rage when she heard the story of the deadly strife, and that Meleagros, her child, had slain her brother. In heavy wrath and sorrow she sat down upon the earth, and she cast the dust from the ground into the air, and with wild words called on Hades, the unseen king, and Persephonê who shares his dark throne: "Lord of the lands beneath the earth, stretch forth thy hand against Meleagros my child. He has quenched the love of a mother in my brother's blood, and I will that he should die." And even as she prayed, the awful Erînyes, which wanders through the air, heard her words and swore to accomplish the doom. But Meleagros was yet more wrathful when he knew that his mother had laid her curse upon him; and therefore he would not go forth out of his chamber to the aid of his people in the war.

So the Kourêtes grew more and more mighty; and their warriors came up against the city of Kalydon, and would no longer suffer the people to come without the walls. And everywhere there was faintness of heart and

grief of spirit, for the enemy had wasted their fields and slain the bravest of the men, and little store remained to them of food. Day by day Oineus besought his son, and the great men of the city fell at the knees of Meleagros and prayed him to come out to their help, but he would not hearken. Still he tarried in his chamber with his wife Kleopatra by his side, and heeded not the hunger and the wailings of the people. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the roar of war; the loosened stones rolled from the tottering wall, and the battered gates were scarce able to keep out the enemy. Then Kleopatra fell at her husband's knee, and she took him by the hand, and called him gently by his name, and said, "O Meleagros, if thou wilt think of thy wrath, think also of the evils which war brings with it—how, when a city is taken, the men are slain, and the mother with her child, the old and the young, are borne away into slavery. If the men of Pleurôn win the day, thy mother may repent her of the curse which she has laid upon thee; but thou wilt see thy children slain and me a slave." Then Meleagros started from his couch and seized his spear and shield. He spake no word, but hastened to the walls; and soon the Kourêtes fell back before the spear which never missed its mark. Then he gathered the warriors of his city, and bade them open the gates, and went forth against the enemy. Long and dreadful was the battle, but at length the Kourêtes turned and fled, and the danger passed away from the men of Kalydon.

But the Moirai still remembered the doom of the burning brand, and the un pitying Erînyes had not forgotten the curse of Althaia; and they moved the men of Kalydon to withhold the prize of his good deeds from the chieftain Meleagros. "He came not forth," they said, "save at the prayer of his wife. He hearkened not when we besought him; he heeded not our misery and tears: why should we give him that which he did not win from any love for us?" So his people were angry with Meleagros, and his spirit grew yet more bitter within him. Once again he lay within his chamber, and his spear and shield hung idle on the wall; and it pleased him more to

listen the whole day long to the soft words of Kleopatra, than to be doing brave and good deeds for the people of his land.

Then the heart of his mother Althaia was more and more turned away from him, so that she said in bitterness of spirit, "What good shall his life now do to me?" and she brought forth the half-burnt brand from its secret place, and cast it on the hearth. Suddenly it burst into a flame, and suddenly the strength of Meleagros began to fail as he lay in the arms of Kleopatra. "My life is wasting within me," he said; "clasp me closer in thine arms; let others lay a curse upon me, so only I die rejoicing in thy love." Weaker and weaker grew his failing breath, but still he looked with loving eyes on the face of Kleopatra, and his spirit went forth with a sigh of gladness, as the last spark of the brand flickered out upon the hearth.

Then was there grief and sorrow in the house of Oineus and through all the city of Kalydon, but they wept and mourned in vain. They thought now of his good deeds, his wise counsels, and his mighty arm; but in vain they bewailed the death of their chieftain in the glory of his age. Yet deeper and more bitter was the sorrow of Althaia, for the love of a mother came back to her heart when the Moirai had accomplished the doom of her child. And yet more bitterly sorrowed his wife Kleopatra, and yearned for the love which had been torn away from her. There was no more joy within the halls of Oineus, for the Erînyes had done her task well. Soon Althaia followed her child to the unknown land, and Kleopatra went forth with joy to meet Meleagros in the dark kingdom of Hades and Persephonê.

IAMOS

ON the banks of Alpheios, Evadnê watched over her new-born babe, till she fled away because she feared the wrath of Aipytos, who ruled in Phaisana. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she prayed to Phœbus Apollo who dwells at Delphi, and said, "Lord of the bright day, look on thy child, and guard him when he lies forsaken, for I may no longer tarry near him." So Evadnê fled away; and Phœbus sent two serpents, who fed the babe with honey as he lay amid the flowers which clustered round him. And ever more and more, through all the land went forth the saying of Phœbus, that the child of Evadnê should grow up mighty in wisdom and in the power of telling the things that should happen in the time to come. Then Aipytos asked of all who dwelt in his house to tell him where he might find the son of Evadnê. But they knew not where the child lay, for the serpents had hidden him far away in a thicket, where the wild flowers sheltered him from wind and heat.

Long time they searched amid the reeds which clothe the banks of Alpheios, until at last they found the babe lying on a bed of violets. So Aipytos took the child and called his name Iamos, and he grew up brave and wise of heart, pondering well the signs of coming grief and joy, and the tokens of hidden things which he saw in the heaven above him or on the wide earth beneath. He spake but little to the youths and maidens who dwelt in the house of Aipytos, but he wandered on the bare hills or by the stream side, musing on many things. And so it came to pass that one night, when the stars glimmered softly in the sky, Iamos plunged beneath the waters of Alpheios, and prayed to Phœbus who dwells at Delphi, and to Poseidon, the lord of the broad sea; and he besought them to open his eyes, that he might

reveal to the sons of men the things which of themselves they could not see. Then they led him away to the high rocks which look down on the plain of Pisa, and they said, "Look yonder, child of Evadnê, where the white stream of Alpheios winds its way gently to the sea. Here, in the days which are to come, Herakles, the son of the mighty Zeus, shall gather together the sons of Hellen, and give them in the solemn games the mightiest of all bonds; hither shall they come to know the will of Zeus, and here shall it be thy work and the work of thy children to read to them the signs which of themselves they cannot understand." Then Phœbus Apollo touched his ears, and straightway the voices of the birds spake to him clearly of the things which were to come, and he heard their words as a man listens to the speech of his friend. So Iamos prospered exceedingly, for the men of all the Argive land sought aid from his wisdom, and laid rich gifts at his feet. And he taught his children after him to speak the truth and to deal justly, so that none envied their great wealth, and all men spake well of the wise children of Iamos.

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TALES OF THE TROJAN WAR

CENONE

THERE was sorrow, instead of gladness, in the halls of Priam, because a son was born unto him, and because the lady Hekabê had dreamed a dream, from which the seers knew that the child should bring ruin on the Ilian land. So his mother looked with cold unloving eyes on the babe as he lay weak and helpless in his cradle; and Priam bade them take the child and leave him on rugged Ida, for the fountain of his love was closed against him.

For five days the dew fell on the babe by night, and the sun shone fiercely on him by day, as he lay on the desolate hillside; and the shepherd who placed him there to sleep the sleep of death looked upon the child and said, "He sleeps as babes may slumber on silken couches; the gods will it not that he should die." So he took him to his home, and the child grew up with ruddy cheek and nimble feet, brave and hardy, so that none might be matched with him for strength and beauty. The fierce wolves came not near the flocks while Paris kept guard near the fold; the robber lurked not near the homestead when Paris sate by the hearth. So all sang of his strength and his great deeds; and they called him Alexandros, the helper of men.

Many years he tended the flocks on woody Ida; but Priam his father dwelt in Ilion, and thought not to see his face again; and he said within himself, "Surely my child is long since dead, and no feast has been given to the gods that Paris may dwell in peace in the dark kingdom of Hades." Then he charged his servants to fetch him a bull from the herd, which might be given to the man who should conquer in the games; and they chose out one which Paris loved above all others that he drove out to pasture. So he followed the servants of Priam in grief and anger, and he stood forth and strove with his brethren in the games; and in all of them Paris

was the conqueror. Then one of his brothers was moved with wrath, and lifted up his sword against him; but Paris fled to the altar of Zeus, and the voice of Kasandra his sister was heard saying, "O blind of eye and heart, see ye not that this is Paris, whom ye sent to sleep the sleep of death on woody Ida?"

But Paris would not dwell in the sacred Ilion, for he loved not those who sought to slay him while he was yet a helpless child; and again he tended the flocks on the wide plains and up the rough hillsides. Strong he was of limb and stout of heart, and his face shone with a marvellous beauty, so that they who saw it thought him fair as the bright heroes. There, as he wandered in the woody dells of Ida, he saw and wooed the beautiful C  n  n  , the child of the river-god Kebr  n. Many a time he sat with the maiden by the side of the stream, and the sound of their voices was mingled with the soft murmur of the waters. He talked to her of love, and C  n  n   looked up with a wondrous joy into his beautiful face, when the morning dew glistened white upon the grass and when the evening star looked out upon the pale sky.

So was Paris wedded to C  n  n  , and the heart of the maiden was full of happiness; for none was braver or more gentle—none so stout of heart, so lithe of limb, so tender and loving, as Paris. Thus passed the days away in a swift dream of joy, for C  n  n   thought not of the change that was coming.

There was feasting and mirth among gods and men, for the brave Peleus had won Thetis the maiden of the sea to be his bride; and she rose from the depths of her coral caves to go to his home in Phthia. The banquet was spread in his ancient hall, and the goblets sparkled with the dark wine, for all the gods had come down from Olympus to share the feast in the house of Peleus. Only Eris was not bidden, for she was the child of War and Hatred, and they feared to see her face in the hours of laughter and mirth; but her evil heart rested not till she found a way to avenge herself for the wrong which they had done to her.

The gods were listening to the song of Phœbus Apollo as he made sweet music on the strings of his harp, when a golden apple was cast upon the table before them. They knew not whence it came; only they saw that it was to be a gift for the fairest in that great throng, for so was it written on the apple. Then the joy of the feast was gone, and the music of the song ceased, for there was a strife which should have the golden prize; and Hêrê the queen said, "The gods themselves do obeisance to me when I enter the halls of Olympus, and men sing of the glory of my majesty; therefore must the gift be mine." But Athênê answered and said, "Knowledge and goodness are better things than power: mine is the worthier title." Then the fair Aphroditê lifted her white arm, and a smile of triumph passed over her face as she said, "I am the child of love and beauty, and the stars danced in the heaven for joy as I sprang from the sea foam; I dread not the contest, for to me alone must the golden gift be given."

So the strife waxed hot in the banquet hall, till Zeus spake with a loud voice and said, "It needs not to strive now. Amid the pine forests of Ida dwells Paris, the fairest of the sons of men; let him be judge, and the apple shall be hers to whom he shall give it." Then Hermes rose and led them quickly over land and sea, to go to the rough hillside where Paris wooed and won CEnônê.

Presently the messenger of Zeus stood before Paris and said, "Fairest of the sons of men, there is strife among the undying gods, for Hêrê and Aphroditê and Athênê seek each to have the golden apple which must be given to her who is most fair. Judge thou therefore between them when they come, and give peace again to the halls of Zeus."

In a dream of joy and love CEnônê sate by the river-side, and she looked on her own fair face, which was shown to her in a still calm pool where the power of the stream came not; and she said to herself, "The gods are kind; for they have given to me a better gift than that of beauty, for the love of Paris sheds for me a wondrous

brightness over the heaven above and the broad earth beneath." Then came Paris and said, "See, C  n  , dearest child of the bright waters, Zeus hath called me to be judge in a weighty matter. Hither are coming H  r   the queen and Aphrodite and Ath  n  , seeking each the golden apple which must be given to her alone who is the fairest. Yet go not away, C  n  : the broad vine-leaves have covered our summer bower; there tarry and listen to the judgment, where none may see thee."

So Paris sat in judgment, and H  r   spake to him and said, "I know that I am the fairest, for none other has beauty and majesty like mine. Harken then to me, and I will give thee power to do great deeds among the sons of men, and a name which the minstrels shall sing of among those who shall be born in long time to come. But Ath  n   answered, "Heed not her words, O Paris. Thy hand is strong and thy heart is pure, and the men among whom thou dwellest honour thee even now because thou hast done them good. There are better things than power and high renown: and if thou wilt hearken to me, I will give thee wisdom and strength; and pure love shall be thine, and the memory of happy days when thou drawest near to the dark land of Hades."

Then Paris thought that he heard the voice of C  n  , and it seemed to whisper to him, "Wisdom and right are better than power: give it to Ath  n  ." But Aphrodite gazed upon him with laughing eyes, as she came up closer to his side. Her dark curls fell waving over his shoulder, and he felt the breath from her rosy lips as she laid her hand on his arm and whispered softly in his ear, "I talk not to thee of my beauty, for it may be thou seest that I am very fair; but hearken to me, and I will give thee for thy wife the fairest of all the daughters of men." But Paris answered, "I need not thy gift, O child of the bright sea foam, for fairer wife than C  n   no mortal man may hope to have. Yet art thou the fairest of all the daughters of the undying gods, and the gift of the fairest is thine."

So he placed the golden apple in the palm of her snow-white hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled

through the heart of Paris as she parted from him with smiling lip and laughing eye. But Hêrê the queen and Athênê the virgin child of Zeus went away displeased; and evermore their wrath lay heavy on the city and land of Ilion.

Then went Paris to Œnônê, and he twined his arms around her and said, "Didst thou see the dark countenance of the lady Hêrê, when I gave to the fairest the gift which the fairest alone may have? Yet what care I for the wrath of Hêrê and Athênê? One smile from the lips of Aphroditê is better than their favour for a whole life long." But Œnônê answered sadly, "I would that thou mayest speak truly, Paris; yet in my eyes the lady Athênê is fairer far, and Aphroditê is ever false as fair." Then Paris clasped her closer in his arms and kissed her pale cheek, and said nothing.

But the fierce wrath of Eris was not ended yet. Far away in the western land there was sore famine in the kingdom of the mighty Menelaos; the people died by the wayside, and the warriors had no strength to go forth to the battle or the huntsmen to the chase. Many times they sought to know the will of the gods; but they heard only dark words for answers, till Phœbus Apollo said that the famine should never cease from the land until they brought from Ilion the bones of the children of Promêtheus whom Zeus bound on the desolate crags of Caucasus. So Menelaos the king departed from his home and went to the city of Priam. There he saw the beautiful Paris, and took him to the Spartan land, for he said that Paris should return home rich and wealthy. So Paris believed his words, and sailed with him over the wide sea. Long time he abode in Sparta, and day by day he saw the lady Helen in the halls of Menelaos. At the first he thought within himself, "I would that Œnônê were here to see the wife of Menelaos, for surely she is fairer than aught else on the earth." But soon he thought less and less of Œnônê, who was sorrowing on his long sojourn in the strange land, as she wandered amid the pine forests of woody Ida.

Quickly sped the days for Paris, for his heart was

filled with a strange love, and the will of Eris was being accomplished within him. He thought not of C  n   and her lonely wanderings on heathy Ida; he cared not for the kindly deeds of Menelaos; and so it came to pass that, when Menelaos was far away, Paris spoke words of evil love to Helen and beguiled her to leave her home. Stealthily they fled away, and sailed over the sea till they came to the Ilian land; and Helen dwelt with Paris in the house of his father Priam.

But C  n   mourned for the love which she had lost, and her tears fell into the gentle stream of Kebr  n as she sat on its grassy banks. "Ah me," she said, "my love hath been stung by Aphrodit  . O Paris, Paris, hast thou forgotten all thy words? Here thine arms were clasped around me, and here, as thy lips were pressed to mine, thou didst say that the wide earth had for thee no living thing so fair as C  n  . Sure am I that Helen hath brought to thee only a false joy; for her heart is not thine as the heart of a maiden when it is given to her first love; and sure am I too that Helen is not a fairer wife than I, for my heart is all thine, and the beauty of woman is marred when she yields herself to a lawless love. But the cloud is gathering round thee; and I see the evil that thou hast brought upon the land, for I am sprung from the race of the gods, and mine eyes are opened to behold the things that willingly I would not see. I see the waters black with ships, and the hosts of the Achaians gathered round the walls of Ilion. I see the moons roll round, while thy people strive in vain against the wrath of H  r   and the might of the son of Peleus; and far away I see the flames that shall burn the sacred Ilion. I see thy father smitten down in his own hall, and the spear that shall drink thy life-blood. Ah me! for the doom that is coming, and for the pleasant days when we loved and wandered among the dells of Ida."

So Paris dwelt with Helen in the house of Priam; but men said, "This is no more the brave Alexandros," for he lay at ease on silken couches, and his spear and shield hung idle on the wall. For him the wine sparkled in the

goblet while the sun rose high in the heavens, and he cared only to listen to the voice of Helen, or the minstrels who sang of the joys of love and the bowers of laughter-loving Aphroditê. And Helen sat by his side in sullen mood, for she thought of the former days and of the evil which she had done to the good king Menelaos. Then there came into her heart a deep hatred for Paris, and she loathed him for his false words and his fond looks, as he lay quaffing the wine and taking his rest by day and by night upon the silken couches.

But throughout the streets of Ilion there was hurrying and shouting of armed men, and terror and cries of women and children; for the hosts of the Achaians were come to take vengeance for the wrongs of Menelaos. Yet Paris heeded not the prayers of his brethren, that he should send back Helen; so she tarried by his side in his gilded chambers, and he went not forth to the battle, till all men reviled him for his evil love, because he had forsaken the fair Ænonê.

So for Paris fell the mighty Hektor; for him died the brave Sarpêdon; and the women of Ilion mourned for their husbands who were smitten down by the Achaian warriors. Fiercer and fiercer grew the strife, for Hêrê and Athênê fought against the men of Troy, and no help came from the laughter-loving Aphroditê.

Many times the years went round, while yet the Achaians strove to take the city of Priam, till at last for very shame Paris took from the wall his spear and shield, and went forth to the battle; but the strength of his heart and of his arm was gone, and he trembled at the fierce war-cries as a child trembles at the roaring of the storm. Then before the walls of Ilion there was fiercer strife, and the bodies of the slain lay in heaps upon the battle plain. Faint and weary, the people of Priam were shut up within the walls, until the Achaians burst into the gates and gave the city to sword and flame. Then the cry of men and women went up to the high heaven, and the blood ran in streams upon the ground. With a mighty blaze rose up the flames of the burning city, and the dream of Paris was ended.

Fast he fled from the wrath of Menelaos, and he cared not to look back on the Argive Helen or the slaughter of his kinsfolk and his people. But the arrow of Philoktetes came hissing through the air, and the barb was fixed in the side of Paris. Hastily he drew it from the wound; but the weapons of Herakles failed not to do their work, and the poison sped through his burning veins. Onwards he hastened to the pine forests of Ida, but his limbs trembled beneath him, and he sank down as he drew nigh to the grassy bank where he had tended his flocks in the former days. "Ah, *Ænônê*," he said, "the evil dream is over, and thy voice comes back to mine ear, soft and loving as when I wooed and won thee among the dells of Ida. Thou hearest me not, *Ænônê*, or else I know that, forgiving all the wrong, thou wouldst hasten to help me."

And even as he spake, *Ænônê* stood before him, fair and beautiful as in the days that were past. The glory as of the pure evening time was shed upon her face, and her eye glistened with the light of an undying love. Then she laid her hand upon him, and said gently, "Dost thou know me, Paris? I am the same *Ænônê* whom thou didst woo in the dells of woody Ida. My grief hath not changed me; but thou art not the same, O Paris; for thy love hath wandered far away, and thou hast yielded thyself long to an evil dream." But Paris said, "I have wronged thee, *Ænônê*, fairest and sweetest; and what may atone for the wrong? The fire burns in my veins, my head reels, and mine eye is dim; look but upon me once, that thinking on our ancient love, I may fall asleep and die."

Then *Ænônê* knelt by the side of Paris and saw the wound which the arrow of Philoktetes had made; but soon she knew that neither gods nor men could stay the poison with which Herakles had steeped his mighty weapons. There she knelt, but Paris spake not more. The coldness of death passed over him as *Ænônê* looked down upon his face and thought of the days when they lived and loved amid the dells of Ida.

Long time she knelt by his side, until the stars looked

forth in the sky. Then Ænônê said, "O Eris, well hast thou worked thy will, and well hath Aphroditê done thy bidding. O Paris, we have loved and suffered, but I never did thee wrong, and now I follow thee to the dark land of Hades."

Presently the flame shot up to heaven from the funeral pile of Paris, and Ænônê lay down to rest on the fiery couch by his side.

IPHIGENEIA

THE ships of Agamemnon and the Achaian chieftains lay idle in Aulis on the narrow waters of Euripos. In vain they longed to reach the shores of Ilion and take vengeance on the treacherous Paris who had stolen away Helen from the halls of Menelaos at Mykênæ. Not a breath of wind stirred the sails on the masts; not a ripple on the sea moved the dark hulls of the ships. Then in his great strait Agamemnon the king bade them bring before him the wise seer Kalchas, and he asked him if he knew wherefore they were made to tarry thus for weeks and months in Aulis. Then Kalchas opened his mouth and told them of the wrath of Artemis, how she bare hatred to Agamemnon because once he had slain a stag in her sacred grove, and how she withheld the winds in the prison-house of Æolus until they should appease her anger by a rich offering. But when the soothsayer told them what the offering must be, then the two sons of Atreus smote with their staves upon the ground and lifted up their voices and wept aloud, for the remedy seemed more terrible than the evil from which they sought to escape.

Long time Agamemnon stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his chest heaved with the greatness of his agony; but at length he spake and said, "A hard fate is on me, ye chiefs of the Achaians, for it is a fearful thing to shed the blood of my child to appease the wrath of Artemis; and yet how can I betray the men whom I have brought hither, and leave the ships to rot and our warriors to die for weariness and hunger?" But the seer gave no hope that the mind of Artemis would be changed; and the word was given that Iphigeneia must die. Presently the rumour ran through the whole army that the virgin child of Lêtô could not be appeased save with the blood of one as pure as herself; and all

were filled with pity for the maiden, yet they cared not to change the judgment, because they longed yet more to avenge the wrongs and woes of Helen.

From the tent of Agamemnon came forth Kalchas the seer with his servants, leading the maiden to the altar where the great sacrifice was to be done to Artemis. Hard by it stood the king Agamemnon and Menelaos his brother; and the maiden sought, as she passed by them, to meet once more her father's eye; but his face was turned away and buried in the folds of his robe. He saw not his child as she looked towards him with a beseeching glance; he knew not how she sought in vain to speak a word, for the men who led her had laid their hands upon her mouth! That the voice of Iphigeneia might never be heard again. But while the priests made the victim ready for the sacrifice, the thoughts of Agamemnon went back to his home at Sparta, and he saw again his child in the freshness of her beauty, as she moved through his halls, bringing joy and gladness to all who looked upon her.

The words of Kalchas were fulfilled, and the wrath of Artemis passed away. The soft western breeze rippled the waters of Eurîpos, and in a long line the ships of the Achaians sailed away from the shore to go to the land of Ilion. But the terrible Erînyes, who hovers in the air to see all the evil deeds which men may do had not forgotten the sacrifice of blood in Aulis. Nine years they fought at Troy, and in the tenth the city fell, and the kingdom of Priam was destroyed utterly, as the sign of the dragon had taught them long ago when they were in Aulis.

Then from cliff to cliff, across sea and river, from city to city, spread the tidings that the vengeance was accomplished and Agamemnon the king was coming back in triumph and glory. From hill to hill, across plain and valley, flashed the beacon fires; and before the first grey streak of dawn broke upon the eastern sky, the old warder who kept the nightly watch in the house of Agamemnon saw the sign of victory, and hastened to bear the tidings to Klytaimnêstra the queen. Then she

said, "The gods have dealt kindly with the hosts of the Achaians; make ready to receive the king as a conqueror should be welcomed." And when she knew that at length Agamemnon was near at hand, she made ready embroidered tapestries and spread them on the ground, that so he might not touch the earth with his foot when he lighted off his chariot. Then she stood with downcast eyes to wait the coming of the king; and when he came, she welcomed him to his home with kind and gentle words. But her look was changed when in the chariot she saw a maiden seated, and Agamemnon told her that it was Kasandra the daughter of Priam. Very fair was the maiden to look upon, but her face was worn with care and sorrow. "She too is welcome," said Klytaimnêstra, "to the home of King Agamemnon."

Then, as he stepped down from his chariot, Agamemnon said to Klytaimnêstra, "Thy love hath carried thee too far, for thou art receiving me with honours too great for mortal man; and pride goes before a fall." So he went on heedless to his doom. But to Kasandra the Trojan maiden Phœbus Apollo had granted the gift of prophecy; only, because she would not give him her love, he added the judgment that none should believe her words. Presently a dark shade came over her face, and she clasped her hands as if from a sudden pain; and she cried out, "O Phœbus, what a sight dost thou show me! In the blood-stained bath Agamemnon lies slain, as a wild bull in a net; and the dagger which has smitten him shall smite me also this day before the sun goes down." But none gave heed to her wild cries until presently from within the house came a shriek loud and piercing, and then all was still again.

So the Atê of Iphigeneia came upon Agamemnon and brooded on his house, adding sin to sin and woe to woe. For the love of a child for his mother was dried up in the heart of Orestes, while he abode far away in a strange land; and when he grew to manhood, and came back to Sparta, he slew his mother Klytaimnêstra, because she had killed his father. Then the Erînyes of his mother fell upon him and drove him in raging madness from

the land. By day and by night they gave him no rest. He felt their cold breath on his cheek as he lay down to sleep, and he heard the hiss of the deadly snakes which were coiled in their tangled hair. Over hill and dale, from city to city, from land to land, they drove him with their pitiless scourge, till, faint of heart and ready to die, he fled to the sacred hill of Athênê. There in the solemn council, when the judgment was divided whether Orestes should live or die, Athênê gave sentence that he should go free. So the Erinyes of Klytaimnêstra fled away in grief and rage, and the Atê of Iphigeneia rested no more on the house of Agamemnon.

ACHILLEUS

NINE years the Achaians had fought against Ilion to avenge the wrongs and the woes of Helen, and still the war went on, and only the words of Kalchas, which he spake long ago in Aulis, cheered them with the hope that the day of vengeance was near at hand. For strife had arisen between the king Agamemnon and the mighty son of Peleus, and it seemed to the men of Argos that all their toil must be for naught. In fierce anger, Achilleus vowed a vow that he would go forth no more to the battle, and he sat in sullen silence within his tent, or wandered gloomily along the sea-shore. With fresh courage the hosts of the Trojans poured out from their walls when they knew that Achilleus fought no more on the side of the Achaians, and the chieftains sought in vain for his help when the battle went against them. Then the face of the war was changed; for the men of Ilion came forth from their city, and shut up the Achaians within their camp, and fought fiercely to take the ships. Many a chief and warrior was smitten down, and still Achilleus sat within his tent, nursing his great wrath, and reviling all who came before him with gifts and prayers.

But dearer than all others to the child of the sea-nymph Thetis was Patroklos, the son of Menoitios, and the heart of Achilleus was touched with pity when he saw the tears stream down his face; and he said, "Dear friend, tell me thy grief, and hide nothing from me. Hast thou evil tidings from our home at Phthia, or weepest thou for the troubles which vex us here?" Then Patroklos spake out boldly, and said, "Be not angry at my words, Achilleus. The strength of the Argives is wasted away, and the mightiest of their chieftains lie wounded or dead around their ships. They call thee the child of Peleus and of Thetis; but men will say that thou art sprung from the rugged rocks and the

barren sea, if thou seest thy people undone and liftest not an arm to help them." Then Achilleus answered, "My friend, the vow is on me, and I cannot go; but put thou on my armour, and go forth to the battle. Only take heed to my words, and go not in my chariot against the city of Ilion. Drive our enemies from the ships, and let them fight in the plain, and then do thou come back to my tent."

Then the hearts of the Achaians were cheered, for next to Achilleus there was not in all the host a warrior more brave and mighty than Patroklos. At his word the Myrmidons started up from their long rest, and hastily snatched their arms to follow him to the battle. Presently Patroklos came forth. The glistening helmet of Achilleus was on his head, and his armour was girt around his body. Only he bare not his mighty spear, for no mortal man might wield that spear in battle but Achilleus. Before the tent stood the chariot, and harnessed to it were the horses Xanthos and Balios, who grow not old nor die.

So Patroklos departed for the fight, and Achilleus went into his tent, and as he poured out the dark wine from a golden goblet, he prayed to Zeus, and said, "O thou that dwellest far away in Dodona, where the Selloi do thy bidding and proclaim thy will, give strength and victory to Patroklos my friend. Let him drive the men of Ilion from the ships and come back safe to me after the battle." But Zeus heard the prayer in part only, for the doom was that Achilleus should see Patroklos alive no more.

Then the hosts of the Trojans trembled as Patroklos drew nigh on the chariot of Achilleus, and none dared to go forth against him. Onwards sped the undying horses, and wherever they went the ground was red with the blood of the Trojans who were smitten down by his spear. Then Sarpêdon, the great chief of the Lykians, spake to Glaukos, and said, "O friend, I must go forth and do battle with Patroklos. The people fall beneath his sword, and it is not fit that the chieftains should be backward in the strife." But the doom of Sarpêdon was

sealed, and presently his body lay lifeless on the ground, while the men of Argos and of Ilion fought for his glittering arms.

Then the doom came on Patroklos also, for Phœbus Apollo fought against him in the battle, and in the dust was rolled the helmet which no enemy had touched when it rested on the head of Achilleus. Before him flashed the spear of Hektor, as he said, "The hour of thy death is come, Patroklos, and the aid of Achilleus cannot reach thee now." But Patroklos said only, "It is thy time for boasting now; wait yet a little while, and the sword of Achilleus shall drink thy life-blood."

So Patroklos died, and there was a fierce fight over his body, and many fell on both sides, until there was a great heap of dead around it. But away from the fight, the horses Xanthos and Balios wept for their charioteer, and they would not stir with the chariot, but stood fixed firm as pillars on the ground, till Zeus looked down in pity on them and said, "Was it for this that I gave you to Peleus, the chieftain of Phthia—horses who cannot grow old or die, to a mortal man, the most wretched thing that crawls upon the earth? But fear not; no enemy shall lay hands on the chariot of Achilleus, or on the immortal horses which bear it. Your limbs shall be filled with new strength, and ye shall fly like birds across the battle-field till ye come to the tent of your master." Then the horses wept no more, but swift as eagles they bare Automedon through the fight, while Hektor and his people strove fiercely to seize them. At last the battle was over, and, while the Achaians bore the body of Patroklos to the ships, Antilochos, the son of Nestor, went to the tent of Achilleus, and said, "Thy friend is slain, and Hektor has his armour."

Then the dark cloud of woe fell on the soul of Achilleus. In a fierce grief he threw earth with both hands into the air, and rent his clothes, and lay down weeping in the dust. Far away in her coral caves beneath the sea Thetis heard the deep groans of her child, and, like a white mist, she rose from the waters and went to comfort him; and she said, "Why weepest thou, my son?

When Agamemnon did thee wrong, thou didst pray that the Achaians might sorely need thy aid in the battle, and thy wish has been accomplished. So may it be again." But Achilleus answered, "Of what profit is it to me, my mother, that my prayer has been heard, since Patroklos my friend is slain, and Hektor has my armour? One thing only remains to me now. I will slay Hektor and avenge the slaughter of Patroklos." Then the tears ran down the cheeks of Thetis as she said, "Then is thine own doom accomplished, for when thou slayest Hektor, thou hast not many days to live." "So then let it be," said Achilleus; "the mighty Herakles tasted of death; therefore let me die also, so only Hektor dies before me."

Then Thetis sought no more to turn him from his purpose, but she went to the house of Hephaistos to get armour for her child in place of that which Hektor had taken from Patroklos. And Achilleus vowed a vow that twelve sons of the Trojans should be slain at the grave of his friend, and that Hektor should die before the funeral rites were done. Then Agamemnon sent him gifts, and spake kindly words, so that the strife between them was ended, and Achilleus might now go forth to fight for the Achaians. So, in the armour which Hephaistos had wrought at the prayer of Thetis, he mounted his chariot, and bade his horses bring him back safe from the battle-field. Then the horse Xanthos bowed his head, and the long tresses of his mane flowed down to the earth as he made answer, "We will in very truth save thee, O mighty Achilleus; but thy doom is near at hand, and the fault rests not with us now, or when we left Patroklos dead on the battle-field, for Phœbus Apollo slew him and gave the glory and the arms to Hektor." And Achilleus said, "Why speak to me of evil omens? I know that I shall see my father and my mother again no more; but if I must die in a strange land, I will first take my fill of vengeance."

Then the war-cry of Achilleus was heard again, and a mighty life was poured into the hearts of the Achaians, as they seized their arms at the sound. Thick as wither-

ing leaves in autumn fell the Trojans beneath his unerring spear. Chief after chief was smitten down, until their hosts fled in terror within the walls of Ilion. Only Hektor awaited his coming; but the shadow of death was stealing over him, for Phœbus Apollo had forsaken the great champion of Troy because Zeus so willed it. So in the strife the strength of Hektor failed, and he sank down on the earth. The foot of Achilles rested on his breast, and the spear's point was on his neck, while Hektor said, "Slay me if thou wilt, but give back my body to my people. Let not the beasts of the field devour it, and rich gifts shall be thine from my father and my mother for this kindly deed." But the eyes of Achilles flashed with a deadly hatred as he answered, "Were Priam to give me thy weight in gold, it should not save thy carcass from the birds and dogs." And Hektor said, "I thought not to persuade thee, for thy heart is made of iron; but see that thou pay not the penalty for thy deed, on the day when Paris and Phœbus Apollo shall slay thee at the Skaian gates of Ilion." Then the life-blood of Hektor reddened the ground as Achilles said, "Die, wretch! My fate I will meet in the hour when it may please the undying gods to send it."

But not yet was the vengeance of Achilles accomplished. At his feet lay Hektor dead, but the rage in his heart was fierce as ever; and he tied the body to his chariot and dragged it furiously, till none who looked on it could say, "This was the brave and noble Hektor." But things more fearful still came afterwards, for the funeral rites were done to Patroklos, and twelve sons of the Trojans were slain in the mighty sacrifice. Still the body of Hektor lay on the ground, and the men of Ilion sought in vain to redeem it from Achilles. But Phœbus Apollo came down to guard it, and he spread over it his golden shield to keep away all unseemly things. At last the king Priam mounted his chariot, for he said, "Surely he will not scorn the prayer of a father when he begs the body of his son." Then Zeus sent Hermes to guide the old man to the tent of Achilles, so that none others of the Achaians might see him. Then he stood

before the man who had slain his son, and he kissed his hands and said, "Hear my prayer, Achilleus. Thy father is an old man like me, but he hopes one day to see thee come back with great glory from Ilion. My sons are dead, and none had braver sons in Troy than I; and Hektor, the flower and pride of all, has been smitten by thy spear. Fear the gods, Achilleus, and pity me for the remembrance of thy father, for none has ever dared like me to kiss the hand of the man who has slain his son." So Priam wept for his dear child Hektor, and the tears flowed down the cheeks of Achilleus as he thought of his father Peleus and his friend Patroklos, and the cry of their mourning went up together.

So the body of Hektor was borne back to Ilion, and a great sacrifice was done to the gods beneath the earth, that Hektor might be welcomed in the kingdom of Hades and Persephonê. But the time drew nigh that the doom of Achilleus must be accomplished, and the spear of Phœbus Apollo pierced his heart as they fought near the Skaian gates of Ilion. In the dust lay the body of Achilleus, while the Achaians fought the whole day long around it, till a mighty storm burst forth from the heaven. Then they carried it away to the ships, and placed it on a couch, and washed it in pure water. And once more from her coral caves beneath the sea rose the silver-footed Thetis, and the cry of the nymphs who followed her filled the air, so that the Achaians who heard it trembled and would have fled to the ships; but Nestor, the wise chief of the Pylians, said, "Flee not, ye Argives, for those who come to mourn for the dead Achilleus." So Thetis stood weeping by the body of her child, and the nymphs wrapped it in shining robes. Many days and nights they wept and watched around it, until at last they raised a great pile of wood on the sea-shore, and the flame went up to heaven. Then they gathered up the ashes, and placed them, with the ashes of Patroklos, in a golden urn which Hephaistos wrought and gave to Dionysos; and over it they raised a great ^{temple} on the shore of the sea of Hellê, that men might see it afar off as they sailed on the broad waters.

SARPEDON

WHEN Bellerophôn departed for the land of the setting sun, he left in Lykia a beautiful child named Laodameia, who became the mother of Sarpêdon. And when the Achaians came against the city of Priam to avenge the wrongs and woes of Helen, Sarpêdon took down his spear and shield from the wall, and girded his sword upon his thigh, and went forth to do battle for the brave Hektor against the hosts of Agamemnon. Sadly he left the home where he had lived joyously with his wife and children; and there was mourning and sorrow in the house of Sarpêdon, for they thought that they had looked on him for the last time.

Then among the Trojan warriors fought Sarpêdon; and of all none was braver or more stout of heart than he. When others were faint of spirit, his voice still cheered them on; and the bright smile on his face roused them to fight more boldly for their country. If the hosts of the Trojans fell back in the strife, then Sarpêdon rebuked Hektor with friendly words, and told him how he had come from the far Lykian land to fight for Priam, and had left his children and his wife behind him. He told him of all his wealth, and how he had left rich banquets and soft couches to do battle with the mighty Achaian chieftains.

Many fell beneath his hand; and of these none was braver or fairer than Tlêpolemos, the son of Herakles, who had toiled for the mean Eurystheus and now dwelt with Hêbê in the halls of Olympus. Boldly he came towards him, exulting in the strength of his youth, and he chid Sarpêdon, and taunted him with shrinking back from the battle.

"Do they call thee a child of Zeus?" he said. "What knowest thou of war and battles? My father Herakles came hither with six ships only, and destroyed the city

of Ilion when Laomedon was king; and dost thou think to escape my arm?" But Sarpêdon said only, "Thy father Herakles destroyed Ilion because the heart of Laomedon was not pure and he dealt treacherously with him by keeping back the reward of his toil; but I have no need to fear thee, and the day of thy death is come."

So Tlêpolemos fell, and long time the Achaïans were sore pressed, for the Trojans strove mightily to seize their ships. High above the din of battle was heard the voice of Hektor; and Sarpêdon cheered on his men to the fight. Then said he to his kinsman Glaukos, "Let none be matched with us for brave deeds. Are we not honoured more than all other men in Lykia; and look they not on us as on the bright heroes? The lands which they have given to us are rich with trees and corn; therefore must we do battle the more valiantly, that in after time men may say, 'Our chieftains are rich and wealthy, and their garnerers are full and plenteous; but they fight for their people, and their name is great throughout the wide earth.'"

Fierce and terrible was the fighting day by day; and at night the blaze of many fires reddened the sky. But Patroklos came forth from the tent of Achilleus, and the face of the battle was changed. Smitten by his spear, many of the bravest among the Trojan warriors were slain, and all were filled with fear as Patroklos drew near them in the fight. Then Sarpêdon said once more, "Why shrink ye thus, men of Ilion? I will go forth against him." And he shouted his war-cry, and ran to meet Patroklos.

Then from his throne in the dark cloud Zeus looked down on his child Sarpêdon, and he spake to Hêrê the queen and said, "Ah me, must Sarpêdon die, who is the dearest to me of all the sons of men; or shall I rescue him from the fight and bear him to his Lykian home?" Then answered Hêrê, "The doom of Sarpêdon must be accomplished; and if thou drawest him away from the strife, then remember that other gods also have children among the hosts who fight round Ilion, whom they will seek to save from death. But if thine heart is grieved

for Sarpêdon, still let him die by the hands of Patroklos, and, when his body lies dead, send Hypnos and Thanatos to bear him away to his far-off Lykian land, where his people shall mourn for him many days and lay him in the earth and raise a cairn over his sepulchre." So Zeus hearkened to the words of Hêrê; but the big drops fell from the sky, because he was grieved for his child Sarpêdon.

Then Patroklos fought with Sarpêdon on the Ilian plain and thrust his spear into his side, so that the life-blood gushed out. The darkness of death fell on his eyes, but his heart failed not for fear, as he cried, " Glaukos, brave friend and warrior, take thou my place, and cheer on the Lykians to the battle; and let not the Achaians have my body, for that were a shame to thee and to my people." So died Sarpêdon, the son of Zeus; and Glaukos was grieved at the heart, for he could not go to his aid, because his arm was torn with a grievous wound. Then he prayed to Phœbus Apollo the Lykian-born, and Phœbus drew the black blood from the wound, and cheered the soul of Glaukos.

Fierce was the strife over the body of the Lykian king, until at length even the brave Hektor was driven back and the Achaians took the bright armour of Sarpêdon. Then from the dark cloud Zeus spake to Phœbus Apollo and said, " Hasten now, O Phœbus, and bear the body of my child Sarpêdon to the stream of Simoeis. There bathe it in the pure waters and anoint it with ambrosia, and wrap it in shining robes, and then bid Hypnos and Thanatos carry it to the land of his people."

So Phœbus Apollo bathed the body of Sarpêdon in the stream; and the round moon rose up from behind the dark eastern hills. No breeze whispered in the heaven above, no sound was heard upon the earth beneath, as the powers of sleep and death drew near on their noiseless wings. Gently they looked on the face of Sarpêdon, still and cold, but fair beyond the beauty which is given to the sons of men before the toil of life is ended. Then they raised him softly in their arms, and the still air sounded not with the waving of their wings,

as they bore him homewards through the silent hours of night.

The first rays of Eôs quivered in the pale sky, as they laid the body of Sarpêdon in his own hall. Then was there sorrow and mourning for the great chief of the Lykians; but their tears were stilled as they looked on his face, so passing fair in the happy sleep of death. So they laid him gently in the earth, and raised a great heap of stones above his grave, that in time to come men might tell of the great deeds of the good and brave Sarpêdon.

MEMNON

FROM the burning land of the Æthiopians came Memnôn the fair son of Eôs to aid the men of Troy against the Achaian chieftains. Like the brave and beautiful Sarpêdon, he was foremost in the strife of battle, and few might withstand the strength of his arm. Smitten by his sword fell Antilochos, the son of the old chieftain of Pylos. Bitter and deep was the grief of Nestor, the sweet-voiced speaker of the Achaians; and deep was the vow by which Achilleus swore that he would avenge the death of Antilochos on the bright Son of the Morning.

Then in the thickest fight Achilleus sought out Memnôn, and he knew him by the height of his glorious form, and his beauty which was beyond the beauty of the sons of men. Long time they strove, but nothing might stand against the might of Achilleus; so the son of Eôs was smitten down, and the heavy sleep of death fell on his eyes.

But Eôs saw her child die, and she came down to the earth and took away his body from the battle-field. In the pure waters of a river she washed away the dark blood, and wrapped it in a glittering robe. Long time she mourned, and her tear-drops fell on the earth whenever the sun rose up in the sky or sank beneath the waters of the sea. Then at last in bitter sorrow she hastened to the home of the undying gods, and fell before the throne of Zeus and said, "O Zeus, look upon my grief, and give me comfort in my misery, for Achilleus has slain my child, and the bright Memnôn lies pale and cold in death. If ever it hath been a joy to thee to look upon

my face, when the first light of morning quivers in the sky,—if ever thou hast loved to see my glory spread its soft and tender flush before the path of the bright sun—then let not my child wander among the dark shades in the land of Hades and Persephonê. Speak thou the word, and he shall come up in his brightness to gladden the heart of the undying gods." Then Zeus bowed his head and spake the word; and Eôs wept no more, but hastened down to the earth; and Memnôn rose with her to the high Olympus, to feast with the undying gods in the halls of Zeus.

HEKTOR AND ANDROMACHE

FAR away from the strife of battle, brooding over the wrongs which he had suffered, lay Achilles, the son of Peleus; for Agamemnon had taken away the prize which the Achaians had set apart for him from the spoils of war. No more was his war-cry heard in the battle-field; and his spear smote not down the warriors who came forth to fight for Ilion. Then the other chieftains of the Achaians put forth all their strength in the battle against the Trojans; but the strongest and the bravest of all was Diomêdes, the son of Tydeus. Wherever he came, his enemies fell back before him, till all trembled at the sound of his voice and the sight of his glittering spear.

One after another fell the bravest of the Trojan warriors, until at last Helenos spake to Hektor and said, "Brother, the Achaians are pressing us hard, and the gods favour not the Trojans; what then shall we do, if they come not to our aid in the hour of need? Hasten, then, into the city, and gather the women together, and bid them go to the temple of Athênê and there beseech her with gifts and prayers that she may help the Trojans against the fierce Diomêdes and the other chieftains who fight in the hosts of Agamemnon." Then Hektor answered and said, "I will do thy bidding, my brother; but, men of Troy, let not your hearts be cast down while I go to the sacred Ilion, and bid our matrons pray to the virgin daughter of Zeus to aid us in our need. It may be that she will hear our prayer; but if she hearken not, be not dismayed, for one good omen not even the gods can take away from men, when they fight for their home and the land in which they were born."

So Hektor hastened to the house of Priam. Very fair it was to look at in the bright sunshine which streamed

into the golden chambers. Then forth from the rich hall, where the king held banquet with his chieftains, came forth the lady Hekabê, leading her child Laodikê to meet her brother. And when Hektor came near to her, she took him by the hand, and called him by his name, and spake in a soft and loving voice, "Wherefore comest thou hither, my son, from the battle-field? Are the men of Ilion so sore pressed in the fight that thou seekest the aid of the bright gods? Tarry yet a little while, and I will bring thee wine to gladden thy fainting heart."

But Hektor said, "Stay me not, my mother, for I have a great work to do; and if I tarry now by thy side, my heart may lose its strength, and my arm may fail me in the strife. But gather together the matrons of Ilion, and bid them hasten to the shrine of Athênê and seek her favour by gifts and prayers. I go to the house of Paris, if so be I may rouse him to go forth against the enemy. Weak of heart, and mean of soul, he lies on his golden couch, and heeds not the evils which for his sake we are suffering. Of a truth, less bitter would be our sorrow if he were gone from the land of living men to the dark kingdom of Hades."

So Hekabê parted from her child; and with the Ilian matrons she hastened to the temple of Athênê. With rich gifts and prayers they besought her aid, and Theâno, the priestess, placed on her knees a beautiful robe which Hekabê had brought; and the smoke of the sacrifice went up to the high heaven, but Athênê hearkened not to their prayer.

Then came Hektor to the house of Paris and found him in his golden chamber burnishing his weapons and his armour. Near to him sat the Argive Helen, and her handmaidens plied their tasks around her. Then Hektor spake in grief and anger, and said, "O Paris, idle and heedless thou sittest here, while the Trojan warriors are smitten down in the strife. Wouldst thou deal lightly by others who brought upon their country the evils which we bear for the sake of thee? Rise up and go forth to the battle, that our ancient city be not burnt with fire."

But Paris answered gently, "I chide thee not, Hektor, that thou hast rebuked me, for well have I deserved thy reproof. Yet not in anger or in wrath did I forsake the people of my land; but my grief lay heavy upon me, and I sought to give myself up to my tears. But Helen hath prayed me to go forth to the fight; wherefore wait till I have put on my armour, or go thou first, and I will follow thee to the battle."

But Hektor stood silent and spake no word, until Helen spake to him softly and tenderly, and said, "O Hektor, brave of heart and kind of soul, never hast thou spoken a hard word to me who deserved all thy wrath. Ah, would that the dark wave had swallowed me as I came to Ilion in the ship of Paris from the city of Menelaos! Then had I been at rest, and thou hadst not suffered all the evils which have come for my sake upon the men of Ilion. But tarry here a little while, and rest by my side; for great and sore is the toil which thou hast borne for me in the fight against the hosts of Agamemnon."

But Hektor answered hastily, "Ask me not, Helen, to tarry with thee now. Thy words are kind and loving, but I may not heed them. My people yearn for my coming, wherefore do thou urge on Paris that he hasten to put on his armour and meet me before I leave the city. And now I go to my own home, that I may greet my wife and my child before I depart to the battle, for I know not if I shall return again in peace from the strife of arms."

Quickly he sped to his house; but the bridal-chamber was desolate, and he heard not the voice of Andromachê among the maidens, as they plied their tasks in the great hall. Then he said, "Tell me, maidens, is Andromachê gone to the homes of her kinsfolk or to the shrine of the pure Athênê where the Trojan matrons are seeking by gifts and prayers to win her favour?" Then one of them answered, "If indeed I must tell thee the truth, she hath not gone to her kinsfolk nor to the temple of Athênê; but she bade the nurse bring with her thy child, and she sped, like one on whom the hand of the gods lies

heavy, to the high tower of Ilion, because she heard that the Trojans were hard pressed by the fierce Diomêdes and all the chieftains of the Achaïans."

Then Hektor tarried not to listen to more words. By the way that he had come he hastened again to the Skaian gates; and there as she ran to meet him he saw his wife and the child whom Hektor called Skamandrios but the men of Troy called Astyanax, because of the great deeds of his father. There he stood still and looked gently on his child, but he spake no word; and Andromachê took him by the hand, and, looking gently and fondly into his face, she said, "Hektor, wilt thou hearken to my words? Sure I am that thine own brave heart will bring thee to thy ruin; and well thou knowest that thy death brings shame and sorrow to me and to our child. Ah, would that with thee I could go down to the dark land of Hades! for what hope have I when thou art gone? The fierce Achilles in one day slew my father and my seven brethren, when he took the sacred city of the Kilikians. Yet did he no wrong to the body of Eëtion; but he laid him gently in the earth and raised a great mound above his grave, and the nymphs who dwell upon the mountains planted round it the clustering elm-trees. There, too, was my mother slain by Artemis in the halls of her father. All are gone; but in thee, Hektor, I have father and mother, and husband and brethren. Hearken then to my words, and abide with me on the tower, and let thy hosts stand beside the ancient fig-tree, where they say that the wall is weakest. And partly do I believe it, for why should there the Achaïans make their fiercest onsets, if some one of the undying gods had not shown them that there they may scale the wall, and that thou heedest not its weakness?"

Then Hektor strove to soothe Andromachê and said gently to her, "I have cared for all these things already; but ask me not to tarry here upon the wall, for never must the people say that Hektor shrank from the battle-field. I must go forth to the fight, not as in the heedless days of youth, when men seek to win praise and glory, for my

name is great already, and they call me the first among the warriors of Ilion. But well I know that we fight in vain; for the doom is fixed that the sacred Ilion shall fall, and Priam and his people shall be slain. But more than all I grieve for thee, and for the sorrows that shall come upon thee when thou art carried away captive to some far-off land. There, at the bidding of some Argive woman, thou shalt toil and spin and weave; and all who see thee weeping shall say, 'Look at the wife of Hektor, who was the bravest of all the warriors of Ilion,' and thy tears will be more bitter when thou hearest them speak my name, for the dark earth will lie heavy above me in the land of Troy, and I shall be far away from thee in the dark kingdom of Hades."

So he turned to the babe who lay like a fair star in the arms of the nurse, and he stretched forth his arms to take him; but the child gazed fearfully at the long spear and the brazen helmet and the horsehair plume which waved proudly above it, and he shrank back with a cry, and nestled in the folds of his nurse's robe. Then Hektor laughed, and took the helmet from his head, and placed it on the ground, and the child feared no more to go to his father. Gently he took him in his arms, and he prayed aloud to Zeus and the undying gods that they would bless his child and make him glorious among his people, that so, in time to come, men might say, "This man is stronger and braver than Hektor."

So he gave the child to Andromachê, who received him smiling through her tears. The brave heart of Hektor was moved with the sorrow of his wife, and he laid his hand gently on her and called her by her name, and said, "Grieve not overmuch, O my wife, for none shall lay Hektor low before the day of his doom is come. That day no man can avoid, be he good or be he evil. So let me go forth to the battle, and I will take heed for the guarding of the city; and do thou hasten to thy home, and there ply thine own task with thy handmaidens around thee."

Then from the ground he took up his burnished helmet; and in grief and sorrow Andromachê tore herself from

his arm, and went slowly towards her home. Many a time she turned back to look upon him; but scarcely could she see the flashing of his armour, for the tears ran too quickly down her cheeks. So in silence and sadness of heart she entered her bridal-chamber, where she thought not to hear the voice of Hektor again; and her handmaidens wept when they knew that once more he was gone forth to the fight, for they feared the wrath of Athênê and the strength of the mighty Diomêdes.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

AMONG the chiefs of the Achaians who fought before the walls of Ilion, there was none who gained for himself a greater glory than Odysseus the son of Laertes. Brave he was in battle, and steadfast in danger; but most of all did the Achaians seek his aid in counsel, when great things must be weighed and fixed. And so it was that, in every peril where there was need of the wise heart and the ready tongue, all hastened to Odysseus, and men felt that he did more to throw down the kingdom of Priam than the mightiest chieftains who fought only with sword and spear.

Yet, in the midst of all his toil and all his great exploits in the land of Ilion, the heart of Odysseus was far away in rocky Ithaka, where his wife Penelopê dwelt with his young son Telemachos. Many a time, as the weary years of the war rolled on, he said within himself, "Ah, when will the strife be ended, and when shall we spread our sails to the breeze, and speed on our way homewards over the wine-faced sea?" At last the doom of Paris was accomplished, and the hosts of Agamemnon gave the city of Ilion to fire and sword. Then Odysseus hastened to gather his men together, that they might go to their home in Ithaka; and they dragged the ships down to the sea from the trenches where they had so long lain idle. But before they sat down to row the ship out to the deep water, Odysseus spake to them and said, "O friends, think now, each one of you, of his home, of his wife, and of his children. Ten times have summer and winter passed over us since we left them with cheerful hearts, thinking that in but a little time we should come back to them laden with glory and booty. Ten years have they mourned for us at home; and we, who set out for Ilion in the vigour of our manhood, go back now with grey hairs, or bowed down with our weary

labour. Yet faint not, O friends, neither be dismayed. Think how they wait and long for you still at home, and as we go from land to land in our voyage to rocky Ithaka, let not weariness weigh down your hearts, or things fair and beautiful lead you to seek for rest, till our ships are moored in the haven which we left ten years ago."

With shouts of joy they sat down to their long oars; and when they had rowed the ships out into the open sea, they spread the white sails to the breeze, and watched the Ilian land as it faded away from their sight in the far distance. For many a day they went towards the land of the setting sun, until a mighty wind from the north drove them to a strange country far out of their course to Ithaka. Fair it was and peaceful beyond all lands which they had seen. The sun looked down out of the cloudless heaven on fruits and flowers which covered the laughing earth. Far away beyond the lotos plains the blue hills glimmered in a dreamy haze. The trees bowed their heads in a peaceful slumber; and the lagging waves sank lazily to sleep upon the sea-shore. The summer breeze breathed its gentle whisper through the air, and the birds sang listlessly of their loves from the waving groves.

Then said the men of Odysseus to one another, "Would that our wives and our children were here! Truly Ithaka is but a rough and barren land, and a sore grief it is to leave this happy shore to go home, and there find, it may be, that our children remember us no more." And Odysseus said within himself, "Surely some strange spell is on this fair land; almost might I long to sit down and sleep on the shore for ever, but Penelopê waits for me in my home, and I cannot rest till I see her face once more." Then he bade three of his men go forth and ask the name of the land and of the men who lived in it. So they went slowly from the beach where the waves sang their lulling song to the sleepy flowers; and they wandered along the winding stream which came from the glimmering hills far away, till, deep down in a glen where the sun shed but half its light, they saw men with fair maidens lying on the soft grass under the shade of the

pleasant palm-trees. Before them was spread a banquet of rich and rosy fruit, and some were eating, and others lay asleep.

Then the men of Odysseus went up to them, and sat down by their side, for they feared them not as men are wont to fear the people of a strange land. They asked not their name, for they remembered not the bidding of Odysseus; but they drank the dark wine and ate of the rosy fruit which the fair maidens held out to them. "Eat," they said, "O strangers, of the fruit which kills all pain: surely ye are weary and your hearts are faint with sorrow, and your eyes are dim as with many tears. Eat of our fruit and forget your labours; for all who eat of it remember no more weary toil and strife and war." So they ate of the fruit, and then over their senses stole softly a strange and wondrous sleep, so that they saw and heard and spake even while they slumbered. On their ears fell the echo of a dreamy music, and forms of maidens, fair as Aphroditê when she rose from the sea foam, passed before their eyes; and they said one to another, "Here let us sit, and feast, and dream for ever."

Long time Odysseus waited on the sea-shore, and less and less he marvelled that they came not back, for he felt that over his own heart the strange spell was falling: and he said, "Ah, Penelopê, dearer to me than aught else on the wide earth, the gods envy me thy love; else would they not seek to beguile me thus in this strange land of dreams and slumber." So he rose up, as one rises to go forth to battle, and he went quickly on the path by which his men had gone before him. Presently he saw them in the deep dell, and the rich fruit of the lotos was in their hand. Then they called to Odysseus and said, "We have come to the land of the Lotos-eaters; sit thou down with us and eat of their fruit, and forget all thy cares for ever." But Odysseus answered not; and hastening back, he bade the others come with him and bind the three men, and carry them to the ship. "Heed not the people of the land," he said, "nor touch their rosy fruit. It were a shame for men who have

fought at Ilion to slumber here like swine fattening for the slaughter."

So they hastened and bound the three men who sat at the banquet of the Lotos-eaters; and they heeded not their words as they besought them to taste of the fruit and forget all their misery and trouble. And Odysseus hurried them back to the shore, and made them drag down the ships into the sea and sit down to their long oars. "Hasten, friends, hasten," he said, "from this land of dreams. Hither come the Lotos-eaters, and their soft voices will beguile our hearts if we tarry longer, and they will tempt us to taste of their fruit; and then we shall seek no more to go back again to the land of toiling men."

Then the dash of their oars broke the calm of the still air, and roused the waters from their slumber, as they toiled on their weary way. Further and further they went; but still the echo as of faint and lulling music fell upon their ear, and they saw fair forms of maidens roaming listlessly along the shore. And when they had rowed the ship farther out into the sea, still the drooping palm-trees seemed to beckon them back to slumber, as they bowed their heads over the flowers which slept in the shade beneath them. And a deeper peace rested on the Lotos-land, as the veil of evening fell gently on the plain and the dying sun kissed the far-off hills.

ODYSSEUS AND POLYPHEMOS

WHEN the blue hills of the Lotos-land had faded away in the far distance, the ships of Odysseus went on merrily with a fresh breeze: and the men thought that they would soon come to rocky Ithaka, where their homes were. But Athênê was angry with Odysseus, and she asked Poseidon, the lord of the sea, to send a great storm and scatter his ships. So the wind arose, and the waters of the sea began to heave and swell, and the sky was black with clouds and rain. Many days and many nights the storm raged fiercely; and when it was over, Odysseus could only see four or five of all the ships which had sailed with him from Troy. The ships were drenched with the waves which had broken over them, and the men were wet and cold and tired; and they were glad indeed when they saw an island far away. So they sat down on the benches, and took the great oars and rowed the ships towards the shore; and as they came near, they saw that the island was very beautiful with cliffs and rocks, and bays for ships to take shelter from the sea. Then they rowed into one of these quiet bays, where the water was always calm, and where there was no need to let down an anchor, or to tie the ship by ropes to the sea-shore, for the ship lay there quite still of itself. At the head of the bay a stream of fresh water trickled down from the cliffs, and ran close to the opening of a large cave, and near the cave some willow trees drooped their branches over the stream which ran down towards the sea.

So they made haste to go on shore; and when they had landed, they saw fine large plains on which the corn might grow, but no one had taken the trouble to sow the seed; and sloping hills for the grapes to ripen on the vines, but none were planted on them. And Odysseus marvelled at the people who lived there, because they had no corn and no vines, and he could see no houses,

but only sheep and goats feeding on the hill-sides. So he took his bow and arrows, and shot many of the goats, and he and his men lay down on the ground and had a merry meal, and drank the rich red wine which they had brought with them from the ship. And when they had finished eating and drinking they fell asleep, and did not wake up till the morning showed its rosy light in the eastern sky.

Then Odysseus said that he would take some of his men and go to see who lived on the island, while the others remained in the ship close to the sea-shore. So they set out, and at last they came to the mouth of a great cave, where many sheep and goats were penned up in large folds; but they could see no one in the cave or anywhere near it; and they waited a long while, but no one came. So they lit a fire, and made themselves merry, as they ate the cheese and drank the milk which was stored up round the sides of the cave.

Presently they heard a great noise of heavy feet stamping on the ground, and they were so frightened that they ran inside the cave, and crouched down at the end of it. Nearer and nearer came the Cyclops, and his tread almost made the earth shake. At last in he came, with many dry logs of wood on his back; and in came all the sheep, which he milked every evening; but the rams and the goats stayed outside. But if Odysseus and his men were afraid when they saw Polyphemos the Cyclops come in, they were much more afraid when he took up a great stone, which was almost as big as the mouth of the cave, and set it up against it for a door. Then the men whispered to Odysseus, and said, "Did we not beg and pray you not to come into the cave? but you would not listen to us; and now how are we to get out again? Why, two-and-twenty waggons would not be able to take away that huge stone from the mouth of the cave." But they were shut in now, and there was no use in thinking of their folly for coming in.

So there they lay, crouching in the corner of the cave, and trembling with fear lest Polyphemos should see them. But the Cyclops went on milking all the sheep,

and then he put the milk into the bowls round the sides of the cave, and lit the fire to cook his meal. As the flames shot up from the burning wood to the roof of the cave, it showed him the forms of Odysseus and his companions, where they lay huddled together in the corner; and he cried out to them with a loud voice, "Who are you that dare to come into the cave of Polyphemos? Are you come to rob me of my sheep, or my cheese and milk that I keep here?"

Then Odysseus said, "No; we are not come to do you harm: we are Achaians who have been fighting at Troy to bring back Helen, whom Paris stole away from Sparta, and we went there with the great king Agamemnon, whom everybody knows. We are on our way home to Ithaka; but Poseidon sent a great storm, because Athênê was angry with me; and almost all our ships have been sunk in the sea, or broken to pieces on the rocks."

When he had finished speaking, Polyphemos frowned savagely and said, "I know nothing of Agamemnon, or Paris, or Helen;" and he seized two of the men, and broke their heads against the stones, and cooked them for his dinner. That day Polyphemos ate a huge meal, and drank several bowls full of milk; and after that he fell fast asleep. Then, as he lay there snoring in his heavy sleep, Odysseus thought how easy it would be to plunge the sword into his breast and kill him; and he was just going to do it, when he thought of the great stone which Polyphemos had placed at the mouth of the cave; and he knew that if Polyphemos were killed no one else could move away the stone, and so they would all die shut up in that dismal place.

So the hours of the night went wearily on, but neither Odysseus nor his friends could sleep, for they thought of the men whom Polyphemos had eaten, and how they would very likely be eaten up themselves. At last they could tell, from the dim light which came in between the top of the stone and the roof of the cave, that the morning was come; and soon Polyphemos awoke and milked all the sheep again; and when he had done this,

he went to the end of the cave, and took up two more men and killed and ate them. Then he took down the great stone from the mouth of the cave, and drove all the cattle out to graze on the soft grass on the hills; and Odysseus began to hope that they might be able to get away before Polyphemos came back. But the Cyclops was not so silly as to let them go, for, as soon as the cattle were gone out, he took up the huge stone again as easily as if it had been a little pebble, and put it up against the mouth of the cave; and there were Odysseus and his friends shut up again as fast as ever.

Then Odysseus began to think more and more how they were to get away, for if they stayed there they would soon be all killed, if Polyphemos went on eating four of them every day. At last, near the sheep-fold, he saw a club which Polyphemos was going to use as a walking-stick. It was the whole trunk of an olive-tree, fresh and green, for he had only just cut it and left it to dry, that he might carry it about when it was fit for use. There it lay like the mast of a ship, which twenty men could hardly have lifted; and Odysseus cut off a bit from the end, as much as a man could carry, and told the men to bring it to a very sharp point; and when they had done this he hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away till Polyphemos should come home. By and by, when the sun was sinking down, they heard the terrible tramp of his feet, and felt the earth shake beneath his tread. Then the great stone was taken down from the mouth of the cave, and in he came, driving the sheep and goats and the rams also before him, for this time he let nothing stay outside. So he milked the sheep and the goats, as he had done the day before; and then he killed two more men, and began to eat them for his supper. Then Odysseus went towards him with a bottle full of wine, and said, "Drink this wine, Polyphemos; it will make your supper taste much nicer; I have brought it to you because I want you to do me some kindness in return." So the Cyclops stretched out his hand to take the wine, and he drank it off greedily and asked for more. "Give me more of this honey-sweet wine," he said; "surely

no grapes on this earth could ever give such wine as this: tell me your name, for I should like to do you a kindness for giving me such wine as this." Then Odysseus said, "O Cyclops, I hope you will not forget to give me what you have promised: my name is Nobody." And Polyphemos said, "Very well, I shall eat up Nobody last of all, when I have eaten up all his companions; and this is the kindness which I mean to do for him." But by this time he was so stupid with all that he had been eating and drinking, that he could say no more, but fell on his back fast asleep; and his heavy snoring sounded through the whole of the cave.

Then Odysseus cried to his friends, "Now is the time; come and help me, and we will punish this Cyclops for all that he has done." So he took the piece of the olive-tree, which had been made sharp, and put it into the fire, till it almost burst into a flame; and then he and two of his men went and stood over Polyphemos, and pushed the burning wood into his great eye as hard and as far down as they could. It was a terrible sight to see; but the Cyclops was so stupid and heavy in sleep that at first he could scarcely stir; but presently he gave a great groan, so that Odysseus and his people started back in a fright, and crouched down at the end of the cave: and then the Cyclops put out his hand and drew the burning wood from his eye, and threw it from him in a rage, and roared out for help to his friends, who lived on the hills round about. His roar was as deep and loud as the roar of twenty lions; and the other Cyclopes wondered when they heard him shouting out so loud, and they said, "What can be the matter with Polyphemos? we never heard him make such a noise before: let us go and see if he wants any help." So they went to the cave, and stood outside the great stone which shut it in, listening to his terrible bellowings; and when they did not stop, they shouted to him, and asked him what was the matter. "Why have you waked us up in the middle of the night with all this noise, when we were sleeping comfortably? Is any one taking away your sheep and goats, or killing you by craft and force?" And Polyphemos said,

"Nobody, my friends, is killing me by craft and force." When the others heard this they were angry, and said, "Well, then, if nobody is killing you, why do you roar so? If you are ill, you must bear it as best you can, and ask our father Poseidon to make you well again;" and then they walked off to their beds, and left Polyphemos to make as much noise as he pleased.

It was of no use that he went on shouting: no one came to him any more; and Odysseus laughed because he had tricked him so cunningly by calling himself Nobody. So Polyphemos got up at last, moaning and groaning with the dreadful pain, and groped his way with his hands against the sides of the cave until he came to the door. Then he took down the great stone, and sat with his arms stretched out wide; and he said to himself, "Now I shall be sure to catch them, for no one can get out without passing me."

But Odysseus was too clever for him yet; for he went quietly, and fastened the great rams of Polyphemos together with long bands of willow. He tied them together by threes, and under the stomach of the middle one he tied one of his men, until he had fastened them all up safely. Then he went and caught hold of the largest ram of all, and clung on with his hands to the thick wool underneath his stomach; and so they waited in a great fright, lest after all the giant might catch and kill them. At last the pale light of the morning came into the eastern sky, and very soon the sheep and the goats began to go out of the cave. Then Polyphemos passed his hands over the backs of all the sheep as they passed by, but he did not feel the willow bands, because their wool was long and thick, and he never thought that any one would be tied up underneath their stomachs. Last of all came the great ram to which Odysseus was clinging; and when Polyphemos passed his hand over his back, he stroked him gently and said, "Is there something the matter with you too, as there is with your master? You were always the first to go out of the cave, and now to-day for the first time you are the last. I am sure that that horrible Nobody is at the bottom of all this. Ah, old

ram, perhaps it is that you are sorry for your master, whose eye Nobody has put out. I wish you could speak like a man, and tell me where he is. If I could but catch him, I would take care that he never got away again, and then I should have some comfort for all the evil which Nobody has done to me." So he sent the ram on; and when he had gone a little way from the cave, Odysseus got up from under the ram, and went and untied all his friends, and very glad they were to be free once more; but they could not help grieving, when they thought of the men whom Polyphemos had killed. But Odysseus told them to make haste and drive as many of the sheep and goats as they could to the ships. So they drove them down to the shore and hurried them into the ships, and began to row away; and soon they would have been out of the reach of the Cyclops if Odysseus could only have held his tongue. But he was so angry himself that he thought he would like to make Polyphemos also still more angry; so he shouted to him, and said, "Cruel Cyclops, did you think that you would not be punished for eating up my friends? Is this the way in which you receive strangers who have been tossed about by many storms upon the sea?"

Then Polyphemos was more furious than ever, and he broke off a great rock from the mountain, and hurled it at Odysseus. On it came whizzing through the air, and fell just in front of his ship, and the water was dashed up all over it; and there was a great heaving of the sea, which almost carried them back to the land. Then they began to row again with all their might; but still, when they had got about twice as far as they were before, Odysseus could not help shouting out a few more words to Polyphemos. So he said, "If any one asks you how you lost your eye, remember, O Cyclops, to say that you were made blind by Odysseus, the plunderer of cities, the son of Laertes, who lives in Ithaka."

Terrible indeed was the fury of Polyphemos when he heard this, and he said: "Now I remember how the wise Têlemos used to tell me that a man would come here named Odysseus, who would put my eye out. But I

thought he would have been some great strong man, almost as big as myself; and this is a miserable little wretch, whom I could almost hold in my hand if I caught him. But stay, Odysseus, and I will show you how I thank you for your kindness, and I will ask my father Poseidon to send you a pleasant storm to toss you about upon the dark sea."

Then Polyphemos took up a bigger rock than ever, and hurled it high into the air with all his might. But this time it fell just behind the ship of Odysseus: up rose the water and drenched Odysseus and all his people, and almost sunk the ship under the sea. But it only sent them further out of the reach of the Cyclops; and though he hurled more rocks after them, they now fell far behind in the sea, and did them no harm. But even when they had rowed a long way, they could still see Polyphemos standing on the high cliff, and shaking his hands at them in rage and pain. But no one came to help him for all his shouting, because he had told his friends that Nobody was doing him harm.

ODYSSEUS AND KIRKE

WHEN Odysseus got away safely with his ships from the island of the cruel Cyclops Polyphemos, he thought that now he should be able to sail home to Ithaka quietly and happily, and he said, "Surely now we shall have some rest and peace after all our long wandering and toil." But he was mistaken, for a great storm came. The waves rose up like mountains, and the ships were driven towards the shore, and all except the ship of Odysseus were dashed upon the rocks, and all the men were drowned. And Odysseus was grieved when he saw it, and he thought that no one could ever have been so unlucky and so miserable as he was.

But there were more troubles to come still. The storm was over, and the soft breeze was carrying them gently over a bright sea, when they saw an island far away. And Odysseus said, "Let us go and rest on this island, and perhaps we may find some one there who may be kinder to us than Polyphemos was." So they sailed into a little bay where the trees and flowers grew down to the very beach; and on the side of the hill which rose up gently from the water they saw a splendid house in a large and beautiful garden. And Odysseus sent a great many of his men to go and see who lived in it, and ask for something to eat and drink. So three-and-twenty men set out with Eurylochos at their head, and when they came near the house they thought that they had never seen so grand a place before. All round it there were marble pillars, and on the stones were carved beautiful flowers, and figures of men and beasts. And before the front of the house there were great wolves and fierce-looking lions lying down upon the ground; but when the men came near they did not tear them in pieces or growl and roar at them, but they went gently up to the sailors and fawned on them just as a dog would do. And

inside the house they saw a lady sitting on a golden throne, and weaving bright-coloured threads to make a splendid robe. And as she wove she sang with a low soft voice the song which made the fierce beasts before her door so tame and gentle.

Now the sailors of Odysseus felt so weak and tired after their long voyage that they thought they could have nothing happier than to stay in the house of the lady Kirkê, who sang so sweetly as she sat on her golden throne. So they knocked at the door, and the lady Kirkê herself came out and spoke to them kindly, and asked them to come in. Then, as fast as they could, the three-and-twenty men hurried into the great hall, without thinking what the lady Kirkê might be able to do to them. But Eurylochos would not go in, for he remembered the strange things which he had seen, and he said: "I am afraid to trust myself with the lady Kirkê, for if she can make even wolves and lions as gentle as a dog, how can I tell what she may do to me and my companions?" So he stayed outside, while the three-and-twenty sailors sat down at the long tables full of good things to eat and drink which were spread out in the great hall of Kirkê's palace. But they did not know that she had mixed strange things in all the food and in all the wine, and that if they tasted any of it, she would be able to do to them whatever she liked. And when Kirkê asked them to take whatever they would like to have, they began to eat and drink as though they had never had a meal before. So they went on eating until they could eat no longer, and then Kirkê touched each of them gently with the long thin staff which she held in her hand, and said to them, "You have eaten so much that you are little better than swine. Swine therefore shall ye become, and fatten like them in a sty."

Scarcely had she said the word when they began to be changed. They looked at their hands and feet, and they saw that they were turning into the cloven hoofs of swine; and as they touched their faces or their bodies they felt that they were becoming covered with bristles; and when they tried to speak, they found that they could

do nothing but grunt. Then Kirkê said, "Away with you;" and away they went each to his own sty, and began to eat the acorns and the barley meal which were placed in their troughs. But although they had been turned into pigs, they still remembered what they had been, and grunted lamentably when they thought of all the trouble which they had brought on themselves by their greed.

For a long time Eurylochos waited on the marble steps which led up to the house of Kirkê, hoping that the three-and-twenty men would soon come out again. But they did not come, and Eurylochos could not tell what had happened; and now the sun was sinking down towards the sea. So he ran down quickly to the beach, where the ship of Odysseus was fastened by the stern-cable to the land; and when he saw Odysseus he could not speak, because he felt so wretched. But after they had asked him many times why the tears were running down his cheeks, then he told them how they had gone to the house of Kirkê, and how all the men had gone into her palace and never come out again, while he stayed outside, because he was afraid of the magic arts of the wise and beautiful lady Kirkê.

Then Odysseus was very angry, and he hung his silver-studded sword on his shoulder, and took his bow and arrows to go and kill the lady Kirkê; and he told Eurylochos to show him the way. But Eurylochos was afraid, and he said, "Do not ask me to go with you; you do not know how terrible and treacherous is the lady Kirkê. She tames the wolves and lions, and she sings with a sweet and gentle voice, which will make you do anything that she wishes." But Odysseus spoke angrily to Eurylochos, and said, "Stay here if you like, and eat and drink and enjoy yourself; but I must go and see if I can set my men free from the power of the lady Kirkê."

So he left the ship and began to mount the hill which led to her palace; and perhaps Odysseus might have been turned into a hog, if there had been no one to tell him of his danger. But on the road he met a beautiful young man with a golden rod in his hand: and this was

Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, who had come from Olympus to save Odysseus from the wiles of Kirkê. And Hermes kissed his hand and said, "Whither are you going, Odysseus, up this rocky path? Do you not know what has happened to the sailors who went up with Eurylochos? They have all been turned into swine and are shut up in Kirkê's sties: and if you go on by yourself, you will be changed as they have been. But I will give you something, so that you need not be afraid of Kirkê. Take this root and carry it with you into her palace; and when she strikes you with her golden staff she will not be able to turn you into a hog as she has turned the others." Then Hermes tore up from the earth a black root, called Moly, and gave it to Odysseus; and Odysseus thanked Hermes, and went on to the palace of Kirkê. And as he mounted the marble steps, the wolves and lions came and fawned gently upon him, and he heard the song which Kirkê sang as she wove the bright-coloured threads for her beautiful robe; and Odysseus said, "Can any one who sings so sweetly be so wicked and cruel?" But when he reached the door and called out to be let in, the lady Kirkê left her golden throne and opened the door for Odysseus; and she brought him in and placed him on a seat studded with silver nails and put a foot-stool under his feet. Then she brought him meat and wine, and when Odysseus had eaten and drunk as much as he wished, she struck him with her staff, and said, "Now be turned into a hog, as your sailors have been turned before you, and be off to the sty which is ready for you."

Then Odysseus took his mighty sword, which hung across his shoulder, and his eyes shone like flaming fire as he looked at the lady Kirkê; and he spake in a loud and terrible voice, and said to her, "Wicked and cruel woman! where are all my men who came up here with Eurylochos? Unless you show me where they are, I will kill you with this two-handed sword which I have in my hands." And Kirkê started back when she saw that she had no power over Odysseus, and she said, "I am sure that Hermes must have given Odysseus some-

thing to guard against my spell, or else he must have been turned into a hog when I struck him with my golden wand." She was terribly frightened, for she could not tell what Odysseus might do to her; but she saw that there was no help for it. So she showed him the way to the sties, and there the sailors were. Although they were now swine, there was just enough to show Odysseus what they had been and who they were. He was terribly grieved, but he could hardly restrain himself from laughing as he saw their bodies covered with bristles, and their long snouts and hoofs. But when he asked them how they came to be in such a state, they could only shake their heads and grunt pitifully.

Then Odysseus was more angry than ever, and he turned fiercely to the lady Kirkê, and said, "I will certainly kill you, unless you immediately turn all these pigs into men again." And Kirkê knew from the tone of his voice that she had no chance of escaping; so she struck them each with her long wand, and they became men again as they had been before. After this Kirkê pretended to love Odysseus, and she said, "Come and stay with me for a year. Look at my beautiful house, and see the wolves and lions standing tamely on the marble steps. Stay and be happy here; I know how to charm all your cares away."

But Odysseus said, "Lady, I thank you; but I may not stay, for I long to reach my home. Ten years we were at Troy, and we have now been many years on our road home; and my wife Penelopê has almost ceased to hope that I shall ever come back again; and if I stay away longer, I am sure that she will die." Then Kirkê let him go; but first she told him that there were some dangerous places for him to pass before he could reach his home, and how he must take great care as he passed by the island of the Seirens. So Odysseus thanked Kirkê; and he went on board as quickly as he could with all his men, and rowed out into the deep sea; and then they set the sails to go to the rugged island called Ithaka, where the lady Penelopê was living.

ODYSSEUS AND THE SEIRENS

WHEN Odysseus and his men had left the island of the lady Kirkê, a fresh breeze carried them merrily for several days over the sea. But after that the wind sank down, and there was a calm. The sails flapped against the mast, and they had to take them down and to row the ship on with their long oars. The sun was shining hot and fierce, and the men were very tired. There was not even a ripple upon the sea, and not a breath of air to cool their burning faces. And Odysseus remembered how the lady Kirkê had told him that he would have to pass near the Seirens' island where the sea was always calm, and how she said that he must take care not to listen to the Seirens' song if he did not wish his ship to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. For, all day long, the Seirens lay on the sea-shore, or swam about in the calm water, singing so sweetly that no one who heard them could ever pass on without going to them: and whoever went to them was killed upon the rocks, for the Seirens were very beautiful and cruel, and they sang their soft enticing songs to draw the sailors into the shallow water, that their ships might be broken on the terrible reefs which lay hidden beneath the calm sea. And when Kirkê told Odysseus of the Seirens' rocks, she said that he must fill his sailors' ears with wax, that they might not hear the song and be drawn in upon those terrible reefs.

So, as the sun shone down fiercely on their heads, Odysseus thought that they must be coming near to the island of the Seirens; and he took a large lump of wax and pressed it in his fingers till the hot sun made it soft and sticky. Then he called the men and said that now he must fill their ears with wax, and so they would not hear the song of the beautiful and cruel Seirens. But Odysseus was a very strange man, and liked to hear and see everything; so he said that he must hear the song himself, and that they must tie him to the mast for fear he should leap into the sea to swim to the Seirens' land.

Then he filled the sailors' ears with wax so that they could hear nothing; and they took a large rope and put it two or three times round the arms and waist of Odysseus; and then they sat down again on their benches, and began to row the ship on as quickly as they could. Presently through the breathless air, and over the still and sleeping sea, there came a sound so sweet and soothing that Odysseus thought that he could no longer be living on the earth. Softer and sweeter it swelled upon the ear, and it seemed to speak to Odysseus of rest and peace, although he could hear no words: and he felt as if he could give up everything if only he might hear those sweet sounds for ever. So he made signs to the sailors to row on quicker; but presently the song rose in the sultry air, more sweet and gentle and enticing; and it seemed to say, "O tired and weary sailors, why do you toil so hard to row your ship under this fierce, hot sun? Come to us, and sit among these cool rocks: come and rest,—come and rest." But he did not yet hear the words, for they were still too far from the Seirens' rocks. Still, nearer and nearer the sailors rowed; and now he heard the words of their song, and he knew that they were speaking to himself, for they said, "O Odysseus, man of many toils and long wanderings, great glory of the Achaians, come to us and listen to our song. Every one who passes over the sea near our island stays to hear it, and forgets all his labour and all his trouble, and then goes away peaceful and happy. Come and rest, Odysseus, come and rest. We know all the great deeds which you have done at Troy, and how you have been tossed by many storms, and suffered many sorrows sailing on the wide sea. But here the sea is always calm, and the sun cannot scorch you in the cool and pleasant caves."

Then Odysseus cried out to the sailors, "Let me go, let me go, they are calling me; do you not hear?" And he struggled with all his might to break the cords that bound him; but when they saw him trying to get free, they went and tied stronger cords round his arms and waist, and rowed on quicker than ever. And still Odysseus prayed them to set him free, that he might leap

into the sea and swim to the Seirens' caves. "I cannot stay," he said; "they are calling me by my name; their song rises sweeter and clearer than ever; let us go, let us go." And again he heard them singing, "O man of many toils, we are waiting for you and will sing you to sleep, and charm all your cares away for ever." But quicker and quicker the sailors rowed on till at last they had passed the island. And the Seirens saw that Odysseus was going away; but yet again they sang, "Come back, Odysseus, come back and rest in our cool green caves, O man of many griefs and wanderings." But the sound of their sweet song was now faint before it reached the ship of Odysseus, and he could only just hear them say, "Will you leave us, will you leave us? Ah, Odysseus, you do not know what you are losing. Come to our cool green caves; we are waiting,—we are waiting."

But the power of the Seirens' song grew weaker as the ship went further away; and Odysseus began to think how foolish and silly he had been. He could not hear any more the words of the song, as they called him by his name; but still he half wished to go back to the Seirens' land, while yet he heard the sound of their singing, as it came faint and weak through the hot and breathless air. Soon it was all ended. The sky was still; the waves were all asleep; the clouds looked down drowsily on the water; and Odysseus thought that he could die, he was so tired and spent with struggling.

So when the sailors saw that Odysseus did not struggle any more, they went and set him free, and took the wax out of their ears. And Odysseus said, "O friends, it is better not to hear the Seirens' song; for if but two or three of us had heard it, we should have gone to them, and our ship would have been sunk in their green caves."

And they said, "It is indeed better not to hear it. You were so busy listening to their song that you could not see what we saw. All the way as we passed by the island, logs of wood and bits of masts were floating on the water: and these must have been pieces from ships which have been broken on the rocks, because the sailors heard the Seirens' song."

THE CATTLE OF HELIOS

FAR away down the gentle stream of Ocean, Odysseus had journeyed to the dark kingdom of Hades and Persephonê, where the ghosts of men wander after their days on earth are ended. There he talked with Agamemnon and the wise seer Teiresias, with Minos and with Herakles. There he had listened to the words of Achilles in the meadows of asphodel, and told him of the brave deeds and the great name of his son Neoptolemos. There the shade of Herakles spake to him, but Herakles himself was in the home of Zeus and lay in the arms of Hêbê, quaffing the dark wine at the banquets of the gods. And the shade told him of the former days, how all his life long Herakles toiled for a hard master who was weaker than himself, but Zeus gave him the power. Then Odysseus tarried no more in the shadowy land, for he feared lest Persephonê the queen might place before him the Gorgon's head which no mortal man may see and live. So he went back to his ship, and his men took their oars and rowed it down the stream of Ocean till they came to the wide sea; and then they spread the white sails, and hastened to the island of Aiaia, where Eôs dwells and where Hêlios rises to greet the early morning.

From her home which the wolves and the lions guarded, the lady Kirkê saw the ship of Odysseus, as she sat on her golden throne, weaving the bright threads in her loom. And straightway she rose, and bade her hand-maidens bring bread and wine to the sea-shore for Odysseus and his men. Long time they feasted on the smooth beach, until they fell asleep for very weariness; but Kirkê took Odysseus to her own home, and bade him sit down by her side while she told him of all the things which should befall him on his way to Ithaka. She told him of the Sirens fair and false, and of their sweet song

by which they tempt the weary seamen as they sail on the white and burning sea. She told him of the wandering rocks, from which no ship ever escaped but the divine Argo, when Iason led the warriors to search for the golden fleece. She told him of the monstrous Skylla with her twelve shapeless feet, and her six necks, long and lean, from which six dreadful heads peer out over the dark water, each with a triple row of spear-like teeth, as she seizes on every living thing which the waves of the sea cast within her reach. She told him of Charybdis, the deathless monster, who thrice each day hurls forth the water from her boiling pool, and thrice each day sucks it back. She warned him of the Thrinakian land where the cattle of Hêlios feed in their sunny pastures. There each evening as the sun goes down, and each morning as he rises from the eastern sea, the two fair maidens, Phaethousa and Lampetiê, come forth to tend them. These children of Hêlios their mother Neaira, tender and loving as the light of early day, placed far off in the Thrinakian land to tend their father's herds. "Wherefore go not near that island," said the lady Kirkê, "for no mortal man shall escape the wrath of Hêlios if any hurt befall his cattle. And if thy comrades stretch forth a hand against them, thy ship shall be sunk in the deep sea, and if ever thou mayest reach thy home, thou shalt return to it a lonely man, mourning for all the friends whom thou hast lost."

Even as she spake, the light of Eôs tinged the far-off sky; and Kirkê bade Odysseus farewell, as he went back to the ship. So they sailed away from the home of the wise goddess, and they passed by the Sirens' land, where Odysseus alone heard the sweet sound of their singing as it rose clear and soft through the hot and breathless air. Thence they came to the secret caves of Skylla; and her six heads, stretched out above the boiling waters, seized, each, one of the men of Odysseus, and he heard their last shriek for help as they were sucked down her gaping jaws. But they went not near the whirlpool of Charybdis, for Odysseus feared the warning of Kirkê.

The sun was sinking down in the sky as the ship of

Odysseus drew near towards the beautiful island of Hêlios. The long line of light danced merrily on the rippling sea, and the soft breeze fanned their cheeks with its gentle breathing. Then spake Odysseus and said, "Listen, friends, to my words. Last night the lady Kirkê talked with me, and told me of all the things which should come to pass as we journeyed home to Ithaka. She told me of the Seirens, of Skylla and Charybdis; and all things have come to pass as she said. But most of all she warned me not to set foot on the island of Hêlios, for there his cattle are tended by the bright maidens Phaethousa and Lampetiê. Each day Hêlios looks down upon them, as he journeys through the high heaven; and no mortal man may lay his hand on them and live. Wherefore hearken to me, and turn the ship away so that we may not come to this land. Well I know that ye are weary and sick with toil, but better is it to reach our home wearied and hungry than to perish in distant lands for evil deeds." Then was Eurylochos filled with anger, for he had forgotten how he alone would not enter the halls of Kirkê when all his comrades were turned into swine, and how he had himself warned Odysseus against her wiles. So he spake out boldly, and said, "O Odysseus, hard of heart, and cruel in soul, thou faintest not in thy limbs, neither is thy body tired out with toil. Surely thou must be framed of hard iron, that thou seekest to turn us away from this fair and happy land. Our hearts are faint, our bodies tremble for weariness, and sleep lies heavy on our eyelids. Here on the smooth beach we may rest in peace, and cheer our souls with food and wine; and when the sun is risen, we will go forth again on our long wanderings over the wide sea. But now will we not go, for who can sail safely while the night sits on her dark throne in the sky? for then dangers hang over mortal men, and the sudden whirlwind may come and sink us all beneath the tossing waters."

So spake Eurylochos, and all the men shouted with loud voices to go to the Thrinakian land. But when Odysseus saw that it was vain to hinder them, he said,

"Swear then to me, all of you, a solemn oath that ye will touch not one of the sacred herds who feed in the pastures of Hêlios, but that ye will eat only of the bread and drink the wine which the lady Kirkê gave to us." Then they swear, all of them; and the ship came to land in a beautiful bay, where a soft stream of pure water trickled down from a high rock, and deep caves gave shelter from the dew of night. Then they made their meal on the beach, and mourned over their six comrades whom the monstrous Skylla had swallowed with her greedy jaws, until sleep came down upon their eyelids. But when the stars were going down in the sky, and before Eôs spread her soft light through the heaven, Zeus sent forth a great wind to scourge the waters of the sea, and a dark cloud came down and hid all things from their sight. So, when the sun was risen, they knew that they could not leave the island of Hêlios; and they dragged their ship up on the beach to a cave where the nymphs danced and where their seats are carved in the living rock. When Odysseus warned them once more: "Frier. . . art not the cattle in this land, for they are the flock of the great god Hêlios who sees and hears all things."

All that day the storm raged on; and at night it ceased not from its fury. Day by day they looked in vain to see the waters go down, until the moon had gone through all her changes. Then the food and the wine which the lady Kirkê gave to them was all spent, and they knew not how they might now live. All this time none had touched the sacred cattle; and even now they sought to catch birds and fishes, so that they might not hurt the herds of Hêlios. Wearied in body, and faint of heart, Odysseus wandered over the island, praying to the undying gods that they would show him some way of escaping; and when he had gone a long way from his comrades, he bathed his hands in a clear stream, and prayed to all the gods, and they sent down a sweet sleep on his eyelids; and he slept there on the soft grass, forgetting his cares and sorrows.

But while Odysseus was far away, Eurylochos

gathered his comrades around him, and began to tempt them with evil words. "O friends," he said, "long have ye toiled and suffered: listen now to my words. There is no kind of death which is not dreadful to weak and mortal men; but of all deaths there is none so horrible as to waste away by slow gnawing hunger. Wherefore let us seize the fairest of the cattle of Hêlios, and make a great sacrifice to the undying gods who dwell in the wide heaven; and when we reach our home in Ithaka, we will build a temple to Hêlios Hyperîon, and we will place in it rich and costly offerings, and the fat of rams and goats shall go up day by day to heaven upon his altar. But if he will, in his anger, destroy a ship with all its men for the sake of horned cattle, then rather would I sink by one plunge in the sea than waste away here in pain and hunger."

Then with loud voices all his comrades cried out that the words of Eurylochos were good, and they hastened to seize the fairest cattle of Hêlios. Soon they came back, for they fed near at hand, fearing no hurt and dreading not the approach of men. So they made ready the sacrifice, and sprinkled soft oak leaves over the victims, for they had no white barley in their ship. Then they prayed to the gods, and smote the cattle, and, flaying off the skin, placed the limbs in order, and poured the water over the entrails; for they had no wine to sprinkle over the sacrifice while it was being roasted by fire. And when the sacrifice was done, they sat down and feasted richly.

But Odysseus had waked up from his sleep; and as he drew near to the bay where the ship was drawn up on the shore, the savour of the fat filled his nostrils. And he smote his hands upon his breast, and groaned aloud and said, "Father Zeus, and ye happy gods who know not death, of a truth ye have weighed me down by a cruel sleep; and my comrades have plotted a woeful deed while I was far away."

Then swiftly the bright maiden Lampetiê sped away to her father Hêlios, and the folds of her glistening robes streamed behind her as she rose to the throne of Hyperîon.

Then she said, " Father Hêlios, the men of Odysseus have laid hands on the fairest of thy cattle, and the savour of their fat has come up to the high heaven." Then was Hêlios full of wrath, and he cried aloud and said, " O Zeus, and all ye the undying gods, avenge me of Odysseus and his comrades, for they have slain my cattle whom I exulted to see as I rose up into the starry sky and whensoever I came down again to the earth from the high heaven. Avenge me of Odysseus; for if ye will not hearken to my prayer, I will go down to the land of King Hades and shine only among the dead."

Then spake Zeus out of the dark cloud and said, " O Hêlios, take not away thy bright light from the heaven, and forsake not the children of men who till the earth beneath; and I will send forth my hot thunderbolts, and the ship of Odysseus shall be sunk in the deep sea."

Woeful was the sight as Odysseus drew nigh to the ship and to his comrades who stood round the burnt-offering. With fierce and angry words they reviled each other, and they looked with a terrible fear on the victims which they had slain; for the hides crept and quivered as though still the life were in them, and the flesh moaned as with the moan of cattle, while the red flame curled up round it. For six days they feasted on the shore, and on the seventh day the wind went down and the sea was still.

Then they dragged the ship down to the water, and sailed away from the Thrinakian land. But when they had gone far, so that they could see only the heaven above and the wide sea around them, then the dark cloud came down again, and Zeus bade the whirlwind smite the ship of Odysseus. High rose the angry waves, and the fierce lightnings flashed from the thick cloud. Louder and louder shrieked the storm, till the ropes of the mast and sails snapped like slender twigs, and the mast fell with a mighty crash and smote down the helmsman, so that he sank dead beneath the weight. Then the ship lay helpless on the waters, and the waves burst over her in their fury until all the men were swept off into the sea and Odysseus only was left. The west wind

carried the battered wreck at random over the waters; and when its fury was stilled, the south wind came and drove Odysseus, as he clung to the mast, near to the whirlpool of Charybdis and the caves of the greedy Skylla. For nine days and nights he lay tossed on the stormy water, till his limbs were numbed with cold and he felt that he must die. But on the tenth day he was cast upon the shore, and so he reached the island where dwelt the lady Kalypso.

ODYSSEUS AND KALYPSO

THE lady Kalypso sat in her cave weaving the bright threads with a golden shuttle, when she saw a man thrown up by the waves on the sea-shore. So she rose in haste, and when she came to the beach, Odysseus lay before her stunned on the rocks, with his limbs numbed and stiffened with the cold. Gently she raised him in her arms and carried him to her home; and there she tended him by night and by day, while Odysseus yet knew not that he had been saved from the stormy sea.

When he awoke from his long sleep, he saw before him a fair woman who looked on him with eyes full of tenderness and love; and Odysseus half thought at first that he was again with the wise and beautiful Kirkê; but soon he saw that the face of Kalypso was fairer and the light of her eye more soft and tender. At last he spoke in a faint and low voice, "Lady, I thank thee for all thy care and gentleness; and now tell me, I pray thee, thy name and the name of the land in which thou dost dwell." Then Kalypso answered (and her voice was sweet as the sweetest music), "O stranger, the gods call me Kalypso, and I dwell alone in this fair island which is called Ogygia. But thou art faint and weak; tell me not now of thy sorrows, but rest here in my cave till thy strength comes back to thee again, and then thou shalt tell me the tale of thy sufferings." So she put before him bread to eat and a goblet of dark wine, and Odysseus feasted with Kalypso in the cave. And as he looked around he saw that a great fire was burning upon the hearth, and the sweet scent of cedar wood and incense rose up from it.

So day by day Kalypso tended Odysseus in his weariness, and day by day she spoke to him more gently and lovingly. She asked him not again of his sufferings, or whence he came or whither he was going; she cared not

for aught else, if only he might abide with her in her lonely home: and she feared to ask him of his toil and woe, lest he should seek to go to some other land. But the heart of Odysseus was far away in his own country, and he yearned to depart to Ithaka and be with his wife Penelopê and see his son Telemachios once more. Long time he hid his sorrows in his breast, for Kalypso spake only of her love, and how that he should remain with her always in her glittering cave. But at last Odysseus fell down at her knee and besought her with tears, and said, "Lady, I thank thee for thy love and care; and now, I pray thee, let me go away in peace to my own home. My name is Odysseus, and my father Laertes is chieftain in the land of Ithaka. Ten year we fought at Troy, and for many years since the city of Priam fell have I wandered over the dark sea, because the mighty Athênê was angry with me. At her bidding Poseidon, the lord of the waters, sent a great storm and scattered my ships, and we were carried to distant lands and to savage people, to the land of the Lotos-eaters, the Cyclôpes, and the Læstrygonians, till at last all our ships were shattered save one only, in which I sailed with the men that remained to me. But when we came to the island of Thrinakia, my comrades slew the fairest of the cattle of Hêlios, and offered sacrifice with them to the gods, and feasted for many days. Then Hêlios besought Zeus in his anger, and a great whirlwind seized my ship, and all my men were dashed into the sea, and I only remain alive of all the great host which I led to Troy from Ithaka. Pity me, lady, for my great sorrow, and send me to my home; for year by year my wife Penelopê looks for my coming and wastes away in a secret grief, and if I go not back soon she will die." But Kalypso said, "Ah, Odysseus, what dost thou ask? I cannot send thee to Ithaka, for here I dwell alone, and have neither ships nor men. Yet wherefore dost thou so yearn to go to barren and rocky Ithaka? What dost thou lack here of all that thy soul may lust after? Here thou canst share my riches, and here thou hast my love. Think not more of Penelopê: long since she has forgotten thee, and it may

be that now her love is given to another." But Odysseus spake quickly and said, "Lady, thou knowest not what thou sayest; sure I am that Penelopê has not forgotten me, and that she loves me still as in the ancient days. Ah, lady, thou art of no mortal race, and thou knowest not the love of men and women." Then a look of anger passed over the gentle face of Kalypso, as she answered, "Dost thou chide me, stranger, and wilt thou not give me thy love? Urge me not in thy folly, for the anger of the gods is terrible. Yet think not of my wrath, O man of many toils and sorrows; rest with me in my home, where no grief may vex thee, and I will charm thy cares away by the sound of my sweet singing. I can tell thee of the feasts of the gods in high Olympus, of Hêbê and Harmonia and the laughter-loving Aphroditê. Rest, rest, Odysseus. What is thy home to thee, when my arm is round thee and my voice falls gently on thine ear? Think not now of toil and labour; rest, rest."

Then she sang with a low sweet voice, and the touch of her hand as it rested on his head brought down a deep sleep on his eyelids. At her bidding the happy dreamis came and stood beside his couch, and whispered to him of new joys and the delights of more than mortal love. So she laid her spell upon Odysseus, and he feared to speak more of his home in Ithaka. Twelve moons passed through their changes, and still he abode in the cave of Kalypso, listening to her sweet songs and soothed by her gentle love; but often, when the thought of his home came back upon his mind, he hastened to the sea-shore, and wept with bitter tears for his great misery, and yearned for the day when he might go to rocky Ithaka.

But, for all her great anger, Athênê loved Odysseus still, and she went to Zeus and told him of his hard lot,—how Kalypso kept him by her evil spells in the island of Ogygia. Then Zeus called Hermes the slayer of Argos with the hundred eyes, and bade him go to the lady Kalypso and command her to send Odysseus to his home. So Hermes bound his golden sandals on his feet, and took in his hand the staff with which he brings sleep on the eyes of men or rouses them from their rest. Then from

the high Olympus he flew down to the earth beneath, and skimmed the waves of the sea like a bird, until he came to the island of Kalypso. Quickly from the shore he hastened to her cave. The sun shone brightly from the high heaven; the trees cast their cool shade on the rock. The sea-birds rested with folded wings on the branches. Round the stems of the pine and the cypress the vine clung lovingly, and its long clusters of rich grapes hung before the opening of the cave, while four fountains gave forth their pure streams to water the soft meadows where the violet and the rose looked up into the blue sky.

As Hermes stood before the cave, he heard the sweet singing of Kalypso while she plied her task with the golden shuttle. In the cave the fire was burning upon the hearth, and the sweet smell of cedar and incense filled the air. But Hermes saw not Odysseus as he entered in, for he was far away weeping on the sea-shore. Then Kalypso rose in haste, for she knew his face, and said, "Wherefore comest thou thus to me with thy golden wand? If thou bringest to me a charge from Zeus, tell me his will, that I may do it." Then before him she placed the food of the gods and poured out for him the nectar wine; and when Hermes had feasted merrily, he spake and said, "I come from the great Zeus, who bids thee send away Odysseus that he may go to his home in Ithaka. Long time has he fought at Troy, and grievous sorrows have fallen upon him since he left the land of Priam; and it is not the will of Zeus that he should die here far away from his own people."

And Kalypso trembled as she heard his words, and she said, "O Hermes, hard of heart are the gods of Olympus who grudge to us the love of mortal men. So when the rosy-fingered Eôs loved Orion, then Artemis slew him with her unerring darts in Ortygia; and when Iasion was beloved of Dêmêtêr, he was smitten by the thunderbolts of Zeus. And now ye grudge me the love of Odysseus whom I saved from the stormy water, as he lay stunned and bruised on the sea-shore. I have cherished him in my home, and I thought to make him

immortal as myself and free from the doom of the sons of men. But the will of Zeus must be obeyed, and I will not withstand it. If Odysseus seeks to go away from my land, let him go; but I cannot give him help, for I have neither ships nor men." But Hermes only said, "See thou despise not the bidding of Zeus, lest he be wroth with thee in time to come;" and then he rose on his golden sandals to the halls of Olympus.

Then Kalypso hastened to the sea-shore, and there she saw Odysseus weeping for his grievous sorrow that he might not return to his home. Gently she went towards him, and she laid her hand on his arm and said, "Weep not, Odysseus. I have given thee my love, and I have sought for thine; but if thou carest not to give it, I will aid thee to build a raft, and thou shalt go hence in peace, with plenty of food and wine; and I will send a soft and gentle breeze which shall take thee to thine own land, since so the gods will who are mightier than I."

But Odysseus was full of fear when he heard these words, for he thought that Kalypso was speaking craftily, and he said, "Lady, dost thou seek to entrap me by guile, when thou biddest me cross the wide sea on a raft, where even the great ships may not pass? Even at thy bidding I may not go, unless thou wilt swear that no harm shall come to me for following thy counsel." Then Kalypso smiled, and laid her hand gently upon him and called him by his name; and she swore by the waters of the Styx, and the broad earth, and the high heaven above, that she sought not to hurt him by her words; and she led him back to her cave and spread a rich banquet before him. Then as they feasted together she said, "Wilt thou go away, Odysseus? If thus thy heart is fixed, farewell now and in the time to come. But if thou couldst know the sorrows which await thee before thou mayest see thy home, sure I am that thou wouldst not forsake me. Ah, Odysseus, I can make thee undying as myself, and thy wife Penelopê is not fairer than I. The daughters of men cannot vie in strength and beauty with the deathless children of the gods." But Odysseus said, "Be not angry, lady. Well I know that

my wife Penelopê cannot be matched with thee for thy glorious beauty, for she is but a mortal woman, and thou canst not die or grow old. But even thus would I return to her and to my home; for my heart is wasted away while I yearn to see Ithaka once more. And if sorrows and storms await me still, I am ready to bear them. Many woes have I suffered in the years that are past; let these be added to their number."

So, when Eôs spread her rosy fingers in the sky, Kalypso arose and put a bright robe on him, and a golden girdle round his waist; and she placed a sharp axe in his hand, wherewith he cut down the wood for the raft, and Kalypso helped him to build it. When four days were past the raft was ready, and Kalypso parted from Odysseus on the sea-shore; and as he went away from the land, she looked on him long with a tender and loving gaze, and sent a soft and gentle breeze to carry him on his way. Then she went back slowly to her lonely cave.

But Poseidon was filled with wrath as he saw the raft of Odysseus coming near to the Phæakian shore; and he stirred up a great storm, so that the heaven was black with clouds and rain. Sorely was Odysseus tossed on the heaving sea, until his raft was shattered, and once again he was plunged in the raging waters. But from her green cave beneath the sea Inô the daughter of Kadmos heard his cry for help, and she rose up to comfort him under the wrath of King Poseidon. So Odysseus was gladdened by her words, and knew that now he should one day come to Ithaka; and he battled more stoutly with the angry sea, until, weary with pain and cold and hunger, he lay numbed and stiff on the Phæakian shore. There, as he slept amidst the bushes that grew high up on the beach, Athênê went to the house of King Alkinoös, and spake to his child Nausikaâ, the fairest and purest of all the daughters of men; and Athênê brought her down to the sea-shore, that so she might save Odysseus, who had known so great grief in his long wanderings after the fall of Troy.

ODYSSEUS AND NAUSIKAA

MERRY was the laughter of the maidens as they played on the sea-shore with Nausikaâ, the daughter of Alkinoös. They had gone down to the sea-shore to wash their clothes; and now they were pl^ying after their work was done. They were just going back to the city, when one of them threw the ball, with which they were playing, at another of the girls; but the ball missed her, and rolled down into a deep and narrow place, and they gave a great cry which woke up Odysseus, who was lying cold and almost dead among the rocks. And he opened his eyes, and said to himself, "Did I not hear the sound of voices like the voices of merry girls? I must go and see if they can help me, and lead me to some one who will give me food and shelter." So he crept out from among the rocks where he had been lying, and came to the place where the girls were. When they saw Odysseus with his clothes all torn, and his hair matted and twisted over his face, the others were frightened, and began to scream; but Nausikaâ was a good and brave girl, and she told them not to be so silly, but to help the poor stranger if they could. And Odysseus came, and knelt down to her, and said, "Lady, you see how very miserable I am. The storm has broken my raft to pieces; and, for many hours, I have had to swim in the sea, till I was cold and faint; and then the waves tossed me among the rocks, where I lay bruised and stunned, until I heard your voices. But tell me now where I am, and if there is any one here who can help me, and give me something to eat and drink, and then send me home to Ithaka."

And Nausikaâ said, "Do not be afraid, O stranger, whoever you are. You shall have all that you can want. My name is Nausikaâ, and I am the daughter of Alkinoös, the king of the Phæakians, who live in this happy island. Come with me, for I am sure that he and my mother

Arêtê will be good and kind to you; and when you are well and strong again, you shall go on home to Ithaka." And as she spoke, she looked so gentle and good, that Odysseus thought he had never seen any one half so beautiful before; and he followed her gladly, as she showed him the way to the house of Alkinoös.

Never had Odysseus seen anything half so splendid before. The house stood in a glorious garden, where there were all manner of fruits and flowers, and where the fruits and flowers lasted all the year round. There were no trees to be seen there without leaves, nor any whose leaves were yellow or withered, for there was no winter there and no autumn; but the soft west wind and the gentle sun ripened the fruit on some of the trees while others were coming into blossom; and even on the same tree you might see some of the fruit ripe, and some only just hardening from the bud. All the year round the purple grapes shone amongst the broad vine leaves, and the apples and pomegranates made a splendid show among the dark green olives which were mixed up with them. And in the garden there were two fountains, one of which sent its clear cool water to refresh the trees and plants and flowers; and from the other they brought water to the house of Alkinoös.

But if Odysseus wondered to see such splendid gardens, he wondered much more when he looked at the house of Alkinoös. The walls were covered with plates of brass, and on the top was a cornice of gold and purple. The doors and seats were of gold and silver, and there were figures of dogs, all of gold, which Hephaistos made and gave to guard the house of Alkinoös. Round the rooms were hung tapestries which the women wove with bright threads of gold and silver and all other colours: and on them were embroidered the feasts of the Phæakians, as they sat eating and drinking at the tables loaded with all good things. And round the large court there were figures of young men, all made of gold, which held burning torches in their hands at night, to give light in the palace of Alkinoös.

So Odysseus went through the great hall, wondering

how Alkinoös could have got all those riches; and when he came up to the golden throne on which the king was sitting with his wife Arêê, he fell on his knees before them, and told them of his great toils and sorrows, and prayed them to give him a ship to take him home to Ithaka.

Then Alkinoös took him kindly by the hand, and set him on a seat, and told the servants to bring him everything that he wanted. So they feasted together, and the minstrels sang a beautiful song, which was all about the war of the Achaians at Troy. And when Odysseus heard the song, the tears came into his eyes, for he thought of all his brave friends whom he had lost. So Alkinoös told the minstrel to stop, because his song gave Odysseus pain, and he said, "What is it that grieves thee, O stranger? Tell me who thou art, and all that thou hast seen and suffered."

Then Odysseus told him his name, and the story of his great deeds at Troy, and of his toils and wanderings since he left the city of Priam. He told him of the Cyclops Polyphemos and the lady Kirkê, of the sweet-singing Seirens, of Skylla and Charybdis, and Kalypso, and how at last he was thrown on the Phæakian shore where he met the beautiful Nausikaâ and her merry companions as they were playing on the beach.

And then Odysseus said again, "Let me go; I am weary of wandering about so long, and I want to rest in my own home." But Alkinoös said, "Stay with us, for surely you can never live in a more beautiful place than this. Here the sun is always shining, and the fruits always ripe; and you see how rich we are with gold and silver things, and how we have everything that we want. Stay with us, and you shall have Nausikaâ for your wife, and by and by you shall be king of the Phæakians over whom I rule." But Odysseus thanked Alkinoös, and he said, "You are very kind and good to me: and I seek not to leave you because my home is richer and more beautiful than yours, for Ithaka is a rocky and barren island, where only the sheep and goats can feed, and where we have very few fruits and flowers; and I am

not fit to be the husband of your child Nausikaâ. She is indeed very beautiful and good; but I am now growing old, and I have had hard toils and long wanderings: and besides, my wife Penelopê is waiting for me at home, and almost thinks that I shall never come back again; and I am longing to see my son Telemachos, who was only a little child when I went away to Troy. Let me then go home, and I shall never forget how kind you have all been to me in this beautiful island of the Phæakians."

Then Alkinoös ordered a large ship to be got ready, and fifty men to row Odysseus across to Ithaka. And he gave him rich presents, and Arêtê and the good and beautiful Nausikaâ brought him splendid dresses to carry to Penelopê.

Then Odysseus went down to the sea-shore; and as they sailed away he looked back many times to the splendid home of Alkinoös, and felt very sorry that he had to leave such kind friends. But he said, "I shall soon see Penelopê and Telemachos, and that will comfort me for all my sorrows, and all my toils by sea and land, since I left Troy to come back to Ithaka."

THE VENGEANCE OF ODYSSEUS

A FAIR breeze filled the sail of the Phæakian ship in which Odysseus lay asleep as in the dreamless slumber of the dead. The wild music of the waves rose on the air as the bark sped on its glistening pathway; but their murmur reached not the ear of the wanderer, for the spell of Athênê was upon him, and all his cares and griefs were for a little while forgotten.

The dawn light was stealing across the eastern sky when the good ship rode into the haven of the sea-god Phorkys, and rested without anchor or cable beneath the rocks which keep off the breath of the harsh winds. At the head of the little bay a broad-leaved olive-tree spread its branches in front of a cave where the sea-nymphs wove their beautiful purple robes. Gently the sailors raised Odysseus in their arms; gently they bore him from the ship, and placed him on the land with the gifts which Alkinoös and Arêtê and Nausikaâ had given to him when he set off to go to Ithaka. So the Phæakians went away, and Odysseus rested once more in his own land. But when he awoke from his sleep, he knew not where he was, for Athênê had spread a mist on land and sea. The haven, the rocks, the trees, the pathways wore a strange look in the dim and gloomy light; but while Odysseus yet pondered where he should stow away the gifts lest thieves should find them, there stood before him a glorious form, and he heard a voice which said, "Dost thou not know me, Odysseus? I am Pallas Athênê, who have stood by thy side to guard thee in all thy wanderings and deliver thee from all thy enemies. And now that thou standest again on thine own land of Ithaka, I have come to thee once more, to bid thee make ready for the great vengeance, and to bear with patience all that may befall thee until the hour be come." But Odysseus could scarcely believe that he was in Ithaka

even though it was Athênê who spake to him, until she scattered the mist and showed him the fair haven with its broad spreading olive-trees, and the home of the sea-nymphs, and the old hill of Neritos with its wooded sides.

Then they placed the gifts of the Phæakians in the cave hard by the stream of living waters which flowed through it to the sea, and Athênê touched him with a staff, and all the beauty of his form was gone. His face became seamed with wrinkles, his flashing eyes grew dim, and the golden locks vanished from his shoulders. His glistening raiment turned to noisome rags, as Athênê put a beggar's wallet on his shoulder and placed a walking staff in his hand, and showed him the path which led to the house of the swineherd Eumaios.

So Odysseus went his way; but when he entered the courtyard of Eumaios in his tattered raiment, the dogs flew at him with loud barkings, until the swineherd drove them away and led the stranger into his dwelling, where he placed a shaggy goatskin for him to lie on. "Thou hast welcomed me kindly," said Odysseus; "the gods grant thee in return thy heart's desire." Then Eumaios answered sadly, "My friend, I may not despise a stranger though he be even poorer and meaner than myself, for it is Zeus who sends to us the poor man and the beggar. Little indeed have I to give; for so is it with bondmen when the young chiefs lord it in the land. But he is far away who loved me well and gave me all my substance. I would that the whole kindred of Helen had been uprooted from the earth, for it was for her sake that my master went to fight with the Trojans at Ilion."

Then Eumaios placed meat and wine before him. "It is but a homely meal," he said, "and a poor draught; but the chiefs who throng about my master's wife eat all the fat of the land. A brave life they have of it, for rich were the treasures which my master left in his house when he went to take vengeance for the wrongs of Helen." "Tell me thy master's name, friend," said the stranger. "If he was indeed so rich and great, I may perhaps be able to tell you something about him, for I have been a wanderer in many lands." "Why, what would be the

use?" answered the swineherd. "Many a vagabond comes here with trumped-up tales to my master's wife, who listens to them greedily, hoping against hope. No: he must long ago have died; but we love Odysseus still, and we call him our friend though he is very far away."

"Nay, but thou art wrong this time," said the stranger, "for I do know Odysseus, and I swear to thee that the sun shall not finish his journey through the heavens before thy lord returns." But Eumaios shook his head. "I have nothing to give you for your news. Sure I am that Odysseus will not come back. Say no more about him, for my heart is pained when any make me call to mind the friend whom I have lost. But what is your name, friend, and whence do you come?"

Then Odysseus was afraid to reveal himself; so he told him a long story how he had come from Crete, and been made a slave in Egypt, how after many years Phoinix had led him to the purple land, how Pheidon the chief of the Thesprotians had showed him the treasures of Odysseus, and how at last he had fallen into the hands of robbers, who had clothed him in beggarly rags and left him on the shore of Ithaka. But still Eumaios would not believe. "I cannot trust your tale, my friend, when you tell me that Odysseus has sojourned in the Thesprotian land. I have had enough of such news since an Æolian came and told me that he had seen him in Crete with Idomeneus mending the ships which had been hurt by a storm, and that he would come again to his home before that summer was ended. Many a year has passed since; and if I welcome you still, it is not for your false tidings about my master." "Well," said Odysseus, "I will make a covenant with you. If he returns this year, you shall clothe me in sound garments and send me home to Doulichion; if he does not, bid thy men hurl me from the cliffs, that beggars may learn not to tell lies." "Nay, how can I do that," said Eumaios, "when you have eaten bread in my house? Would Zeus ever hear my prayer again? Tell me no more false tales, and let us talk together as friends."

Meanwhile Telemachos was far away in Sparta,

whither he had gone to seek his father Odysseus, if haply he might find him; and one night as he lay sleepless on his couch, Athênê stood before him and warned him to hasten home. "The suitors are eating up thy substance and they lie in wait that they may slay thee before the ship reaches Ithaka; but the gods who guard thee will deliver thee from them, and when thou comest to the land, go straightway to the house of Eumaios."

Then in the morning Telemachos bade farewell to Menelaos, and the fair-haired Helen placed in his hands a beautiful robe which her own fingers had wrought. "Take it," she said, "as a memorial of Helen, and give it to thy bride when thy marriage day has come." So they set off from Sparta, and came to Pylos; and there, as Telemachos offered sacrifice, the wise seer Theoklymenos stood by his side, and asked him of his name and race, and when he knew that he was the son of Odysseus, he besought Telemachos to take him with him to the ship, for he had slain a man in Argos and he was flying from the avenger of blood. So Theoklymenos the seer came with Telemachos to Ithaka.

Then again Odysseus made trial of the friendship of Eumaios, and when the meal was over, he said, "Tomorrow, early in the morning, I must go to the house of Odysseus. Therefore let some one guide me thither. It may be that Penelopê will listen to my tidings, and that the suitors will give alms to the old man. For I can serve well, my friends, and none can light a fire and heap on wood, or hand the winecup more deftly than myself." But Eumaios was angry, and said sharply, "Why not tarry here? You annoy neither me nor my friends, and when Odysseus comes home, be sure he will give you coat and cloak and all else that you may need." And the beggar said, "God reward thee, good friend, for succouring the stranger," and he asked him if the father and mother of Odysseus were yet alive. Then Eumaios told him how his mother had pined away and died after Odysseus went to Ilion, and how Laertes lingered on in a wretched and squalid old age.

But the ship of Telemachos had now reached the land,

and he sent some of his men to tell Penelopë that her son was come back, while he himself went to the house of Eumaios. Glad indeed was the swineherd to see him, for he had not thought to look upon his face again. And Telemachos said, "Is my mother yet in her home, or has she wedded another, and is the bridal couch of Odysseus covered with the webs of spiders?" "Nay, she is still in her home," said Eumaios; "but night and day she sheds bitter tears in her grievous sorrow." Then Telemachos spied the beggar; and when he learnt his story from Eumaios, he was troubled. "What can we do with him? Shall I give him a cloak and a sword and send him away? I am afraid to take him to my father's house, for the suitors may flout and jeer him." Then the beggar put in his word: "Truly these suitors meet us at every turn. How comes it all about? Do you yield to them of your own free will, or do the people hate you, or have you a quarrel with your kinsfolk? If these withered arms of mine had but the strength of my youth, soon should some of these suitors smart for their misdeeds; and if their numbers were too great for me to deal with, better so to die than see them thus devour the land." "Nay, friend, your guesses are wrong," said Telemachos. "The people do not hate me, and I have no feud with my kindred; but these suitors have swarmed in upon us like bees from all the country round about."

Presently Eumaios rose up to go with tidings to Penelopë; and when he was gone, a glorious form stood before the door, but the eyes only of Odysseus saw her, and he knew that it was Pallas Athênê. "The time is come," she said; "show thyself to Telemachos and make ready with him for the great vengeance." Then Athênê passed her golden staff over his body, and straightway his tattered raiment became a white and glistening robe. Once more the hue of youth came back to his cheek and the golden locks flowed down over his shoulders, so that Telemachos marvelled and said, "Who art thou, stranger, that thou lookest like one of the bright gods? But now thy garment was torn, and thy hands shook with age."

"Nay, I am no god," answered the man of many toils and sorrows; "I am thy father." Then Odysseus kissed his son, and the tears ran down his cheek; but Telemachos would not believe. "Men change not thus," he said, "from age to youth, from squalor and weakness to strength and splendour." "It is the work of Athênê," said the stranger, "who can make all things fresh and fair; and if I be not Odysseus, none other will ever come to Ithaka." Then Telemachos put his arms around his father and wept, and the cry of their weeping went up together; and Odysseus said, "The time for vengeance draws nigh. How many are these suitors?" "They may be told by scores," said Telemachos; "and what a task two against so many?" "They are enough," answered Odysseus, "if only Zeus and Athênê are on their side."

Then Telemachos went to the house of Odysseus where the suitors were greatly cast down because the messengers had not been able to kill him. And Penelope came forth from her chamber, beautiful as Artemis and Aphroditê, and she kissed her son, who told her how he had journeyed to Sparta, seeking in vain for his father. But Theoklymenos put in a word and said, "Odysseus is now in Ithaka, and is making ready for the day of thy great vengeance."

Presently Eumaios went back to his house, and there he found the beggar, for Odysseus had laid aside his glistening robe and the glory of youth had faded away again from his face. So they went to the city together and sate by the beautiful fountain whither the people came to draw water; and Melanthios the goatherd, who drove the flock for the suitors, spied them out and reviled them. "Thieves love thieves, they say: where hast thou found this vagabond, friend swineherd?" and he pushed Odysseus with his heel. Then Odysseus was wroth, and would have slain him, but he restrained himself, and Eumaios prayed aloud to the nymphs that they would bring his master home. And Melanthios said, "Pray on, as thou wilt; but Telemachos shall soon be low, for Odysseus shall see Ithaka again no more." Then he drove the goats onwards to the house of Odysseus.

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and Eumaios and the beggar followed him; and as they communed by the way, the swineherd bade him go first into the house, lest any finding him without might jeer or hurt him. But the beggar would not. "Many a hard buffet have I had by land and by sea," he said, "and I am not soon cast down." Soon they stood before the door, and a dog worn with age strove to rise and welcome him; but his strength was gone, and Odysseus wept when he saw his hound Argos in such evil plight. Then, turning to Eumaios, he said, "The hound is comely in shape. Was he swift and strong in his youth?" "Never anything escaped him in the chase; but there are none to care for him now." It mattered not, for the twenty long years had come to an end; and when Argos had once more seen his master, he sank down upon the straw and died.

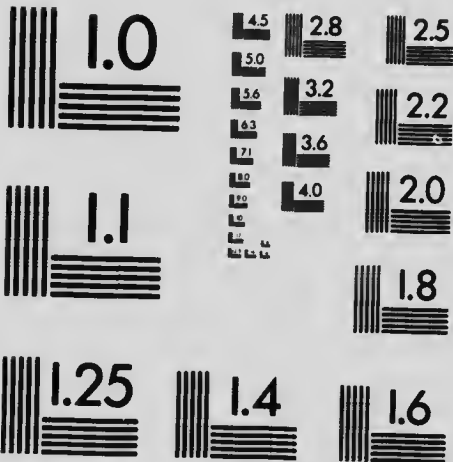
Then Odysseus passed into his house, and he stood a beggar in his own hall, and asked an alms from Antinoös. "Give," said he, "for thou lookest like a king, and I will spread abroad thy name through the wide earth. For I too was rich once and had a glorious home, and often I succoured the wanderer; but Zeus took away all my wealth, and drove me forth to Cyprus and to Egypt." But Antinoös thrust him aside. "What pest is this?" he said. "Stand off, old man, or thou shalt go again to an Egypt and a Cyprus which shall not be much to thy liking." Then Antinoös struck him on the back; but Odysseus stood firm as a rock, and he shook his head for the vengeance that was coming. But the others were angry and said, "Thou hast done an evil deed, if indeed there be a god in heaven; nay, often in the guise of strangers the gods themselves go through the earth, watching the evil and the good."

When the tidings were brought to Penelopê, she said to Eumaios, "Go call me this stranger hither, for he may have something to tell me of Odysseus." But the beggar would not go then. "Tell her," he said, "that I know her husband well, and that I have shared his troubles; but I cannot talk with her before the sun goes down. At eventide she shall see me."



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Then as Odysseus sate in the hall, there came up to him the beggar Arnaïos, whom the suitors called Iros because he was their messenger, and he said, "Get thee out, old man, and go, for the chiefs have bidden me to cast you out; yet I would rather see thee depart of thy own will." But Odysseus said, "Nay, friend, there is room enough here for both of us. You are a beggar like me, and let us pray the gods to help us; but lay not thy hand upon me, lest I be angry and smite thee; for if I do thou wilt not, I take it, care to come again to the house of Odysseus, the son of Laertes." But Iros looked scornfully at him, and said, "Hear how the vagabond talks, just like an old furnace woman. Come now and gird up thyself, and let us see which is the stronger." Then Antinoös, who had heard them quarrelling, smiled pleasantly and called to the other suitors: "See how the stranger and Iros are challenging each other. Let us bring them together and look on." But Iros shrank back in fear as the beggar arose, and only one feeble blow had he given, when Odysseus dashed him to the ground. Then all the suitors held up their hands and almost died with laughter, as the stranger dragged Iros from the hall, and said, "Meddle not more with other men's matters, lest a worse thing befall thee." Then Odysseus gathered up his tattered garment and went and sat down again upon the threshold, while the suitors praised him with loud cheers for his exploit, and Amphinomos held out to him a goblet of rosy wine: "Drink, stranger, and mayest thou have good luck in time to come, for now thy lot is hard and gloomy enough." The kindly words stirred the beggar's heart, and he said, "Hear my counsel, Amphinomos, and trust me who have borne many griefs and sorrows and wandered in many lands since Zeus drove me from my home. Depart from these evil men who are wasting another's substance and heed not the woes that are coming, when Odysseus shall once more stand in his father's house." But Amphinomos would not hear, for so had Athênê doomed that he should fall on the day of the great vengeance.

So the suitors feasted at the banquet table of Odysseus,

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and laughed at the beggar as he sat quietly on the threshold, till the stars looked forth in the sky. But when they were gone away to sleep, Odysseus bade Telemachos gather up their arms and place them in the inner chamber. And they carried in the spears and shields and helmets, while Athênê went before with a golden lamp in her hand to light the way. And Telemachos said, "Surely some one of the blessed gods must be here, my father, for walls, beams, and pillars all gleam as though they were full of eyes of blazing fire." But Odysseus bade him be silent and sleep, and Telemachos went his way, and Odysseus tarried to take counsel with Athênê for the work of the coming vengeance.

Then, as he sat alone in the hall, Penelopê came forth from her chamber, to hear what the stranger might tell her of Odysseus. But before she spake, Melantho reviled him as her father Melanthios had reviled him by the fountain; and Odysseus said, "Dost thou scorn me because my garments are torn and my face is seamed with age and sorrow? Well, I too have been young and strong. See then that the change come not on thee when Odysseus returns to his home." Then Penelopê asked him straitly, "Who art thou, stranger, and whence hast thou come?" And the beggar said, "Ask me not, for I have had grievous troubles, and the thought of all my woes will force the tears into my eyes, so that ye may think that I am mad with misery." But Penelopê urged him: "Listen to me, old man. My beauty faded away when Odysseus left me to go to Ilion, and my life has been full of woe since the suitors came thronging round me, because my husband, as they said, lived no more upon the earth. So I prayed them to let me weave a shroud for Laertes, and every night I undid the web which I had woven in the daytime. Thus three years passed away, but in the fourth the suitors found out my trick, and I know not how to avoid longer the marriage which I hate. Wherefore tell me who thou art, for thou didst not spring forth a full-grown man from a tree or a stone." Then Odysseus recounted to her the tale which he had told to the swineherd Eumaios, and the eyes of

Penelopê were filled with tears, as the stranger spoke of the exploits of Odysseus. "Good friend," she said, "thy kindly words fall soothingly on my ear. Here shalt thou sojourn and I will give thee a robe which I had meant for him who will come back again to me no more." But Odysseus would not take it, and he strove to comfort her, till at the last he swore to her that before the year's end her husband should stand before her.

And now at the bidding of Penelopê his old nurse Eurykleia came with water to wash his feet, and looking hard at him she said, "Many a stranger has come to this house, but never one so like in form and voice to my child Odysseus;" and the stranger answered smiling, "Most folk who have seen us both have marked the likeness." So she knelt down to wash his feet; but Odysseus turned himself as much as he could from the fire, for he feared that she might see the mark of the wound which the boar's tusk had made long ago when he went to Parnassus. But he strove in vain. For presently she saw the scar, and she let go his feet, and the water was spilt upon the ground, as she cried out, "It is Odysseus: and I knew him not until I saw the print of the deadly wound which Autolykos healed by his wondrous power." Then Odysseus bade her be silent, for Athênê had dulled the ear of Penelopê that she might not hear; and he would not that any should know that the chieftain had come back to his home.

Soon all were gone, and Odysseus alone remained in the hall through the still hours of night. But when the morning came, the suitors again feasted at the banquet board, and many a time they reviled the beggar and Telemachos, until Penelopê brought forth the bow which Iphitos the son of Eurytos had given to Odysseus. Then she stood before the chiefs and said, "Whoever of you can bend this bow, that man shall be my husband, and with him I will leave the home which I have loved, and which I shall still see in my dreams." But when Antinoös saw it, his heart failed him, for he knew that none had ever bent the bow save Odysseus only, and he warned the suitors that it would sorely tax their strength.

Then Telemachos would have made trial of the bow, but his father suffered him not. So Leiôdes took it in his hand, and tried in vain to stretch it, till at last he threw it down in a rage and said, "Penelopê must find some other husband; for I am not the man." But Antinoös reviled him for his faintheartedness, and he bade Melanthios bring fat to anoint the bow and make it supple; yet even thus they strove in vain to stretch it.

Then Odysseus went out into the courtyard, whither the cowherd and the swineherd had gone before him; and he said to them, "Friends, are ye minded to aid Odysseus if he should suddenly come to his home, or will ye take part with the men who devour his substance?" And they swore both of them that they would fight for their master to the death. Then Odysseus said, "I am that man who after grievous woes has come back in the twentieth year to his own land; and if ye doubt, see here is the scar of the wound where the boar's tusk pierced my flesh, when I went to Parnassus in the days of my youth." When they saw the scar, they threw their arms round Odysseus, and they kissed him on his head and his shoulders and wept, until he said, "Stay, friends, lest any see us and tell the suitors in the house. And now, hearken to me. These men will not let me take the bow; so do thou, Eumaios, place it in my hands, and let Philoitios bar the gates of the courtyard." But within the hall Eurymachos groaned with vexation because he could not stretch the bow; and he said, "It is not that I care for Penelopê, for there are many Achaian women as fair as she; but that we are all so weak in comparison of Odysseus." Then the beggar besought them that he too might try, and see whether the strength of his youth still remained to him, or whether his long wanderings had taken away the force of his arm. But Antinoös said, "Old man, wine hath done thee harm; still it is well to drink yet more rather than to strive with men who are thy betters." Then said Penelopê, "What dost thou fear, Antinoös? Vex not thyself with the thought that the beggar will lead me away as his bride, even if he should be able to stretch the

bow of Odysseus." "Nay, lady," he answered, "it is not that; but I dread lest the Achaians should say, 'The suitors could not stretch the bow; but there came a wandering beggar, who did what they strove to do in vain.'"

Then the swineherd took up the bow, but the suitor bade him lay it down again, until at last Telemachos told Eumaios to bear it to Odysseus; and as the swineherd placed it in the beggar's hands, Eurykleia shut the door of the hall and made them fast with the tackling of the ship. Then, as Odysseus raised the bow, the thunder pealed in the heaven, and his heart rejoiced because Zeus had given him a sign of his great victory. Presently the arrow sped from the string, and Antinoös lay dead upon the floor. Then the others spoke in great wrath and said, "The vultures shall tear thy flesh this day, because thou hast slain the greatest chief in Ithaka." But they knew not, as they spake thus, that the day of the great vengeance was come; and the voice of Odysseus was heard above the uproar, as he said, "Wretches, did ye fancy that I should never stand again in my own hall? Ye have wasted my substance, ye have sought to steal my wife from me, ye have feared neither gods nor men; and this is the day of your doom." The cheeks of the suitors turned ghastly pale through fear, but Eurymachos alone took courage and told Odysseus that Antinoös only had done the mischief, because he wished to slay Telemachos and become king in Ithaka in the stead of Odysseus. "Spare then the rest, for they are thy people, and we will pay thee a large ransom." But Odysseus looked sternly at him and said, "Not this house full of silver and gold shall stay my hand in the day of my great vengeance."

Then Eurymachos drew his sword and bade his comrades fight bravely for their lives; but again the clang of the bow was heard, and Eurymachos was stretched lifeless on the earth. So they fell, one after the other, until the floor of the hall was slippery with blood. But presently the arrows in the quiver of Odysseus were all spent, and laying his bow against the wall, he raised a

great shield on his shoulder and placed a helmet on his head, and took two spears in his hand. Then Agelâos called to Melanthios, "Go up to the stair-door and shout to the people, that they may break into the hall and save us." But Melanthios said, "It cannot be; for it is near the gate of the hall, and one man may guard it against a hundred. But I will bring you arms, for I know that Odysseus and his son have stowed them away in the inner chamber." Hastily he ran thither and brought forth shields and spears and helmets, and the heart of Odysseus failed him for fear as he saw the suitors donning their armour and brandishing the lances. "Who has done this?" he asked; and Telemachos answered, "It is my fault, my father. I left the door ajar; but Eumaios shall go and see whether some of the women have given this help to the suitors, or whether, as I think, it be Melanthios." So Eumaios and the cowherd placed themselves on one side of the chamber door, and when Melanthios came forth with more arms for the chieftains, they caught him, and binding him with stout cords they hoisted him up to the beams and left him dangling in the air. "Keep guard there, Melanthios, all night long in thy airy hammock, and when the golden Morning comes back from the stream of Ocean, you will not fail to see her."

But in the hall the troop of suitors stood facing Odysseus and Telemachos in deadly rage; and presently Athênê stood before them in the likeness of Mentor. Then all besought her help; and the suitors threatened her and said, "Be not led astray, Mentor, by the words of Odysseus; for if you side with him, we will leave you neither house nor lands, wife nor children, when we have taken vengeance for the evil deeds of the son of Laertes." But the wrath of Athênê was kindled more fiercely, and she said, "Where is thy strength, Odysseus? Many a year the Trojans fell beneath the stroke of thy sword; and by thy wisdom it was that the Achæians stormed the walls of breezy Ilion. And now dost thou stand trembling in thine own hall?" Then the form of Mentor vanished; and they saw a swallow fly away above the

roof-tree. In great fear the suitors took council together and six of them stood forth and hurled their spears at Odysseus and Telemachos. But all missed their mark except Amphimedon and Ktesippos, and these wounded Telemachos on the wrist and Eumaios on the shoulder.

But once again Athênê came, and this time she held aloft her awful ægis before the eyes of the suitors, and the hearts of all fainted for fear, so that they huddled together like cattle which have heard the lion's roar, and like cattle were they slain, and the floor of the hall was floated with blood.

So was the slaughter ended, and the house of Odysseus was hushed in a stillness more fearful than the din of battle, for the work of the great vengeance was accomplished.

But Penelopê lay on her couch in a sweet slumber which Athênê had sent to soothe her grief, and she heard not the footsteps of Eurykleia as she hastened joyously into the chamber. "Rise up, dear child, rise up. Thy heart's desire is come. Odysseus stands once more in his own home, the suitors are dead, and none are left to vex thee." But Penelopê could not believe for joy and fear even when Eurykleia told her of the mark of the boar's bite which Autolykos and his sons had healed. "Let us go, dear nurse," she said, "and see the bodies of the chieftains and the man who has slain them." So she went down into the hall, and sat down opposite to Odysseus, but she spake no word, and Odysseus also sat silent. And Telemachos said to his mother, "Hast thou no welcome for my father who has borne so many griefs since Zeus took him from his home twenty long years ago?"

And Penelopê said, "My child, I cannot speak, for my heart is as a stone within me; yet if it be indeed Odysseus, there are secret signs by which we shall know each other." But when she bade Eurykleia make ready the couch which lay outside the bridal chamber, Odysseus asked hastily, "Who has moved the couch which I wrought with my own hands, when I made the chamber round the olive-tree which stood in the courtyard?"

Scarcely could a mortal man move it, for it was heavy with gold and ivory and silver, and on it I spread a bull's hide gleaming with a purple eye."

Then Penelopê wept for joy, as she sprang into his arms; for now she knew that it was indeed Odysseus who had come back in the twentieth year. Long time they wept in each other's arms; but the keen-eyed Athênê kept back the bright and glistening horses of the morning, that the day might not return too soon.

Then the fair Eurynomê anointed Odysseus, and clothed him in a royal robe; and Athênê brought back all his ancient beauty as when he went forth in his youth to Ilion. So they sate together in the light of the blazing torches, and Penelopê heard from Odysseus the story of his griefs and wanderings, and she told him of her own sorrows, while he was far away at Ilion avenging the wrongs and the woes of Helen. But for all his deep joy and his calm peace, Odysseus knew that here was not the place of his rest.

"The time must come," he said, "when I must go to the land where there is no sea; but the seer who told me of the things that are to be, said that my last hour should be full of light, and that I should leave my people happy."

And Penelopê said, "Yet may we rejoice, my husband, that the hateful chiefs are gone who darkened thy house and devoured thy substance, and that once again I hold thee in my arms. Twenty years has Zeus grudged to me this deep happiness; but never has my heart swerved from thee, nor could aught stay thee from coming again to gladden my heart as in the morning of our life and joy."

TALES OF THEBES

LAIOS

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

Many days he spent in sadness and gloom, and he spake no word of love or tenderness to Iokastê, nor did he look on the child as he lay helpless in his cradle. At last he bade his servants take the child and leave him on the rugged heights of Kithairôn. So Iokastê sat in silence, although her heart was breaking with grief, for she knew that it was vain to plead for the life of her babe; and presently the servants set forth from the house of Laïos to go to the mountain where his flocks were feeding. There, in a hollow cleft, they placed the child, and, as they went away, they said, "If the nymphs see him not as they wander along the rough hillside, Laïos will have no need to fear the warnings of Apollo."

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

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

So Meropê, the wife of Polybos, received the babe with great gladness, for she had no child; and she called his name Œdipus, because his feet were swollen with the linen bands which were bound about them when they took him away from the house of Laios. Many times the year went round, and Œdipus grew up with fair and ruddy countenance, and all men loved him. No cloud dimmed the brightness of his childhood and his youth, for Polybos and Meropê looked on him with a happy pride, and thought how the love of Œdipus should cheer them in the days of weakness and old age. So the fame of the young man was spread abroad, for he was foremost in every sport and game, and none returned from the chase more laden with booty. But one day it came to pass that there was a feast in the house of Polybos, and one of the guests, whom Œdipus had beaten in the foot race, spake out in his anger and said that he was not the very truth the child of Meropê.

The feast went on with mirth and song; but there was a dark cloud on the face of Œdipus, for the words of the stranger had sunk deep in his heart, and he sate still and silent till the banquet was ended. When the morning was come, he went to Meropê and said, "Tell me the truth, my mother; am I not indeed thy son?" Then she cast her arms around him and said, "Who has beguiled thee thus, Œdipus? Can any know better than I that thou art my child indeed? and never was a son more dear to his parents than thou art to us." But although he asked no more questions, yet after a while

the doubt came back, and he said within himself, "None can be more tender and loving than Meropê, but she did not tell me plainly that I really am her son." So in the darkness of the night he went sadly from the home where he had lived without care or trouble till the misery of this doubt came upon him. Once more he passed along the heathy sides of Kithairôn, not knowing that there he had been cast forth to die; and he journeyed on to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. There, as he stood before the holy place, a voice came to him which said, "Thy doom is that thou shalt slay thy father."

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

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

Then, with a cheerful heart, Ædipus went onwards until he drew near to the cliff on which the Sphinx was sitting. With a steady gaze he looked on her stern unpitying face, and said to her, "What is thy riddle?" and all who heard trembled as she spake to Ædipus. Then he thought within himself for a while, and at last he looked up and said, "Listen, O Sphinx: the creature of whom thou hast asked me is man. In the days of his helpless childhood he crawls on his four feet; in his old

age a staff is his third foot, and his movement is slowest when he crawls on four feet."

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

ŒDIPUS

FOR many years Œdipus reigned gloriously in Thebes and the fame of his wisdom was spread abroad in the countries round about. He looked on his sons and daughters as they grew up in health and strength; and it seemed to him as though trouble and sorrow could scarcely vex him more. But the terrible Erinyes, who takes vengeance for blood, had not forgotten the day when Laios fell smitten by the wayside; and, at the bidding of Zeus, Phœbus Apollo sent a plague upon the Theban land. The people died like sheep in the city and in the field, and the pestilence was more grievous than in the days when the Sphinx uttered her dark riddle from the cliff. At last the elders of the city came to Œdipus and said, "O king, thou didst save the city and the people long ago, when we were sore pressed by a horrible monster; save us now, if thou canst, by thy great wisdom." But Œdipus said, "Friends, the plague which is slaying us now comes from no monster, but from Zeus who dwells on Olympus; and my wisdom therefore cannot avail to take it away. But I have sent Kreon my brother to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi to ask him wherefore these evils have come upon us."

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

Then everywhere through the city and in the field went

the messengers of Œdipus, charging all to bring forth the murderer, and threatening grievous pains to any who should hide or shelter him. But none stood forth to own his guilt or to charge it on another; and in his sore strait Œdipus sent for the blind seer Teiresias, who knew the speech of birds and the hidden things of earth and heaven. But when he was led before the king, Œdipus saw that the heart of the wise prophet was troubled, and he said gently, "Teiresias, thou understandest things that are hidden from other men; tell me now, I beseech thee, on whose hands is the stain from the blood of Laios. Let me but know this, and the pestilence will straightway cease from the land." But Teiresias answered hastily, "Ask me not, O king, ask me not. Let me go again to my home, and let us bear each his own burden." So Teiresias kept silence, and many times Œdipus prayed him to speak, until his wrath was roused, and he spake unseemly words to the prophet, and said, "If thou answerest not my question, it must be because thine own hands are polluted with the blood of Laios." Then from the countenance of the prophet flashed unutterable scorn, as he said slowly, so that none might hear but Œdipus, "O king, thou hast sealed thine own doom. On thine hand lies his blood, not on mine. Dost thou not remember the words which Phœbus spake to thee at Delphi, when thou hadst gone thither from the house of Polybos?" But, in his rage and madness, Œdipus took no heed of prudence and wisdom, and he cried with a loud voice, and said, "Hearken, O people, to the words of Teiresias; hath he not spoken well when he said that Laios was smitten by my hand?" Then there rose wild cries and shoutings, and bitter words were spoken against the seer, who had dared to revile the king; but as he turned to go, Teiresias said only, "It is easy to cry aloud, it is harder to judge and to find out the truth; search ye it out well before ye say that I have spoken falsely."

So once more a terrible doubt filled the mind of Œdipus. In the day his thoughts vexed him, and evil dreams stood before him in the dark hours of night; and daily the

plague pressed more heavily on the people, until at length he asked Iokastê of the time when Laïos had been slain and what tidings were brought of the deed. And she said, "One only lives to tell the tale, and he said that at a place where three ways met, robbers fell on the king and slew him; and the deed was done not long before thy coming to Thebes." Then a strange fear came on Ædipus, as he remembered the old man whom he had smitten in his chariot, and he told her of all the things which befell him as he journeyed to Thebes from Delphi. "But in thy words is hope," he said; "for if Laïos fell by a band of thieves, then am I guiltless of his blood. Hasten now, and bring hither the man who saw the deed, for I will not close my eyes in sleep until this secret is made known."

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

Then was there woe unspeakable in the city of Kadmeia, and the hearts of all the people were bowed down with grief for all the miseries which had burst like a flood on the house of Labdakos, and a great cry went up to heaven. For the lady Iokastê lay dead, and Ædipus had done a fearful deed when he saw her stretched on

and lifeless before him. With his own hands he tore out his eyes and hurled them away; for he said, "It is not fit that the eyes which have seen such things should ever look upon the sun again."

From that day forth the terrible Erínys who hovers in the air, and the awful Atê, who visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, abode by day and by night in the house of Œdipus. His sons strove together in their vain and silly pride, and each sought to be king in his father's place, till at last they cast Œdipus forth, and he wandered in wretchedness and misery from the land of the Kadmeians. His grievous sorrow had quenched his love for his people, and he said, in bitterness of spirit, that his body should not be buried in the Theban land. So his child Antigônê led him onwards, and sought to cheer him in his fierce agony. But the dark cloud rested ever on his countenance, until, one day, he said to Antigônê, "My child, I think that the end of my long suffering is nigh at hand; for there came to me last night a vision of a dream which said, 'Man of many troubles, thou shalt lie down to rest in the grove of the Eumenides, and for the land in which thy body shall lie there shall be wealth in peace and victory in war.' " So he went on with a good heart, journeying towards rocky Athens, and as he passed through a wood where the waters of a little stream murmured pleasantly in the still summer air, he sat down on a seat carved in the living rock, while Antigônê stood by his side. But presently a rough voice bade him rise and depart. "Stranger, dost thou not dread the wrath of the mighty beings whose very name we fear to utter? In this grove of the Eumenides no mortal man may rest or tarry." But Œdipus said gently, "Yet move me not, I pray thee, for I am not as other men, and the visions of Zeus have told me that this shall be the place of my rest. Go then to Theseus who rules at Athens, and bid him come to one who has suffered much and who will do great things for him and for his people." So Theseus came at the bidding of Œdipus; and there were signs in the heaven above and on the earth beneath, that the end was nigh

at hand, for the ground shook beneath their feet, the thunder was heard in the cloudless sky. *Œdipus* bade *Antigonê* farewell, and said, "Weep my child; I am going to my home, and I rejoice to down the burden of my woe." And to *Theseus* he said, "Follow me, O friend, for the blind shall guide thee day. The dreams which *Zeus* sends have shown the place where I must sleep after the fever of my is ended; and so long as thou revealest not my resting place to men, thy people shall prosper and wax mighty in peace and in war." But even while he yet spake there came a voice which said, "*Œdipus*, why tarriest thou?" and the sound of the thunder echoed again through the cloudless sky. Then he spake the parting words to *Theseus*, and besought him to guard his child *Antigonê*; and he said, "Here must thou stay until thou seest that the things are accomplished of which *Zeus* hath forewarned me. Follow me not further." So *Œdipus* departed alone, and *Theseus* knew presently that *Zeus* had fulfilled his word.

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

POLYNEIKES

THERE was strife between Eteokles and Polyneikes, when they had driven forth their father from the city of Kadmos; for Ædipus had laid on them a heavy curse for their cruel deed, and the awful Erînyes heard it, and she swore with an oath that there should be no peace for the men of Thebes until the whole house of Laïos should be utterly destroyed. At first the brothers agreed that each should be king in his turn, and that the power should pass daily from the one to the other; but soon there grew up jealousy between them and hatred, and bitter words were spoken, until at last Eteokles rose up against his brother and thrust him out of the city.

So Polyneikes went away in rage and sorrow, and took the road which goes to Argos; and as he came near to it, he met a stranger by the wayside, and they talked together, until there arose a quarrel between them. But while they were fighting, Adrastos the king passed by, and he saw that on the shield of Polyneikes was a boar, and a lion on the shield of the other stranger, whose name was Tydeus; and he said within himself, "Long ago Phœbus forewarned me that my daughters must be married to a lion and a boar; surely these must be they of whom he spake." And he went up to them and parted them in their battle, and said, "Come with me, friends. I am Adrastos, and I rule in this city of Argos. There are better things in store for you than vain strife and hard blows." So, when Argeia became the wife of Polyneikes and Dêïpylê was given to Tydeus who came from the rugged mountains of Ætolia, Adrastos swore to avenge the wrongs of both the strangers and to place them again on the thrones of their fathers.

Then throughout the land of Argos the messengers

went to and fro to summon the chieftains to the war, but when they met in council at Argos, Amphiaraios rose up and said, "Friends, ye are going to your death, for to me are shown many things which are hidden from your eyes; and I see the eagles gathered which shall devour the flesh from your bones, if ye go against the city of the people of Kadmos." But none hearkened to his warnings, and they dragged Amphiaraios to the war against his will.

So round the walls of Thebes camped the army of the great Argive chieftains; and within the city was confusion and trembling, until Teiresias the wise seer spake and said, "Thebans, the victory shall be yours, and your enemies shall perish utterly, if ye offer a great sacrifice to Arês." Then Menoikeus the son of Kreon answered, "What can a man give better than his life?" and he went forth and slew himself without the city. Then the Argives battered more fiercely against the gates, and used ladders to climb the walls; but the thunderbolt fell from heaven, and smote many of them, and the Thebans hurled mighty stones from the wall and crushed the foremost of their warriors. Still the battle raged fiercely, until Eteokles went forth and said, "Men of Argos, ye are fighting in a vain quarrel; for ye have no cause to hate the men of Thebes. Bring forth Polynikes my brother, that we may fight together, and the strife shall be ended, and ye shall go back to your homes in peace."

Then the awful Erinyes, as she hovered unseen in the air, waved her dark wings over the brothers when they came forth to meet each other. On their faces was the blackness of hatred strong as death; but no word was spoken as they drew each his sword, and the mortal strife began. Then the Erinyes gave to their arms unearthly strength, and presently the bodies of the two brothers were stretched dead upon the plain. But the men of Argos and of Thebes said that there was no victory where none lived to claim it, and again they fought, until Tydeus the Ætolian fell with a dead

wound, and a mighty crowd of enemies pressed hard to slay Amphiaraos. Then he rose up in his chariot, and, lifting up his hands to the broad heaven, he said, "O Zeus, the hour is come; and the things of which thou didst show me the tokens have been accomplished. Ye save me from the sword of men, if the doom is that I must die." So his prayer was heard, and the earth clave asunder, and the chariot of Amphiaraos was seen no more; and the place where it sank down became holy ground, for the flocks and herds would not touch the grass which grew soft and green upon it, and the birds lighted not near the pillars of his temple.

Then a mighty terror fell on the men of Argos, when they knew that Amphiaraos had been taken from the land of living men; and the chieftains fled away each to his own home. With the swiftness of the wind as it sweeps over the waters, Adrastos rode on his horse Areiôn, over hill and vale and along the sea-shore; and as they saw his blood-stained raiment streaming on the breeze, the people of the land knew that Zeus had accomplished the doom of the chiefs who went to place Polyneikes on the throne of his father Ædipus.

ANTIGONE

WHEN the army of the Argives was scattered and the two sons of Œdipus had slain each other, Kreon became king in Thebes, and he sent messengers through the city who said, "Hearken, ye people, to the words of the king: Eteokles has fallen in a righteous quarrel, and a sacrifice shall be done to the gods who dwell beneath the earth, that they may welcome him when he comes to the land; but the body of Polyneikes shall be cast forth to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air; and no man who dares to lay it in the ground, or so much as to sprinkle earth upon it, shall be stoned to death by the people of the city."

So the body of Polyneikes was cast forth on a mound of earth, and guards were placed there to see that no one should bury it or sprinkle earth upon it. But Antigone spake to Ismênê, her sister, and besought her help, saying that the fitting things might be done for the body of her brother; but Ismênê said, "What good can come of this, despising the words of those who rule in the city? Has anything prospered in the house of Laïos since the king came to search out the pollution of blood? and how can it profit to bring another woe on the woes that are past?" And Antigone answered, "Be it even as thou wilt, sister; thou knowest, it may be, what it is best for me to do. I speak not for any love which Polyneikes showed to us or to our father; but there are other laws besides the laws of gentleness and pity; and justice, which lives for ever, cries out that the offerings must be given for those who wander on the banks of the Styx stream."

So the maiden went forth, and when the shadow of night covered the earth, she scraped away the sand and laid the body of Polyneikes sank down into the shallow grave. But the men who were placed to guard the body were

up from their sleep, and seized the maiden, and carried her in the morning before the king. And Kreon said, "Thou hast sealed thine own doom, Antigônê, for the word which I have spoken may not be recalled, and this day thou shalt die." But the maiden answered, "Do with me as thou wilt; I have obeyed a law which is higher and stronger than thy word." So they carried the maiden to a hollow rock, and there they placed her with a loaf of bread and a flask of water.

But dark signs were seen again in the heavens, and the seer Teiresias came before Kreon, and said, "Take good heed, O king, what thou doest. The wrath of the awful Erîny's is coming again upon the city, and few hours shall pass before thou shalt atone with the life of one whom thou dost love for the death of the maiden Antigônê. I have heard the strange voices of birds, which told me of fresh woes for this hapless land; and I have listened to the sounds which tell of strife and war. The fire burns not on the altar of sacrifice, and the flesh of the victim wastes away in the smouldering cinders; for the gods who dwell beneath the earth are wroth with thee, and thou hast done to them a grievous wrong while thy thought was how thou mightest do hurt to Polyneikes." Then Kreon said, "The evil may be yet undone. The traitor's body shall be buried, and we will bring forth Antigônê from the cave where they have left her to die."

Hastily and in much fear they went to save the maiden; but when they entered the cave, the body of Antigônê lay before them stiff and cold in death, and by her side sat Haimon, the son of the king; but when Kreon bade him rise and go home, he said, "It is too late; the joy of my life is gone; what have I to live for now?" Then he plunged a dagger into his heart, and in the home of Hades and Persephonê he won again the love which Kreon had denied to him in the land of living men.

So the years went on, but the days of Kreon passed in gloom and sorrow, for the light which had risen for a little while in the house of Laïos was quenched at the

death of Haimon; and there came rumours of war from Argos, for the sons of the chieftains who had fought Polyneikes were grown up to manhood, and they vowed to avenge the blood of their fathers. Once more Kreon sent for the blind prophet; but Teiresias would not come, for he said, "There is no hope, and the dying gods fight against the children of Kadmos." At the hearts of the Thebans were bowed down with grief, and Kreon fled away in terror when the army of Argives drew nigh to the walls of the city. Thus the house of Laios rooted utterly out of the land, the vengeance of the awful Erînyes was accomplished.

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ERIPHYLE

WHEN the first war of the seven chiefs against Thebes was ended, the men of Argos, with the help of the men of Athens, took from the Thebans the dead bodies of their comrades and burnt them with fire, and then went back to their own land. But the words of Amphiaraos were yet to be accomplished, which he spake to Alkmaion his son when he departed for the war.

Now the wisdom of the far-seeing gods had rested on Amphiaraos, for he was sprung from the seer Melampous, who knew the speech of birds. And thus it was that, when Adrastus besought his aid against the men of Thebes, Amphiaraos forewarned him of the evils which should come upon them. "The Atê of Zeus presses sore upon Polyneikes," he said, "for the curse of a father has a mighty power. Wherefore I go not to the war." Then was there great fear, and the chieftains took counsel hurriedly in the hall of Adrastus, for of all the warriors of the land none had so great fame as the wise seer Amphiaraos. His spear had wounded the great boar of Kalydon which was slain by the beautiful Atalantê, and his wisdom had guided the chiefs who sailed in the ship Argo to fetch away the golden fleece. But Amphiaraos dwelt with his wife Eriphylê, and in an evil hour he had sworn to Adrastus her brother that, if ever there rose up strife between them, he would follow the bidding of Eriphylê.

So the chieftain of Argos went to his sister, and said, "Our task is vain, if Amphiaraos goes not forth with us to the war. Wherefore I have brought thee a rich gift, that thou mayest persuade him to go. Lo! here is the necklace which Hephaistos wrought and Kadmos

gave to his wife Harmonia when he had come to Thebes from the far-off Eastern land." The lustre of gold and gems dazzled the eyes of Eriphylê, and her heart was corrupted by the bribe, so that she said, "Fear not, my brother. It shall be even as thou wilt." So her word was spoken, and Amphiaraos bade farewell to his home and to his children; but to Alkmaion his eldest-born he said, "The treachery of thy mother sends me forth to an evil war; if I come not back, avenge me of her."

Then Alkmaion remembered his father's words when the remnant of the host of the Argives returned faint of heart from the seven-gated walls of Thebes, and when they told him how Zeus had opened the earth and taken to himself his child Amphiaraos. So Eriphylê died, and the awful Erînyes, who hovers in the air, came down to take vengeance for the deed. Unheard by others, the waving of her dark wings and the hiss of her poisonous breath fell loud and harsh on the ear of Alkmaion, and gave him neither peace by day nor sleep by night. In his madness of spirit he wandered through the land, driven by her merciless scourge, till he came to the shrine of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi. There the priestess bade him offer the necklace which Adrastus gave to Eriphylê, and told him that, if he would have rest from the scourge of Erînyes, he must find a spot which the sun had not yet seen when he avenged his father. In sorrow of heart Alkmaion wandered from Delphi, over mountain and through valley, seeking in vain for the place of which the priestess had spoken, until he came to the shores of the mighty Achelôos, where it flows slowly out into the sea. There the slime, borne down by the waters, rises higher and higher as the years roll round and makes new land, gaping and desolate, where the lank and coarse grass sweeps in a wild tangle over the ground. Here, as he sank down in utter weariness, Alkmaion heard a voice which said, "This is the place of thy rest, for here thy blood which thou hast shed cannot taint the air; and here, when ten years have passed away, thy hands shall again be pure, and thou shalt return and lead thy kin

folk to avenge the blood of their fathers against the men of Thebes."

Even so it came to pass; and when the Epigonoï made ready for the war, Alkmaion went forth from his hiding-place, and led them from Argos against the city of Kadmos. But the undying gods cared no more to shield Kreon, and all things came to pass according to the words of the seer Teiresias, and the chiefs of Argos burst through the seven gates and smote the men of Thebes, and made Thersander, the son of Polyneikes, king in the stead of Kreon, the son of Menoikeus.

MISCELLANEOUS TALES

ATYS AND ADRASTOS

TEN years had Crœsus reigned in Sardes, and all things had prospered to his hand. His garners were laden with grain, his folds were full of sheep, his houses were stored with gold and silver and all precious things. Among all kings there was none richer than Crœsus, and none more mighty. No sound of war and strife was heard in all his land, for he ruled his people gently, so that even the men whom he had conquered hated him not; and Crœsus thought, in the gladness of his heart, that of all men he was the happiest.

Now about this time Solon the Athenian came into the Lydian land, for he had left his own country, because he had given his people good laws and he willed not that they should be broken. So he made his countrymen swear an oath that they would use his laws for ten years, and then he went away that he might not be compelled to alter them himself. So he came to Sardes, and Crœsus welcomed him gladly, giving him rich banquets and gifts of all good things. When he had been there three days, Crœsus bade his servants lead Solon through all the houses where his treasures were stored up; and when he had seen them all, Crœsus spake to him and said, "I have heard of thy wisdom, O Athenian stranger, and how thou hast given good laws to thy people, and that thou art going now through many lands, to see the cities and ponder on the ways and the life of men. Tell me, then, hast thou ever known a man whom thou wouldst call happy in all things?" This question Crœsus asked, thinking surely that he would be named as the happiest of all men; but Solon flattered him not, and named Tello the Athenian. Then Crœsus turned sharply on him, and asked him why he named Tello; and Solon answered, "Because Tello lived when things went well with the city, and his own children were good and fair, and he saw their children springing up and prospering steadily; and also because after such a life

he died very gloriously, for there was a battle between the men of Athens and Eleusis and he came to the aid of the Athenians, and having put the enemy to flight died nobly, and the people buried him on the ground where he fell, and honoured him greatly."

Then Cræsus thought within himself, "Surely a Tellos he must think me the happiest;" so he asked Solon. But Solon named Kleobis and Biton, and said, "Two young men lived in Argos, rich in goods and strong in body, and it chanced that there was a feast held in honour of Hêrê, but the oxen were not at hand to take their mothers to the temple. So they placed her in the chariot, and drew it thither over forty and five furlongs; and the people at the feast marvelled at their strength, and their mother happy that she had such children. Then the young men stood up before the shrine of Hêrê, and prayed the goddess to give to her children the happiest thing which mortal man may have. So the young men lay down there in the temple, for they were weary, and fell asleep and died; and thus Hêrê showed that death is better than life, and that there can be no better gift for a man than to die happily."

But Cræsus was angry and sore displeased, and said, "So then, O Athenian, thou holdest my happiness to be so little account that thou hast not even thought of death as equal to men of low estate?" Then Solon answered, "O Cræsus, dost thou ask me, who know that the people are full of jealousy, about the happiness of man? In a long life there is much to be seen and suffered from which no man would willingly turn aside; and in his threescore years and ten, there is not one single day which brings not with it some change or turn of things, so that no man in all his life on earth has no sure abiding. And now, O king, thou art rich and wealthy, and all things which thou far have prospered to thy hand, but happy I may not call thee until I learn that thy life has been happily ended; for the rich man is not wealthier than he who has only whereby he may live, unless he keeps all his wealth until the hour of his death. Many a rich man is very wretched, and many in humble estate have

fortune. So, then, in the case of all we must wait till they die; for the sum of human happiness is when a man is fair in person and sound of mind and limb, when no sickness vexes him and no evil chance annoys him and when his children grow up fair and strong; but all these things together never fell to the lot of any man, and he who has had most of them and goes down to the grave yet having them best deserves the name of happy. But everywhere we must look to the end; for the stateliest tree is often torn up by the roots, while yet it stands forth in the fulness of its beauty."

Thus spake Solon; but his words displeased the king, because he had thought little of his wealth and treasures, and bade him wait till the end should come.

So Solon departed; and after he was gone, as Cræsus lay asleep in the night, there came a dream which stood over him and warned him that Atys his son should be smitten by a spear and die. Now Atys was the pride of his father's heart, and Cræsus rejoiced to see his child braver and stronger than all his fellows, and going forth boldly to the chase, and coming back laden with booty. Another son he had, but he spoke not, for he was dumb; and it was a grief of mind to Cræsus that the fate should be upon the bright and fair Atys. But when he arose in the morning, he said nothing of the dream; only he took all the swords and spears that hung in the men's chambers, and put them where none might fall down and hurt his son; and then he made for him a marriage-feast, and gave him a fair bride, that Atys might forget his sturdy pastimes in the joys of love.

But before the marriage-feast was ended, there came a man in great sorrow, and besought Cræsus to cleanse him from guilt, for his hands were stained with murder. So Cræsus cleansed the stranger, and then asked him whence he came and whom he had slain. And the man said, "I am Adrastus the son of Midas, and I slew my brother unwittingly; so my father drove me forth, and I have neither home nor money." Then Cræsus spake to him kindly and bade him be comforted, saying, "Thou hast come to the house of a friend where thou shalt want

for nothing; and the lighter that thou canst bear the mishap, by so much it will be to thee a gain."

Not long after these things there came men of the Mysians to Crœsus, who said, "O king, we are sore vexed by a mighty boar which lurks in the clefts and dells of Olympus and destroys our harvests, and hurts and slays all those who go forth against him. Help us, then, and let thy son Atys and thy chosen youths go forth with us that we may smite this monster." But Crœsus answered them hastily, "Think not of my son, for I cannot send him with you; he has married a wife, and his heart is fixed on his love. But I will send chosen men of the Lydians with all my dogs, and I will charge them to put forth all their strength, that so ye may destroy this wild beast from the land."

But Atys heard why the Mysians had come; and even while his father was yet speaking, he came hastily into the room, and said, "Father, in times past it was my pride to go forth to the battle and the chase, and it was a delight to thee, also, that I came back laden with riches and glory; and now thou keepest me away from both, but wherefore I know not. Hast thou seen in me either cowardice or faintness of heart? or dost thou think that I can show myself now to my comrades who praised me once for my bravery and my strength? Nay, with what eyes will my bride look upon me, if I pass my life as a woman, and touch neither sword nor spear. Let me go forth to the hunt, or show me in calm and plain speech that it is better for me to stay at home."

Then Crœsus looked sadly on the face of Atys, as he stood in all his beauty before him, and he said, "My child, I charge thee not with faintness of heart, and may be that I see in thee no fault at all; but there came one night a dream which stood over me in my sleep, and it said that thou shouldst be smitten by a spear and die; therefore have I brought thee a bride, and held for thee the marriage-feast, if by any means I may save thee from the doom which hangs over thee; and, indeed, thou art my only child, for I look not on thy brother as on a living son, for the fountain of his speech is closed."

But Atys said, "My father, none can blame thee for thy care and forethought, when such a dream hath visited thee; but thou hast not read its meaning right, for a boar hath neither hands nor spear, and it cannot smite in the way of which the dream forewarned thee. If indeed the dream had said that I was to die by a tooth, then were there some reason in thy words; but it talked only of a spear-point. Let me go, then, for we have not now to fight with men." Then Crœsus said, "I will not gainsay thy words, my son; only I pray the gods may prove them true." And so saying, he sent for Adrastos the Phrygian, and charged him to guard his son. And he said, "I welcomed thee, Adrastos, when thou wast grieving for a mischance, for which I reproach thee not; I cleansed thee from thy guilt, I have fed thee at my table; and now I ask of thee a requital for my kindness, and sure I am that thou wilt not think it a hard one. Go forth with my son to this chase; thieves may fall upon him by the way; be then at hand to guard him, if such a mishap overtake him. Go, then, and win honour for thyself also. Thou art young still, and thy limbs are stout and strong. It is not meet that a son should fall behind his father."

Then said Adrastos, "O king, I had not thought to go forth to the chase again; for it is not seemly that such a man as I should mingle with those who are gay and happy, nor have I the will to do so. But to thee I owe a great debt, and therefore will I go forth and guard thy son with all care. So, then, be not cast down; my own pledge I give thee, that thy son shall come back to thee in health and strength even as he leaves thee."

From the gates of Sardes the huntsmen went forth in gladness of heart; and the sound of song and laughter rose into the still morning air. At their head rode the brave and fair Atys, and the Phrygian Adrastos was by his side. Merrily in the sunshine glanced the spears of all the train, as they rode gaily on towards the brushwood thickets which clothe the sides of the Mysian Olympus. Soon they tracked the boar in his hiding-place, and chased him through thicket and marsh and

plain, until at last he turned round to bay, and there was a fierce fight, while each man pressed forward to see he might slay the boar and win the glory himself. Then in the throng, Adrastus launched his spear at the boar and smote Atys the brave and fair; and the vision of the dream was accomplished.

In haste and grief the messenger sped back to Sarpedon to tell the king how Adrastus had slain his son. Then to the mind of Cræsus was maddened with rage and sorrow, and his grief was the more bitter because his son had been slain by the man whom he had cleansed from the guilt of murder, so that in his agony he called on Zeus the purifier to witness all the evil which the stranger had done to him, and on him who guards the hearth because unwittingly he had welcomed to his board the murderer of his child, and on him who hears the oaths of friends, because the man who swore to guard his son had smitten him with his spear.

But even while he yet prayed, the Lydians came bearing the body of Atys, and laid it down at the feet of Cræsus. Then with outstretched arms Adrastus drew nigh, and, kneeling down before him, besought the king to smite him for his evil deed; and he wrung his hands in agony and said, "O Cræsus, I came to thee with the guilt of murder, and thou didst cleanse me; I went forth to guard thy son, and my spear hath slain him. Slay me now, for life is hateful to me for all my misery." Then, even in the bitterness of his grief and agony, the heart of Cræsus was moved with pity for Adrastus, and he said, "O friend, I seek not more atonement, now that thou hast judged thyself to be worthy of death: and I know now that thou art not the cause of this sorrow to me, saving only that thy hand hath done the deed against thy will; but it comes from the god who forewarned me of the end that was coming."

So Cræsus buried the brave and fair Atys; and Adrastus the Phrygian lingered weeping till all day was gone, and then he slew himself upon the grave.

And Cræsus called to mind the words of Solon, and he knew now that they were true.

THE VENGEANCE OF APOLLO

IN the cool evening time King Darius walked in his royal garden, and the noblest of the Persians were around him. Then came there a messenger from the western land in haste and said, "O king, the men of Athens with the sons of Javan have taken thy city of Sardes, and the temple of the great goddess Kybêbê has been burnt." And King Darius answered quickly and said, "What sayest thou, O messenger, that men of whom I have never heard the name have come with my slaves against the land of the great king?" Then he bade them bring a bow and arrows; and while one went for them, the Persians stood round him in silence, for they feared to say aught while the king was angry. So when he took the bow, he fitted an arrow to it and shot it up into the sky, and prayed, saying, "O Zeus, that dwellest in the high heavens, suffer me to be avenged upon the men of Athens. The sons of Javan are my slaves, and sorely shall they be smitten for the deeds which they have done." Then he gave command, and each day, when the banquet was spread in the gilded hall and the king sat down to meat, there stood forth one who said with a loud voice, "O king, forget not the men of Athens."

But Zeus hearkened not to the prayer of the great king, for the ships were made ready, and his chieftains and warriors hastened away to the Athenian land and fought in Marathon. But they fared not well in the battle, for the men of Athens strove mightily for their country, and the bright heroes came back to aid their kinsfolk. Then were there seen wonderful forms taller and more glorious than the sons of men; and the mighty Echetaios with his great ploughshare smote down the chiefest of the Medes. So in great fear the Persians fled to the sea-shore, while the men of Athens slew them on the land and in the water as they struggled to reach

the ships. And when the fight was over, they spoiled the Persians who lay dead on the sea-shore and took rich plunder, for scattered about they found embroidered turbans, and bright swords and daggers, and golden bits and bridles, and silken robes and jewels.

Thus sped the hosts of King Darius; and the messenger came again in haste, as he sat on his golden throne in Susa, while the nobles of Persia did obeisance before him. Then the king said, "Speak, O man, hast thou brought good tidings that my slaves have chastised the people of the strange city?" And the messenger answered, saying, "O king, the men of Athens have slain thy mighty men with the sword, and burnt thy ships; and few have come back of all the great army which thou didst send against them."

Great and fierce was the wrath of King Darius when he heard the tidings, and he hastened to make ready ships and men and horses, that he might go forth himself against the men of Athens. Then in every city of the Persian land was heard the din as of men who have great work to do; and the armourers wrought spears and swords and shields, and in the harbours they built countless ships to sail over the dark sea. But Zeus hearkened not yet to the prayer of the king; so Darius died, and Xerxes his son sat upon his throne, and the chief men of the Persians were gathered round him. Then the king spake and said, "Be ready, O Persians, every one of you, for I will go forth with all my great power, and make slaves of the men of Athens; and so may the gods do to me, and more also, if I burn not the temples of their gods with fire, and bring not hither the golden treasures which lie in the house of Phœbus Apollo at Delphi."

Then, with all his great hosts, King Xerxes set forth from Susa, and his satraps and warriors and slaves followed him, with a great multitude of every nation and people; and they crossed over from the land of Asia by a bridge which was built over the sea of Helle. Thus they journeyed on in pomp and glory, and King Xerxes thought that they had done great things when

his hosts slew Leonidas and three hundred men of Sparta who guarded the passes of Thermopylæ. So his heart was filled with pride, and he chose out the bravest of his warriors, and charged the men of Thessaly to lead them to Delphi and the temple of Phœbus Apollo.

Then was there great fear and terror in Delphi, for a messenger came and said, "The hosts of King Xerxes are coming to slay the men of this land and take away the treasures which lie in the house of King Apollo." So the Delphians went in great sorrow to the temple, and bowed their heads to the earth and prayed, saying, "Child of the light, who dwellest here in thy holy temple, thieves and robbers are coming against us, and they are purposed to take away thy sacred treasures; tell us, then, what we shall do, for at thy bidding we are ready to bury them deep in the earth till the storm of war be overpast." Then came there a voice from the inmost shrine, but it was not the voice of the priestess, for Phœbus Apollo himself came down to speak his will, and said, "Move them not, men of Delphi. I will guard my holy place, and none shall lay hand on my sacred things."

So they went away in gladness of heart, and made ready for the coming of the Persians; and all the men of Delphi left the city saving only sixty men and the prophet Akêratos, and these sat down before the steps of the temple. In silence they waited till the Persians should come, and they marvelled at the great stillness on the earth and in the heaven. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the two peaks of Parnassus glistened in the blazing sunshine. Not a breath lifted the green leaves of the sacred laurels, not a bird sang in the breathless air. Presently, as he turned round to look, the prophet saw the sacred weapons of Phœbus, which no mortal man might touch, lying on the temple steps; and he said to the sixty men who tarried with him, "Lo, now will Phœbus fight for his holy temple, for his own hand hath made ready the weapons for the battle."

Soon in the deep valley and along the bank of the Kastalian stream were seen the hosts of the Persians, as they came on with their long spears flashing in the bright

sunshine. Far away the men of Delphi saw the blare of their burnished armour, and heard the tramp of the war horses. Onward they came, and they said one to another, "The gods have fought for us, and the prize is won already. See, yonder is the home of Phœbus, and none remain of the men of Delphi to do battle for his holy temple."

Still the sun shone without a cloud in the sky, and no breeze broke the stillness of the laurel groves. Still glistened the sacred arms as they lay on the steps of the temple, and the opened doors showed the golden treasures which were stored up within. There lay the throne of Midas, and the golden lion of Crœsus. There lay the mighty mixing bowl, all of pure gold, which at the bidding of Crœsus was wrought by the Samian Theodoros. There lay all the rich gifts which the men of Hellas had offered up to win the favour of the lord Apollo.

Then the leaders of the Persians stretched forth their hands, as though all these things were given up to them by the god who had forsaken his people; but even as they came near to his holy ground, the lightning flashed forth, and the crash of the thunder was heard in the blue heaven, and the dark cloud fell on the peaks of Parnassus. Then, like the roar of a raging torrent, burst forth the mighty wind. Down from the steep slopes of the Delphic hill thundered the huge rocks, and trees uprooted from their roots were hurled on the hosts of the barbarians. Louder and fiercer grew the din; and cries and shoutings were heard from the Alean chapel, for the virgin Athênê fought against the men of Xerxes. Smitten by the fiercest lightnings, they fell on the quaking earth, when suddenly there was heard a sound more fierce and terrible, and two cliffs were hurled down from the mountain-top. Underneath this huge mass the mightiest of the Persians lay still in the sleep of death; and all who yet lived fled with quaking hearts and trembling steps from the great wrath of the lord Apollo.

So fought the god for his holy temple; and when from their hiding places the men of Delphi saw that the Persians fled, then from caves and thickets they poured forth

slay them; and they smote them as sheep are slain before the altar of sacrifice, for even the bravest of their warriors lifted not their arm against them. Long time they followed after them in hot haste; and among them were seen two giant forms, clothed in bright armour, smiting down the hosts of the enemy. Then they knew that Phylakos and Autonoös, the heroes of the place, had come forth to aid them, and they smote the Persians more fiercely till the going down of the sun.

So the fight was ended; and the stars came forth in the cloudless sky, and the laurel groves were stirred by the soft evening breeze. With songs of high thanksgiving the men of Delphi drew near to the temple, and they saw that Phœbus had placed again within his shrine the sacred arms which no mortal man may handle. Then was there rich spoil gathered, and the holy place of Apollo shone with gifts of gold and silver, which the men of Delphi offered in gladness of heart for all the great things which he had done for them. And in every house of the Delphians were seen robes and turbans rich with gold and silver and embroidery. On their walls hung spears and shields and swords and daggers, which the Persians bore when they came to Delphi.

So in after days they told their children the wondrous tale how Phœbus Apollo smote down the hosts of Xerxes; and they showed them the spoils which they took by the aid of the bright heroes, and the two rocks, lying on the holy ground before his shrine, which Phœbus tore from the peaks of Parnassus in the day of his great vengeance.

THE STORY OF ARION

A LONG time ago, in the great city of Corinth, there lived a man whose name was Arion, and he made beautiful music on a golden harp, which all the people flocked to listen to. Men and women, boys and girls, all came to hear Arion play and sing; and when his songs were ended they gave him money, and Arion became a rich man. When he had lived for a long time in the house of Periandros, who was called the tyrant of Corinth, he thought that he would like to see some new places which he had never seen before. So he went into a ship and asked the sailors to take him to Sicily and Italy; and they sailed over the blue sea a long way for many days and weeks, and came to many towns, where Arion played and sang and got more money, till at last he came to Tarentum. There he stayed a long time, because it was a rich and beautiful city, and all the people who came to hear him gave him plenty of money.

By and by Arion thought that he had enough, and began to wish to see Corinth and his friend Periandros once more. So he went down to the beach, and said that he wanted a ship to take him back to Corinth, and that he would only go with Corinthians, because he thought the men of Corinth better than the men of any other place. Just then there was drawn up on the beach a ship which had come from Corinth, and the sailors told him that they were Corinthians, and would take him home again. So Arion promised to go with them, and he sent down his harp and all his boxes full of fine clothes and gold and silver, to be put on board the ship. And when the sailors saw the boxes, and felt how heavy they were, they said to each other, "What a rich man he must be! would it not be pleasant to have only a little of all this money which has been given to Arion for playing on a harp?"

Then on the next day Arion came down to the shore, and went into the ship. It was a beautiful day; there was scarcely a cloud in the sky, and there was a fresh breeze just strong enough to fill the sails and move the ship gently through the water. The waves danced and shone like gold in the bright sunshine, while the ship tossed up the white foam as she sailed merrily on towards Corinth. So they went on many days, and Arion sat at the head of the ship to see how it cut through the water; and as they passed one place after another, he thought that they would soon reach Corinth. But the sailors in the ship were wicked men. They had seen the large boxes full of money which Arion had brought with him into the ship, and now they made up their mind to kill him and take his gold and silver. So one day while he was sitting at the bow of the ship, and looking down on the dark blue sea, three or four of the sailors came up to him and said that they were going to kill him. Now Arion knew that they said this because they wanted his money; so he promised to give them all that he had if they would spare his life. But they would not. Then he asked them to let him play once more on his harp, and sing one of the songs which he loved the best, and he said that when it was finished he would leap into the sea. When they had given him leave to do this, Arion put on a beautiful dress, and took his harp in his hand, and stood up on the deck of the ship to sing. And as he sang, the sailors began to feel sorry that they were going to kill him, because they would have no more of his sweet music when he was dead. But when they thought of all the gold and silver which Arion was taking to Corinth, they made up their minds that they would not let him live; and Arion took one last look at the bright and sunny sky, and then he leaped into the sea and the sailors saw him no more.

So the ship sailed on merrily over the dark water, just as though it were not carrying so many wicked men to Corinth. But Arion was not drowned in the sea, for a great fish called a dolphin was swimming by the ship when Arion leaped over; and it caught him on its back

and swam away with him towards Corinth much faster than the ship could sail in which the wicked sailors were. On and on the great fish swam, cutting through the waves of the sea which was tossed up over Arion; and by and by he saw at a distance the high cliffs and peaks which he knew were the cliffs and peaks above Corinth. Presently the fish came close to the shore, and left Arion on the beach, and swam away again into the deep.

Arion was cold and tired with being so long in the water, and he could hardly crawl up into the city as he wished as the house where Periandros the tyrant lived. As he reached the house, and was taken into the great hall where Periandros was sitting. And when he saw Arion, Periandros rose up, and came to meet him, and said, "Why, Arion, what is all this? Your clothes are dripping with water; I thought you were coming to Corinth from Sicily in a ship, but you look more as if you had been in the sea than in a ship; did you swim here through the water?" Then Arion told him all the story; how he had left Tarentum in a ship with Corinthian sailors, whom he had hired to bring him home, and how they had tried to kill him that they might take his money, and how the dolphin had brought him to the shore when he made him leap from the ship into the sea. But Periandros did not believe the story, and he said to Arion, "You cannot make me think that this strange tale is true: who ever swam on a dolphin's back before?" So he told his servants to give Arion all that he wanted, but not to let him go until the ship in which he had left Tarentum came to Corinth.

Two days afterwards, Arion was standing by the side of Periandros, and looking out over the sea: and presently he saw the white sails of a ship which was sailing into the harbour with a gentle breeze from the west. As it came nearer and nearer, Arion thought that it looked very much like his own ship, until at last he was able to see the colours on its prow that it was the very ship in which he had been sailing. Then he said to Periandros, "See, they are come at last, and now go and send for the sailors, and see whether I have not told you the truth."

So Periandros sent down fifty soldiers with swords and spears and shields, to bring up all the sailors from the ship.

Now the ship was sailing in merrily towards the shore, and the soft west wind filled out its white sails as it cut through the water. And as they looked on the beautiful land to which they were coming, they thought of all the things which they should be able to buy with Arion's gold and silver; and how they would do nothing but eat and drink and be merry as soon as they got out of the ship. So when they came to the beach, they let down the sails, and lowered the masts, and threw out ropes from the stern to fasten the ship to the shore. But they never thought that the fifty soldiers whose spears and shields were shining gaily in the sunshine had been sent on purpose to take them; and they could not make out why it was that, as soon as they came out from the ship upon the dry land, the soldiers said that they must all go as quickly as they could to the house of Periandros. Ten of the soldiers stayed behind to guard the ship, while the rest led the sailors to the palace. When they were brought before him, Periandros spoke to them kindly, and asked them from what place they had come; and the sailors said that they had come from Italy, from the great city of Tarentum. Then Periandros said, "If you have come from Italy, perhaps you can tell me something about my friend Arion. A long time ago he left Corinth, and said that he was going to Sicily and Italy; and I cannot think why he should be away so long, for if the people have given him as much money for his music as they did here, he must now be a very rich man." Then the sailors said, "Yes, we can tell you all about Arion. We left him quite safe at Tarentum, where every one wanted to hear him sing; but he said that he should not come to Corinth until they had given him more gold and silver and made him a richer man." Just as they were telling this lie, the door of the room was opened, and Arion himself walked in; and Periandros turned round to the sailors, and said, "See, here is the man whom you left quite safe and well at Tarentum. How dare you

tell me so great a lie? Now I know that Arion has told me the truth, and that you wished to kill him, and made him leap into the sea; but the dolphin caught him as he fell, and brought him here on its back. And now listen to me. Of all Arion's gold and silver you shall have none; everything that was his you shall give back to him, and I shall take away your ship, and everything in it which belongs to you, because you wished to rob and kill Arion." Then the soldiers came, and turned these wicked sailors into the street, and drove them on, calling to the people to come and see the men who had sought to murder Arion. And every one came out of their houses, and they hooted at the sailors as they passed by, until they were ready to sink down with fear and shame.

So Periandros took their ship, and gave back to Arion all his gold and silver, and—what he loved better than his riches—his golden harp. And every one came to hear the wonderful tale of Arion and the dolphin; and Arion made a large statue out of stone to look like a man on a dolphin's back, and placed it on Cape Tainaron, that the people might never forget how the dolphin saved Arion when he was made to leap into the sea.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND THE MICE

A THIRSTY mouse, who had just escaped from a weasel, was drinking from a pool of water, when a croaking frog saw him, and said, "Stranger, whence hast thou come to our shore, and who is thy father? Tell me the truth, and deceive not me, for if thou deservest it, I will lead thee to my house and give thee rich and beautiful gifts. My name is Puffcheek, and I rule over the frogs who dwell in this lake, and I see that thou too art an excellent prince and a brave warrior. So make haste, and tell me to what race thou dost belong."

Then the mouse answered him, and said, "Friend, why dost thou ask me of my race? It is known to all the gods, and to men, and to all the birds of heaven. My name is Crumbfilcher, and I am the son of the great-hearted Breadgnawer, and my mother is Lickmill, the daughter of king Hamnibbler. I was born in a hovel, and fed on figs and nuts and on all manner of good things. But how can we be friends? We are not at all like each other. You frogs live in the water; we feed on whatever is eaten by man. No dainty escapes my eye, whether it be bread, or cake, or ham, or new-made cheese, or rich dishes prepared for feasts. As to war, I have never dreaded its din, but, going straight into it, have taken my place among the foremost warriors. Nor do I fear men, although they have large bodies; for at night I can bite a finger or nibble a heel without waking the sleeper from his pleasant slumber. But there are two things which I dread greatly—a mouse-trap and a hawk; but worse than these are the weasels, for they can catch us in our holes. What then am I to do? for I cannot eat the cabbages, radishes, and pumpkins which furnish food to the race of frogs."

Then Puffcheek answered with a smile, "My friend,

thou art dainty enough, but we have fine things to share on the dry land and in the marsh, for the son of Kronos has given us the power to dwell on land or in the water as it may please us. If thou wouldest see these things it is soon done. Get on my back and hold on well, so that thou mayest reach my house with a cheerful heart. So he turned his back to the mouse, who sprang lightly on it and put his arms round his soft neck. Much pleased he was at first to swim on the back of Puffcheek, while the haven was near; but when he got out into midwater he began to creep and to curse his useless sorrow. He tore his hair, and drew his feet tightly round the frog's stomach. His heart beat wildly, and he wished himself well on shore, as he uttered a pitiful cry and spread his tail on the water, moving it about like an oar. Then in the bitterness of his grief he said, "Surely it was thus the bull carried the beautiful Europa on his back over the sea to Crete; surely——" But before he could say more, a snake, of which frogs and mice alike are afraid, lifted up his head straight above the water. Dismayed and dived Puffcheek, when he saw the snake, never thinking that he had left the mouse to die. The frog was safe at the bottom of the marsh, but the mouse fell on his back and screamed terribly. Many times he sank and many times he came up again, kicking hard, but there was no hope. The hair on his skin was soaked with wet water, which weighed him down, and with his last breath he cried, "Puffcheek, thou shalt not escape for thy treachery. On the land I could have beaten thee in boxing, wrestling, or running, but thou hast beguiled me into the water where I can do nothing. The eye of justice sees thee, and thou shalt pay a fearful penalty to the great army of mice."

So the Crumbfilcher died, but Lickplatter saw him when he sat on the soft bank, and uttering a sharp cry, went to tell the mice. Then was there great wrath among them, and messengers were sent to bid all come in the morning to the house of Breadgnawer, the father of the luckless Crumbfilcher, whose body could not even be buried, because it was floating in the middle of the pool.

The Battle of Frogs and Mice 315

So they came at dawn, and then Breadnawer, rising in grief and rage, said, " Friends, I may be the only one whom the frogs have sorely injured, but we all live but a poor life, and I am in sad plight, for I have lost three sons. The first was slain by a hateful weasel who caught him outside his hole. The next one cruel men brought to his death by a newfangled device of wood, which they call a trap; and now my darling Crumbfilcher has been choked in the waters. Come and let us arm ourselves for the war and go forth to do battle."

So they put on each his armour. For greaves around their legs they used the beans on which they fed at night, and their breastplates they made cunningly out of the skin of a dead weasel. For spears they carried skewers, and the shell of a nut for a helmet. So they stood in battle array, and the frogs, when they heard of it, rose from the water and summoned a council in a corner of the pond. As they wondered what might be the cause of these things, there came a messenger from the mice, who declared war against them and said, " Ye frogs, the mice bid you arm yourselves and come forth to the battle, for they have seen Crumbfilcher, whom your king Puffcheek drowned, floating dead on the water." Then the valiant frogs feared exceedingly, and blamed the deed of Puffcheek; but the king said, " Friends, I did not kill the mouse or see him die; of course he was drowned while he amused himself in the pond by trying to swim like a frog, and the wretches now bring a charge against me who am wholly guiltless. But come, let us take counsel how we may destroy these mice; and this, I think, is the best plan. Let us arm ourselves and take our stand where the bank is steepest, and when they come charging against us, let us seize their helmets and drag them down into the pond. Thus we shall drown them all and set up a trophy for our victory." So they put on each his armour. They covered their legs with mallow leaves, and carried radish leaves for shields, and rushes for spears, and snail-shells for helmets. Thus they stood in array on the high bank, brandishing their spears and shouting for the battle.

But Zeus summoned the gods to the starry heaven, and, pointing to the hosts of the frogs and mice, might as the armies of the Kentaurs or the giants, he asked: "Which would aid each side as it might be hard pressed in strife; and he said to Athênê, " Daughter, thou wilt surely to the aid of the mice, for they are always running about thy shrine, and delight in the fat and the morsels which they pick from the sacrifices."

But Athênê said to the son of Kronos, " Father, I will not to help the mice, for they have done me grievous mischief, spoiling the garlands and the lamps for the sake of the oil. Nay, I have greater cause for anger, for they have eaten out the robe which I wove from gold thread, and made holes in it; and the man who mends it charges a high price, and, worse still, I borrowed the stuff of which I wove it, and now I cannot pay it back. Yet neither will I aid the frogs, for they are not in the right senses. A little while ago, I came back tired from war and wanting sleep, but they never let me close my eyes with their clatter, and I lay sleepless with a headache till the cock crew in the morning. But, O ye gods, will ye give us aid neither side, lest we be wounded with their swords or spears, for they are sharp and strong even against the gods; but let us take our sport by watching the strife and safety out of heaven."

Then the gods did as Athênê bade them, and went into one place; and the gnats, with their great trumpet, gave the signal for the battle, and Zeus thundered from the sky because of the woes that were coming. Mighty were the deeds which were done on both sides, and the earth and the pond were reddened with the blood of the slain. So, as the fight went on, Crumbstealer was killed by Garliceater before he came to land; and Mudwalker, seeing this, threw at him a clod of earth, and, hitting him in the forehead, almost blinded him. Then, in his fury, Crumbstealer seized a great stone, and crushed the leg of the frog, so that he fell on his back in the dust. The Breadgnawer wounded Puffcheek in the foot, and made him limp into the water.

But among the mice was a young hero, with wings

The Battle of Frogs and Mice 317

none could be matched for boldness and strength, and his name was Bitstealer. On the bank of the pond he stood alone, and vowed a vow to destroy the whole race of the frogs. And the vow would have been accomplished, for his might was great indeed, had not the son of Kronos pitied the frogs in their misery, and charged Pallas Athênê and Arês to drive Bitstealer from the battle. But Arês made answer and said, "O Zeus, neither Athênê nor Arês alone can save the frogs from death. Let us all go and help them; and do thou, son of Kronos, wield thy mighty weapon with which thou didst slay the Titans, and Kapaneus, and Enkelados, and the wild race of the giants, for thus only can the bravest of them be slain." So spake Arês; and Zeus hurled his scathing thunderbolts, and the lightnings flashed from the sky, and Olympus shook with the earthquake. The frogs and mice heard and trembled, but the mice ceased not yet from the battle, and strove only the more to slay their enemies, until Zeus, in his pity, sent a new army to aid the frogs.

Suddenly they came on the mice, with mailed backs and crooked claws, with limping gait, with mouths like shears, and skins like potsherds. Their backs were hard and horny, their arms were long and lean, and their eyes were in their breasts. They had eight feet and two heads, and no hands. Men call them crabs. With their mouths they bit the tails and feet and hands of the mice, and broke their spears, and great terror came on all the mice, so that they turned and fled. Thus the battle was ended, and the sun went down.

THE TREASURES OF RHAMPSINITOS

THERE was once a king of Egypt who was called Rhampsinitos. He was very rich and very greedy. He tried to get as much money as he could from his people; but the more that he had, the more he wanted. His house was full of gold and silver; and his servants every day brought him more, until he was puzzled to know where he should put it. For a long time he thought how he might hide it, for he could hardly rest by day or sleep by night for fear that thieves might come and take away some of his riches. At last he sent for a mason and told him to build a great and strong room, which should have no windows and only a single door, fastened with huge iron bars and with strong bolts and locks. The room was built in a corner of the palace, and the outer wall faced the roadway. When the house was finished, Rhampsinitos carried all his silver and gold secretly into it; and the whole room was filled with his riches. There were jars full of gold round the walls, and others which were full of diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and jaspers; and in the middle of the room there was a great heap of coins, which shone so bright that they almost made that dismal place look cheerful. The King Rhampsinitos thought himself a happier man, and he went to sleep more soundly, because he fancied that now no one would be able to steal his money.

Not long after this the old mason who had built the treasure-house fell ill, and he called his two sons to his bedside, and said to them, "I am so weak and ill that I know I shall soon die; but I do not wish to leave you without telling you the secret of the house where King Rhampsinitos has hoarded up his money. I have lived to give you myself, for the king tried to make me work hard and to give me as little as he could for all my trouble. But I know a way in which you may

money when you are in need of it. The king does not know that I have placed a mark on one of the stones in the wall of his treasure-house on the side which faces the road. This stone can be easily taken out and put back again by two men, or even by one, and his money can be taken without moving the bolts or touching the locks."

Soon after he had told them this secret the old mason died; and not long afterwards his two sons began to think about the treasures of King Rhampsinitos, for the money which the old mason left them was soon wasted in eating and drinking with their friends. But they did not care, for they knew that when they wanted it they could get plenty of money from the treasures of King Rhampsinitos. So one night, when the moon was shining high up in the sky, they went very softly to the house where the money was hid; and after looking about for a little while, they found the stone, and they put it aside, and went into the room. They were afraid to stay there long; but they filled their clothes with as much gold and silver as they could carry. and when they had put back the stone carefully, they went home and showed their mother all the money which they had stolen from the king. The next night they went again; and for many nights they kept on going, till at last King Rhampsinitos began to think that some of the heaps of money were smaller than they used to be; and every day when he went into the treasure-house, he looked at the heaps, and rubbed his eyes, and looked at them again, for he could not make out how it was that they seemed to grow smaller and smaller. And he said, "This is very odd; what can it be that takes away my money? The locks of the treasure-house are not touched, and the bolts and bars have not been moved; and still my heaps of gold and silver seem every day to become smaller than they were." Then he thought that perhaps it might be his own fancy, until he put a heap of coins on purpose in one part of the room: and very soon these were taken away. Then he knew that some thief had found out a way to come in without unlocking the door. But King Rhampsinitos did not care much about it, for he said,

"I think I know how to catch the thief who comes to steal my money." So he got a large trap which was big enough to hold a man's leg, and put it in the treasure house.

In a day or two after this, the sons of the old mason came again, and the younger one went in first, and presently stepped into the trap. His leg was terribly hurt, but he did not scream or make any noise, because he was afraid that King Rhampsinitos might hear him. Then he called to his brother who was standing outside and showed him how he was caught in the trap, and that he could not get his leg out of it; and he said, "Make haste, brother, and cut off my head, and carry it away. You must do this; for if you do not, the king will come and see who I am, and then he will have your head cut off as well as mine."

His brother was very sorry, but there seemed to be no help for it. So he cut off his head and took it home with him; and when King Rhampsinitos came in the morning to look at his gold and silver, he started back and held up his hands in great wonder; for he saw that two men had come in and that one had carried away the dead man's head, and he knew that there was some one else still alive who might come and rob him of his money. Then he thought of a way to find him out, and he told his servants to take the body out of the trap and hang it up upon a wall, and ordered the soldiers to watch, and if they saw any one crying or weeping near it, to take him and bring him before the king.

Now when the mason's elder son got home, he was obliged to tell his mother that his brother had been caught in the trap, and that he had cut off his head and brought it away with him; and his mother was very sorry and very angry too, and she said that he must go and get the body and bury it along with the head. And she was still more angry when in the morning the soldiers hung the body of her son high up on the wall; and she called her elder son, and said to him that she would go and tell King Rhampsinitos all that had been done, unless he went and brought his brother's body to her. At first

her son was greatly troubled and could not think what to do; but presently he started up from his seat, and went out, and got five or six asses, and on their backs he placed large leather sacks full of wine, which he had bought with the money of King Rhampsinitos. Then he drove the asses by the wall on which his brother's body was hung up; and when he came near the soldiers who were guarding it, he loosened the string which was round the mouth of two or three of the sacks, and the wine began to trickle down upon the ground. Then he cried out with a loud voice for all the guards to hear, and tore his hair, and ran about the road as if he did not know which sack to tie up first. Quickly the soldiers came up, and there was such a pushing as was never seen before. Instead of helping him to tie up the leather bottles, they ran for cups to catch up the wine as it streamed out on the ground, and they drank it up as fast as their cups were filled. Then the mason's son began to scold them, and pretended to be dreadfully angry; but the soldiers tried to coax and soothe him, until at last he drove his asses off the road, and began to put the sacks right again.

Then the guards came round him, and began to talk and laugh with him; and by and by he gave them one of the bottles of wine to drink. But they said that they would not drink it unless he drank some of it with them. So they poured the wine out into the cups, and they drank and made merry together. Then he gave them another bottle, and another and another, till all the soldiers fell down on the ground fast asleep. They had been so long drinking and laughing together, that it was now night; and it was so dark that nobody could see what he was doing. Then the mason's son went softly to the wall and took down his brother's body which was hanging on it, and afterwards he went to all the soldiers one by one, and shaved off the whiskers and beard from one side of their faces; and then he returned home to his mother and gave her the body of his brother.

When the morning came, the soldiers woke up from their heavy sleep. They felt very dull and stupid, but

when they looked at the wall they saw that there was no dead body hanging on it; and when they looked at each other, they knew what a trick the mason's son had played them. They were dreadfully angry and terribly afraid, but there was no help except to go and tell the king. As they went, a crowd of people gathered round them, and every one shouted with laughter to see the soldiers who had half their whiskers and beards shaved off. But when King Rhampsinitos heard what the mason's son had done, he was quite furious, and he said, "What can I do to find out the man who has done these very wicked and very clever things?"

So he sent a herald all through the country, and told him to say with a loud voice that the king would not punish the man who had stolen his money, but would give him his daughter for a wife, if he would only tell him how he had got into his treasure-house. Then the son of the old mason came and told Rhampsinitos all the story, and the king looked at him earnestly, and said: "I do not believe that the Egyptians are cleverer than all other men; but you are cleverer than all the Egyptians."

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES OCCURRING IN THIS WORK

IN the present Edition an effort has been made to assimilate the spelling of proper names as nearly as possible to the Greek. An exception has been made in the case of some names, of which the Latin forms are to us familiar sounds, or even household words. Thus it has been thought better not to substitute *Kyklōps* for Cyclops, or *Phoibos Apollōn* for *Phœbus Apollo*. But in general it will be admitted that much is lost by departing from the Greek forms; and the change will have been made to some purpose if it leads even to the partial abandonment of our insular pronunciation of the vowels in Greek or Latin names. We should thus see that in many cases the Latin forms involved no change of sound. The Greek *Moirai* and the Latin *Mœræ* were pronounced precisely alike; and the difficulty is at once in great part surmounted if we bear in mind that the Greek *ai* and the Latin *æ* should be pronounced like *ai* in *fail*, the Greek *oi* and *ei* and the Latin *æ* like *ee* in *sheen*.

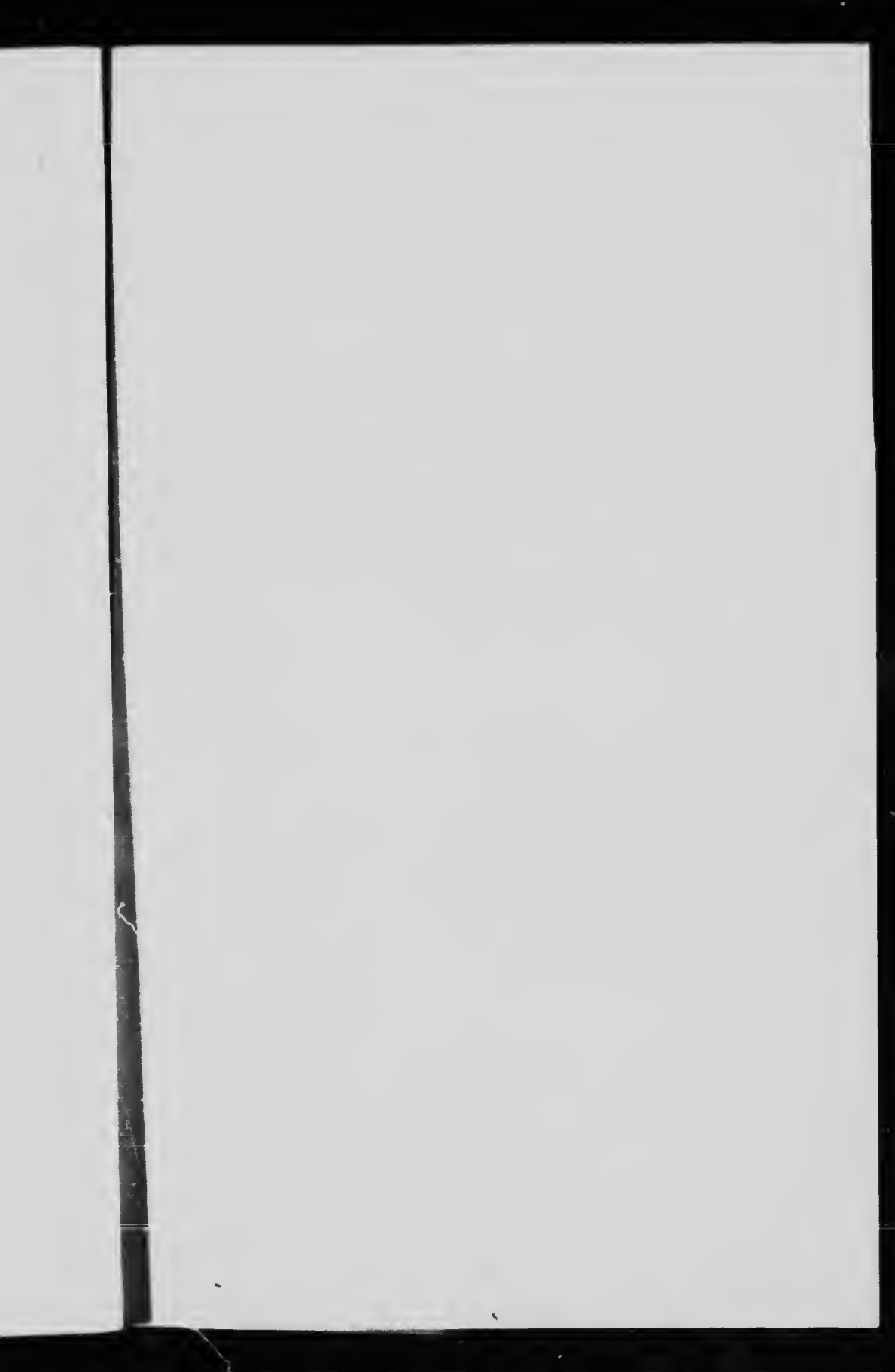
The following List of Names and Words occurring in this volume is confined to those of which the quantity may possibly appear doubtful to readers not acquainted with Greek.

Achēlōōs	Aipýtōs	Amphīōn
Achērōn	Agōra	Apātē
Admētōs	Akrīsīos	Antiōpē
Aiākos	Alkidikē	Antigōnē
Aēthliōs	Alkinōōs	Aphrōdītē
Aiētēs	Alkmēnē	Amphīārāōs
Agamēdēs	Amāzōn	Amphīmēdōn
Agāvē	Andrōgēōs	Amphīnōmōs
Agēlāōs	Andrōmēda	Amŷthāōn

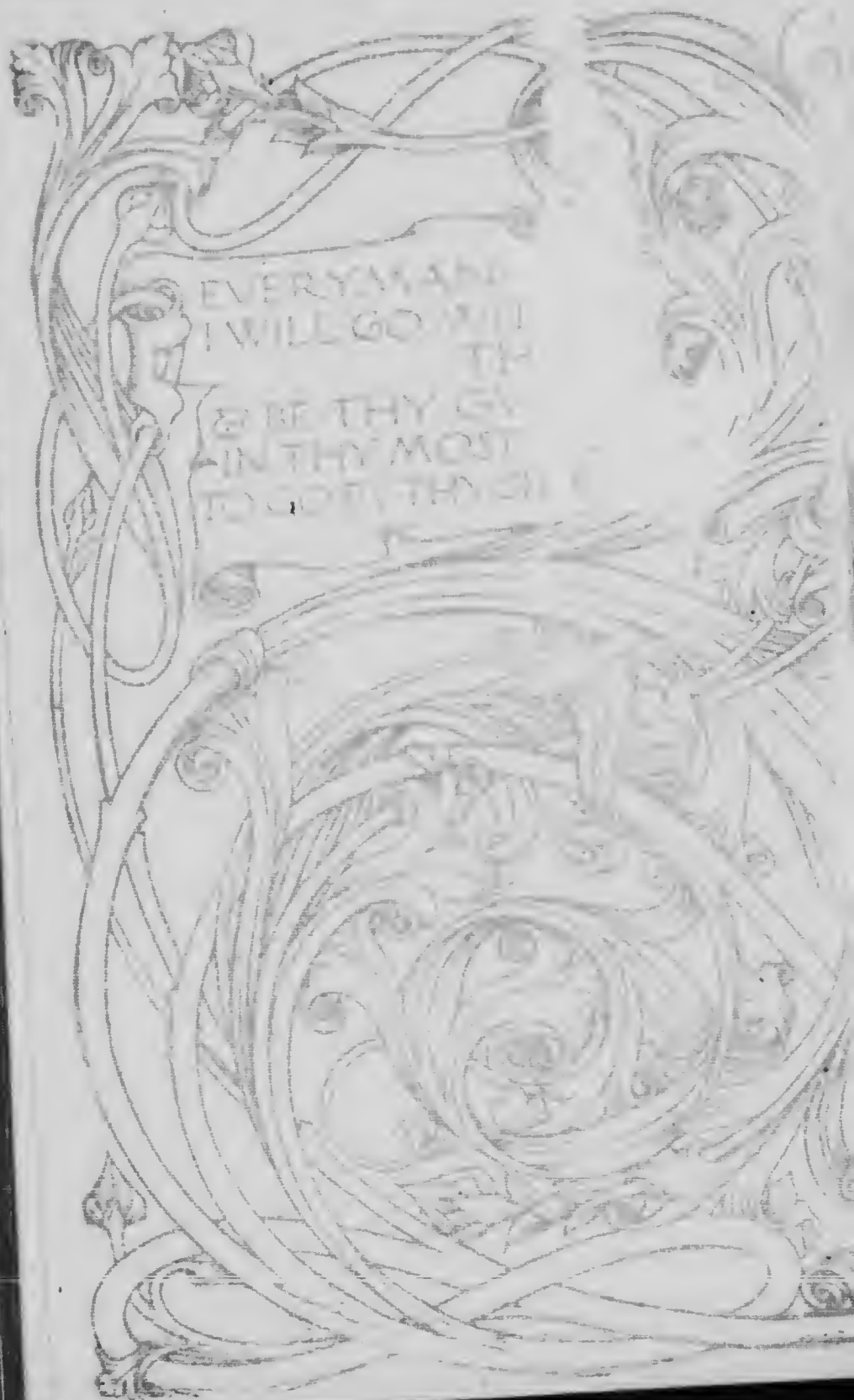
Antinōōs	Etēōklēs	Kerbēros
Arēnē	Erginōs	Kolōnos
Arētē (Virtue, p. 87)	Eumēnidēs	Kybēbē
Arētē, mother of Nausikāā	Euripōs	Kyrēnē
Argūphēa	Erīnys	Kyllēnē
Ariōn	Erīnyēs	Kōrōnis
Artēmīs	Eurōpa	Krommŷōn
Asklēpios	Eurōtas	Lampētiē
Astŷanax	Eurŷālē	Lāōdāmeia
Athāmas	Eurŷlōchōs	Lāōdikē
Athēnē	Eurŷmāchōs	Lāōmēdōn
Autōlŷkōs	Eurŷtōs	Lāiōs
Autōmēdōn	Eurŷdikē	Labdākōs
Autōnōōs	Eurŷnōmē	Leiōdēs
Axŷlos	Harmōnīa	Lykāōn
Bērōē	Hēkābē	Lŷkōsoura
Bōrēas	Hēkātē	Mārāthōn
Boibēis	Hēlēnōs	Melanthiōs
Bālīōs	Hespērōs	Medūsa
Briārēōs	Hespēridēs	Malēa
Chārītēs	Hēlios	Mænālos
Cyclōpēs	Hērāklēs	Mykēnæ
Dānāē	Hēsīōneus	Mēgārā
Dēipŷlē	Hŷpērion	Mērōpē
Dēiāneira	Iliōn	Nausikāā
Dēmētēr	Iphītōs	Niōbē
Deukālīōn	Iāsīōn	Nēphēlē
Dīōnŷsos	Iāmōs	Nērītos
Doulīchion	Idōmēneus	Œchālīā
Dīōmēdēs	Ithāka	Œdīpūs
Dōdōna	Ixiōn	Okālēa
Eētiōn	Ismēnē	Œnōnē
Endŷmiōn	Iōlē	Ogŷgīa
Enīpeus	Kāpāneus	Okēānos
Enkēlādōs	Kālŷdōn	Omphālē
Epāphōs	Klēōbis	Orchōmēnōs
Epigōnoi	Klŷmēnē	Oriōn
Epimētheus	Kourētēs	Ortŷgīa
Erīphŷlē	Kēlēōs	Ourānos
	Kēphālōs	Paieōn
	Kēphīsos	Pandīōn

Pronunciation of Proper Names 325

Pandōra	Phēræ	Tēlēmos
Pandārēōs	Phērēs	Tēlēmachos
Pātāra	Períphētēs	Teutāmīdas
Peiríthōōs	Pōlýbos	Teirēsías
Pēgāsos	Promētheus	Tēlēphassa
Pēllās	Prōdīkos	Telphūsa
Pēnēlopē	Salmōneus	Thānātōs
Persēphōnē	Sarpēdōn	Thēōdōros
Phāēthōn	Sēlēnē	Thēra
Phaēthōūsa	Sēmēlē	Thersītēs
Philoktētēs	Sērīphos	Thrinākīa
Phlēgýas	Sídērō	Tithōnos
Phlēgýēs	Símoeīs	Tlēpōlēmos
Phýlākōs	Sípýlos	Trāchis
Polyphēmos	Stymphālos	Trōphōníos
Pīēría	Symplēgādēs	Týphāōn
Phaisāna	Tænāron	Typhōeūs
Pēliōn	Tantālos	Theoklýmēnos



EVERYMAN
I WILL GO WITH
THE
BE THY GY
IN THY MOST
TO GO WITH THE



1984



