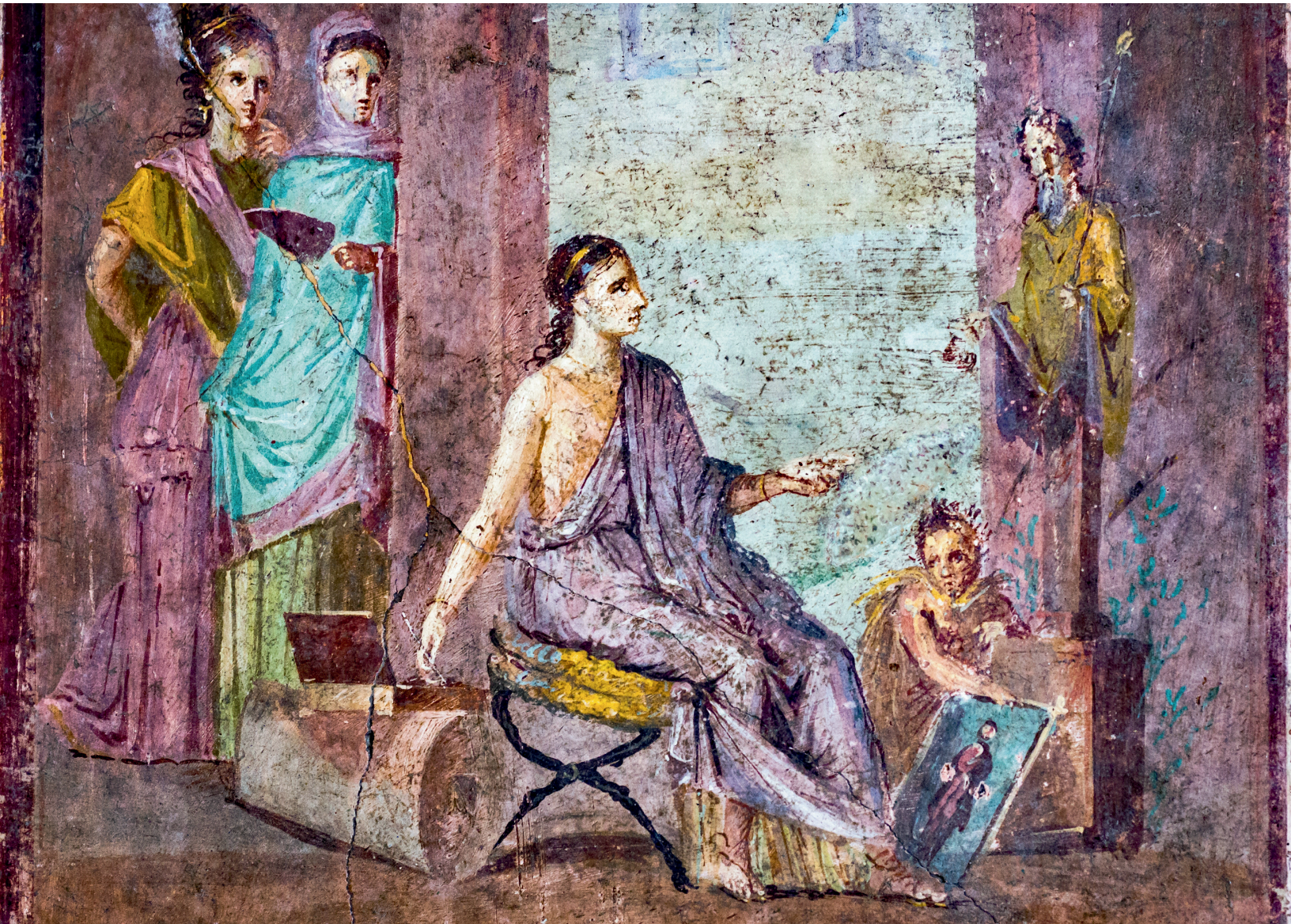


Classical History

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Classical History
Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Corinthians 1	1 Corinthians 2	1 Corinthians 3	1 Corinthians 4	1 Corinthians 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Read Angelica Kauffman bio, Art Selection 1: Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi	Read "Music in Ancient Greece and Rome," Listen to: Hymn to The Muse	Art Selection 1: Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi	Greek Honey Cake, Tea Time Read: The Trojan War	Nature Study 1 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Read "Greek and Roman Gods and Goddesses"			Enter notes into Geography Notebook
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		1 Corinthians 1:4-9 Copywork	Poetry: Ulysses	1 Corinthians 1:4-9 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 1	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 2	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 3	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 4	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Corinthians 6	1 Corinthians 7	1 Corinthians 8	1 Corinthians 9	1 Corinthians 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Read "Ancient Greek Art and Architecture," Art Selection 2: The Sorrow of Telemachus	Review "Ancient Greek and Roman Music," Listen to: Hymn to the Sun	Art Selection 2: The Sorrow of Telemachus	Torta Antica Roma, Tea Time Read: The Iliad	Nature Study 2 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Read Book of Marvels Ch. 23			Handicraft: Roman Mosaic
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		1 Corinthians 13:4-8 Copywork	Poetry: The Lotos-eaters	1 Corinthians 13:4-8 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 5	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 6	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 7	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 8	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Corinthians 11	1 Corinthians 12	1 Corinthians 13	1 Corinthians 14	1 Corinthians 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Review Angelica Kauffman bio," Art Selection 3: Telemachus and the Nymphs of Calypso	Narrate "Ancient Greek and Roman Music," Listen to: Hymn to Nemesis	Art Selection 3: Telemachus and the Nymphs of Calypso	Maritozzi, Tea Time Read: The Golden Fleece	Nature Study 3 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Read Book of Marvels Ch. 24			
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Ode on a Grecian Urn Copywork	Poetry: Ode on a Grecian Urn	Ode on a Grecian Urn Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 9	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 10	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 11	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 12	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Corinthians 16	2 Corinthians 1	2 Corinthians 2	2 Corinthians 3	2 Corinthians 4
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Review "Greek Art and Architecture," Art Selection 4: Bacchus and Ariadne	Listen to: The Temple of Jupiter	Art Selection 4: Bacchus and Ariadne	Savillum, Tea Time Read: How Rome Was Founded	Nature Study 4 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Read Book of Marvels Ch. 25			Art Lesson: Alexander the Great in Charcoal
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		A Portion of "Excursion" Copywork	Poetry: A Portion of "Excursion"	A Portion of "Excursion" Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 13	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 14	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 15	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 16	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Corinthians 5	2 Corinthians 6	2 Corinthians 7	2 Corinthians 8	2 Corinthians 9
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy		Hymn: Holy, Holy, Holy
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Narrate Angelica Kauffman bio, Art Selection 5: Hector Upbraiding Paris for his Retreat from Battle	Listen to: In an Ancient Roman Garden	Art Selection 5: Hector Upbraiding Paris for his Retreat from Battle	Pancakes, Tea Time Read: Perseus the Hero	Nature Study 5 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Book of Marvels Ch. 26			
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Ulysses Copywork	Poetry: A Song of Proserpine	Ulysses Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 17	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 18	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 19	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 20	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	1 Corinthians 1:4-9.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Corinthians 10	2 Corinthians 11	2 Corinthians 12	2 Corinthians 13	
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Music</i>	Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song		Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Narrate "Greek Art and Architecture," Art Selection 6: Papius Praetextatus Entreated by his Mother	Listen to: The Temple of Venus	Art Selection 6: Papius Praetextatus Entreated by his Mother	Patina de Piris, Tea Time Read: The Peacock and Juno	Nature Study 6 *Nature journal *Nature walk
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Read Book of Marvels Ch. 27		Read Book of Marvels Ch. 28	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		The Lotos-Eaters Copywork	Poetry: Prometheus	The Lotos-Eaters Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 21	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 22	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 23	*The Bronze Bow Ch. 24	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Ancient Greece Recommended Reading

Elementary

Archimedes and the Door of Science, by Jeanne Bendick
Herodotus and the Road to History, by Jeanne Bendick
Our Little Athenian Cousin of Long Ago, by Julia Darrow Cowles
Our Little Spartan Cousin of Long Ago, by Julia Darrow Cowles
The Librarian Who Measured the Earth, by Kathryn Lasky
The Children's Homer: The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy, by Padraic Colum
Black Ships Before Troy, by Rosemary Sutcliff (retelling of the Iliad)
The Wanderings of Odysseus, by Rosemary Sutcliff (retelling of The Odyssey)
Greek Myths for Young Children, by Heather Amery
D'Aulaire's Book of Greek Myths, by Ingri d'Aulaire
Alexander the Great, by Jane Bingham
What's Your Angle, Pythagoras? by Julie Ellis
Pythagoras and the Ratios, by Julie Ellis
The Trojan Horse: How the Greeks Won the War, by Emily Little
DK Readers: Trojan Horse, by David Clement-Davies
Wise Guy: The Life and Philosophy of Socrates, by M.D. Usher
The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, by Lynn Curlee
The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, by Peter A. Clayton
Tanglewood Tales: Greek Mythology for Kids, by Nathaniel Hawthorne
A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys, by Nathaniel Hawthorne
The Heroes, by Charles Kingsley
Courage and A Clear Mind: True Adventures of the Ancient Greeks, by Jim Weiss
Heroes in Mythology: Theseus, Prometheus, and Odin, by Jim Weiss

Upper Grades

The Parthenon by Elizabeth Mann (grades 7-9)
Bulfinch's Greek and Roman Mythology: The Age of Fable, by Thomas Bulfinch
A Young Macedonian in the Army of Alexander the Great, by Alfred Church
Greek Lives, by Plutarch
The Trial and Death of Socrates, by Plato
The Iliad, by Homer
The Odyssey, by Homer

Family

The Story of the Greeks, by H.A. Guerber (Gutenberg)

Ancient Rome Recommended Reading

Elementary & Middle Grades

Detectives in Togas, by Henry Winterfeld
Mystery of the Roman Ransom, by Henry Winterfeld
Galen and the Gateway to Medicine, by Jeanne Bendick
The Runaway, by Patricia St. John
Twice Freed, by Patricia St. John
Pompeii: Buried Alive, by Edith Kunhardt

Upper Grades

Bulfinch's Greek and Roman Mythology: The Age of Fable, by Thomas Bulfinch
The Young Carthaginian, by G.A. Henty
Beric the Briton, by G.A. Henty
For the Temple, by G.A. Henty
Augustus Caesar's World, by Genevieve Foster
The Bronze Bow, by Elizabeth George Spear
Roman Lives, by Plutarch
City: A Story of Roman Planning and Construction, by David MaCaulay
The Roman Colosseum, by Elizabeth Mann
Peril and Peace: Chronicles of the Ancient Church, by Mindy Withrow
Cleopatra VII: Daughter of the Nile, by Kristiana Gregory
Young Reader's Shakespeare: Julius Caesar, by Adam McKeown

Family

The Story of the Romans, by H.A. Guerber

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **1 Corinthians 1:4-9** and focus on writing and memorizing **1 Corinthians 13:4-8**.

1 Corinthians 1:4-9 (NKJV)

"4 I thank my God always concerning you for the grace of God which was given to you by Christ Jesus, 5 that you were enriched in everything by Him in all utterance and all knowledge, 6 even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you, 7 so that you come short in no gift, eagerly waiting for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, 8 who will also confirm you to the end, that you may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. 9 God is faithful, by whom you were called into the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

1 Corinthians 13:4-8 (NKJV)

"4 Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; 5 does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; 6 does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; 7 bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. 8 Love never fails."

4 I thank my God always

concerning you for the

grace of God which was

given to you by Christ

Jesus, 5 that you were

enriched in everything by

Him in all utterance and all

knowledge, 6 even as the

testimony of Christ was

confirmed in you, 7 so that

you come short in no gift,

eagerly waiting for the

revelation of our Lord

Jesus Christ, 8 who will

also confirm you to the

end, that you may be

blameless in the day of our

Lord Jesus Christ. 9 God is

faithful, by whom you were

called into the fellowship

of His Son, Jesus Christ

our Lord.

4 I thank my God always concerning you for

the grace of God which was given to you by

Christ Jesus, 5 that you were enriched in

everything by Him in all utterance and all

knowledge, 6 even as the testimony of Christ

was confirmed in you, 7 so that you come short

in no gift, eagerly waiting for the revelation

of our Lord Jesus Christ, 8 who will also

confirm you to the end, that you may be

blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

9 God is faithful, by whom you were called into

the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

4 I thank my God always

concerning you for the grace of

God which was given to you by

Christ Jesus, 5 that you were

enriched in everything by Him in

all utterance and all knowledge,

6 even as the testimony of Christ

was confirmed in you, 7 so that

you come short in no gift,

eagerly waiting for the revelation

of our Lord Jesus Christ, & who

will also confirm you to the end,

that you may be blameless in the

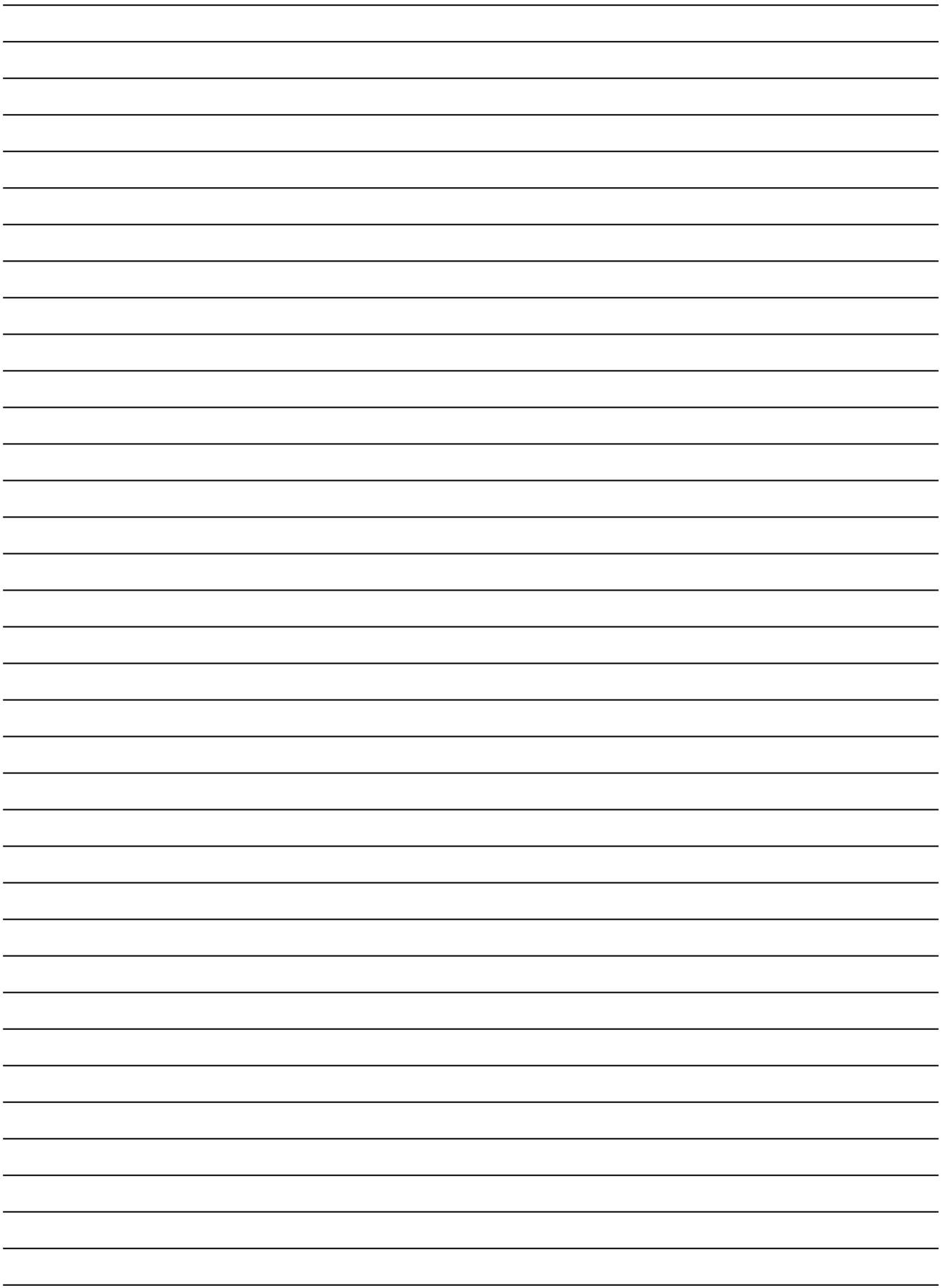
day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

¶ God is faithful, by whom you

were called into the fellowship of

His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).



4 Love suffers long and is

kind; love does not envy;

love does not parade itself,

is not puffed up; 5 does

not behave rudely, does not

seek its own, is not

provoked, thinks no evil;

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iniquity, but rejoices in the

truth; 7 bears all things,

believes all things, hopes all

things, endures all things.

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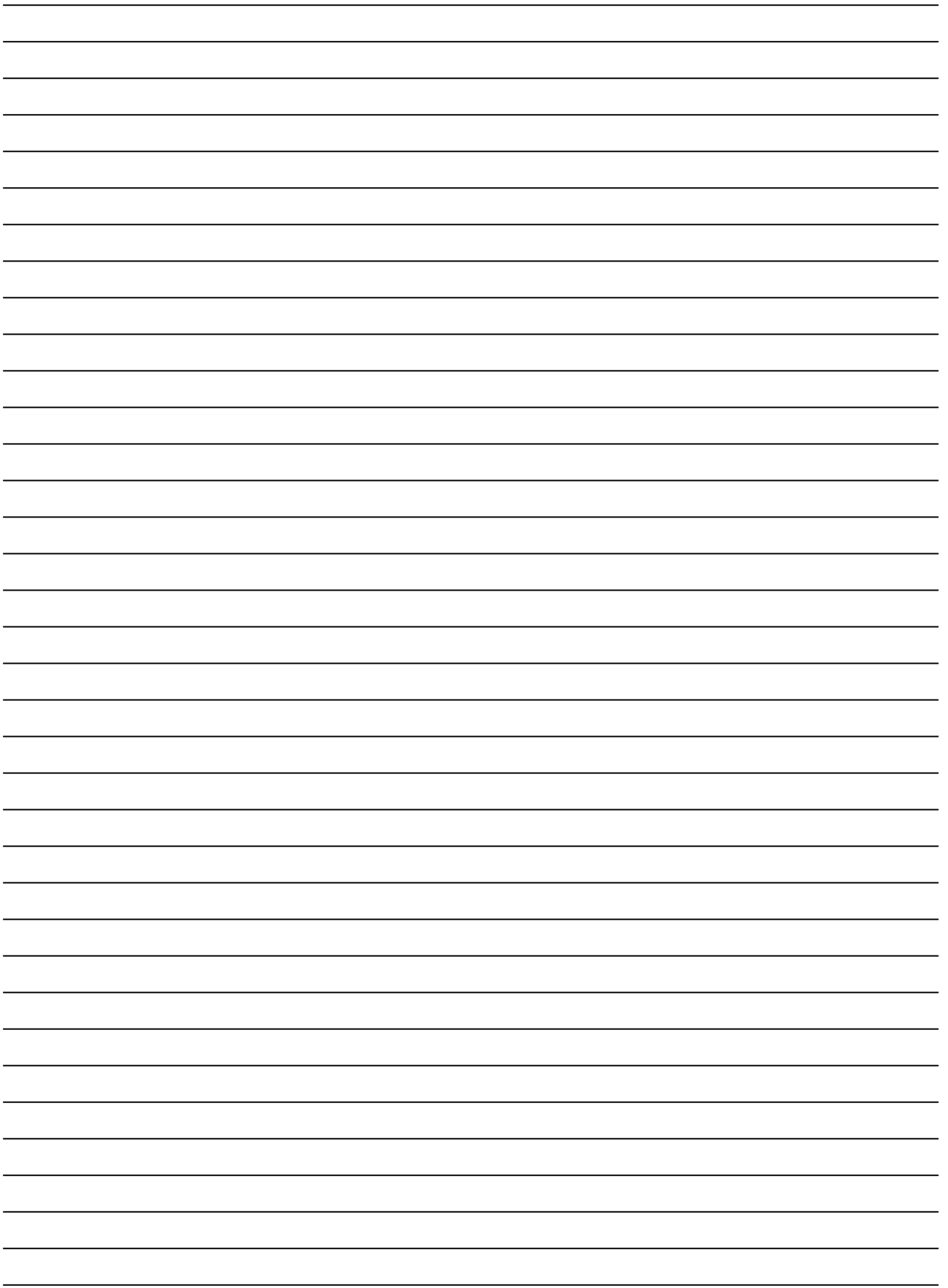
6 does not rejoice in iniquity,

but rejoices in the truth;

7 bears all things, believes all

things, hopes all things, endures

all things. 8 Love never fails.





Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Angelica Kauffman. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi*
- *The Sorrow of Telemachus*
- *Telemachus and the Nymphs of Calypso*
- *Bacchus and Ariadne*
- *Hector Upbraiding Paris for his Retreat from Battle*
- *Papirius Praetextatus Entreated by his Mother*

While this session features a musician, he is not the focus of this Composer Study. The first three pieces are interpretations from four surviving works by Mesomedes of Crete circa 130 A.D. The fourth, fifth, and sixth pieces were composed by Michael Levy, a modern musician who reconstructed and regularly performs with ancient Greek and Roman instruments such as the lyre and the kithara. They are:

- Hymn to the Muse by Mesomedes of Crete
- Hymn to the Sun by Mesomedes of Crete
- Hymn to Nemesis by Mesomedes of Crete
- The Temple of Jupiter
- In an Ancient Roman Garden
- The Temple of Venus

Artist & Composer Study



Angelica Kauffman

October 30, 1741- November 5, 1807

Angelica Kauffman was born in Switzerland in 1741. Her father, Joseph Johann Kauffmann, was a muralist and painter, while her mother, Cleophea, was of noble birth.

Recognizing Angelica's talents at an early age, both her parents did everything they could to provide her with the best education. Her father taught her how to paint, and her mother taught her the ways of culture and class.

Angelica also learned to play the cello and had a beautiful singing voice. In fact, she grew to be such a talented musician that she seriously considered choosing the life of an opera singer instead.

However, in the end, she chose the life of an artist and began to paint professionally. Angelica and her parents frequently traveled through Europe as her father took commissions.

Sadly, her mother died in 1754. It was a hard time for Angelica and her father, but they found strength in each other, and Angelica's father continued to teach her the ways of art.

When she was sixteen years old, Angelica traveled with her father to Austria, where she worked as his assistant in painting a fresco of the Twelve Disciples in a church. It wasn't long after that she began receiving commissions of her own, and by the time she was twenty, she was supporting both her father and herself.

She began to travel throughout Italy, taking more commissions for portraits. She was well-liked wherever she went due to her cultured upbringing and friendly disposition, and people everywhere wanted her to do portraits for them.

In 1762, she became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. Three years later, her work reached England and took them by storm. While traveling, she befriended Lady Wentworth-Murray, who was the wife of an English ambassador, and she convinced Angelica to move to England. There, her popularity only continued to grow. However, it was hard living so far from her father, and they frequently wrote back and forth.

In 1769, just after the Royal Academy of Arts was established, Angelica was featured in the first catalogue, being one of only two women featured. She continued to exhibit numerous art pieces at the Royal Academy for the next thirteen years.

Angelica was a prolific artist and created many kinds of art, but she identified primarily as a historical painter. This is because, at this point in time, historical painting was considered the highest form of art and was the most respected. Angelica took full advantage of this by painting many historical and mythological art pieces.

Women were almost always front and center of her artwork because she wanted to show how women were just as strong as men and were of equal status.

Angelica continued to paint for the rest of her life until she died in Rome in 1807. The people were heartbroken at her passing, and it is said that she had the greatest and most elaborate funeral for a painter in Rome since Raphael.



Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi (1790)



The Sorrow of Telemachus (1783)



Telemachus and the Nymphs of Calypso (1782)



Bacchus and Ariadne (1794)



Hector Upbraiding Paris for his Retreat from Battle (unknown)



Papirius Praetextatus Entreated by his Mother to Disclose the Secrets of the Deliberations of the Roman Senate (unknown)

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.



Greek Art and Architecture

Pottery & Vases

Pottery played several important roles for the Greeks, with practical usage for the storage of food and drink as well as a way of decorating the home. When pottery was made, it was crafted in three separate parts: the foot, neck, and handles. After being constructed on a wheel from clay, these pieces were connected together and dried as one. Because they were handmade, each piece of pottery was individual and unique.

One of the most common types of pottery was the vase. They were large and ornate, usually depicting people or other important figures from mythology and stories. Vases typically had a black or red base layer of paint, with the design painted over the top using a very fine brush made of bird feathers or horse hair. Larger vases were used for storing wine and water to be served during meals. Well-to-do Greek families usually had several of these types of vases in their homes. Creating and selling or trading vases to these wealthy families were some of the many ways that people in Ancient Greece made a living for themselves.



Sculptures

Sculptures were one of the most popular art forms in Greek culture. They were highly naturalized and made to look as lifelike as possible. Historical figures and characters from mythology were the most common subjects, though sometimes royalty commissioned artists to immortalize them in stone. The most recognizable Greek sculpture is probably the one of the goddess Aphrodite, currently on display in the Louvre. Her arms are missing and she is staring off to one side.

Greek Art and Architecture

Temples

Greek temples were impressive structures built for the purpose of housing the gods and goddesses of the ancient Greek religion. These temples were quite large despite the fact that most of the rituals took place around the buildings rather than inside them. The temples were typically constructed of large stones or stucco. Large columns supported the structure and featured a set of wide steps leading inside.



The temples themselves were usually within a set of walls that held a collection of smaller buildings used for sacrifices, meetings, or occasional shelter. Temples were further enhanced with sculptures carved directly into the walls of the building, paying homage to the god whose temple walls these artworks graced.



Columns

The temples and government buildings of Ancient Greece were very recognizable for their large columns. These columns were constructed in three main styles: the Corinthian, the Doric, and the Ionic.

Corinthian columns were extremely decorative and covered with leafy designs and scrolls. The Doric columns were the simplest design and the thickest. Ionic columns were more slender and characterized by rolled, scroll-like ornaments at the top.

Murals

Murals were extremely popular in Ancient Greece. These impressive works of art were usually painted on separate wood panels, which then became one uniform piece when fastened to a wall.

It was typical for artists to create paintings that told a story from mythology or depicted a well-known person. These murals could usually be found in a place where they would be viewed by many, such as a government building.

Self-portraits were also common and were often commissioned by wealthy members of society. Because the materials that they used were perishable, most paintings did not survive. However, the Pitsa panels and the Tomb of the Diver are two famous murals that did.



Amphitheaters



The Greeks had all kinds of other impressive architecture, including amphitheaters, which were constructions that could seat over 10,000 people. These amphitheaters were often built into the side of a hill and curved on the edges in such a way that allowed for really good acoustics. That meant even people in the sections farthest away could hear the words being spoken on the stage really far away.

Despite their variety of uses, all of these buildings shared some similar architectural elements: columns, frieze (a sculpture placed above the columns), pediments (a triangle at the top), and propylaea (gateways).

Music in Ancient Greece and Rome

Music has long been an essential part of human civilization, and in the ancient world, the Greeks and Romans created melodies that resonated through the ages. Music was a vibrant part of daily life, woven into the fabric of culture and tradition, and in exploring its role in these societies, we can learn more about them as a whole.

In ancient Greece, music was not just about entertainment; it played a crucial role in religious ceremonies, education, and social gatherings. The Greeks believed that music had the power to influence emotions and shape character. Instruments such as the lyre, which is a stringed instrument played with the fingers, and the aulos, a double-reeded wind instrument, were commonly used. The Greeks also developed different modes, or scales, each with a unique emotional character that influenced the mood of the music.

In ancient Rome, music continued to hold a significant place in society. The Romans were influenced by Greek musical traditions, adopting instruments like the lyre and aulos. However, they also introduced new instruments, such as the tuba, a straight, long instrument with a bell on the end that was used to signal troop movements in battle. Music in ancient Rome served various purposes, including roles in religious ceremonies as well as entertainment in theaters, arenas, and private gatherings. Like the Greeks, the Romans believed in the power of music to evoke emotions and enhance the overall experience of life.

Both the Greeks and Romans valued the connection between music and words. Many ancient Greek songs were accompanied by lyrics that often conveyed stories of mythology or heroic deeds. Similarly, music was often paired with poetry in Rome, creating a harmonious blend of sound and meaning.

It's fascinating to note that while the instruments and musical scales of ancient Greece and Rome may seem strange and foreign, the foundations they laid continue to influence modern music today. The harmony and balance sought by these ancient civilizations in their musical compositions have left an enduring legacy, reminding us that the language of music transcends time and culture.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Hymn to the Muse

Week 2 - Hymn to the Sun

Week 3 - Hymn to Nemesis

Week 4 - The Temple of Jupiter

Week 5 - In an Ancient Roman Garden

Week 6 - The Temple of Venus

Hymn Study: Holy, Holy, Holy

The hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty" has stood the test of time as a powerful expression of worship and praise in the Christian tradition. Composed by Reginald Heber in the early 19th century, this hymn has become a beloved part of religious services around the world.

Reginald Heber, an Anglican bishop, wrote the lyrics to "Holy, Holy, Holy" during his time as a vicar in the early 1800s, and it was later published in a book of hymns after his death in 1862. Heber was inspired by the biblical passage from the book of Revelation, which describes heavenly beings singing praises to God, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, who was and is and is to come" (Revelation 4:8).

The hymn's simple yet profound lyrics reflect the awe and reverence that believers feel toward God. The repetition of the word "holy" emphasizes the sacred and pure nature of the Almighty. Each verse explores different aspects of God's character, from His nature as a three-part being ("God in three Persons, blessed Trinity") to His eternal and unchanging existence ("Perfect in power, in love, and purity").

The hymn's musical accompaniment was later composed by John B. Dykes in 1861. Dykes' melody, often known as NICAEA, complements Heber's lyrics beautifully, creating a harmonious blend of words and music that enhances the worship experience.

Over the years, "Holy, Holy, Holy" has become a staple in Christian worship services, used in various denominations and settings. Beyond its use in church services, "Holy, Holy, Holy" has found a place in popular culture and has been recorded by numerous artists across different genres. Its enduring popularity can be attributed to its timeless message and the power it carries. The hymn invites believers to join in the heavenly chorus, acknowledging and celebrating the holiness of God.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord— God Al - migh - ty!
 2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
 3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide thee,
 4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord— God Al - migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the mor - ning our song shall rise to thee.
 cas - ting down their gol - den crowns a - round the glas - sy sea;
 though the eye made blind by sin thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and migh - ty!
 che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim fal - ling down be - fore thee,
 on - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and migh - ty!

God in three Per - sons, bles - sed Tri - ni - ty!
 which wert and art, and e - ver - more shalt be.
 per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bles - sed Tri - ni - ty!

Folk Song: The Roman Centurion's Song

"The Roman Centurion's Song, (Roman Occupation of Britain, A.D. 300)" is a poem written in 1885 by Rudyard Kipling. It first appeared in the textbook *A School History of England*, which was written for boys and girls in 1911 by C.R.L. Fletcher and had 23 poems by Kipling included within.

The poem portrays the heartfelt plea of a Roman centurion who faces orders to depart from Britain after forty years of service. The centurion, deeply rooted in the land he has served in for decades, expresses his profound connection and attachment to Britain, emphasizing that this land has become his true home.

He reminisces about the memories and experiences he's amassed during his time in Britain, from the battles fought to the personal losses suffered, including how it became the resting place of his wife and son. The centurion's bond with the British soil, its climate, customs, as well as his camaraderie with fellow soldiers all contribute to his reluctance to leave.

He contrasts the vibrant and diverse landscapes of Britain, from snowy winters to sunlit summers, with the expected pomp and grandeur of Rome. He expresses his preference for the ever-changing northern skies, the British oaks facing the storms, and the scents of hawthorn and bracken over the predictable and sunny Mediterranean climate.

Despite the glory and opportunities awaiting him in Rome, the centurion pleads to stay in Britain, offering to continue serving in any capacity, even if it means undertaking menial tasks like draining marshes or training native troops. His emotional attachment to the land, its people, and the memories formed there outweighs any allure Rome may hold for him.

Ultimately, the centurion's heartfelt plea to his superior, the Legate, is a poignant portrayal of a man torn between duty and the profound love he holds for the land he has come to consider his true home.

The poem was set to music in 1989 by Peter Bellamy and is not in the public domain. Therefore, we can not provide a copy.

However, you can [listen to the folk song here](#) and [listen to Rudyard Kipling reading it here](#). The lines/lyrics are on the following page.

A note by Kipling in the margin of the history textbook reads,

"A Roman Soldier who loves Britain."

These gentlemen at first talked about exile, shivered and cursed the 'beastly British climate,' heated their houses with hot air, and longed to get home to Italy. But many stayed; their duty or their business

obliged them to stay: and into them too the spirit of the dear motherland entered, and became a passion. Their children, perhaps never saw Rome; but Rome and Britain had an equal share of their love and devotion, and they, perhaps, thought something like this:—

Legate, I had the news last night—my cohort ordered home
By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are stowed below:
Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall
I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.
Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws near
That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my work was done,
Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—my wife and son;
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory, service, love,
Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields suffice.
What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful Northern skies,
Black with December snows unshed or pearled with August haze—
The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean
To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront Euroclydon!

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-descending pines
Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean shines.
You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will you e'er forget
The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you will—
A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops to drill.
Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border keep,
Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home!
I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?
Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know.
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Instead of a featured poet for this session, we have picked poems from various writers that represent the wonders of Ancient Greece and Rome. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Ulysses (by Lord Tennyson)
- The Lotos-eaters (by Lord Tennyson)
- Ode on a Grecian Urn (by Keats)
- A Portion of "Excursion" (by Wordsworth)
- A Song of Proserpine (by Shelley)
- Prometheus (by Lord Byron)

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Ode on a Grecian Urn
- A Portion of "Excursion"
- Ulysses
- A Portion of "The Lotos-eaters"

"Poetry is finer and more philosophical than history; for poetry expresses the universal, and history only the particular."

~ Aristotle

Poetry Selections

Ulysses

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Poetry Selections

The Lotos-eaters

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG

I
There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

II
Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,

Poetry Selections

The Lotos-eaters, (continued)

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold,
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

Poetry Selections

The Lotos-eaters, (continued)

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;

O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

Poetry Selections

Ode on a Grecian Urn

by John Keats

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poetry Selections

A Portion of "Excursion"

by William Wordsworth

"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose;
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched
Even from the blazing chariot of the Sun
A beardless youth who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The mighty hunter, lifting up his eyes
Toward the crescent Moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely Wanderer who bestowed
That timely light to share his joyous sport;
And hence a beaming goddess with her nymphs
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven
When winds are blowing strong. The Traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams upon distant hills
Gliding apace with shadows in their train,
Might with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs, fanning, as they passed, their wings,
Lacked not for love fair objects whom they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard;
These were the lurking Satyrs, wild brood
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
That simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god."

A Song of Proserpine

by Percy Shelley

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods and men and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow in scent and hue
Fairest children of the Hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

Poetry Selections

Prometheus

by Lord Byron

Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refus'd thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift Eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

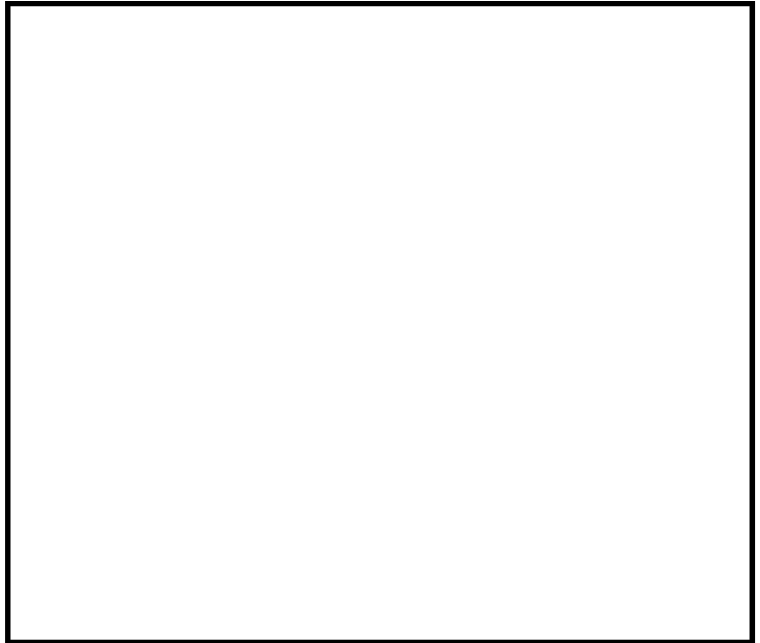
Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not
convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentr'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

Ode on a Grecian Urn

By John Keats

Thou still unravish'd bride

of quietness,

Thou foster-child of silence

and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst

thus express

A flowery tale more

sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend

haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals,

or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of

Arcady?

What men or gods are

these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What

struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels?

What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet,

but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore,

ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but,

more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of

no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the

trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can

those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never

canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the

goal yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though

thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love,

and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs!

that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid

the Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist,

unwearied,

For ever piping songs for

ever new;

More happy love! more

happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to

be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for

ever young;

All breathing human passion

far above,

That leaves a heart

high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a

parching tongue.

Who are these coming to

the sacrifice?

To what green altar,

O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer

lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks

with garlands drest?

What little town by river

or sea shore,

Or mountain-built with

peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of this folk,

this pious morn?

And, little town,

thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a

soul to tell

Why thou art desolate,

can e'er return.

O Attic shape!

Fair attitude! with brede

Of marble men and maidens

overwrought,

With forest branches and

the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost

tease us out of thought

As doth eternity:

Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this

generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst

of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man,

to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth

beauty, - that is all

Ye know on earth, and all

ye need to know."

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For ever panting, and for ever young;

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That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

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And, little town, thy streets for evermore

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Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

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Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

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As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

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Your leaves, nor ever bid the

Spring adieu;

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More happy love! more happy,

happy love!

For ever warm and still to be

enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever

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All breathing human passion far

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To what green altar, O mysterious

priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at

the skies,

And all her silken flanks with

garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea

shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful

citadel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious

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And, little town, thy streets for

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Will silent be; and not a soul to

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Why thou art desolate, can e'er

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Thou, silent form, dost tease us

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When old age shall this generation

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Thou shalt remain, in midst of

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Than ours, a friend to man,

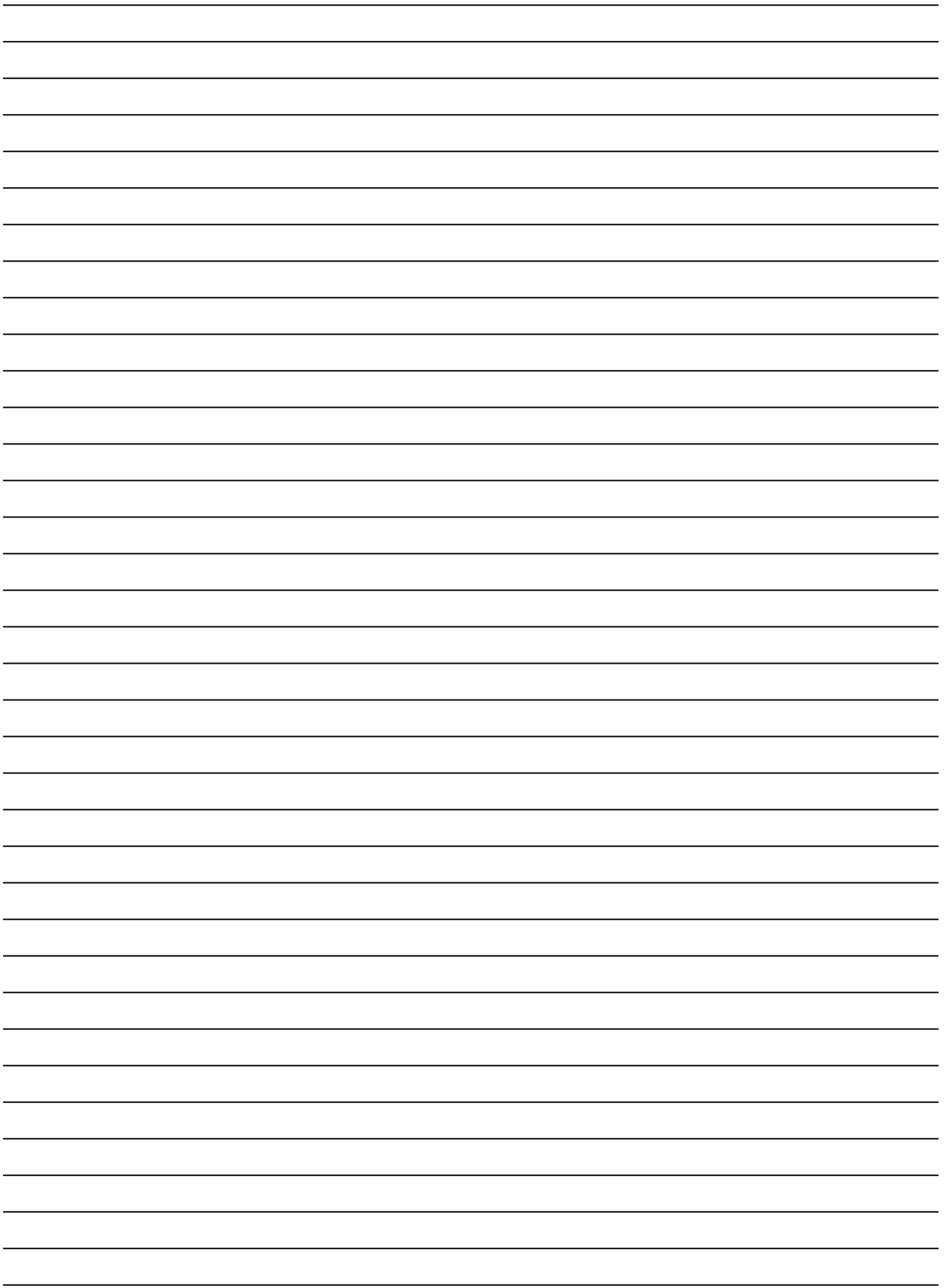
to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, -

that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye

need to know."



"In that fair clime the

lonely herdsman, stretched

On the soft grass through

half a summer's day,

With music lulled his

indolent repose;

And, in some fit of

weariness, if he,

When his own breath was

silent, chanced to hear

A distant strain far

sweeter than the sounds

Which his poor skill could

make, his fancy fetched

Even from the blazing

chariot of the Sun

A beardless youth who

touched a golden lute,

And filled the illumined

groves with ravishment.

The mighty hunter, lifting

up his eyes

Toward the crescent Moon,

with grateful heart

Called on the lovely

Wanderer who bestowed

That timely light to share

his joyous sport;

And hence a beaming

goddess with her nymphs

Across the lawn and

through the darksome grove

(Not unaccompanied with

tuneful notes

By echo multiplied from

rock or cave)

Swept in the storm of

chase, as moon and stars

Glance rapidly along the

clouded heaven

When winds are blowing

strong. The Traveller slaked

His thirst from rill or

gushing fount, and thanked

The Naiad. Sunbeams upon

distant hills

Gliding apace with shadows

in their train,

Might with small help from

fancy, be transformed

Into fleet Oreads sporting

visibly.

The Zephyrs, fanning,

as they passed, their wings,

Lacked not for love fair

objects whom they wooed

With gentle whisper.

Withered boughs grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves

and twigs by hoary age,

From depth of shaggy

covert peeping forth

In the low vale, or on

steep mountain side;

And sometimes intermixed

with stirring horns

Of the live deer, or goat's

depending beard;

These were the lurking

Satyrs, wild brood

Of gamesome deities;

or Pan himself,

That simple shepherd's

awe-inspiring god."

"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's day,

With music lulled his indolent repose;

And, in some fit of weariness, if he,

When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear

A distant strain far sweeter than the sounds

Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched

Even from the blazing chariot of the Sun

A beardless youth who touched a golden lute,

And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.

The mighty hunter, lifting up his eyes

Toward the crescent Moon, with grateful heart

Called on the lovely Wanderer who bestowed

That timely light to share his joyous sport;

And hence a beaming goddess with her nymphs

Across the lawn and through the darksome grove

(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes

By echo multiplied from rock or cave)

Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven

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Lacked not for love fair objects whom they

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With gentle whisper. Withered boughs

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Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,

From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth

In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;

And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns

Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard;

These were the lurking Satyrs, wild brood

Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,

That simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god."

"In that fair clime the lonely

herdsman, stretched

On the soft grass through half a

summer's day,

With music lulled his indolent

repose;

And, in some fit of weariness,

if he,

When his own breath was silent,

chanced to hear

A distant strain far sweeter than

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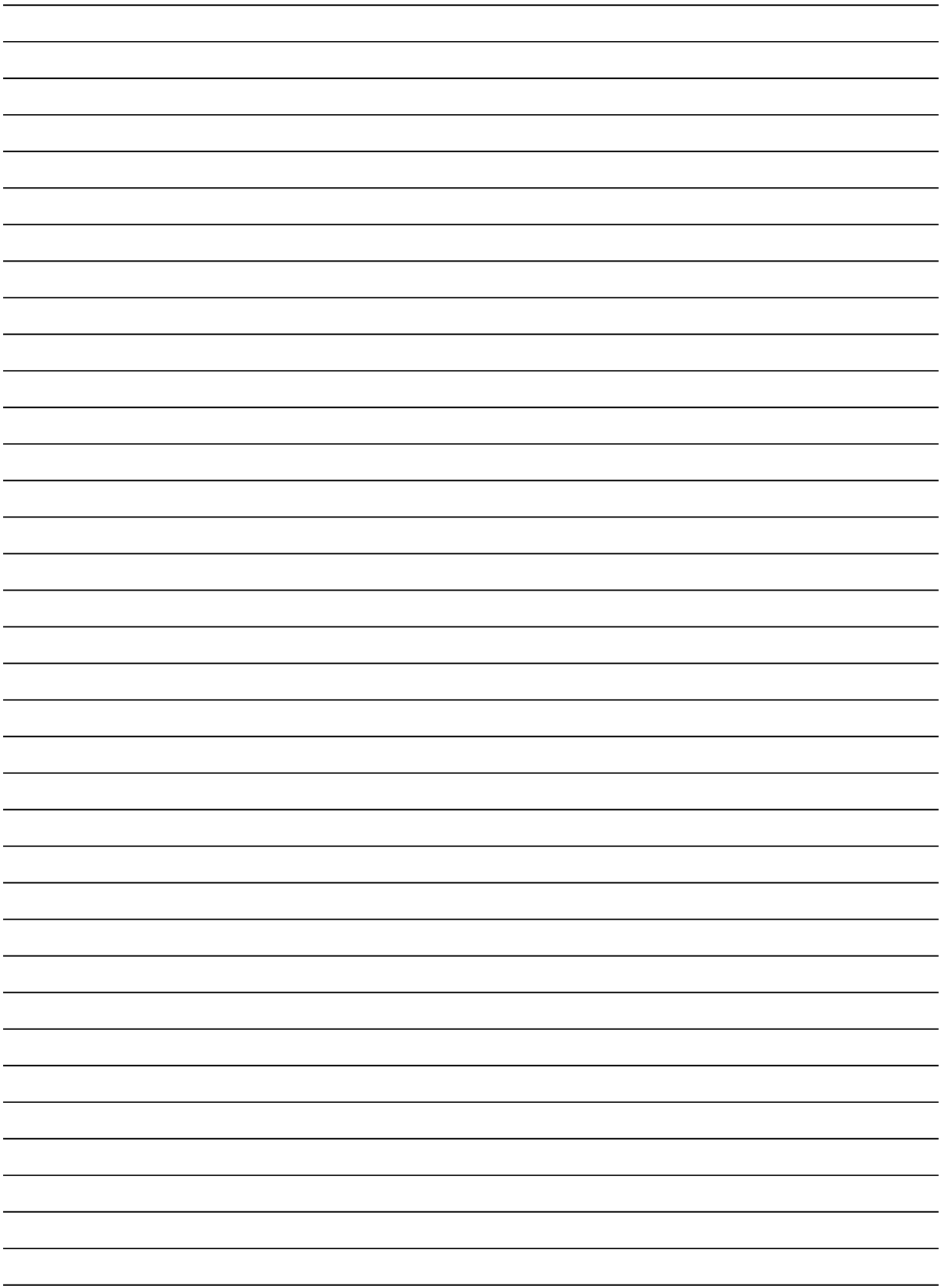
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Of gamesome deities; or Pan

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That simple shepherd's

awe-inspiring god."



Ulysses, by Alfred, Lord

Tennyson

It little profits that an

idle king,

By this still hearth,

among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife,

I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a

savage race,

That hoard, and sleep,

and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel:

I will drink

Life to the lees:

All times I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd

greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone,

on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the

rainy Hyades

Next the dim sea:

I am become a name;

For always roaming with a

hungry heart

Much have I seen and

known; cities of men

And manners, climates,

councils, governments,

Myself not least,

but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle

with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of

windy Troy.

I am a part of all that

I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch

where thro'

Gleams that untravell'd

world whose margin fades

For ever and forever when

I move.

How dull it is to pause,

to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd,

not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were

life! Life piled on life

Were all too little,

and of one to me

Little remains: but every

hour is saved

From that eternal silence,

something more,

A bringer of new things;

and vile it were

For some three suns to

store and hoard myself,

And this gray spirit

yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a

sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound

of human thought.

This is my son, mine own

Telemachus,

To whom I leave the

sceptre and the isle, -

Well-loved of me,

discerning to fulfil

This labour, by slow

prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro'

soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful

and the good.

Most blameless is he,

centred in the sphere

Of common duties,

decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness,

and pay

Meet adoration to my

household gods,

When I am gone.

He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port;

the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark,

broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toil'd,

and wrought, and thought

with me-

That ever with a frolic

welcome took

The thunder and the

sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads—

you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour

and his toil;

Death closes all:

but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note,

may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that

strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle

from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the

slow moon climbs: the deep

Moans round with many

voices. Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek

a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in

order smite

The sounding furrows;

for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset,

and the baths

Of all the western stars,

until I die.

It may be that the gulfs

will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch

the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles,

whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken,

much abides; and tho'

We are not now that

strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven,

that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of

heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and

fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find,

and not to yield.

Ulysses, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,

By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades

For ever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil

This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,

When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought,

and thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;

Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:

the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

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To strive, to seek, to find,

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A Portion of

"The Lotos-eaters"

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Courage!" he said, and

pointed toward the land,

"This mounting wave will

roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came

unto a land

In which it seemed always

afternoon.

All round the coast the

languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath

a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley

stood the moon;

And like a downward smoke,

the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and

pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some,

like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of

thinnest lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering

lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet

of foam below.

They saw the gleaming

river seaward flow

From the inner land: far off,

three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of

aged snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd: and,

dew'd with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine

above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd

low adown

In the red West: thro'

mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland,

and the yellow down

border'd with palm, and

many a winding vale

And meadow, set with

slender galingale;

A land where all things

always seem'd the same!

And round about the keel

with faces pale,

Dark faces pale against

that rosy flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy

Lotus-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that

enchanted stem,

Laden with flower and

fruit, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did

receive of them,

And taste, to him the

gushing of the wave

Far far away did seem to

mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his

fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as

voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd,

yet all awake,

And music in his ears his

beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon

the yellow sand,

Between the sun and moon

upon the shore;

And sweet it was to

dream of Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and

slave; but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea,

wearied the oar,

Wearied the wandering

fields of barren foam.

Then some one said,

"We will return no more";

And all at once they sang,

"Our island home

Is far beyond the wave;

we will no longer roam."

A Portion of "The Lotos-eaters"

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with

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Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the

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The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

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To each, but whoso did receive of them,

And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,

Between the sun and moon upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then some one said, "We will return no more";

And all at once they sang, "Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

A Portion of "The Lotos-eaters"

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Courage!" he said, and pointed

toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us

shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto

a land

In which it seemed always

afternoon.

All round the coast the languid

air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a

wearry dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood

the moon;

And like a downward smoke,

the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause

and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some,

like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest

lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights

and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of

foam below.

They saw the gleaming river

seaward flow

From the inner land: far off,

three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged

snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd: and,

dew'd with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above

the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low

adown

In the red West: thro' mountain

clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the

yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many

a winding vale

And meadow, set with slender

galingale;

A land where all things always

seem'd the same!

And round about the keel with

faces pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy

flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy

Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that

enchanted stem,

Laden with flower and fruit,

whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive

of them,

And taste, to him the gushing

of the wave

Far far away did seem to mourn

and rave

On alien shores; and if his

fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as voices from

the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd,

yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating

heart did make.

They sat them down upon the

yellow sand,

Between the sun and moon

upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of

Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and slave;

but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea,

weary the oar,

Wearied the wandering fields of

barren foam.

Then some one said,

"We will return no more";

And all at once they sang,

"Our island home

Is far beyond the wave;

we will no longer roam."



Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six recipes for our hospitality tea: Ancient Roman Cake, Greek Honey Cake, Maritozzi, Savillum, Greek Pancakes, and Patina de Piris (Pear Soufflé).

We will also have five Mythology Teas and one Fable Tea:

Mythology Tea 1: *Bulfinch's Mythology: The Age of Fable*, "The Trojan War," by Thomas Bulfinch

Mythology Tea 2: *Bulfinch's Mythology: The Age of Fable*, "The Iliad," by Thomas Bulfinch

Mythology Tea 3: *Tanglewood Tales*, "The Golden Fleece," by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Mythology Tea 4: *How Rome Was Founded*, by James Baldwin

Mythology Tea 5: *A Book of Myths*, "Perseus the Hero," by Jean Lang

Fable Tea 6: *Aesop's Fables*, "The Peacock and Juno," by Aesop

"When you arise in the morning, think of what a precious privilege it is to be alive - to breathe, to think, to enjoy, to love."

~ Marcus Aurelius

Tea Times

Torta Antica Roma (Ancient Roman Cake)



For the Dough:

2 c pastry flour
½ c granulated sugar
1 tsp baking powder
1 pinch salt
¾ c + 2 T butter (softened)
1 large egg

Filling:

½ - 1 c strawberry jam
1 c ricotta cheese
2½ T powdered/icing sugar

Extra:

1-2 T milk (for brushing the dough)
2-3 T powdered/icing sugar (for dusting)

Directions:

Whisk together the flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt. Add the softened butter and combine to form coarse crumbs. Add the egg.

Move the dough to a lightly floured flat surface and knead gently to form a compact dough ball. Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 30 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 350°. Lightly grease and flour an 8-inch pie plate.

Divide the dough in half, (refrigerate other half until ready to use) and press one half of the dough into the prepared pie pan, pricking the bottom of the dough with a fork. Spread with a layer of jam, as much as you want, and refrigerate.

While the base is chilling, beat together the ricotta and powdered sugar until creamy. Remove the dough from the fridge, spread the ricotta on top of the jam, and refrigerate.

Roll the remaining dough into a circle a bit thicker than ⅛ inch, then place on top of the ricotta and seal the edges. (The dough will be very sticky: don't worry if it breaks, just press the pieces together as best as you can. Brush with milk and bake for 30-35 minutes or until golden.

Let the cake cool completely, then dust with powdered sugar before serving.

Greek Honey Cake



Ingredients:

1 c all purpose flour
1 ½ tsp baking powder
¼ tsp salt
½ tsp cinnamon
¾ c butter
¾ c sugar
3 medium eggs
¼ c milk

For the syrup:

½ c sugar
½ c honey
¼ c + 2 T water
½ tsp lemon juice (optional)

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 350° and grease a cake pan.

In a large bowl, cream together the butter and ¾ c sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Fold in the flour, alternating between it and the milk and mixing until incorporated. Pour the batter into the pan and bake for 30-40 minutes or until a skewer comes out clean. Allow to cool for 15 mins.

To make the syrup:

In a saucepan, combine the honey, ½ c sugar, and water. Bring to a simmer and leave simmering for 5 minutes. Stir in the lemon juice, bringing it to a boil, and cook for a further 2 minutes.

Poke holes into the cooled cake and slowly drizzle the honey syrup over the top, letting it soak.

Maritozzi



For the buns:

1 tsp active dry yeast
¼ c water
1 ⅔ c all-purpose flour, plus more for dusting
1 egg yolk
3 T sugar
⅓ c vegetable oil
2 T milk
Pinch of salt
Zest from 1 orange

For brushing on top of buns:

1 egg yolk
1 tsp milk

For whipped cream:

1 c heavy cream
1 T confectioners' sugar
1 tsp vanilla extract

Directions:

In a mixing bowl, combine dry yeast, lukewarm water, ½ T of sugar, and 1 T flour. Whisk well, cover, and let it rest for 20 minutes. Add egg yolk, milk, oil, orange zest, a pinch of salt, and the remaining flour. Stir ingredients until combined. Transfer the dough onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic.

Cover and let it rise for 3 hours or until doubled in size. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper. Divide the dough into 6 buns and let them rise covered for an additional 40 minutes.

In a small bowl, combine egg yolk and milk and gently brush the buns. Bake them in a preheated oven at 350° for 15 to 20 minutes, then let cool for 10 minutes.

In a large bowl, whip heavy cream with a whisk or mixer until stiff peaks form. Gently fold in the sugar and vanilla extract into the whipped cream. Split each bun lengthwise and fill it with whipped cream.

Savillum



Ingredients:

1 c of flour
1 c of ricotta cheese
1 egg
½ c of honey
bay leaves

Directions:

Preheat the oven to 400°. Beat the ricotta cheese until it is soft and creamy, then add the egg and mix until combined. Slowly sift in flour until it forms a creamy dough. Grease a muffin tin and add a bay leaf to the bottom of each. Pour batter over the top and bake for 30-40 minutes or until golden brown. Drizzle warm honey over the top and serve immediately.

Greek Pancakes

Ingredients:

1 c flour
1 c water
2 T honey (plus more for serving)
1 T toasted sesame seeds

Directions:

Mix the flour, water, and honey together into a batter. Heat two T of oil in a frying pan and pour a quarter of the mixture in. When it has set, turn it two or three times to give it an even color. Cook three more pancakes in the same way. Serve hot with more warmed honey and sprinkled with sesame seeds.



Patina de Piris (Pear Souffle)

Patina de Piris comes from an ancient Roman cookbook called *Apicius*, written and compiled circa 500 AD. It is one of the oldest surviving cookbooks to date and is full of numerous recipes and meal plans from the Roman Empire.

For authenticity sake, we have kept the original recipe as accurate as possible, substituting where necessary for modern ingredients. (Note the addition of cumin, which was the choice seasoning of the time and will be a prominent flavor in the souffle.)



Ingredients:

- 8 large bosc pears
- ½ cup passum (I.E., raisin wine, can be substituted with grape juice boiled down)
- 1 T honey
- 1 T olive oil
- 6 eggs
- 1 tsp pepper
- ½ tsp cumin
- ½ tsp fish sauce (can be substituted with soy sauce)

Directions:

Core and slice pears, then boil until they are softened but not yet a sauce. Strain and cool for a few minutes.

Boil grape juice until it's halved in size, about ¼ c. Set aside.

Mash pears with a whisk or potato masher. Add honey, oil, pepper, cumin, and sauce. Add the boiled grape juice. Beat the eggs and add a little at a time. Bake for 30 minutes at 400° in an 8-inch soufflé dish, or bake for 1 hour at 350° in a pudding steamer.

Bulfinch's Mythology: The Age of Fable

by Thomas Bulfinch

Chapter 27 - The Trojan War

Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, but on one occasion she did a very foolish thing; she entered into competition with Juno and Venus for the prize of beauty. It happened thus: At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis all the gods were invited with the exception of Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Jupiter, not willing to decide in so delicate a matter, sent the goddesses to Mount Ida, where the beautiful shepherd Paris was tending his flocks, and to him was committed the decision. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him. Juno promised him power and riches, Minerva glory and renown in war, and Venus the fairest of women for his wife, each attempting to bias his decision in her own favor. Paris decided in favor of Venus and gave her the golden apple, thus making the two other goddesses his enemies. Under the protection of Venus, Paris sailed to Greece, and was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Now Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the very woman whom Venus had destined for Paris, the fairest of her sex. She had been sought as a bride by numerous suitors, and before her decision was made known, they all, at the suggestion of Ulysses, one of their number, took an oath that they would defend her from all injury and avenge her cause if necessary. She chose Menelaus, and was living with him happily when Paris became their guest. Paris, aided by Venus, persuaded her to elope with him, and carried her to Troy, whence arose the famous Trojan war, the theme of the greatest poems of antiquity, those of Homer and Virgil.

Menelaus called upon his brother chieftains of Greece to fulfil their pledge, and join him in his efforts to recover his wife. They generally came forward, but Ulysses, who had married Penelope, and was very happy in his wife and child, had no disposition to embark in such a troublesome affair. He therefore hung back and Palamedes was sent to urge him. When Palamedes arrived at Ithaca Ulysses pretended to be mad. He yoked an ass and an ox together to the plough and began to sow salt. Palamedes, to try him, placed the infant Telemachus before the plough, whereupon the father turned the plough aside, showing plainly that he was no madman, and after that could no longer refuse to fulfil his promise. Being now himself gained for the undertaking, he lent his aid to bring in other reluctant chiefs, especially Achilles. This hero was the son of that Thetis at whose marriage the apple of Discord had been thrown among the goddesses. Thetis was herself one of the immortals, a sea-nymph, and knowing that her son was fated to perish before Troy if he went on the expedition, she endeavored to prevent his going. She sent him away to the court of King Lycomedes, and induced him to conceal himself in the disguise of a maiden among the daughters of the king. Ulysses, hearing he was there, went disguised as a merchant to the palace and offered for sale female ornaments, among which he had placed some arms. While the king's daughters were engrossed with the other contents of the merchant's pack, Achilles handled the weapons and thereby betrayed himself to the keen eye of Ulysses, who found no great difficulty in persuading him to disregard his mother's prudent counsels and join his countrymen in the war.

Priam was king of Troy, and Paris, the shepherd and seducer of Helen, was his son. Paris had been brought up in obscurity, because there were certain ominous forebodings connected with him from his infancy that he would be the ruin of the state. These forebodings seemed at length likely to be realized, for the Grecian armament now in preparation was the greatest that had ever been fitted out. Agamemnon, king of Mycenae, and brother of the injured Menelaus, was chosen commander-in-chief. Achilles was their most illustrious warrior. After him ranked Ajax, gigantic in size and of great courage, but dull of intellect; Diomedes, second only to Achilles in all the qualities of a hero; Ulysses, famous for his sagacity; and Nestor, the oldest of the Grecian chiefs, and one to whom they all looked up for counsel. But Troy was no feeble enemy. Priam, the king, was now old, but he had been a wise prince and had strengthened his state by good government at home and numerous alliances with his neighbors. But the principal stay and support of his throne was his son Hector, one of the noblest characters painted by heathen antiquity. He felt, from the first, a presentiment of the fall of his country, but still persevered in his heroic resistance, yet by no means justified the wrong which brought this danger upon her. He was united in marriage with Andromache, and as a husband and father his character was not less admirable than as a warrior. The principal leaders on the side of the Trojans, besides Hector, were Aeneas and Deiphobus, Glaucus and Sarpedon.

After two years of preparation the Greek fleet and army assembled in the port of Aulis in Boeotia. Here Agamemnon in hunting killed a stag which was sacred to Diana, and the goddess in return visited the army with pestilence, and produced a calm which prevented the ships from leaving the port. Calchas, the soothsayer, thereupon announced that the wrath of the virgin goddess could only be appeased by the sacrifice of a virgin on her altar, and that none other but the daughter of the offender would be acceptable. Agamemnon, however reluctant, yielded his consent, and the maiden Iphigenia was sent for under the pretence that she was to be married to Achilles. When she was about to be sacrificed the goddess relented and snatched her away, leaving a hind in her place, and Iphigenia, enveloped in a cloud, was carried to Tauris, where Diana made her priestess of her temple.

Tennyson, in his "Dream of Fair Women," makes Iphigenia thus describe her feelings at the moment of sacrifice:

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears;
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded by my tears,

"Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs,
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
The temples and the people and the shore;

One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly,—and—nothing more."

The wind now proving fair the fleet made sail and brought the forces to the coast of Troy. The Trojans came to oppose their landing, and at the first onset Protesilaus fell by the hand of Hector. Protesilaus had left at home his wife, Laodamia, who was most tenderly attached to him. When the news of his death reached her she implored the gods to be allowed to converse with him only three hours. The request was granted. Mercury led Protesilaus back to the upper world, and when he died a second time Laodamia died with him. There was a story that the nymphs planted elm trees round his grave which grew very well till they were high enough to command a view of Troy, and then withered away, while fresh branches sprang from the roots.

Wordsworth has taken the story of Protesilaus and Laodamia for the subject of a poem. It seems the oracle had declared that victory should be the lot of that party from which should fall the first victim to the war. The poet represents Protesilaus, on his brief return to earth, as relating to Laodamia the story of his fate:

"The wished-for wind was given; I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow impressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft times bitter was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,
The paths which we had trod,—these fountains, flowers;
My new planned cities and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?"
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: but lofty thought
In act embodied my deliverance wrought.'

"... upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight,
A constant interchange of growth and blight!"

Bulfinch's Mythology: The Age of Fable

by Thomas Bulfinch

The Illiad

The war continued without decisive results for nine years. Then an event occurred which seemed likely to be fatal to the cause of the Greeks, and that was a quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. It is at this point that the great poem of Homer, "The Iliad," begins. The Greeks, though unsuccessful against Troy, had taken the neighboring and allied cities, and in the division of the spoil a female captive, by name Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, had fallen to the share of Agamemnon. Chryses came bearing the sacred emblems of his office, and begged the release of his daughter. Agamemnon refused. Thereupon Chryses implored Apollo to afflict the Greeks till they should be forced to yield their prey. Apollo granted the prayer of his priest, and sent pestilence into the Grecian camp. Then a council was called to deliberate how to allay the wrath of the gods and avert the plague. Achilles boldly charged their misfortunes upon Agamemnon as caused by his withholding Chryseis. Agamemnon, enraged, consented to relinquish his captive, but demanded that Achilles should yield to him in her stead Briseis, a maiden who had fallen to Achilles' share in the division of the spoil. Achilles submitted, but forthwith declared that he would take no further part in the war. He withdrew his forces from the general camp and openly avowed his intention of returning home to Greece.

The gods and goddesses interested themselves as much in this famous war as the parties themselves. It was well known to them that fate had decreed that Troy should fall, at last, if her enemies should persevere and not voluntarily abandon the enterprise. Yet there was room enough left for chance to excite by turns the hopes and fears of the powers above who took part with either side. Juno and Minerva, in consequence of the slight put upon their charms by Paris, were hostile to the Trojans; Venus for the opposite cause favored them. Venus enlisted her admirer Mars on the same side, but Neptune favored the Greeks. Apollo was neutral, sometimes taking one side, sometimes the other, and Jove himself, though he loved the good King Priam, yet exercised a degree of impartiality; not, however, without exceptions.

Thetis, the mother of Achilles, warmly resented the injury done to her son. She repaired immediately to Jove's palace and besought him to make the Greeks repent of their injustice to Achilles by granting success to the Trojan arms. Jupiter consented, and in the battle which ensued the Trojans were completely successful. The Greeks were driven from the field and took refuge in their ships.

Then Agamemnon called a council of his wisest and bravest chiefs. Nestor advised that an embassy should be sent to Achilles to persuade him to return to the field; that Agamemnon should yield the maiden, the cause of the dispute, with ample gifts to atone for the wrong he had done. Agamemnon consented, and Ulysses, Ajax, and Phoenix were sent to carry to Achilles the penitent message. They performed that duty, but Achilles was deaf to their entreaties. He positively refused to return to the field, and persisted in his resolution to embark for Greece without delay.

The Greeks had constructed a rampart around their ships, and now instead of besieging Troy they were in a manner besieged themselves, within their rampart. The next day after the unsuccessful embassy to Achilles, a battle was fought, and the Trojans, favored by Jove, were successful, and succeeded in forcing a passage through the Grecian rampart, and were about to set fire to the ships. Neptune, seeing the Greeks so pressed, came to their rescue. He appeared in the form of Calchas the prophet, encouraged the warriors with his shouts, and appealed to each individually till he raised their ardor to such a pitch that they forced the Trojans to give way. Ajax performed prodigies of valor, and at length encountered Hector. Ajax shouted defiance, to which Hector replied, and hurled his lance at the huge warrior. It was well aimed and struck Ajax, where the belts that bore his sword and shield crossed each other on the breast. The double guard prevented its penetrating and it fell harmless. Then Ajax, seizing a huge stone, one of those that served to prop the ships, hurled it at Hector. It struck him in the neck and stretched him on the plain. His followers instantly seized him and bore him off, stunned and wounded.

While Neptune was thus aiding the Greeks and driving back the Trojans, Jupiter saw nothing of what was going on, for his attention had been drawn from the field by the wiles of Juno. That goddess had arrayed herself in all her charms, and to crown all had borrowed of Venus her girdle, called "Cestus," which had the effect to heighten the wearer's charms to such a degree that they were quite irresistible. So prepared, Juno went to join her husband, who sat on Olympus watching the battle. When he beheld her she looked so charming that the fondness of his early love revived, and, forgetting the contending armies and all other affairs of state, he thought only of her and let the battle go as it would.

But this absorption did not continue long, and when, upon turning his eyes downward, he beheld Hector stretched on the plain almost lifeless from pain and bruises, he dismissed Juno in a rage, commanding her to send Iris and Apollo to him. When Iris came he sent her with a stern message to Neptune, ordering him instantly to quit the field. Apollo was despatched to heal Hector's bruises and to inspirit his heart. These orders were obeyed with such speed that, while the battle still raged, Hector returned to the field and Neptune betook himself to his own dominions.

An arrow from Paris's bow wounded Machaon, son of Aesculapius, who inherited his father's art of healing, and was therefore of great value to the Greeks as their surgeon, besides being one of their bravest warriors. Nestor took Machaon in his chariot and conveyed him from the field. As they passed the ships of Achilles, that hero, looking out over the field, saw the chariot of Nestor and recognized the old chief, but could not discern who the wounded chief was. So calling Patroclus, his companion and dearest friend, he sent him to Nestor's tent to inquire.

Patroclus, arriving at Nestor's tent, saw Machaon wounded, and having told the cause of his coming would have hastened away, but Nestor detained him, to tell him the extent of the Grecian calamities. He reminded him also how, at the time of departing for Troy, Achilles and himself had been charged by their respective fathers with different advice: Achilles to aspire to the highest pitch of glory, Patroclus, as the elder, to keep watch over his friend, and to guide his inexperience. "Now," said Nestor, "is the time for such influence. If the gods so please, thou mayest win him back to the common cause; but if not let him at least send his soldiers to the field, and come thou, Patroclus, clad in his armor, and perhaps the very sight of it may drive back the Trojans."

Patroclus was strongly moved with this address, and hastened back to Achilles, revolving in his mind all he had seen and heard. He told the prince the sad condition of affairs at the camp of their late associates: Diomedes, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Machaon, all wounded, the rampart broken down, the enemy among the ships preparing to burn them, and thus to cut off all means of return to Greece. While they spoke the flames burst forth from one of the ships. Achilles, at the sight, relented so far as to grant Patroclus his request to lead the Myrmidons (for so were Achilles' soldiers called) to the field, and to lend him his armor, that he might thereby strike more terror into the minds of the Trojans. Without delay the soldiers were marshalled, Patroclus put on the radiant armor and mounted the chariot of Achilles, and led forth the men ardent for battle. But before he went, Achilles strictly charged him that he should be content with repelling the foe "Seek not," said he, "to press the Trojans without me, lest thou add still more to the disgrace already mine." Then exhorting the troops to do their best he dismissed them full of ardor to the fight.

Patroclus and his Myrmidons at once plunged into the contest where it raged hottest; at the sight of which the joyful Grecians shouted and the ships reechoed the acclaim. The Trojans, at the sight of the well-known armor, struck with terror, looked everywhere for refuge. First those who had got possession of the ship and set it on fire left and allowed the Grecians to retake it and extinguish the flames. Then the rest of the Trojans fled in dismay. Ajax, Menelaus, and the two sons of Nestor performed prodigies of valor. Hector was forced to turn his horses' heads and retire from the enclosure, leaving his men entangled in the fosse to escape as they could. Patroclus drove them before him, slaying many, none daring to make a stand against him.

At last Sarpedon, son of Jove, ventured to oppose himself in fight to Patroclus. Jupiter looked down upon him and would have snatched him from the fate which awaited him, but Juno hinted that if he did so it would induce all others of the inhabitants of heaven to interpose in like manner whenever any of their offspring were endangered; to which reason Jove yielded. Sarpedon threw his spear, but missed Patroclus, but Patroclus threw his with better success. It pierced Sarpedon's breast and he fell, and, calling to his friends to save his body from the foe, expired. Then a furious contest arose for the possession of the corpse. The Greeks succeeded and stripped Sarpedon of his armor; but Jove would not allow the remains of his son to be dishonored, and by his command Apollo snatched from the midst of the combatants the body of Sarpedon and committed it to the care of the twin brothers Death and Sleep, by whom it was transported to Lycia, the native land of Sarpedon, where it received due funeral rites.

Thus far Patroclus had succeeded to his utmost wish in repelling the Trojans and relieving his countrymen, but now came a change of fortune. Hector, borne in his chariot, confronted him. Patroclus threw a vast stone at Hector, which missed its aim, but smote Cebriones, the charioteer, and knocked him from the car. Hector leaped from the chariot to rescue his friend, and Patroclus also descended to complete his victory. Thus the two heroes met face to face. At this decisive moment the poet, as if reluctant to give Hector the glory, records that Phoebus took part against Patroclus. He struck the helmet from his head and the lance from his hand. At the same moment an obscure Trojan wounded him in the back, and Hector, pressing forward, pierced him with his spear. He fell mortally wounded.

Then arose a tremendous conflict for the body of Patroclus, but his armor was at once taken possession of by Hector, who retiring a short distance divested himself of his own armor and put on that of Achilles, then returned to the fight. Ajax and Menelaus defended the body, and Hector and his bravest warriors struggled to capture it. The battle raged with equal fortunes, when Jove enveloped the whole face of heaven with a dark cloud. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and Ajax, looking round for some one whom he might despatch to Achilles to tell him of the death of his friend, and of the imminent danger that his remains would fall into the hands of the enemy, could see no suitable messenger. It was then that he exclaimed in those famous lines so often quoted,

"Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou
Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;
Give day; and, since thy sovereign will is such,
Destruction with it; but, O, give us day."

—Cowper.

Or, as rendered by Pope,

"... Lord of earth and air!
O king! O father! hear my humble prayer!
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see and Ajax asks no more;
If Greece must perish we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day."

Jupiter heard the prayer and dispersed the clouds. Then Ajax sent Antilochus to Achilles with the intelligence of Patroclus's death, and of the conflict raging for his remains. The Greeks at last succeeded in bearing off the body to the ships, closely pursued by Hector and Aeneas and the rest of the Trojans.

Achilles heard the fate of his friend with such distress that Antilochus feared for a while that he would destroy himself. His groans reached the ears of his mother, Thetis, far down in the deeps of ocean where she abode, and she hastened to him to inquire the cause. She found him overwhelmed with self-reproach that he had indulged his resentment so far, and suffered his friend to fall a victim to it. But his only consolation was the hope of revenge. He would fly instantly in search of Hector. But his mother reminded him that he was now without armor, and promised him, if he would but wait till the morrow, she would procure for him a suit of armor from Vulcan more than equal to that he had lost. He consented, and Thetis immediately repaired to Vulcan's palace. She found him busy at his forge making tripods for his own use, so artfully constructed that they moved forward of their own accord when wanted, and retired again when dismissed. On hearing the request of Thetis, Vulcan immediately laid aside his work and hastened to comply with her wishes. He fabricated a splendid suit of armor for Achilles, first a shield adorned with elaborate devices, then a helmet crested with gold, then a corselet and greaves of impenetrable temper, all perfectly adapted to his form, and of consummate workmanship. It was all done in one night, and Thetis, receiving it, descended with it to earth, and laid it down at Achilles' feet at the dawn of day.

The first glow of pleasure that Achilles had felt since the death of Patroclus was at the sight of this splendid armor. And now, arrayed in it, he went forth into the camp, calling all the chiefs to council. When they were all assembled he addressed them. Renouncing his displeasure against Agamemnon and bitterly lamenting the miseries that had resulted from it, he called on them to proceed at once to the field. Agamemnon made a suitable reply, laying all the blame on Ate, the goddess of discord; and thereupon complete reconciliation took place between the heroes.

Then Achilles went forth to battle inspired with a rage and thirst for vengeance that made him irresistible. The bravest warriors fled before him or fell by his lance. Hector, cautioned by Apollo, kept aloof; but the god, assuming the form of one of Priam's sons, Lycaon, urged Aeneas to encounter the terrible warrior. Aeneas, though he felt himself unequal, did not decline the combat. He hurled his spear with all his force against the shield the work of Vulcan. It was formed of five metal plates; two were of brass, two of tin, and one of gold. The spear pierced two thicknesses, but was stopped in the third. Achilles threw his with better success. It pierced through the shield of Aeneas, but glanced near his shoulder and made no wound. Then Aeneas seized a stone, such as two men of modern times could hardly lift, and was about to throw it, and Achilles, with sword drawn, was about to rush upon him, when Neptune, who looked out upon the contest, moved with pity for Aeneas, who he saw would surely fall a victim if not speedily rescued, spread a cloud between the combatants, and lifting Aeneas from the ground, bore him over the heads of warriors and steeds to the rear of the battle. Achilles, when the mist cleared away, looked round in vain for his adversary, and acknowledging the prodigy, turned his arms against other champions. But none dared stand before him, and Priam looking down from the city walls beheld his whole army in full flight towards the city. He gave command to open wide the gates to receive the fugitives, and to shut them as soon as the Trojans should have passed, lest the enemy should enter likewise. But Achilles was so close in pursuit that that would have been impossible if Apollo had not, in the form of Agenor, Priam's son, encountered Achilles for a while, then turned to fly, and taken the way apart from the city. Achilles pursued and had chased his supposed victim far from the walls, when Apollo disclosed himself, and Achilles, perceiving how he had been deluded, gave up the chase.

But when the rest had escaped into the town Hector stood without determined to await the combat. His old father called to him from the walls and begged him to retire nor tempt the encounter. His mother, Hecuba, also besought him to the same effect, but all in vain. "How can I," said he to himself, "by whose command the people went to this day's contest, where so many have fallen, seek safety for myself against a single foe? But what if I offer him to yield up Helen and all her treasures and ample of our own beside? Ah, no! it is too late. He would not even hear me through, but slay me while I spoke." While he thus ruminated. Achilles approached, terrible as Mars, his armor flashing lightning as he moved. At that sight Hector's heart failed him and he fled. Achilles swiftly pursued. They ran, still keeping near the walls, till they had thrice encircled the city. As often as Hector approached the walls Achilles intercepted him and forced him to keep out in a wider circle. But Apollo sustained Hector's strength and would not let him sink in weariness. Then Pallas, assuming the form of Deiphobus, Hector's bravest brother, appeared suddenly at his side. Hector saw him with delight, and thus strengthened stopped his flight and turned to meet Achilles.

Hector threw his spear, which struck the shield of Achilles and bounded back. He turned to receive another from the hand of Deiphobus, but Deiphobus was gone. Then Hector understood his doom and said, "Alas! it is plain this is my hour to die! I thought Deiphobus at hand, but Pallas deceived me, and he is still in Troy. But I will not fall inglorious," So saying he drew his falchion from his side and rushed at once to combat. Achilles, secured behind his shield, waited the approach of Hector. When he came within reach of his spear, Achilles choosing with his eye a vulnerable part where the armor leaves the neck uncovered, aimed his spear at that part and Hector fell, death-wounded, and feebly said, "Spare my body! Let my parents ransom it, and let me receive funeral rites from the sons and daughters of Troy." To which Achilles replied, "Dog, name not ransom nor pity to me, on whom you have brought such dire distress. No! trust me, naught shall save thy carcass from the dogs. Though twenty ransoms and thy weight in gold were offered, I would refuse it all."

So saying he stripped the body of its armor, and fastening cords to the feet tied them behind his chariot, leaving the body to trail along the ground. Then mounting the chariot he lashed the steeds and so dragged the body to and fro before the city. What words can tell the grief of King Priam and Queen Hecuba at this sight! His people could scarce restrain the old king from rushing forth. He threw himself in the dust and besought them each by name to give him way. Hecuba's distress was not less violent. The citizens stood round them weeping. The sound of the mourning reached the ears of Andromache, the wife of Hector, as she sat among her maidens at work, and anticipating evil she went forth to the wall. When she saw the sight there presented, she would have thrown herself headlong from the wall, but fainted and fell into the arms of her maidens. Recovering, she bewailed her fate, picturing to herself her country ruined, herself a captive, and her son dependent for his bread on the charity of strangers.

When Achilles and the Greeks had taken their revenge on the killer of Patroclus they busied themselves in paying due funeral rites to their friend. A pile was erected, and the body burned with due solemnity; and then ensued games of strength and skill, chariot races, wrestling, boxing, and archery. Then the chiefs sat down to the funeral banquet and after that retired to rest. But Achilles neither partook of the feast nor of sleep. The recollection of his lost friend kept him awake, remembering their companionship in toil and dangers, in battle or on the perilous deep. Before the earliest dawn he left his tent, and joining to his chariot his swift steeds, he fastened Hector's body to be dragged behind. Twice he dragged him around the tomb of Patroclus, leaving him at length stretched in the dust. But Apollo would not permit the body to be torn or disfigured with all this abuse, but preserved it free from all taint or defilement.

While Achilles indulged his wrath in thus disgracing brave Hector, Jupiter in pity summoned Thetis to his presence. He told her to go to her son and prevail on him to restore the body of Hector to his friends. Then Jupiter sent Iris to King Priam to encourage him to go to Achilles and beg the body of his son. Iris delivered her message, and Priam immediately prepared to obey. He opened his treasures and took out rich garments and cloths, with ten talents in gold and two splendid tripods and a golden cup of matchless workmanship. Then he called to his sons and bade them draw forth his litter and place in it the various articles designed for a ransom to Achilles. When all was ready, the old king with a single companion as aged as himself, the herald Idaeus, drove forth from the gates, parting there with Hecuba, his queen, and all his friends, who lamented him as going to certain death.

But Jupiter, beholding with compassion the venerable king, sent Mercury to be his guide and protector. Mercury, assuming the form of a young warrior, presented himself to the aged couple, and while at the sight of him they hesitated whether to fly or yield, the god approached, and grasping Priam's hand offered to be their guide to Achilles' tent. Priam gladly accepted his offered service, and he, mounting the carriage, assumed the reins and soon conveyed them to the tent of Achilles. Mercury's wand put to sleep all the guards, and without hinderance he introduced Priam into the tent where Achilles sat, attended by two of his warriors. The old king threw himself at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those terrible hands which had destroyed so many of his sons. "Think, O Achilles," he said, "of thy own father, full of days like me, and trembling on the gloomy verge of life. Perhaps even now some neighbor chief oppresses him and there is none at hand to succor him in his distress. Yet doubtless knowing that Achilles lives he still rejoices, hoping that one day he shall see thy face again. But no comfort cheers me, whose bravest sons, so late the flower of Ilium, all have fallen. Yet one I had, one more than all the rest the strength of my age, whom, fighting for his country, thou hast slain. I come to redeem his body, bringing inestimable ransom with me. Achilles! reverence the gods! recollect thy father! for his sake show compassion to me!" These words moved Achilles, and he wept; remembering by turns his absent father and his lost friend. Moved with pity of Priam's silver locks and beard, he raised him from the earth, and thus spake: "Priam, I know that thou hast reached this place conducted by some god, for without aid divine no mortal even in his prime of youth had dared the attempt. I grant thy request, moved thereto by the evident will of Jove." So saying he arose, and went forth with his two friends, and unloaded of its charge the litter, leaving two mantles and a robe for the covering of the body, which they placed on the litter, and spread the garments over it, that not unveiled it should be borne back to Troy. Then Achilles dismissed the old king with his attendants, having first pledged himself to allow a truce of twelve days for the funeral solemnities.

As the litter approached the city and was descried from the walls, the people poured forth to gaze once more on the face of their hero. Foremost of all, the mother and the wife of Hector came, and at the sight of the lifeless body renewed their lamentations. The people all wept with them, and to the going down of the sun there was no pause or abatement of their grief.

The next day preparations were made for the funeral solemnities. For nine days the people brought wood and built the pile, and on the tenth they placed the body on the summit and applied the torch; while all Troy thronging forth encompassed the pile. When it had completely burned, they quenched the cinders with wine, collected the bones and placed them in a golden urn, which they buried in the earth, and reared a pile of stones over the spot.

"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

—Pope.

The Golden Fleece

Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne

When Jason, the son of the dethroned King of Iolchos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents, and placed under the queerest schoolmaster that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people, or quadrupeds, called Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron; and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher, and had several scholars, who afterwards did him credit by making a great figure in the world. The famous Hercules was one, and so was Achilles, and Philoctetes likewise, and Aesculapius, who acquired immense repute as a doctor. The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education, in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

I have sometimes suspected that Master Chiron was not really very different from other people, but that, being a kind-hearted and merry old fellow, he was in the habit of making believe that he was a horse, and scrambling about the schoolroom on all fours, and letting the little boys ride upon his back. And so, when his scholars had grown up, and grown old, and were trotting their grandchildren on their knees, they told them about the sports of their school days; and these young folks took the idea that their grandfathers had been taught their letters by a Centaur, half man and half horse. Little children, not quite understanding what is said to them, often get such absurd notions into their heads, you know.

Be that as it may, it has always been told for a fact (and always will be told, as long as the world lasts), that Chiron, with the head of a schoolmaster, had the body and legs of a horse. Just imagine the grave old gentleman clattering and stamping into the schoolroom on his four hoofs, perhaps treading on some little fellow's toes, flourishing his switch tail instead of a rod, and, now and then, trotting out of doors to eat a mouthful of grass! I wonder what the blacksmith charged him for a set of iron shoes?

So Jason dwelt in the cave, with this four-footed Chiron, from the time that he was an infant, only a few months old, until he had grown to the full height of a man. He became a very good harper, I suppose, and skilful in the use of weapons, and tolerably acquainted with herbs and other doctor's stuff, and, above all, an admirable horseman; for, in teaching young people to ride, the good Chiron must have been without a rival among schoolmasters. At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world, without asking Chiron's advice, or telling him anything about the matter. This was very unwise, to be sure; and I hope none of you, my little hearers, will ever follow Jason's example.

But, you are to understand, he had heard how that he himself was a prince royal, and how his father, King Jason, had been deprived of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias, who would also have killed Jason, had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And, being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne, and seat himself there instead.

With this intention, he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders, to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals, that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold. But his whole attire was such as people did not very often see; and as he passed along, the women and children ran to the doors and windows, wondering whither this beautiful youth was journeying, with his leopard's skin and his golden-tied sandals, and what heroic deeds he meant to perform, with a spear in his right hand and another in his left.

I know not how far Jason had traveled, when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies, hurrying tumultuously onward, and roaring angrily as it went. Though not a very broad river in the dry seasons of the year, it was now swollen by heavy rains and by the melting of the snow on the sides of Mount Olympus; and it thundered so loudly, and looked so wild and dangerous, that Jason, bold as he was, thought it prudent to pause upon the brink. The bed of the stream seemed to be strewn with sharp and rugged rocks, some of which thrust themselves above the water. By and by, an uprooted tree, with shattered branches, came drifting along the current, and got entangled among the rocks. Now and then, a drowned sheep, and once the carcass of a cow, floated past.

In short, the swollen river had already done a great deal of mischief. It was evidently too deep for Jason to wade, and too boisterous for him to swim; he could see no bridge; and as for a boat, had there been any, the rocks would have broken it to pieces in an instant.

"See the poor lad," said a cracked voice close to his side. "He must have had but a poor education, since he does not know how to cross a little stream like this. Or is he afraid of wetting his fine golden-stringed sandals? It is a pity his four-footed schoolmaster is not here to carry him safely across on his back!"

Jason looked round greatly surprised, for he did not know that anybody was near. But beside him stood an old woman, with a ragged mantle over her head, leaning on a staff, the top of which was carved into the shape of a cuckoo. She looked very aged, and wrinkled, and infirm; and yet her eyes, which were as brown as those of an ox, were so extremely large and beautiful, that, when they were fixed on Jason's eyes, he could see nothing else but them. The old woman had a pomegranate in her hand, although the fruit was then quite out of season.

"Whither are you going, Jason?" she now asked.

She seemed to know his name, you will observe; and, indeed, those great brown eyes looked as if they had a knowledge of everything, whether past or to come.

While Jason was gazing at her, a peacock strutted forward, and took his stand at the old woman's side.

"I am going to Iolchos," answered the young man, "to bid the wicked King Pelias come down from my father's throne, and let me reign in his stead."

"Ah, well, then," said the old woman, still with the same cracked voice, "if that is all your business, you need not be in a very great hurry. Just take me on your back, there's a good youth, and carry me across the river. I and my peacock have something to do on the other side, as well as yourself."

"Good mother," replied Jason, "your business can hardly be so important as the pulling down a king from his throne. Besides, as you may see for yourself, the river is very boisterous; and if I should chance to stumble, it would sweep both of us away more easily than it has carried off yonder uprooted tree. I would gladly help you if I could; but I doubt whether I am strong enough to carry you across."

"Then," said she, very scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne. And, Jason, unless you will help an old woman at her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for, save to succor the feeble and distressed? But do as you please. Either take me on your back, or with my poor old limbs I shall try my best to struggle across the stream."

Saying this, the old woman poked with her staff in the river, as if to find the safest place in its rocky bed where she might make the first step. But Jason, by this time, had grown ashamed of his reluctance to help her. He felt that he could never forgive himself, if this poor feeble creature should come to any harm in attempting to wrestle against the headlong current. The good Chiron, whether half horse or no, had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old one like a mother. Remembering these maxims, the vigorous and beautiful young man knelt down, and requested the good dame to mount upon his back.

"The passage seems to me not very safe," he remarked. "But as your business is so urgent, I will try to carry you across. If the river sweeps you away, it shall take me too."

"That, no doubt, will be a great comfort to both of us," quoth the old woman. "But never fear. We shall get safely across."

So she threw her arms around Jason's neck; and lifting her from the ground, he stepped boldly into the raging and foaming current, and began to stagger away from the shore. As for the peacock, it alighted on the old dame's shoulder. Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling, and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks; although every instant, he expected that his companion and himself would go down the stream, together with the driftwood of shattered trees, and the carcasses of the sheep and cow. Down came the cold, snowy torrent from the steep side of Olympus, raging and thundering as if it had a real spite against Jason, or, at all events, were determined to snatch off his living burden from his shoulders.

When he was half way across, the uprooted tree (which I have already told you about) broke loose from among the rocks, and bore down upon him, with all its splintered branches sticking out like the hundred arms of the giant Briareus. It rushed past, however, without touching him. But the next moment his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast, that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation.

"What is the matter, Jason?" asked the old woman.

"Matter enough," said the young man. "I have lost a sandal here among the rocks. And what sort of a figure shall I cut, at the court of King Pelias, with a golden-stringed sandal on one foot, and the other foot bare!"

"Do not take it to heart," answered his companion cheerily. "You never met with better fortune than in losing that sandal. It satisfies me that you are the very person whom the Speaking Oak has been talking about."

There was no time, just then, to inquire what the Speaking Oak had said. But the briskness of her tone encouraged the young man; and, besides, he had never in his life felt so vigorous and mighty as since taking this old woman on his back. Instead of being exhausted, he gathered strength as he went on; and, struggling up against the torrent, he at last gained the opposite shore, clambered up the bank, and set down the old dame and her peacock safely on the grass. As soon as this was done, however, he could not help looking rather despondently at his bare foot, with only a remnant of the golden string of the sandal clinging round his ankle.

"You will get a handsomer pair of sandals by and by," said the old woman, with a kindly look out of her beautiful brown eyes. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot, and you shall see him turn as pale as ashes, I promise you. There is your path. Go along, my good Jason, and my blessing go with you. And when you sit on your throne remember the old woman whom you helped over the river."

With these words, she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder as she departed. Whether the light of her beautiful brown eyes threw a glory round about her, or whatever the cause might be, Jason fancied that there was something very noble and majestic in her figure, after all, and that, though her gait seemed to be a rheumatic hobble, yet she moved with as much grace and dignity as any queen on earth. Her peacock, which had now fluttered down from her shoulder, strutted behind her in a prodigious pomp, and spread out its magnificent tail on purpose for Jason to admire it.

When the old dame and her peacock were out of sight, Jason set forward on his journey. After traveling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a mountain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people, not only men and women, but children too, all in their best clothes, and evidently enjoying a holiday. The crowd was thickest towards the sea-shore; and in that direction, over the people's heads, Jason saw a wreath of smoke curling upward to the blue sky.

He inquired of one of the multitude what town it was near by, and why so many persons were here assembled together.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together, that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say, is his majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke he eyed Jason with great curiosity; for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal!"

Upon this, first one person, and then another, began to stare at Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener towards his feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandaled man?"

Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill-bred, to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it were that they hustled him forward, or that Jason, of his own accord, thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself close to the smoking altar, where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull. The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with which he was just going to cut the bull's throat, turned angrily about, and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space, near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried the king, with a terrible frown. "And how dare you make this disturbance, while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare."

When Jason said this, the king gave a quick startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough! What can I do with him?"

And he clutched more closely the great knife in his hand, as if he were half a mind to slay Jason, instead of the black bull. The people round about caught up the king's words, indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur amongst them, and then a loud shout.

"The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

For you are to know, that, many years before, King Pelias had been told by the Speaking Oak of Dodona, that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account, he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence, unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer in his palace, whose sole business it was to examine people's sandals, and to supply them with a new pair, at the expense of the royal treasury, as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright and agitation as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage, and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

"My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable, in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are excessively welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have traveled a long distance, for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

"My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy, I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor, and taught me music, and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons!"

"I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias, "and how that there is an immense deal of learning and wisdom in his head, although it happens to be set on a horse's body. It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"

"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man, and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and distraction to himself. So, with a crafty and evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows:

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world, by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain—what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you, and in your power?"

When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself. Still he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth.

Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do, if he had his worst enemy in his power.

Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up, with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece!"

This enterprise, you will understand, was, of all others, the most difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope, or a possibility, that any young man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece, or would survive to return home, and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and at the peril of your life, bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason, composedly. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your lofty throne, and give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

The first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the king's presence, was to go to Dodona, and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the center of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves, and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder, and became like the roar of a high wind. By and by, Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of a mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass voice, speaking as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words:

"Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and died gradually away. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had actually heard the words, or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while passing through the thick foliage of the tree.

But on inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skilful builder of vessels. This showed some intelligence in the oak; else how should it have known that any such person existed? At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world. So the head carpenter and all his journeymen and apprentices began their work; and for a good while afterwards, there they were, busily employed, hewing out the timbers, and making a great clatter with their hammers; until the new ship, which was called the Argo, seemed to be quite ready for sea. And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought that it would not be amiss to ask for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves, throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But after a while, Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly; "cut me off! cut me off! and carve me into a figure-head for your galley."

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood engaged to make the figurehead. He was a tolerably good workman, and had already carved several figure-heads, in what he intended for feminine shapes, and looking pretty much like those which we see nowadays stuck up under a vessel's bowsprit, with great staring eyes, that never wink at the dash of the spray. But (what was very strange) the carver found that his hand was guided by some unseen power, and by a skill beyond his own, and that his tools shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman, with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its center appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onward. The face of this wonderful statue, though not angry or forbidding, was so grave and majestic, that perhaps you might call it severe; and as for the mouth, it seemed just ready to uncloset its lips, and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed, and set up where a figure-head has always stood, from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world, that it should possess the faculty of speech. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason,— "since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are,—tell me, where shall I find fifty bold youths, who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this which Jason received from the figure-head of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the whole people of Greece, that Prince Jason, the son of King Jason, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive, to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news, the adventurous youths, all over the country, began to bestir themselves. Some of them had already fought with giants, and slain dragons; and the younger ones, who had not yet met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride of a flying serpent, or sticking their spears into a Chimaera, or, at least, thrusting their right arms down a monstrous lion's throat. There was a fair prospect that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece. As soon as they could furbish up their helmets and shields, therefore, and gird on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos, and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been educated by Chiron, the four-footed pedagogue, and were therefore old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards upheld the sky, was one of them.

And there were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never accused of being chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and Theseus, who was so renowned for killing the Minotaur, and Lynceus, with his wonderfully sharp eyes, which could see through a millstone, or look right down into the depths of the earth, and discover the treasures that were there; and Orpheus, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly, that the brute beasts stood upon their hind legs, and capered merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks bestirred their moss-grown bulk out of the ground, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves, and, nodding their tops to one another, performed a country dance.

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman, named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel, that she could step from one foamy crest of a wave to the foamy crest of another, without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way, and talked much about the rights of women, and loved hunting and war far better than her needle. But in my opinion, the most remarkable of this famous company were two sons of the North Wind (airy youngsters, and of rather a blustering disposition) who had wings on their shoulders, and, in case of a calm, could puff out their cheeks, and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. I ought not to forget the prophets and conjurors, of whom there were several in the crew, and who could foretell what would happen to-morrow or the next day, or a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment. Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman because he was a star-gazer, and knew the points of the compass. Lynceus, on account of his sharp sight, was stationed as a look-out in the prow, where he saw a whole day's sail ahead, but was rather apt to overlook things that lay directly under his nose. If the sea only happened to be deep enough, however, Lynceus could tell you exactly what kind of rocks or sands were at the bottom of it; and he often cried out to his companions, that they were sailing over heaps of sunken treasure, which yet he was none the richer for beholding. To confess the truth, few people believed him when he said it.

Well! But when the Argonauts, as these fifty brave adventurers were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, an unforeseen difficulty threatened to end it before it was begun. The vessel, you must understand, was so long, and broad, and ponderous, that the united force of all the fifty was insufficient to shove her into the water. Hercules, I suppose, had not grown to his full strength, else he might have set her afloat as easily as a little boy launches his boat upon a puddle. But here were these fifty heroes, pushing, and straining, and growing red in the face, without making the Argo start an inch. At last, quite wearied out, they sat themselves down on the shore exceedingly disconsolate, and thinking that the vessel must be left to rot and fall in pieces, and that they must either swim across the sea or lose the Golden Fleece.

All at once, Jason bethought himself of the galley's miraculous figure-head.

"O, daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves," answered the image (for it had known what had ought to be done from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put),—"seat yourselves, and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board, and seizing their oars, held them perpendicularly in the air, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir. Orpheus thrummed away briskly, and the galley slid at once into the sea, dipping her prow so deeply that the figure-head drank the wave with its marvelous lips, and rising again as buoyant as a swan. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake; while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music, that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it. Thus triumphantly did the Argo sail out of the harbor, amidst the huzzas and good wishes of everybody except the wicked old Pelias, who stood on a promontory, scowling at her, and wishing that he could blow out of his lungs the tempest of wrath that was in his heart, and so sink the galley with all on board. When they had sailed above fifty miles over the sea, Lynceus happened to cast his sharp eyes behind, and said that there was this bad-hearted king, still perched upon the promontory, and scowling so gloomily that it looked like a black thunder-cloud in that quarter of the horizon.

In order to make the time pass away more pleasantly during the voyage, the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It originally belonged, it appears, to a Boeotian ram, who had taken on his back two children, when in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea as far as Colchis. One of the children, whose name was Helle, fell into the sea and was drowned. But the other (a little boy, named Phrixus) was brought safe ashore by the faithful ram, who, however, was so exhausted that he immediately lay down and died. In memory of this good deed, and as a token of his true heart, the fleece of the poor dead ram was miraculously changed to gold, and became one of the most beautiful objects ever seen on earth. It was hung upon a tree in a sacred grove, where it had now been kept I know not how many years, and was the envy of mighty kings, who had nothing so magnificent in any of their palaces.

If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. There was no lack of wonderful events, as you may judge from what you have already heard. At a certain island, they were hospitably received by King Cyzicus, its sovereign, who made a feast for them, and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked downcast and very much troubled, and they therefore inquired of him what was the matter. King Cyzicus hereupon informed them that he and his subjects were greatly abused and incommoded by the inhabitants of a neighboring mountain, who made war upon them, and killed many people, and ravaged the country. And while they were talking about it, Cyzicus pointed to the mountain, and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some very tall objects," answered Jason; "but they are at such a distance that I cannot distinctly make out what they are. To tell your majesty the truth, they look so very strangely that I am inclined to think them clouds, which have chanced to take something like human shapes."

"I see them very plainly," remarked Lynceus, whose eyes, you know, were as far-sighted as a telescope. "They are a band of enormous giants, all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, a sword, or some other weapon in each of their hands."

"You have excellent eyes," said King Cyzicus. "Yes; they are six-armed giants, as you say, and these are the enemies whom I and my subjects have to contend with."

The next day, when the Argonauts were about setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, brandishing their six arms apiece, and looking formidable, so far aloft in the air. Each of these monsters was able to carry on a whole war by himself, for with one arm he could fling immense stones, and wield a club with another, and a sword with a third, while the fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow. But, luckily, though the giants were so huge, and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger nor braver than the heart of an ordinary man. Besides, if they had been like the hundred-armed Briareus, the brave Argonauts would have given them their hands full of fight. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels, so that if the giants had had six legs apiece instead of six arms, it would have served them better to run away with.

Another strange adventure happened when the voyagers came to Thrace, where they found a poor blind king, named Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and living in a very sorrowful way, all by himself. On Jason's inquiring whether they could do him any service, the king answered that he was terribly tormented by three great winged creatures, called Harpies, which had the faces of women, and the wings, bodies, and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and allowed him no peace of his life. Upon hearing this, the Argonauts spread a plentiful feast on the sea-shore, well knowing, from what the blind king said of their greediness, that the Harpies would snuff up the scent of the victuals, and quickly come to steal them away. And so it turned out; for, hardly was the table set, before the three hideous vulture women came flapping their wings, seized the food in their talons, and flew off as fast as they could. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their swords, spread their pinions, and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves, whom they at last overtook among some islands, after a chase of hundreds of miles. The two winged youths blustered terribly at the Harpies (for they had the rough temper of their father), and so frightened them with their drawn swords, that they solemnly promised never to trouble King Phineus again.

Then the Argonauts sailed onward and met with many other marvelous incidents, any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time they landed on an island, and were reposing on the grass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed by what seemed a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several penetrated their flesh. The fifty heroes started up, and looked about them for the hidden enemy, but could find none, nor see any spot, on the whole island, where even a single archer could lie concealed. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds, hovering and wheeling aloft, and shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts.

These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so tormented them. There was no possibility of making any resistance; and the fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by a flock of troublesome birds, without ever setting eyes on the Golden Fleece, if Jason had not thought of asking the advice of the oaken image.

So he ran to the galley as fast as his legs would carry him.

"O, daughter of the Speaking Oak," cried he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in great peril from a flock of birds, who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a clatter on your shields," said the image.

On receiving this excellent counsel, Jason hurried back to his companions (who were far more dismayed than when they fought with the six-armed giants), and bade them strike with their swords upon their brazen shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set heartily to work, banging with might and main, and raised such a terrible clatter, that the birds made what haste they could to get away; and though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon seen skimming among the clouds, a long distance off, and looking like a flock of wild geese. Orpheus celebrated this victory by playing a triumphant anthem on his harp, and sang so melodiously that Jason begged him to desist, lest, as the steel-feathered birds had been driven away by an ugly sound, they might be enticed back again by a sweet one.

While the Argonauts remained on this island, they saw a small vessel approaching the shore, in which were two young men of princely demeanor, and exceedingly handsome, as young princes generally were, in those days. Now, who do you imagine these two voyagers turned out to be? Why, if you will believe me, they were the sons of that very Phrixus, who, in his childhood, had been carried to Colchis on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Since that time, Phrixus had married the king's daughter; and the two young princes had been born and brought up at Colchis, and had spent their play-days in the outskirts of the grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They were now on their way to Greece, in hopes of getting back a kingdom that had been wrongfully taken from their father.

When the princes understood whither the Argonauts were going, they offered to turn back, and guide them to Colchis. At the same time, however, they spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. According to their account, the tree on which it hung was guarded by a terrible dragon, who never failed to devour, at one mouthful, every person who might venture within his reach.

"There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up, at fifty mouthfuls, by this execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "I do not wonder that you think the dragon very terrible. You have grown up from infancy in the fear of this monster, and therefore still regard him with the awe that children feel for the bugbears and hobgoblins which their nurses have talked to them about. But, in my view of the matter, the dragon is merely a pretty large serpent, who is not half so likely to snap me up at one mouthful as I am to cut off his ugly head, and strip the skin from his body. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again, unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "Let us get on board the galley this instant; and if the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

And Orpheus (whose custom it was to set everything to music) began to harp and sing most gloriously, and made every mother's son of them feel as if nothing in this world were so delectable as to fight dragons, and nothing so truly honorable as to be eaten up at one mouthful, in case of the worst.

After this (being now under the guidance of the two princes, who were well acquainted with the way), they quickly sailed to Colchis. When the king of the country, whose name was Aetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason to court. The king was a stern and cruel looking potentate; and though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Aetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?—Or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands?—or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, with an obeisance—for Chiron had taught him how to behave with propriety, whether to kings or beggars—"I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it, and to give me his crown and sceptre, provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act, in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason, and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece, had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Aetes, eyeing Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfill before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man. But there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs; and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, composedly, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Aetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plow, and must plow the sacred earth in the Grove of Mars, and sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set of reprobates, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly numerous or strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me, long ago, the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Aetes to himself, "and the four-footed pedant, his schoolmaster, into the bargain. Why, what a foolhardy, self-conceited coxcomb he is! We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued, aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plow."

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger, and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long."

Gazing at Medea, he beheld a wonderful intelligence in her face. She was one of those persons whose eyes are full of mystery; so that, while looking into them, you seem to see a very great way, as into a deep well, yet can never be certain whether you see into the farthest depths, or whether there be not something else hidden at the bottom. If Jason had been capable of fearing anything, he would have been afraid of making this young princess his enemy; for, beautiful as she now looked, she might, the very next instant, become as terrible as the dragon that kept watch over the Golden Fleece.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you seem indeed very wise and very powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one, and I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranate, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river; and, likewise, who it is that speaks through the lips of the oaken image, that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you perceive. It is well for you that I am favorably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here, which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand, and directed him how to apply the perfumed unguent which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help. At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket, in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus, long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself. After entering the pasture, the princess paused and looked around.

"There they are," said she, "reposing themselves and chewing their fiery cud in that farthest corner of the field. It will be excellent sport, I assure you, when they catch a glimpse of your figure. My father and all his court delight in nothing so much as to see a stranger trying to yoke them, in order to come at the Golden Fleece. It makes a holiday in Colchis whenever such a thing happens."

For my part, I enjoy it immensely. You cannot imagine in what a mere twinkling of an eye their hot breath shrivels a young man into a black cinder."

"Are you sure, beautiful Medea," asked Jason, "quite sure, that the unguent in the gold box will prove a remedy against those terrible burns?"

"If you doubt, if you are in the least afraid," said the princess, looking him in the face by the dim starlight, "you had better never have been born than to go a step nigher to the bulls."

But Jason had set his heart steadfastly on getting the Golden Fleece; and I positively doubt whether he would have gone back without it, even had he been certain of finding himself turned into a red-hot cinder, or a handful of white ashes, the instant he made a step farther. He therefore let go Medea's hand, and walked boldly forward in the direction whither she had pointed. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapor, regularly appearing and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils, as they lay chewing their cuds.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapor now spouted forth, he judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks, and vivid jets of flame. At the next step, each of the bulls made the pasture echo with a terrible roar, while the burning breath, which they thus belched forth, lit up the whole field with a momentary flash. One other stride did bold Jason make; and, suddenly as a streak of lightning, on came these fiery animals, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame, which so kindled up the scene that the young man could discern every object more distinctly than by daylight. Most distinctly of all he saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. So intensely hot it was, indeed, that it caught a dry tree under which Jason was now standing, and set it all in a light blaze. But as for Jason himself (thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment), the white flame curled around his body, without injuring him a jot more than if he had been made of asbestos.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn, and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a gripe like that of an iron vice, one with his right hand, the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure. But the secret of the matter was, that the brazen bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them. And, ever since that time, it has been the favorite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call "taking the bull by the horns"; and to gripe him by the tail is pretty much the same thing—that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls, and to harness them to the plow, which had lain rusting on the ground for a great many years gone by; so long was it before anybody could be found capable of plowing that piece of land. Jason, I suppose, had been taught how to draw a furrow by the good old Chiron, who, perhaps, used to allow himself to be harnessed to the plow. At any rate, our hero succeeded perfectly well in breaking up the greensward; and, by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky, the plowed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil with a brush-harrow, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

"Must we wait long for harvest time?" he inquired of Medea, who was now standing by his side.

"Whether sooner or later, it will be sure to come," answered the princess. "A crop of armed men never fails to spring up, when the dragon's teeth have been sown."

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens, and threw its bright beams over the plowed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. Any farmer, on viewing it, would have said that Jason must wait weeks before the green blades would peep from among the clods, and whole months before the yellow grain would be ripened for the sickle. But by and by, all over the field, there was something that glistened in the moonbeams, like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors, struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled—such was their impatience of restraint—and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangor with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

There have been many other armies in the world that seemed to possess the same fierce nature with the one which had now sprouted from the dragon's teeth; but these, in the moonlit field, were the more excusable, because they never had women for their mothers. And how it would have rejoiced any great captain, who was bent on conquering the world, like Alexander or Napoleon, to raise a crop of armed soldiers as easily as Jason did! For a while, the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle.

Then they began to shout—"Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Death or victory!" "Come on, brave comrades! Conquer or die!" and a hundred other outcries, such as men always bellow forth on a battle field, and which these dragon people seemed to have at their tongues' ends.

At last, the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this blood-thirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior, who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes. Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbor had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began to fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another, lopping off arms, heads, and legs and doing such memorable deeds that Jason was filled with immense admiration; although, at the same time, he could not help laughing to behold these mighty men punishing each other for an offense which he himself had committed. In an incredibly short space of time (almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up), all but one of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. The last survivor, the bravest and strongest of the whole, had just force enough to wave his crimson sword over his head and give a shout of exultation, crying, "Victory! Victory! Immortal fame!" when he himself fell down, and lay quietly among his slain brethren.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

"Let them sleep in the bed of honor," said the Princess Medea, with a sly smile at Jason. "The world will always have simpletons enough, just like them, fighting and dying for they know not what, and fancying that posterity will take the trouble to put laurel wreaths on their rusty and battered helmets. Could you help smiling, Prince Jason, to see the self-conceit of that last fellow, just as he tumbled down?"

"It made me very sad," answered Jason, gravely. "And, to tell you the truth, princess, the Golden Fleece does not appear so well worth the winning, after what I have here beheld!"

"You will think differently in the morning," said Medea. "True, the Golden Fleece may not be so valuable as you have thought it; but then there is nothing better in the world; and one must needs have an object, you know. Come! Your night's work has been well performed; and to-morrow you can inform King Aetes that the first part of your allotted task is fulfilled."

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went betimes in the morning to the palace of King Aetes. Entering the presence chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne, and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder, in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been plowed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast, and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors have sprung up, and they have slain one another, to the last man. And now I solicit your majesty's permission to encounter the dragon, that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree, and depart, with my nine and forty comrades."

King Aetes scowled, and looked very angry and excessively disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the Fleece, if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But, since the young man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon. And therefore, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved (and it was a very wrong thing of this wicked potentate) not to run any further risk of losing his beloved Fleece.

"You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been, at this instant, a black cinder, or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. He could think of nothing better to be done than to summon together his forty-nine brave Argonauts, march at once to the Grove of Mars, slay the dragon, take possession of the Golden Fleece, get on board the Argo, and spread all sail for Iolchos. The success of this scheme depended, it is true, on the doubtful point whether all the fifty heroes might not be snapped up, at so many mouthfuls, by the dragon. But, as Jason was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him, and beckoned him to return. Her black eyes shone upon him with such a keen intelligence, that he felt as if there were a serpent peeping out of them; and, although she had done him so much service only the night before, he was by no means very certain that she would not do him an equally great mischief before sunset. These enchantresses, you must know, are never to be depended upon.

"What says King Aetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece, without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth. And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before tomorrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley, and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture ground, the brazen bulls came towards Jason, lowing, nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts, which, as other cattle do, they loved to have rubbed and caressed by a friendly hand. Their fierce nature was thoroughly tamed; and, with their fierceness, the two furnaces in their stomachs had likewise been extinguished, insomuch that they probably enjoyed far more comfort in grazing and chewing their cuds than ever before. Indeed, it had heretofore been a great inconvenience to these poor animals, that, whenever they wished to eat a mouthful of grass, the fire out of their nostrils had shriveled it up, before they could manage to crop it. How they contrived to keep themselves alive is more than I can imagine. But now, instead of emitting jets of flame and streams of sulphurous vapor, they breathed the very sweetest of cow breath.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea's guidance into the Grove of Mars, where the great oak trees, that had been growing for centuries, threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside, and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one, overhead. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks, there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object, which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils, when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. O, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvelous light of its own, that inestimable prize which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it, either by the perils of their voyage, or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls.

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward, and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass, that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth (for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the Fleece hung), and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

After this feat, the dragon seemed sensible that some other living creature was within reach, on which he felt inclined to finish his meal. In various directions he kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck a terrible long way, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hiding behind an oak. Upon my word, as the head came waving and undulating through the air, and reaching almost within arm's length of Prince Jason, it was a very hideous and uncomfortable sight. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason," whispered Medea (for she was ill natured, as all enchantresses are, and wanted to make the bold youth tremble), "what do you think now of your prospect of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered only by drawing his sword, and making a step forward.

"Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm. "Do not you see you are lost, without me as your good angel? In this gold box I have a magic potion, which will do the dragon's business far more effectually than your sword."

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide-open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle—flinging his tail up to the tip-top of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again—the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures, sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree, and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated as he passed by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy, and beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the duskiness of the trees.

Espying the two winged sons of the North Wind (who were disporting themselves in the moonlight, a few hundred feet aloft), Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible. But Lynceus, with his sharp eyes, had already caught a glimpse of him, bringing the Golden Fleece, although several stone walls, a hill, and the black shadows of the Grove of Mars, intervened between. By his advice, the heroes had seated themselves on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice:

"Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound, he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!

How Rome Was Founded

By James Baldwin

I. The Two Kings

A very great while ago there was a city in Italy which its people called Alba Longa, or the Long White. It stood on the slope of a hill, a mile or more from the river Tiber. Its houses stretched in a straggling line down to the shore of a little lake.

The men of Alba Longa were mostly shepherds and hunters. In times of peace they tended their flocks or ranged the woods for game. In times of war—which happened often enough—every man was ready with club and pike to fight for his home.

The people were rude and barbarous in their manners, as was common in those days. They ate mutton and coarse vegetables. They drank the milk of goats. They clothed themselves in sheepskins. They slept on the floor, and never allowed their fires to go out. They seldom went far from home, and they fancied that the whole world was seen from the top of their hill.

Now, there was a king of Alba Longa whose name was Numitor. He was an elderly man, gentle and kind. He cared little for power; indeed, there was nothing he liked so well as his farm and his garden and his flocks of white-fleeced sheep. Two children were his—a promising boy of twelve and a lovely daughter whose name was Rhea Silvia. He had also a younger brother called Amulius, a low-browed, dark-faced fellow, ready to do any sort of wickedness that came into his mind.

This brother was always stirring up the young men of Alba Longa.

"If I were king, things would be different," he would say. "You should all live at your ease, and want for nothing."

At length, one day when Numitor was at his farm, Amulius proclaimed himself king of Alba Longa. He stationed soldiers at the city gates, and declared that every man who did not acknowledge his right to the kingship should be put to death. Then he sent word to Numitor:—

"You had better stay with your sheep and goats, for I am the king!"

What else could poor, weak Numitor do? Indeed, I think he was quite glad to be rid of his kingly burdens and have nought to think about but his flocks. He would have been happy if his children had been permitted to live with him on the farm. But news soon came which filled his heart with grief and clouded all the rest of his days.

His boy was dead, slain by the hand of the false Amulius. Fair Rhea Silvia had been shut up in a temple of Vesta, there to serve as a priestess all her days, and nevermore to see her dear father or the pleasant home of her childhood.

II. The Two Babes

After this, Amulius settled himself down to enjoy his kingship. The shepherds of Alba Longa tended their flocks, and were sad or joyous much as they had been before. They hated Amulius; but they feared him much more, and so said nothing. And poor, sorrowing Numitor stayed on his farm and busied himself with his sheep and his goats.

Five, six, seven years passed by, and then strange news was told in Alba Longa. Rhea Silvia, it was said, had escaped from her temple prison. She had gone away with an unknown warrior who was never seen except when dressed in a coat of mail and fully armed. Some said that this warrior was Silvanus, the protector of all cattle; but most believed that he was Mars, the mighty lord of war and battles. As for me, I think he was some hero of a neighboring tribe who had known and loved Silvia in happier days, and who now wished to rescue her from her prison and make her his wife.

Great was the excitement in Alba Longa, and great was the alarm of the false king Amulius. All through the land close search was made for Rhea; but no sign or trace of her could be found.

"I shall never be safe while she lives," said Amulius; and he doubled the guards around the city. But Numitor stayed with his flocks and seemed to know nothing of what had occurred.

Another year passed by. It was the time of the spring floods, and the Tiber had overflowed its banks. The lowlands were under water. The shepherds had driven all their flocks to the hills.

One morning King Amulius was standing alone in his palace looking out at the drenched earth and the pouring rain. Suddenly there was a great uproar at the door, and two shepherds entered bearing a covered basket in their arms.

"What have you there?" cried the king.

They removed the cover. He looked in and saw two tiny babies, wrapped in an embroidered cloak. Their eyes blinked, and they began to cry as the light fell upon their faces.

"Yesterday," said the shepherds, "the Tiber suddenly flooded all our pasture lands. As we were hurrying toward the hills with our sheep we beheld a woman standing on a rock in the midst of the flood. We drew nearer, and saw that she was none other than Rhea Silvia, the daughter of old Numitor. When we would have seized her she leaped into the river, and the swirling waters carried her beyond our reach. But on the rock she left her cloak; and wrapped in the cloak, as you see them now, were these twin baby boys."

"I doubt you not," said Amulius, "for the cloak is the same that Rhea Silvia wore when a girl. Why did you not fling the brats into the river and let them die with their mother?"

"We dared not do so without your command," was the answer.

"Well, then," said the king, furious with rage, "I command it now. Carry them back to the place where you found them, and make sure that they are drowned. Out of my sight, and be quick about it!"

The shepherds again drew the cloak over the faces of the crying infants, and hurried away to do the king's bidding.

III. The Two Shepherds

"I cannot bear to see the pretty babes drown before my eyes," said one of the shepherds.

"Neither can I," said the other. "They make me think of my own twin boys at home."

"I could not see a lamb struggling in the waves without trying to save it," said the first.

"Only yesterday," said the second, "I saved two young wolves from drowning. And now what am I about to do?"

Thus the men talked to each other while they went on their undesired errand. Just as they reached the river they saw, floating in an eddying pool, a small trough, such as shepherds used when feeding their lambs in winter.

"I have it now," said the second shepherd. "Let us put the babes in the trough and send it floating into the current. They will be drowned, but not by us nor while we are looking on."

"You are right! You are right!" answered his companion. "Seize the thing as it comes near the shore, and let us end this ugly business."

They dipped the water out of the trough and wiped it dry and clean. Then they wrapped the babes in their mother's cloak and laid them down, side by side, in the bottom of the rude vessel.

"Fare you well, sweet babes," said the second shepherd. "I could never look my own twin boys in the face were I to see you drown."

"Fare you well, and a long, safe voyage," said the other, as he pushed the trough far out from the shore.

Then, without once looking behind them, the two men silently turned away and returned to Alba Longa to tell Amulius that they had done his bidding.

"Now at last I can breathe freely," he said to himself.

IV. The She-Wolf

Far down the stream floated the little trough boat with its tiny passengers. In the strong current it was rocked like a cradle, yet not a drop of water found its way into the frail craft. Lulled by the gentle motion and soothed by the rippling music of the waves, the babes soon fell asleep.

Then the boat drifted into smoother water. It was caught in a broad eddy and carried toward the shore. Slowly now it floated among logs and brushwood and over the flooded land. At nightfall it grounded in shallow water at the foot of a wooded hill; and the voyage was ended.

That night an old she-wolf was roaming through the underwoods by the shore, looking for her whelps which had been carried away by the flood. Suddenly she heard a feeble, wailing sound, as of some young creature in distress.

She paused and listened. Could it be her own little ones?

The sound seemed to come from some driftwood close at hand. She ran out into the shallow water, leaped upon a floating log, and looked down upon the strangest sight that wolf ever saw—two babies lying in a sheep trough and wailing, oh, so pitifully!

As the beast scrambled to the top of the log the children were attracted by the sound; they looked up and smiled and held out their tiny arms.

The wolf wondered, as only wolves can wonder. Could it be possible that these were her own lost whelps, strangely changed in form since she last saw them? At any rate they were young and helpless and hungry; and she would be a mother to them.

Her den was not far away. It was high and dry on the hillside. She would carry them thither.

With her strong jaws and huge, sharp teeth she seized the cloak to tear it away. But the infants were wrapped in it so tightly that she lifted them at the same time. What a fine way to carry them! It was much better than grasping them by the nape of the neck as she had always done with her own babies.

The babes were small and light; the wolf was big and strong, and it was easy for her to carry them. She ran joyfully up the hill, holding her head high so that they would not drag on the rocks. Into her dry, warm den she hastened, as glad as any mother returning home with her lost loved ones.

In a few minutes the wailing of the infants ceased; they fancied themselves in the arms of their own dear mother. The night was dark. Around the foot of the hill the waves lapped against the shores. In the wolf's den all was silent.

V. Faustulus

Summer came. The rains had ceased. The river Tiber was no longer a foaming torrent overflowing the plains, but only a narrow, yellow stream creeping along toward the distant sea. The mountain torrents were dried up; the earth was dusty and hot; the grass was withering on the hillsides.

Early one morning a wolf broke into the fold where the king's sheep were kept, and carried away a lamb. The head shepherd, whose name was Faustulus, gave chase to the robber. He followed her to the very cave in which she had her den. It was on the slope of the hill called the Palatine.

At the door of the cave the wolf turned and showed fight. Faustulus was ready for her. As she rushed fiercely toward him, a well-aimed blow from his ax felled her to the ground; another blow put an end to her life.

Faustulus bethought him then that he would look in the den—perhaps there were young wolves there. The door of the cave was low and narrow; but with his ax in his hand he crept forward and peered inside. At first he could make out nothing plainly; but in a little while his eyes became accustomed to the darkness and he could see quite well. What a strange sight was that which met his gaze! In the farthest corner of the cave was the wolf's lair—a rough pile of sticks and leaves and dry grass, with a torn cloak lying beside it. On the top of this rude bed sat two baby boys. They were cooing and goo-gooing as happily as though they were in their mother's lap. They were fat and hearty and appeared to be seven or eight months old; and when they saw Faustulus coming toward them they shrank back and began to scream with fear.

Faustulus picked them up in his arms. He wrapped the remains of the old cloak around them. He crawled out through the low door and, without stopping to take another look at the place, hurried home.

His wife, Acca Larentia, was astonished to see the two babes in his arms.

"Where did you find them, and what shall we do with them?" she asked.

He told her about finding them in the cave, and showed her the torn cloak.

"This is the cloak of Rhea Silvia," he said; "and no doubt these are her babes whom the king ordered to be drowned. Shall we be less kind to them than was the savage wolf?"

"Ah, no!" she answered. "Although we have twelve children of our own to care for, there is still plenty of room in our poor hut. We will keep the twins and care for them as our own."

"And nobody must know that they are not our own," said Faustulus; "for should this be told to King Amulius it would mean death to us all."

The two babies were therefore taken into the shepherd's family and given the same food and the same care and love as the other children. They were named Romulus and Remus, and they looked as much alike as two grains of wheat on the same stalk.

VI. The Rival Shepherds

Many years passed, and Romulus and Remus grew up to be tall young men, graceful and strong and fearless. With their foster brothers they tended the flocks on the Palatine Hill, and they were known among the shepherds as the sons of Faustulus. They hunted wild beasts in the forest by the Tiber; they fought with robbers; they became noted throughout the land for their fearless valor. In every enterprise they were the leaders.

Just across the valley from the king's pastures there was another hill called the Aventine. It was there that poor old Numitor had his farm, and there he pastured his sheep and his goats.

"The grass is greener and taller on the Aventine," said Romulus one day. "Let us drive our flocks over there to fatten in the fields of old Numitor."

"Agreed!" said his companions; and soon the thing was done.

It was not long, however, before the shepherds of Numitor discovered the intruders. There was a great outcry. Numitor's men rushed down the hill-side with clubs and stones and pikes, and there was a sharp fight. The king's shepherds were out-numbered four to one. They fought fiercely, but in the end were glad enough to hurry their flocks back to their own pasture.

A day or two after this, when Romulus was absent on a hunting excursion, it was discovered that the finest lamb in the king's flock was missing.

"Wolves!" said the shepherds.

"Yes," said the sharp-sighted Remus, "the two-legged wolves that keep old Numitor's sheep! If you had as good eyes as I have, you could see the lamb now, tethered to a stake just this side of the great rock over there. Stay you here, and I will go and fetch it back."

And all alone, with nothing but his staff in his hands, he strode off toward the Aventine.

"Let us go with you, Remus," cried the shepherds. "You may need help."

"Attend to your sheep, and do my bidding," Remus roughly answered.

VII. The Discovery

An hour later there was a great ado on the Aventine Hill. Remus had made his way up the slope without seeing a single enemy. He had reached the lamb and cut the cord with which it was tethered. He was about lifting it in his arms, when a dozen dark-faced fellows rushed suddenly upon him from their hiding place behind the great rock.

Remus dropped the lamb and fought manfully with his staff. But what could he do against so many? He was thrown to the ground; his hands were bound behind him; and then he was led over the hill to the farmhouse of old Numitor.

"Here is the ringleader of the gang that trespassed on your grounds," said his captors.

"Then away with him!" cried Numitor, without looking up or rising from his couch. "Take him away and make an end of him."

But before the men could turn round with their prisoner, there was a great hubbub at the door, and the king's shepherd, Faustulus, pushed his way into the room.

"My lord Numitor, my lord Numitor," he cried, "would you put your own grandson to death?" And then he hurriedly told the story of the twin babies and the wolf, and of the manner in which the boys had been brought up in his own house.

"And where is the other young man?" asked old Numitor, his memory going back slowly to his dear lost daughter Rhea Silvia.

"Here I am, grandfather," said Romulus, coming suddenly in, and going boldly forward to the old man's couch. He had returned from hunting just at the moment that the news of his brother's capture was told on the Palatine Hill. Calling to the shepherds to follow him, he was hurrying toward the Aventine to rescue the prisoner by force, when Faustulus had met him and told him about his parentage and urged him to another course.

"Here I am, too, grandfather," said Remus, as Numitor raised himself slowly and gazed at the two brothers with his weak old eyes.

"Whom do I see?" cried Numitor. "They have the face, the eyes, the look of Rhea Silvia; but what manly forms, what grace and strength! Yes, I must believe your story, Faustulus. They are my grandsons—their looks prove it."

"And if further proof were wanting," said Faustulus, "look upon this embroidered robe that was found with the children in the wolf's den."

Numitor took the soiled, torn garment in his hands, and his eyes filled with tears. "Alas, my dear lost daughter!" he moaned. "And cruel Amulius will slay your sons, too, when he learns they are still alive."

"Not so, not so, King Numitor!" cried a voice at the door. "Down with Amulius!"

"Romulus and Remus! Let Romulus and Remus lead us!" shouted all the shepherds and serving men. "Down with Amulius the tyrant! Hail to our King Numitor!"

Within an hour a strong force of men, armed with axes and pikes and clubs, was marching against Alba Longa; and Romulus and Remus were the leaders.

Amulius was feasting in his palace, little thinking of danger, when the brothers rushed in at the head of their shepherd army. The fight was sharp but quickly over. The people of Alba Longa were so tired of Amulius that few cared to aid him. When he found that all was lost he tried to escape; but a shepherd from the Palatine pastures felled him with a club, and an end was soon put to his wicked life.

"Our grandfather, Numitor, is again the king of Alba Longa!" cried Romulus.

"Long life to King Numitor!" shouted the rabble of shepherds. Some of them hastened to fetch the old man from his farm; and amid great rejoicings he was again seated on the throne from which he had been driven so long before.

VIII. The New City

Romulus and Remus might have remained in Alba Longa and lived at ease in their grandfather's palace; and, indeed, the poor man needed their help badly enough. But they longed for the pleasant hills where they had spent their childhood—for the Palatine and the Aventine, with their pasture lands and their green woods.

"Grandfather," they said, "you are the king of Alba Longa and we wish you long life and prosperity. But Alba Longa is no place for us. Give us leave to go out in the wild region by the Tiber and build a new town of our own."

What could Numitor do but tell them to go wherever they pleased? And so, at the head of a company of reckless men,—some shepherds and some robbers,—they went back to the hills by the Tiber.

"We will build our town on the Palatine," said Romulus.

"No, indeed," said Remus, "we will build it on the Aventine."

They could not agree; neither could the men who were with them. At last, when they were about to come to blows, old Faustulus stepped between them.

"For your own sakes, my boys," he said, "don't be wolves, but men. Settle this question in a peaceful way. Let the augurs decide."

"You are right," said the brothers; "the augurs shall decide. To-night we will watch for such signs as the powers above may send us."

All night long Romulus sat alone on the summit of the Palatine; all night long Remus sat alone on the summit of the Aventine. Thick clouds concealed the sky; the world was wrapped in pitchy darkness; nothing could be seen; nothing was heard. At last the dawn appeared, feeble and gray on the hilltops. Then Remus, watching from his lonely post, saw some large birds winging their way toward the woods beyond the Tiber.

"The augurs are for me," he cried to the shepherds in the valley below him. "I see six vultures flying from the Aventine."

A few minutes later the clouds rolled away and the rising sun gilded the tree tops with its golden beams. Then the shepherds heard from the summit of the opposite hill the deep-toned voice of Romulus crying,—

"The victory belongs to me. I see twelve vultures flying over the Palatine."

"The augurs decide for Romulus," said the shepherds. "The town shall be built on the Palatine, and it shall be called Rome in honor of our captain."

Romulus began at once to lay off the bounds of his little town. A few huts of brush and bark were built for the men. A better one of stones and clay was put up for the brothers. But Remus sulked and complained and tried in every way to hinder the work. "And this is the city of Rome, is it?" he sneered. "What a grand city, indeed!"

"We must have a strong wall around our city," said Romulus.

At once, with sharpened stakes and wooden spades, the men began the work. The space to be inclosed was not large, and soon a wall of earth and loose stones arose around the new city of Rome. It was but waist high, crooked, and uneven; and it was little wonder that Remus laughed at it.

"What a fine, strong wall it is!" he scornfully cried; and, running forward, he leaped over it at a bound.

"What a fine strong wall it is!"

But his feet had scarcely touched the ground when an angry shepherd struck him fiercely with a spade. As he fell, speechless and dying, the men crowded to the spot with rough cries and savage exultation.

"Thus perish all who attempt to pass the walls of Rome!" they shouted.

Perseus the Hero

A Book of Myths, by Jean Lang

“We call such a man a hero in English to this day, and call it a ‘heroic’ thing to suffer pain and grief, that we may do good to our fellow-men.”

Charles Kingsley.

In the pleasant land of Argos, now a place of unwholesome marshes, once upon a time there reigned a king called Acrisius, the father of one fair daughter. Danaë was her name, and she was very dear to the king until a day when he longed to know what lay hid for him in the lap of the gods, and consulted an oracle. With hanging head he returned from the temple, for the oracle had told him that when his daughter Danaë had borne a son, by the hand of that son death must surely come upon him. And because the fear of death was in him more strong than the love of his daughter, Acrisius resolved that by sacrificing her he would baffle the gods and frustrate Death itself. A great tower of brass was speedily built at his command, and in this prison Danaë was placed, to drag out her weary days.

But who can escape the designs of the gods? From Olympus great Zeus himself looked down and saw the air princess sighing away her youth. And, full of pity and of love, he himself entered the brazen tower in a golden shower, and Danaë became the bride of Zeus and happily passed with him the time of her imprisonment.

To her at length was born a son, a beautiful and kingly child, and great was the wrath of her father when he had tidings of the birth. Did the gods in the high heavens laugh at him? The laugh should yet be on his side. Down to the seashore he hurried Danaë and her newly-born babe, the little Perseus, put them in a great chest, and set them adrift to be a plaything for winds and waves and a prey for the cruel and hungry sea.

“When in the cunningly-wrought chest the raging blast and the stirred billow and terror fell upon her, with tearful cheeks she cast her arm around Perseus and spake, ‘Alas, my child, what sorrow is mine! But thou slumberest, in baby-wise sleeping in this woeful ark; midst the darkness of the brazen rivet thou shinest and in the swart gloom sent forth; thou heedest not the deep foam of the passing wave above thy locks nor the voice of the blast as thou liest in thy purple covering, a sweet face. If terror had terrors for thee, and thou wert giving ear to my gentle words—I bid thee sleep, my babe, and may the sea sleep and our measureless woe; and may change of fortune come forth, Father Zeus, from thee. For that I make my prayer in boldness and beyond right, forgive me.”

Simonides of Keos.

For days and nights the mother and child were tossed on the billows, but yet no harm came near them, and one morning the chest grounded on the rocky beach of Seriphos, an island in the Ægean Sea. Here a fisherman came on this strange flotsam and jetsam of the waves and took the mother and child to Polydectes, the king, and the years that followed were peaceful years for Danaë and for Perseus. But as Perseus grew up, growing each day more goodly to look upon, more fearless, more ready to gaze with serene courage into the eyes of gods and of men, an evil thing befell his mother. She was but a girl when he was born, and as the years passed she grew ever more fair. And the crafty eyes of old Polydectes, the king, ever watched her more eagerly, always more hotly desired her for his wife. But Danaë, the beloved of Zeus himself, had no wish to wed the old king of the Cyclades, and proudly she scorned his suit. Behind her, as she knew well, was the stout arm of her son Perseus, and while Perseus was there, the king could do her no harm. But Perseus, unwitting of the danger his mother daily had to face, sailed the seas unfeigningly, and felt that peace and safety surrounded him on every side. At Samos one day, while his ship was lading, Perseus lay down under the shade of a great tree, and soon his eyelids grew heavy with sleep, and there came to him, like butterflies that flit over the flowers in a sunlit garden, pleasant, light-winged dreams. But yet another dream followed close on the merry heels of those that went before. And before Perseus there stood one whose grey eyes were as the fathomless sea on the dawn of a summer day. Her long robes were blue as the hyacinths in spring, and the spear that she held in her hand was of a polished brightness, as the dart with which the gods smite the heart of a man, with joy inexpressible, with sorrow that is scarcely to be borne. To Perseus she spoke winged words.

"I am Pallas Athené," she said, "and to me the souls of men are known. Those whose fat hearts are as those of the beasts that perish do I know. They live at ease. No bitter sorrow is theirs, nor any fierce joy that lifts their feet free from the cumbering clay. But dear to my heart are the souls of those whose tears are tears of blood, whose joy is as the joy of the Immortals. Pain is theirs, and sorrow. Disappointment is theirs, and grief. Yet their love is as the love of those who dwell on Olympus. Patient they are and long-suffering, and ever they hope, ever do they trust. Ever they fight, fearless and unashamed, and when the sum of their days on earth is accomplished, wings, of whose existence they have never had knowledge, bear them upwards, out of the mist and din and strife of life, to the life that has no ending."

Then she laid her hand on the hand of Perseus. "Perseus," she said, "art thou of those whose dull souls forever dwell in pleasant ease, or wouldst thou be as one of the Immortals?"

And in his dream Perseus answered without hesitation:

"Rather let me die, a youth, living my life to the full, fighting ever, suffering ever," he said, "than live at ease like a beast that feeds on flowery pastures and knows no fiery gladness, no heart-bleeding pain."

Then Pallas Athené, laughing for joy, because she loved so well a hero's soul, showed him a picture that made even his brave heart sick for dread, and told him a terrible story.

In the dim, cold, far west, she said, there lived three sisters. One of them, Medusa, had been one of her priestesses, golden-haired and most beautiful, but when Athené found that she was as wicked as she was lovely, swiftly had she meted out a punishment. Every lock of her golden hair had been changed into a venomous snake. Her eyes, that had once been the cradles of love, were turned into love's stony tombs. Her rosy cheeks were now of Death's own livid hue. Her smile, which drew the hearts of lovers from their bosoms, had become a hideous thing. A grinning mask looked on the world, and to the world her gaping mouth and protruding tongue meant a horror before which the world stood terrified, dumb. There are some sadnesses too terrible for human hearts to bear, so it came to pass that in the dark cavern in which she dwelt, and in the shadowy woods around it, all living things that had met the awful gaze of her hopeless eyes were turned into stone. Then Pallas Athené showed Perseus, mirrored in a brazen shield, the face of one of the tragic things of the world. And as Perseus looked, his soul grew chill within him. But when Athené, in low voice, asked him:

"Perseus, wilt even end the sorrow of this piteous sinful one?" he answered, "Even that will I do—the gods helping me."

And Pallas Athené, smiling again in glad content, left him to dream, and Perseus awoke, in sudden fear, and found that in truth he had but dreamed, yet held his dream as a holy thing in the secret treasure-house of his heart.

Back to Seriphos he sailed, and found that his mother walked in fear of Polydectes the king. She told her son—a strong man now, though young in years—the story of his cruel persecution. Perseus saw red blood, and gladly would he have driven his keen blade far home in the heart of Polydectes. But his vengeance was to be a great vengeance, and the vengeance was delayed.

The king gave a feast, and on that day every one in the land brought offerings of their best and most costly to do him honour. Perseus alone came empty-handed, and as he stood in the king's court as though he were a beggar, the other youths mocked at him of whom they had ever been jealous.

"Thou sayest that thy father is one of the gods!" they said. "Where is thy godlike gift, O Perseus!"

And Polydectes, glad to humble the lad who was keeper of his mother's honour, echoed their foolish taunt.

"Where is the gift of the gods that the noble son of the gods has brought me?" he asked, and his fat cheeks and loose mouth quivered with ugly merriment.

Then Perseus, his head thrown back, gazed in the bold eyes of Polydectes.

Son of Zeus he was indeed, as he looked with royal scorn at those whom he despised.

"A godlike gift thou shalt have, in truth, O king," he said, and his voice rang out as a trumpet-call before the battle. "The gift of the gods shall be thine. The gods helping me, thou shalt have the head of Medusa."

A laugh, half-born, died in the throats of Polydectes and of those who listened, and Perseus strode out of the palace, a glow in his heart, for he knew that Pallas Athené had lit the fire that burned in him now, and that though he should shed the last drop of his life's blood to win what he sought, right would triumph, and wrong must be worsted.

Still quivering with anger, Perseus went down to the blue sea that gently whispered its secrets to the shore on which he stood.

"If Pallas Athené would but come," he thought—"if only my dreams might come true."

For, like many a boy before and since, Perseus had dreamed of gallant, fearless deeds. Like many a boy before and since, he had been the hero of a great adventure.

So he prayed, "Come to me! I pray you, Pallas Athené, come! and let me dream true."

His prayer was answered.

Into the sky there came a little silver cloud that grew and grew, and ever it grew nearer, and then, as in his dream, Pallas Athené came to him and smiled on him as the sun smiles on the water in spring. Nor was she alone. Beside her stood Hermes of the winged shoes, and Perseus knelt before the two in worship. Then, very gently, Pallas Athené gave him counsel, and more than counsel she gave.

In his hand she placed a polished shield, than which no mirror shone more brightly.

"Do not look at Medusa herself; look only on her image here reflected—then strike home hard and swiftly. And when her head is severed, wrap it in the goatskin on which the shield hangs. So wilt thou return in safety and in honour."

"But how, then, shall I cross the wet grey fields of this watery way?" asked Perseus. "Would that I were a white-winged bird that skims across the waves."

And, with the smile of a loving comrade, Hermes laid his hand on the shoulder of Perseus.

"My winged shoes shall be thine," he said, "and the white-winged sea-birds shalt thou leave far, far behind."

"Yet another gift is thine," said Athené. "Gird on, as gift from the gods, this sword that is immortal."

For a moment Perseus lingered. "May I not bid farewell to my mother?" he asked. "May I not offer burnt-offerings to thee and to Hermes, and to my father Zeus himself?"

But Athené said Nay, at his mother's weeping his heart might relent, and the offering that the Olympians desired was the head of Medusa.

Then, like a fearless young golden eagle, Perseus spread out his arms, and the winged shoes carried him across the seas to the cold northern lands whither Athené had directed him.

Each day his shoes took him a seven days' journey, and ever the air through which he passed grew more chill, till at length he reached the land of everlasting snow, where the black ice never knows the conquering warmth of spring, and where the white surf of the moaning waves freezes solid even as it touches the shore.

It was a dark grim place to which he came, and in a gloomy cavern by the sea lived the Graeæ, the three grey sisters that Athené had told him he must seek. Old and grey and horrible they were, with but one tooth amongst them, and but one eye. From hand to hand they passed the eye, and muttered and shivered in the blackness and the cold.

Boldly Perseus spoke to them and asked them to guide him to the place where Medusa and her sisters the Gorgons dwelt.

"No others know where they dwell," he said. "Tell me, I pray thee, the way that I may find them."

But the Grey Women were kin to the Gorgons, and hated all the children of men, and ugly was their evil mirth as they mocked at Perseus and refused to tell him where Medusa might be found.

But Perseus grew wily in his desire not to fail, and as the eye passed from one withered, clutching hand to another, he held out his own strong young palm, and in her blindness one of the three placed the eye within it.

Then the Grey Women gave a piteous cry, fierce and angry as the cry of old grey wolves that have been robbed of their prey, and gnashed upon him with their toothless jaws.

And Perseus said: "Wicked ye are and cruel at heart, and blind shall ye remain forever unless ye tell me where I may find the Gorgons. But tell me that, and I give back the eye."

Then they whimpered and begged of him, and when they found that all their beseeching was in vain, at length they told him.

"Go south," they said, "so far south that at length thou comest to the uttermost limits of the sea, to the place where the day and night meet. There is the Garden of the Hesperides, and of them must thou ask the way." And "Give us back our eye!" they wailed again most piteously, and Perseus gave back the eye into a greedy trembling old hand, and flew south like a swallow that is glad to leave the gloomy frozen lands behind.

To the garden of the Hesperides he came at last, and amongst the myrtles and roses and sunny fountains he came on the nymphs who there guard the golden fruit, and begged them to tell him whither he must wing his way in order to find the Gorgons. But the nymphs could not tell.

"We must ask Atlas," they said, "the giant who sits high up on the mountain and with his strong shoulders keeps the heavens and earth apart."

And with the nymphs Perseus went up the mountain and asked the patient giant to guide him to the place of his quest.

"Far away I can see them," said Atlas, "on an island in the great ocean. But unless thou wert to wear the helmet of Pluto himself, thy going must be in vain."

"What is this helmet?" asked Perseus, "and how can I gain it?"

"Didst thou wear the helmet of the ruler of Dark Places, thou wouldst be as invisible as a shadow in the blackness of night," answered Atlas; "but no mortal can obtain it, for only the Immortals can brave the terrors of the Shadowy Land and yet return; yet if thou wilt promise me one thing, the helmet shall be thine."

"What wouldst thou?" asked Perseus.

And Atlas said, "For many a long year have I borne this earth, and I grow weary of my burden. When thou hast slain Medusa, let me gaze upon her face, that I may be turned into stone and suffer no more forever."

And Perseus promised, and at the bidding of Atlas one of the nymphs sped down to the land of the Shades, and for seven days Perseus and her sisters awaited her return. Her face was as the face of a white lily and her eyes were dark with sadness when she came, but with her she bore the helmet of Pluto, and when she and her sisters had kissed Perseus and bidden him a sorrowful farewell, he put on the helmet and vanished away.

Soon the gentle light of day had gone, and he found himself in a place where clammy fog blotted out all things, and where the sea was black as the water of that stream that runs through the Cocytus valley. And in that silent land where there is "neither night nor day, nor cloud nor breeze nor storm," he found the cave of horrors in which the Gorgons dwelt.

Two of them, like monstrous swine, lay asleep,

*"But a third woman paced about the hall,
And ever turned her head from wall to wall,
And moaned aloud and shrieked in her despair,
Because the golden tresses of her hair
Were moved by writhing snakes from side to side,
That in their writhing oftentimes would glide
On to her breast or shuddering shoulders white;
Or, falling down, the hideous things would light*

*Upon her feet, and, crawling thence, would twine
Their slimy folds upon her ankles fine."*

William Morris.

In the shield of Pallas Athené the picture was mirrored, and as Perseus gazed on it his soul grew heavy for the beauty and the horror of Medusa. And "Oh that it had been her foul sisters that I must slay!" he thought at first, but then—"To slay her will be kind indeed," he said. "Her beauty has become corruption, and all the joy of life for her has passed into the agony of remembrance, the torture of unending remorse."

And when he saw her brazen claws that still were greedy and lustful to strike and to slay, his face grew stern, and he paused no longer, but with his sword he smote her neck with all his might and main. And to the rocky floor the body of Medusa fell with brazen clang, but her head he wrapped in the goatskin, while he turned his eyes away. Aloft then he sprang, and flew swifter than an arrow from the bow of Diana.

With hideous outcry the two other Gorgons found the body of Medusa, and, like foul vultures that hunt a little song-bird, they flew in pursuit of Perseus. For many a league they kept up the chase, and their howling was grim to hear. Across the seas they flew, and over the yellow sand of the Libyan desert, and as Perseus flew before them, some blood-drops fell from the severed head of Medusa, and from them bred the vipers that are found in the desert to this day. But bravely did the winged shoes of Hermes bear Perseus on, and by nightfall the Gorgon sisters had passed from sight, and Perseus found himself once more in the garden of the Hesperides. Ere he sought the nymphs, he knelt by the sea to cleanse from his hands Medusa's blood, and still does the seaweed that we find on sea-beaches after a storm bear the crimson stains.

And when Perseus had received glad welcome from the fair dwellers in the garden of the Hesperides, he sought Atlas, that to him he might fulfil his promise; and eagerly Atlas beheld him, for he was weary of his long toil.

So Perseus uncovered the face of Medusa and held it up for the Titan to gaze upon.

And when Atlas looked upon her whose beauty had once been pure and living as that of a flower in spring, and saw only anguish and cruelty, foul wickedness, and hideous despair, his heart grew like stone within him. To stone, too, turned his great, patient face, and into stone grew his vast limbs and strong, crouching back. So did Atlas the Titan become Atlas the Mountain, and still his head, white-crowned with snow, and his great shoulder far up in misty clouds, would seem to hold apart the earth and the sky.

Then Perseus again took flight, and in his flight he passed over many lands and suffered weariness and want, and sometimes felt his faith growing low. Yet ever he sped on, hoping ever, enduring ever. In Egypt he had rest and was fed and honoured by the people of the land, who were fain to keep him to be one of their gods. And in a place called Chemmis they built a statue of him when he had gone, and for many hundreds of years it stood there.

And the Egyptians said that ever and again Perseus returned, and that when he came the Nile rose high and the season was fruitful because he had blessed their land.

Far down below him as he flew one day he saw something white on a purple rock in the sea. It seemed too large to be a snowy-plumaged bird, and he darted swiftly downward that he might see more clearly. The spray lashed against the steep rocks of the desolate island, and showered itself upon a figure that at first he took to be a statue of white marble. The figure was but that of a girl, slight and very youthful, yet more fair even than any of the nymphs of the Hesperides. Invisible in his Helmet of Darkness, Perseus drew near, and saw that the fragile white figure was shaken by shivering sobs. The waves, every few moments, lapped up on her little cold white feet, and he saw that heavy chains held her imprisoned to that chilly rock in the sea. A great anger stirred the heart of Perseus, and swiftly he took the helmet from his head and stood beside her. The maid gave a cry of terror, but there was no evil thing in the face of Perseus. Naught but strength and kindness and purity shone out of his steady eyes.

Thus when, very gently, he asked her what was the meaning of her cruel imprisonment, she told him the piteous story, as a little child tells the story of its grief to the mother who comforts it. Her mother was queen of Ethiopia, she said, and very, very beautiful. But when the queen had boasted that no nymph who played amongst the snow-crested billows of the sea was as fair as she, a terrible punishment was sent to her. All along the coast of her father's kingdom a loathsome sea-monster came to hold its sway, and hideous were its ravages. Men and women, children and animals, all were equally desirable food for its insatiate maw, and the whole land of Ethiopia lay in mourning because of it. At last her father, the king, had consulted an oracle that he might find help to rid the land of the monster. And the oracle had told him that only when his fair daughter, Andromeda, had been sacrificed to the creature that scourged the sea-coast would the country go free. Thus had she been brought there by her parents that one life might be given for many, and that her mother's broken heart might expiate her sin of vanity. Even as Andromeda spoke, the sea was broken by the track of a creature that cleft the water as does the forerunning gale of a mighty storm. And Andromeda gave a piteous cry.

"Lo! he comes!" she cried. "Save me! ah, save me! I am so young to die."

Then Perseus darted high above her and for an instant hung poised like a hawk that is about to strike. Then, like the hawk that cannot miss its prey, swiftly did he swoop down and smote with his sword the devouring monster of the ocean. Not once, but again and again he smote, until all the water round the rock was churned into slime and blood-stained froth, and until his loathsome combatant floated on its back, mere carrion for the scavengers of the sea.

Then Perseus hewed off the chains that held Andromeda, and in his arms he held her tenderly as he flew with her to her father's land.

Who so grateful then as the king and queen of Ethiopia? and who so happy as Andromeda? for Perseus, her deliverer, dearest and greatest hero to her in all the world, not only had given her her freedom, but had given her his heart.

Willingly and joyfully her father agreed to give her to Perseus for his wife. No marriage feast so splendid had ever been held in Ethiopia in the memory of man, but as it went on, an angry man with a band of sullen-faced followers strode into the banqueting-hall. It was Phineus, he who had been betrothed to Andromeda, yet who had not dared to strike a blow for her rescue. Straight at Perseus they rushed, and fierce was the fight that then began. But of a sudden, from the goatskin where it lay hid, Perseus drew forth the head of Medusa, and Phineus and his warriors were turned into stone.

For seven days the marriage feast lasted, but on the eighth night Pallas Athené came to Perseus in a dream.

“Nobly and well hast thou played the hero, O son of Zeus!” she said; “but now that thy toil is near an end and thy sorrows have ended in joy, I come to claim the shoes of Hermes, the helmet of Pluto, the sword, and the shield that is mine own. Yet the head of the Gorgon must thou yet guard awhile, for I would have it laid in my temple at Seriphos that I may wear it on my shield for evermore.”

As she ceased to speak, Perseus awoke, and lo, the shield and helmet and the sword and winged shoes were gone, so that he knew that his dream was no false vision.

Then did Perseus and Andromeda, in a red-prowed galley made by cunning craftsmen from Phœnicia, sail away westward, until at length they came to the blue water of the Ægean Sea, and saw rising out of the waves before them the rocks of Seriphos. And when the rowers rested on their long oars, and the red-prowed ship ground on the pebbles of the beach, Perseus and his bride sought Danaë, the fair mother of Perseus.

Black grew the brow of the son of Danaë when she told him what cruel things she had suffered in his absence from the hands of Polydectes the king. Straight to the palace Perseus strode, and there found the king and his friends at their revels. For seven years had Perseus been away, and now it was no longer a stripling who stood in the palace hall, but a man in stature and bearing like one of the gods. Polydectes alone knew him, and from his wine he looked up with mocking gaze.

“So thou hast returned? oh nameless son of a deathless god,” he said. “Thou didst boast, but methinks thy boast was an empty one!”

But even as he spoke, the jeering smile froze on his face, and the faces of those who sat with him stiffened in horror.

“O king,” Perseus said, “I swore that, the gods helping me, thou shouldst have the head of Medusa. The gods have helped me. Behold the Gorgon’s head.”

Wild horror in their eyes, Polydectes and his friends gazed on the unspeakable thing, and as they gazed they turned into stone—a ring of grey stones that still sit on a hillside of Seriphos.

With his wife and his mother, Perseus then sailed away, for he had a great longing to take Danaë back to the land of her birth and to see if her father, Acrisius, still lived and might not now repent of his cruelty to her and to his grandson.

But there he found that the sins of Acrisius had been punished and that he had been driven from his throne and his own land by a usurper. Not for long did the sword of Perseus dwell in its scabbard, and speedily was the usurper cast forth, and all the men of Argos acclaimed Perseus as their glorious king. But Perseus would not be their king.

"I go to seek Acrisius," he said. "My mother's father is your king."

Again his galley sailed away, and at last, up the long Eubœan Sea they came to the town of Larissa, where the old king now dwelt.

A feast and sports were going on when they got there, and beside the king of the land sat Acrisius, an aged man, yet a kingly one indeed.

And Perseus thought, "If I, a stranger, take part in the sports and carry away prizes from the men of Larissa, surely the heart of Acrisius must soften towards me."

Thus did he take off his helmet and cuirass, and stood unclothed beside the youths of Larissa, and so godlike was he that they all said, amazed, "Surely this stranger comes from Olympus and is one of the Immortals."

In his hand he took a discus, and full five fathoms beyond those of the others he cast it, and a great shout arose from those who watched, and Acrisius cried out as loudly as all the rest.

"Further still!" they cried. "Further still canst thou hurl! thou art a hero indeed!"

And Perseus, putting forth all his strength, hurled once again, and the discus flew from his hand like a bolt from the hand of Zeus. The watchers held their breath and made ready for a shout of delight as they saw it speed on, further than mortal man had ever hurled before. But joy died in their hearts when a gust of wind caught the discus as it sped and hurled it against Acrisius, the king. And with a sigh like the sigh that passes through the leaves of a tree as the woodman fells it and it crashes to the earth, so did Acrisius fall and lie prone. To his side rushed Perseus, and lifted him tenderly in his arms. But the spirit of Acrisius had fled. And with a great cry of sorrow Perseus called to the people:

"Behold me! I am Perseus, grandson of the man I have slain! Who can avoid the decree of the gods?"

For many a year thereafter Perseus reigned as king, and to him and to his fair wife were born four sons and three daughters. Wisely and well he reigned, and when, at a good old age, Death took him and the wife of his heart, the gods, who had always held him dear, took him up among the stars to live for ever and ever. And there still, on clear and starry nights, we may see him holding the Gorgon's head. Near him are the father and mother of Andromeda—Cepheus and Cassiopeia, and close beside him stands Andromeda with her white arms spread out across the blue sky as in the days when she stood chained to the rock. And those who sail the watery ways look up for guidance to one whose voyaging is done and whose warfare is accomplished, and take their bearings from the constellation of Cassiopeia.

The Peacock and Juno

Aesop's Fables, by Aesop

The Peacock was greatly discontented because he had not a beautiful voice like the nightingale, and he went and complained to Juno about it.

"The nightingale's song," said he, "is the envy of all the birds; but whenever I utter a sound I become a laughing-stock."

The goddess tried to console him by saying, "You have not, it is true, the power of song, but then you far excel all the rest in beauty: your neck flashes like the emerald and your splendid tail is a marvel of gorgeous colour."

But the Peacock was not appeased. "What is the use," said he, "of being beautiful, with a voice like mine?"

Then Juno replied, with a shade of sternness in her tones, "Fate has allotted to all their destined gifts: to yourself beauty, to the eagle strength, to the nightingale song, and so on to all the rest in their degree; but you alone are dissatisfied with your portion. Make, then, no more complaints. For, if your present wish were granted, you would quickly find cause for fresh discontent."



Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "The Conqueror," a study of Alexander the Great from *The Children's Plutarch: Stories of the Greeks*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

If your children are 6th grade or older, we recommend spending a full 12-week term studying Alexander the Great with the edited (for length and content) study guide from Ambleside here:

<https://amblesideonline.org/plutarch-alexander1>

You can also purchase the guide by Anne White on Amazon. (This is in place of *The Children's Plutarch*, not in addition to.)

Plutarch

The Conqueror

The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks, by F. J. Gould

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

"And suppose you failed?"

"I would pay the thirteen talents."

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

"Brute!" said one courtier.

"Wretched rude fellow!" exclaimed another.

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

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

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

"You are very free in giving. What have you left for yourself?" "Hope," said Alexander.

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

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

And now Darius (*Da-ry-us*), the sultan, or king, of Persia, had come forth with a host of half a million warriors to meet the Greek foe; and he hoped to deal Alexander a deadly blow when he met him in the mountains of Cilicia (*Sy-lis ia*). One army was so large, the other so small, it was like an elephant, at war with a lion.

Not long before these two armies clashed together in horrid war, Alexander bathed in a cold stream and took a chill, and lay abed in sore pain, and the soldiers in his camp felt great fear lest their master should die. Nor were any of the medical men in the army able to heal his sickness. They were afraid to give him drugs which might not cure, and then the wrath of the army would fall upon them. But one physician, whose name was Philip, held Alexander in much love, and he also desired, for the sake of the people, to save the king's life. Therefore, he said he would prepare a drink which would send the king to sleep, and on waking he would feel much relief from his illness. The king agreed.

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

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

Alexander smiled as he read this note. He did not believe it was true, and he thrust it under his pillow.

Presently the physician gave him the cup. The king handed the letter to Philip and began to drink. As the king sipped the potion he watched the face of Philip. The physician read the cruel words. He looked angry, and then:

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

Alexander shook his head, and went to sleep. It was a long, long sleep, and the officers of the army came in from time to time to gaze at the kingly sleeper's pale features. Perhaps the writer of the letter came and glanced darkly at Philip. But the king awoke; his fever had waned, his blood was cooler, and the camp was filled with joy.

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

"And so this is being a king!"

He smiled as he spoke the words, for well he knew that kingship did not lie in having piles of jewels and rare objects, but in wise thoughts and valiant deeds.

And it is the same with men who are not kings. A man's worth is not to be reckoned by the valuable coat he wears or the rich villa he dwells in. We may dress an ape in cloth of gold, and he will still be an ape.

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

Early one morning the army of King Alexander was astir. Chariot-horses were being harnessed; footmen strapping their armor on; cavalymen were mounting.

"Fire!" cried a soldier.

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

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

The king replied:

"Because we are going to India. The march will be a heavy one. We shall need all our strength to meet the dangers and hindrances of the journey. We do not want to be burdened with this spoil."

The army thought the king was right. Each man brought to the fire whatever he did not really need, and so the Macedonians set out for India with a very light baggage.

On the way they attacked a castle which stood on the top of a steep hill. Among the band of Greeks who were to lead the onset was a young fellow named Alexander. King Alexander said to the young soldier Alexander:

"You must bear yourself bravely, my friend, in order to do justice to your name."

And he did; and the king heard with much pleasure that the young warrior had behaved as a man named Alexander should.

All you girls and boys who read this page have the names of your parents— Taylor, Smith, Johnson, Wood, and so on. And all these names are good names; and so you must act in a way that is worthy of the name borne by your mother and your father.

Another fortress which the army lay siege to was protected by a river. "What a wretch am I," cried Alexander, "that I did not learn to swim!" Not a wretch, indeed; but the king had the sense to confess that he had left undone a thing which he ought to have done.

Well, before the assault had gone far a group of men came out of the fort and asked to see the Greek king, for they wished to make an offer to surrender the place. A meeting was arranged, and servants brought the king a couch. He at once invited the oldest of the visitors to take a seat, while he himself stood—a good example of the thoughtful manner in which younger people should treat the aged.

Dreadful was the battle which Alexander fought with the Indian Prince Porus. This Indian was very tall, and he rode on the back of a very large elephant. Many of his followers were also mounted on these huge beasts. Greek courage did not flinch before the Indian elephants or the Indian arrows. The elephant on which Porus was carried fought with a most determined spirit, as if it knew that India and the prince were in danger. At length it knelt, for the prince was sore wounded, and must needs dismount, and yield himself prisoner to the foe.

"How do you wish me to treat you?" asked Alexander.

"As a king," replied Porus.

"But have you nothing more to ask?"

"No, it is all summed up in the word king."

Alexander, who was brave himself, admired other men who were brave. Pleased with the Indian's answer, he gave him back all his land, which he was to rule as governor under the chief kingship of Alexander.

In the midst, however, of this great triumph, a sadness came upon the Greek king. The faithful horse, of whose taming I have told you the story, died at the age of thirty, and was buried with great respect.

Many of the Macedonians died in India. The army would not march farther into that far land. Alexander at first shut himself up in his tent, and would speak to no man, so deep was his grief. At last he gave way to the will of the soldiers, and began the return journey to the West. For seven months he and his followers sailed down the big river Indus, stopping here and there to fight with the natives on the banks. Then the Greek warriors tramped a weary march along the shore of the Persian gulf; over sand, dust, stones; under the hot sun; in a region where little food could be got. For sixty days the distress lasted. When the army passed from this dry and hopeless land they rested awhile, and then, for seven days, went forward by easy marches in a kind of procession, as if on a holiday. The king was drawn in his chariot by eight horses. So large was the royal chariot that it was covered with a broad wooden platform, on which tables could be placed; and here Alexander and his friends, crowned with flowers, sat eating and drinking (especially drinking). Many other chariots came in the train of the king's, some being adorned with purple hangings, others with branches of trees. The soldiers tripped along to the sound of flutes and clarionets. They sang loud songs; and often they stayed to dip their cups in open tubs of wine which the king had provided.

And so they danced, and so they drank, and so they sang. But Alexander had a different feeling in his heart when, on coming back to Persia, he arrived at the grave of the famous King Cyrus. On a slab of stone over the tomb were cut these words, which the King of Macedon read: "O man, whoever you are, and no matter where you come from, I who lie here am CYRUS, the founder of the Persian Empire. Do not envy me the little earth that covers my body."

A long time did Alexander stand still, after reading these words; for they made him think how soon the great power of kings may vanish away.

Alexander had a dear friend named Hephæstion (*Hef-eeest-yon*), who fell sick of a fever. The doctor bade the sick man keep from rich food. But, while the medical man was away enjoying a play at the theatre, the patient ate a roast fowl and drank a large jug of cold wine. A few days after this foolish act he died.

Alexander was thrown into a dreadful sorrow. All the horses and mules in the army had their hair shorn in token of mourning, and the doctor was nailed to a cross and crucified.

Not a sound of music was allowed in the camp for a long time; and, in his mad grief, the king bade that all prisoners taken in the wars should be slain.

I fear, indeed, that the mind of this wonderful king and conqueror was touched with strange disorder. He had led the Greeks from Greece to India. He had made the people of the East bow before the might of the people of the West. He had broken the rule of the proud kings of Persia, who had so often marched armies to the West, and tried to make slaves of the Greeks. And where the Greeks went they took their books and poetry and music, and so gave new ideas and new manners to the folk who were less learned than themselves. But these deeds had puffed up Alexander's soul with pride. He became vain, and he became more selfish than he once had been. He had conquered the world, but he could not conquer himself. Soon he would lose his kingship.

One day he had gone to the bath, and, after washing, he clad himself in a light dress, and played at ball with some young men. When he had played all he wanted he bade his comrades fetch his clothes. They entered the throne-chamber, and there they saw a strange man, dressed in Alexander's robes, seated on the throne, wearing the crown, and looking dreamily in front of him, speaking never a word. He was not right in his mind, and was removed and put to death.

Ah, but the king himself would not sit many more times on the throne. He had now reached the city of Babylon. A fever seized him. When he felt the illness coming on he would not take care for his health, but, like the friend of whom I have told you, he swallowed deep draughts of wine. Now and then he seemed much better, and he would lie on his couch and listen to the stories related by the admiral of the fleet. The king had sent a fleet of ships to sail along the coasts of Persia and Arabia, and the sunburnt sailor had seen the wonders of the Indian Ocean. After Alexander had been sick twenty-five days the soldiers took alarm. They crowded about the house where he lay. They must see him. So they were allowed to enter his chamber, in long lines, walking softly past the bed where the conqueror's pale face turned uneasily on the pillow. One evening, in the month of June, in the year 323 B.C., Alexander the Great died, only thirty-three years of age.



History & Geography

History & Geography

For geography, you can read chapters 23-28 of Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Occident* (online [here](#)). See the next page for website links that coincide with these chapters.

We have selected 3 maps for your family to study: a map at the height of Alexander the Great's Greek Empire, a map at the height of the Roman Empire, and a current-day map showing where Italy and Greece are in relation to one another within Europe.

Optional history for older students: *The Story of Mankind*, chapters 12-26. (Log in to the course page to download these chapters.)

We've also included a summary of the 12 main Olympian gods and goddesses in both Greek and Roman mythology below.

"Time, as it grows old, teaches all things."

~ Aeschylus

History & Geography

To really make Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Occident* come alive, check out the corresponding [Complete Book of Marvels](#) website. The following URLs directly coincide with the chapters you will study:

- Chapter 23, [St. Peter's](#)
- Chapter 24, [August 24th, in the Year 79](#)
- Chapter 25, [The City that Rose from the Dead](#)
- Chapter 26, [The Magic Grotto](#)
- Chapter 27, [Athena's Temple](#)
- Chapter 28, [No Woman's Land](#)

Additionally, [this site](#) has more videos to go alongside the chapters.

For further study:

40 Maps that Explain the Roman Empire:

<https://www.vox.com/world/2018/6/19/17469176/roman-empire-maps-history-explained>

(Please prescreen this website.)

Other links: History: Ancient Greece <https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-greece/ancient-greece>, and Ancient Rome <https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-rome/ancient-rome>



Greek and Roman Gods and Goddesses

From the beginning of time, humans have wanted to understand how they came to be and how the world works. Greek mythology is a result of this: it is the Ancient Greeks' way of answering those questions for themselves. These stories revolved around many different gods and goddesses who were believed to have control over different aspects of life, such as love, war, and nature. These same gods and goddesses were later adopted by the Romans when they conquered and ruled over Greek territories, and they changed their names and reinterpreted their myths from a Roman perspective. The gods and goddesses were believed to reside on Mount Olympus, and each god or goddess had unique personalities and roles. Listed below are the twelve most prominent Olympian gods and goddesses:

Zeus, known as **Jupiter** in Roman mythology, was the ruler over all of the Greek gods. His domain was the sky, and he ruled side by side with his wife, **Hera**, also known as **Juno**, who was considered the goddess of marriage and family.

Zeus' two brothers, Hades and Poseidon, both had powerful realms themselves. **Poseidon**, known to the Romans as **Neptune**, was the god of the sea and was also believed to have control over earthquakes. Many sailors throughout history would pay tribute to him in hopes that he would keep them safe on long voyages.

Hades, known also as **Pluto**, was the god of the dead and the ruler of the Underworld. The Underworld was where Greeks, and later Romans, believed souls went after death. Hades ruled along with his wife, **Persephone**, who was known as **Proserpina** to the Romans. She was considered the goddess of spring and divided her time equally between the Underworld and the surface above, living half of the year on the Earth and bringing spring and summer, then living in the Underworld during autumn and winter. When Persephone visited the world above, she lived with her mother, **Demeter**, (**Ceres** to Romans) who was known as the goddess of agriculture and the harvest.

Ares, the god of battle and war, was another important figure. Many Greeks did not like him, as he was believed to represent the bad aspects of war and therefore thought to have a sharp temper. However, he was greatly revered by the Romans, who knew him as the deity **Mars** and considered him a powerful warrior. Ares was not the only warrior god: **Athena**, known as **Minerva** to Romans, was the goddess of wisdom as well as strategy and warfare, and she was revered by both the Greeks and Romans.

Hephaestus (**Vulcan** to the Romans) was the god of the forge, craftsmen, and volcanoes. He was believed to have created masterful weaponry and armor for gods and many of the heroes of myth. He was married to **Aphrodite** (**Venus** in Roman mythology), who was the goddess of love and beauty. She was very popular in Ancient Greece and Ancient Rome, and many prayed to her for matters of love.

Lastly, Artemis and Apollo were twin deities. Though they were siblings, their powers were very different. **Apollo**, also known as **Helios**, represented the sun and was credited as the driver of a fiery chariot that moved the sun across the sky every day. Additionally, he was considered the god of music, medicine, and poetry. On the other hand, his sister **Artemis**, known by Romans as **Diana**, represented the moon. She was also believed to be the goddess of the hunt and led a group of people who hunted and adventured with her.

Throughout history, various cultures across the world have created mythologies to explain the mysteries of life. However, both Greek and Roman mythology stand out among the most well-known and influential. Their impact can be seen in literature, art, and even the names of our planets and constellations. These stories not only entertained but also served as a way to pass down morals and values to future generations. The myths of these Greek and Roman gods continue to fascinate people today, providing insight into the beliefs and the rich culture of these ancient civilizations.



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study

1

Rose

Rosa

- Our modern garden roses originated in China in the 18th century.
- The Old Blush group remains the most similar to their 18th-century ancestors.
- What is traditionally known as “thorns” along the stem of a rose are actually called “prickles” because they grow out of the outermost layer of the stem rather than from within the deep inner part of the stem like typical thorns do.
- Some roses have a fruit called a rosehip that looks similar to a berry.
- The rose hips of certain species can be incredibly rich in Vitamin C and are often used in medicinal teas.



1

Violet

Viola

- Violet petals can be purple, blue, or white, and they typically flower throughout the spring and summer.
- Many violets have heart-shaped leaves.
- Violet species are found in many different areas, such as prairies, bogs, woods, and mountains.
- The leaves of the plant are edible when they are young, both in raw and cooked form. In fact, one type of violet, ‘Rebecca,’ is even said to have both a vanilla scent and flavor to its leaves and flowers.
- Many moths and butterflies rely on violets as food for their larvae.



2

Geraniums

Geranium

- The flowers of geraniums are usually five-petaled and come in many different shades, such as white, purple, pink, blue, and a deep magenta.
- Geraniums are considered “winter hardy,” meaning they can typically withstand cold temperatures and last throughout the winter.
- The name “Geranium” comes from a Greek word meaning ‘crane.’ This name is due to the fact that the fruits of some types of geraniums look similar to a crane’s head and bill.
- There is another species of plant that is also commonly referred to as “geraniums.” Their official name is “pelargoniums,” and because they are well-known due to being planted in many gardens, people frequently confuse the two.



2

Buttercup

Ranunculus

- Buttercup petals are often naturally reflective and create a flash that helps to attract pollinators such as bees and butterflies.
- The name “buttercup” is thought to have come from an old wives’ tale that buttercups gave butter its yellow coloring after they were eaten by cows. This is untrue because cows do not eat buttercups since they are poisonous to them.
- The Latin name for this species, *Ranunculus*, means “little frog,” and is likely named that because buttercups are often found close to water like frogs.
- Buttercups are sometimes used in traditional medicine to treat fever or inflammation.



3

Cypress Tree *Cupressus*

- Cypresses are part of a family of plants called conifers, which means that they have seeds that grow within a cone.



- Cypress trees often get up to 80 feet tall. They grow in either pyramid or cone-like shapes.
- Cypresses are evergreen, meaning they last throughout the year rather than losing their color or needles.
- Cypress wood is rot and pest-resistant.
- Cypresses were important in Greek and Roman mythology and were believed to be symbols of some of their gods, like Apollo and Artemis in Greek mythology and Helios and Diana in Roman mythology.

3

Pine Tree *Pinus*

- The pine family began in the Jurassic Period.



- Pines are often used for Christmas trees.
- New shoots of pine tree branches are sometimes called "candles" because their conical shape resembles a candle.
- Pines can live a very long time- most reach anywhere from 100-1,000 years old.
- One pine tree named "Methuselah" is one of the oldest living organisms in the world and is said to be around 4,800 years old!
- The seeds of pinecones are frequently eaten by various types of birds, and the needles serve as food to many different moths.

4

Almond Tree *Prunus*

- Almond flowers can be white or light pink and they appear throughout the tree in early spring.



- The almond tree's fruit matures in the fall, about 7-8 months after the tree flowers.
- Mature almond trees can grow almonds for up to 25 years.
- Many almond trees need pollen from a mixture of different types of almond trees in order to produce fruit. Because of this, almond orchards plant many different kinds of almond trees, and they often keep beehives in their orchards so the bees can pollinate the trees.

4

Mulberry Tree *Morus*

- After being planted from seed, it can take Mulberry trees about ten years to start growing fruit.



- Black mulberry was planted and grown by both Greeks and Romans in ancient times for its edible fruit, for silkworms to feed on, and for its medicinal qualities.
- During the Middle Ages in Greece, the area that is known today as the Peloponnese region was once called "Morea," which was named after their word for the mulberry tree.
- Black mulberry was transported to 17th-century Britain in an attempt to help cultivate silkworms.
- Mulberries were often used for many things in folk medicine, such as to treat ringworm, fatigue, and dizziness.

5

Basil *Ocimum*

- Basil was originally a native plant of India, Africa, and Southeast Asia, but it has been spread throughout the world, and many different cultures grow it to use in food.
- Basil's name comes from a combination of Latin and Greek words that mean "royal/kingly plant." This is thought to be because the herb may have been used in making royal perfumes in the past.
- Basil was considered a symbol of love in Ancient Rome.
- Basil has been used for medicine since ancient times. In Greece, it was sometimes used to remedy headaches and toothaches. Today, it is still commonly used in folk medicine for stomach aches.



5

Coriander *Coriandrum*

- Coriander has been grown in Greece since ancient times. It had many uses, from perfume to flavoring for food.
- Both the leaves and the seeds are edible. The seeds were used as a spice and the leaves as an herb to flavor different dishes in ancient Greece; in modern times, we still use these flavors in cooking today!
- Coriander is described as having a fresh, tangy, grassy taste to most people; however, some people who are born with a certain gene can only taste a soapy flavor when they try it!
- Coriander is also commonly known by a different name: cilantro.



6

Thyme *Thymus*

- Thyme has antiseptic properties and in the past was used to medicate bandages. Today, oil from thyme is used in many mouthwashes, such as Listerine.
- Thyme is native to the Mediterranean, particularly in the Levant, where it may have first been grown.
- Thyme was used in ancient Greece in baths and also as incense because they believed it brought courage. Similarly, during the Middle Ages in Europe, gifts containing thyme leaves were often given to knights and warriors to bring them courage.
- Ancient Rome was likely responsible for the spread of thyme throughout Europe. They used it to give flavor to different foods like cheese, as well as to purify rooms.



6

Rosemary *Salvia*

- The rosemary plant is often used in foods, and can be used to season meats, vegetables, and pastas, and even to make teas!
- Rosemary was first mentioned on stone tablets that are believed to date back to 5000 B.C.
- Rosemary has been used in folk medicine since ancient times and was special to the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, and Romans. It was used as a remedy for many things, such as snakebites, fatigue, and heart trouble.
- Rosemary oil is known for its fragrant scent, and it is often used in everything from perfumes to shampoos and cleaning products.
- One of the first perfumes in 14th century Europe, Hungary water, was made using rosemary.





Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be creating a Roman-inspired mosaic. We have intentionally kept this lesson simple so that everyone in the family can create together and even experiment with their own designs if desired.

However, feel free to use glass mosaic tiles with grout (and safety goggles) if you want to kick it up a notch.

Furthermore, we recommend the Roman mosaic video lesson (using glass tiles) from the Masterpiece Society's *Art Through the Ages: Classical Art* course.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Roman Mosaic



Although the Greeks created mosaic designs, the Romans actually perfected and excelled at the art. Artisans would cut stones and bits of marble into tiny pieces (usually only 1-2 centimeters in diameter for floors and less than a millimeter in diameter for walls) to create extravagant designs for Roman homes.

Careful attention to detail was paramount so that each piece would display the correct perspective, which involved the correct color selection and shading of values with the placement of the stones. Then, the elaborate decoration of the borders and other design details had to be taken into consideration as well.

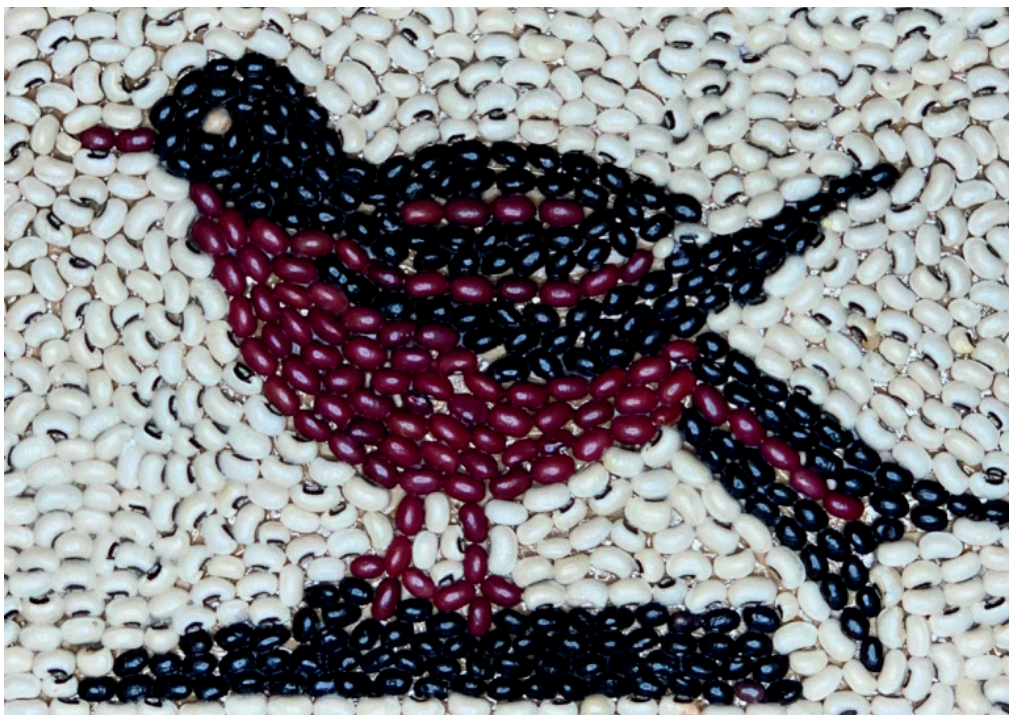
In this lesson, we are going to recreate a Roman bird mosaic inspired by the piece above.

Supplies Needed:

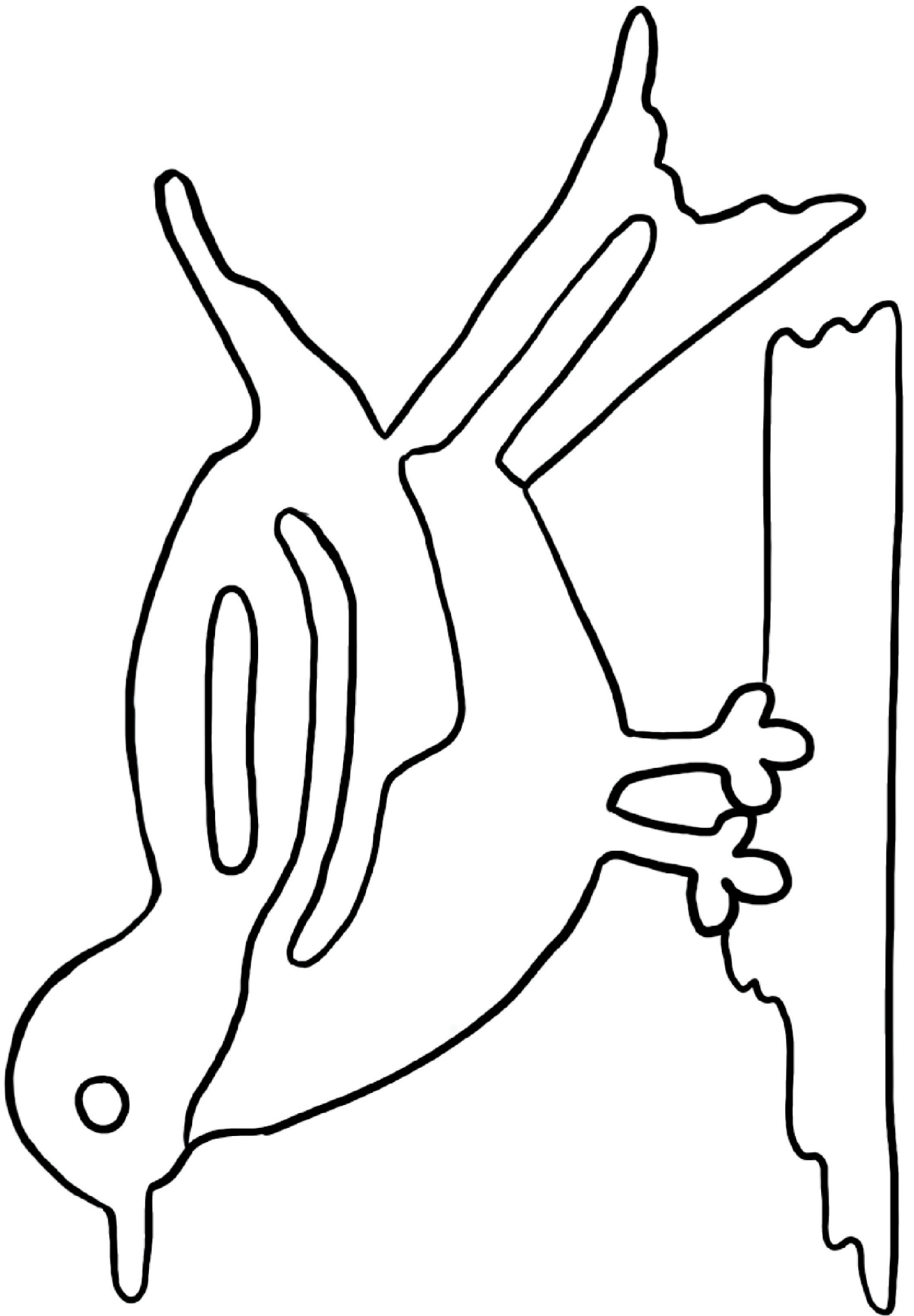
- Dried beans: black, red, & white or beige beans
- Substrate (heavy cardboard or wood)
- School glue &/or Mod Podge
- Cotton swabs
- Bird template (next page)

Instructions:

1. Transfer the bird pattern to your substrate using the template on the following page. Reduce or enlarge the template to match your board.
2. Use a cotton swab to spread a generous amount of glue over the head, back, wings, tail, and branch, then carefully place the black beans over these areas. Try to keep the beans facing in the same direction if possible, and make sure they are close together. (Be sure to leave spaces for the eye and red areas of the wing.)
3. Next, spread glue over the breast of the bird, the beak, and the feet. Add in red beans in these areas. (Don't forget to add a few rows of red beans on the wings and tail.)
4. After the bird's body is filled in with beans, begin spreading glue around the rest of your substrate. Fill in this area with white or beige beans. Put a white bean in the bird's eye.



5. *Optional:* After you fill in the entire piece with beans, add another layer of glue or Mod Podge for extra protection. Allow to dry completely, and enjoy your Roman mosaic!



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