



FOUNDATION STUDIES  
IN LITERATURE



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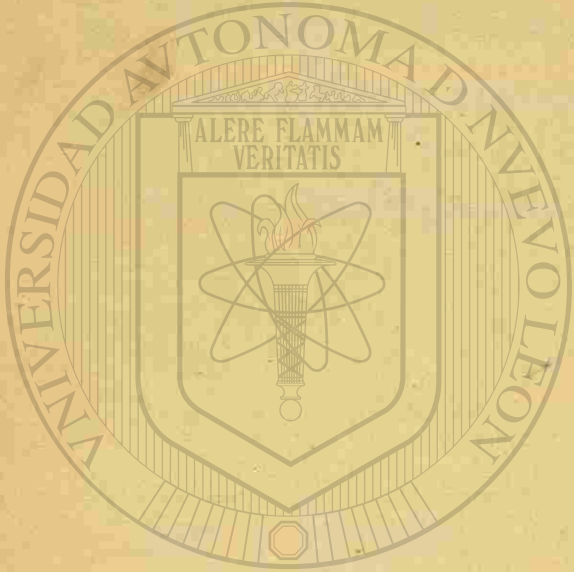


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"Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn."

FOUNDATION STUDIES IN  
LITERATURE

BY  
MARGARET S. SKINNEY

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

"...and she, thy land, with love for drought  
Keeps not the stored fates, and need  
Of time the Present, but is unfused  
And future time by power of thought."

TRINITY

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GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

NEW YORK, HARVARD & COMPANY

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, CHICAGO

1925





*"Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn."*

# FOUNDATION STUDIES IN LITERATURE

BY

MARGARET S. MOONEY

TEACHER OF LITERATURE AND RHETORIC, STATE NORMAL COLLEGE,  
ALBANY, N.Y.

*"Love thou thy land with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought."*

TENNYSON



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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ACERVO DE LITERATURA

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To the Students

WHO HAVE FORMED MY CLASSES IN LITERATURE

FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

UANE

UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN





UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA

DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE

## PREFACE.

A NEW text-book in literature should have some reason to be in these days of making many books. The best possible reason that can be given for the preparation of a work of this kind, is that it furnishes to both teachers and students a method of study that necessarily leads to certain definite and much valued results, among which are the following: A better appreciation of artistic merit in poetry; a knowledge of the relation of the mythology of Greece and Rome to the poetry of every European nation and language of modern times; the power to use this "golden key" by means of which the treasures of ancient learning and wisdom are unlocked.

This volume has been prepared for students who are old enough to understand that Literature, in the highest sense, is one of the Fine Arts, and that the reader can gain from the study of the great poets the same kind of culture that is obtained by close study of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

In the arrangement of the groups of poems for these studies, the idea of comparison is at once suggested



to the reader and a further comparison with the illustrations, which are all copies of celebrated works of art, will bring out the relative merits of these different modes of expressing thought.

Frequent reference is made to the original source of the author's thought, and in this way these studies prepare the student for reading Homer, the Greek dramatists, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton, with the pleasure and profit dependent upon easy apprehension of the thought of the author.

They also prepare him to understand the close relation that the works of these great writers of different eras, nations, and languages bear to one another.

The comparative method in literature holds to the idea that if several authors at widely different periods and in different languages have chosen the same or kindred subjects and have so treated them as to gain for these works a permanent place in literature, there must be some inherent beauty or spiritual truth in the subject itself which every reader may find by comparison of such works.

Comparison is a sort of "search light" that reveals new beauties both of thought and of expression, and it is unquestionably the best means that can be employed for gaining analytical power and critical acumen.

The mythological stories upon which the poems are based have been compiled from various works on mythology; among them the author takes pleasure in mentioning Bulfinch's "The Age of Fable" and Edwards' "Hand-book of Mythology."

The author desires to acknowledge her special obligations to Messrs. Harper and Brothers for permission to use two selections of which they control the copyright, and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. for permission to use selections from the works of James Russell Lowell, H. W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edmund C. Stedman, John G. Saxe, Mrs. Frances L. Mace, Miss M. L. Backus, and W. W. Young.

She also wishes to thank Miss Mary E. Burt, author of "Literary Landmarks for Young People," for the many valuable hints on the comparative method of teaching literature, contained in her inestimable little guide-book.

M. S. M.

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, ALBANY, N.Y.,  
March, 1895.





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 DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECA

## CONTENTS.

### GROUP I.

#### SOME SELF-EVIDENT NATURE MYTHS.

		PAGE
1. Nyx, Nox, or Night . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	11
Night . . . . .	<i>Young's Night Thoughts</i> . . . . .	11
Hymn to the Night . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i> . . . . .	12
To Night . . . . .	<i>Shelley</i> . . . . .	13
2. Aurora, or Eos, the Goddess of the Dawn . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	14
Quotations from the Iliad . . . . .	<i>Pope's Trans.</i> . . . . .	16
Tithonus . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	17
The Troades (selection) . . . . .	<i>Euripides</i> . . . . .	19
3. Apollo, Phoebus Apollo, or He- lios, the Sun-god . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	20
A Legend of Ancient Greece . . . . .	<i>Barr</i> . . . . .	23
The Manciple's Tale . . . . .	<i>Chaucer</i> . . . . .	25
Phaethon . . . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> . . . . .	29
4. Diana, or Selene, the Moon- goddess . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	33
Endymion . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i> . . . . .	33
A Song from Cynthia's Revels . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . .	35
On Latmos . . . . .	<i>Backus</i> . . . . .	38
From the Cloud . . . . .	<i>Shelley</i> . . . . .	41
5. Ceres, or Demeter . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	43
A Hymn to Ceres . . . . .	<i>Homer</i> . . . . .	45
Persephone . . . . .	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> . . . . .	46
Demeter and Persephone (In Enna) . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	50

## GROUP II.

## SOME OF THE GIANT FORCES OF NATURE.

		PAGE
1. Saturn, or Chronos . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	55
From Hyperion . . . . .	<i>Keats</i> . . . . .	56
2. The Battle between the Gods and the Giants . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	58
From King Robert of Sicily . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i> . . . . .	59
Enceladus . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i> . . . . .	59
3. Prometheus . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	61
From Prometheus Bound . . . . .	<i>Æschylus (Plumptre's)</i> . . . . .	62
From Prometheus Bound . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Browning</i> . . . . .	66
Prometheus . . . . .	<i>Lowell</i> . . . . .	70
Prometheus . . . . .	<i>Goethe</i> . . . . .	81
Prometheus . . . . .	<i>Byron</i> . . . . .	83
From Prometheus Unbound . . . . .	<i>Shelley</i> . . . . .	84
4. Pandora . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	87
The Creation of Pandora . . . . .	<i>Hesiod</i> . . . . .	88
5. Icarus . . . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> . . . . .	91

## GROUP III.

## EVENTS PRECEDING THE TROJAN WAR.

1. The Apple of Discord . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	94
Ænone . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	95
There came Three Queens from Heaven . . . . .	<i>Young</i> . . . . .	103
2. Iphigenia . . . . .		105
Iphigenia in Aulis . . . . .	<i>Euripides</i> . . . . .	107
Iphigenia and Agamemnon . . . . .	<i>Landor</i> . . . . .	112
Iphigenia in Tauris . . . . .	<i>Goethe</i> . . . . .	114
3. Protesilaus . . . . .	<i>The Myth</i> . . . . .	127
Protesilaus (Iliad, Book II.) . . . . .	<i>Homer</i> . . . . .	127
Laodameia . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	128
4. Orpheus . . . . .		134
5. Song . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	135
6. Orpheus and Eurydice . . . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> . . . . .	136
7. A Musical Instrument . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Browning</i> . . . . .	138
8. The Finding of the Lyre . . . . .	<i>Lowell</i> . . . . .	140
6. The Origin of the Harp . . . . .	<i>Moore</i> . . . . .	141

## GROUP IV.

## THE TROJAN WAR AND ULYSSES.

		PAGE
1. On First Looking into Chap- man's Homer . . . . .	<i>Keats</i> . . . . .	143
2. The Night Encampment of the Trojans (from the Iliad, Book VIII.; translations by Pope, Cowper, Bryant, and Tenny- son, selected for comparison) . . . . .		145
3. Philoctetes (Iliad, Book II.) . . . . .	<i>Sophocles (Plumptre's Trans.)</i> . . . . .	150
4. The Lotos-Eaters (Odyssey, Book IX.) . . . . .	<i>Bryant</i> . . . . .	165
5. The Lotos-Eaters . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	166
6. Ulysses . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> . . . . .	172

## GROUP V.

## THE MYTH OF CUPID.

1. Cupid and Psyche. Paraphrases on Apuleius . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Browning</i> . . . . .	175
2. Cupid Stung . . . . .	<i>Anacreon (Bateson's Trans.)</i> . . . . .	183
Cupid Stung . . . . .	<i>Arnold</i> . . . . .	183
Cupid and the Bee . . . . .	<i>Moore</i> . . . . .	184
3. Discourse with Cupid . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . .	185
4. Cupid and Campaspe . . . . .	<i>Lily</i> . . . . .	186
5. The Cheat of Cupid . . . . .	<i>Anacreon (Herrick's Trans.)</i> . . . . .	187
Cupid Benighted . . . . .	<i>Anacreon (Moore's Trans.)</i> . . . . .	188
Cupid Swallowed . . . . .	<i>Hunt</i> . . . . .	190
6. Sir Cupid . . . . .	<i>Wetherly</i> . . . . .	190
Cupid's Decadence . . . . .	<i>Stock</i> . . . . .	191
7. The Cyclops . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Browning</i> . . . . .	192
8. The Dryads . . . . .	<i>Hunt</i> . . . . .	196
Quotations from Rhœcus . . . . .	<i>Lowell</i> . . . . .	197



## GROUP VI.

## THE BLENDING OF HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY.

	PAGE
1. How Bacchus finds Ariadne Sleeping . . . . .	199
<i>Nonnus (Mrs. Browning's Paraphrase)</i>	
2. How Bacchus comforts Ariadne . . . . .	202
<i>Nonnus</i>	
3. Bacchus and Ariadne . . . . .	204
<i>Hesiod (Mrs. Browning's Tr.)</i>	
4. A Dream of Fair Women . . . . .	206
<i>Tennyson</i>	
5. The Seven Days . . . . .	216
<i>Mace</i>	
6. Balder . . . . .	220
<i>Anonymous</i>	
6. News from Olympia . . . . .	223
<i>Sledman</i>	
7. The Origin of the Sonnet . . . . .	225
<i>Benedict</i>	
8. The First Fan . . . . .	226
<i>Holmes</i>	

## GROUP VII.

## PAGANISM OVERTHROWN BY CHRISTIANITY.

1. A Christmas Hymn . . . . .	229
<i>Dommett</i>	
2. The Gods of Greece . . . . .	231
<i>Schiller</i>	
3. The Dead Pan . . . . .	236
<i>Mrs. Browning</i>	
4. Messiah . . . . .	245
<i>Pope</i>	
5. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity . . . . .	248
<i>Milton</i>	
6. Easter Morning . . . . .	257
<i>Mace</i>	

## GROUP VIII.

## KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

1. Sir Galahad . . . . .	261
<i>Tennyson</i>	
2. The Holy Grail . . . . .	263
<i>Tennyson</i>	
3. Morte d'Arthur . . . . .	279
<i>Tennyson</i>	
4. A Sonnet . . . . .	288
<i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	

## INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	OPPOSITE PAGE
1. AURORA, . . . . .	12
<i>Frontispiece</i>	
Guido Réni, Italian painter, 1575-1642. Ceiling fresco, Ros-pigliosi palace, Rome.	
2. NIGHT, . . . . .	12
Bertel Thorwaldsen, Danish sculptor, 1770-1844.	
3. MORNING, . . . . .	16
Thorwaldsen (as above).	
4. DIANA WITH THE STAG, . . . . .	34
Jean Antoine Houdon, French sculptor, 1741-1828. Museum of the Louvre.	
5. JUPITER, . . . . .	74
Sculptor unknown; brought from Otricoli, Umbria, to the Museum of the Vatican.	
6. PROMETHEUS AND MINERVA, . . . . .	82
Thorwaldsen (as above).	
7. IPHIGENIA, . . . . .	114
E. Hübner, German painter, 1842-.	
8. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, . . . . .	134
Robert Beyschlag, German painter, 1838-.	
9. HERMES (MERCURY), . . . . .	140
Praxiteles, Greek sculptor, fourth century B.C.	
10. A READING FROM HOMER, . . . . .	142
Laurence Alma-Tadema, Belgian painter, 1836-.	
11. CUPID AND PSYCHE, . . . . .	174
Edward Burne-Jones, English painter, 1833-.	

	OPPOSITE PAGE
12. CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROW, . . . . .	188
Rafael Mengs, German painter, 1728-1779.	
13. ARIADNE SLEEPING, . . . . .	198
Sculptor unknown. Museum of the Vatican.	
14. THE MADONNA OF THE STRAW, . . . . .	230
Charles P. Durward, American painter, 1844-1875.	
15. EASTER MORNING, . . . . .	258
Bernhard Plockhorst, German painter, 1825-.	
16. THE HOLY GRAIL, . . . . .	268
W. L. Taylor, American painter, 1854-.	

## FOUNDATION STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

### INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

EVER since the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Homer were recognized as literary masterpieces, writers of all nations have found in them not only subjects for the exercise of their own genius, but an inexhaustible fund of illustration which in these days we call mythological and classical allusions.

Greek mythology has become so interwoven with our literature that some knowledge of it is absolutely necessary on the part of the reader of modern history, poetry, essays, or even fiction, if he would read with ease and any true appreciation of the thought of the author.

The average reader passes over these allusions as he does over the French and German quotations, not quite satisfied, but having neither the time nor the opportunity to consult the proper reference book.

And even if both time and opportunity are at his disposal, what a waste of energy is involved in the process! What a slow, laborious, unsatisfactory method of acquiring knowledge is that which presupposes the constant use of a dictionary or encyclopædia! Of course these and other books of reference have their place and are



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Sculptor unknown. Museum of the Vatican.	
14. THE MADONNA OF THE STRAW, . . . . .	230
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And even if both time and opportunity are at his disposal, what a waste of energy is involved in the process! What a slow, laborious, unsatisfactory method of acquiring knowledge is that which presupposes the constant use of a dictionary or encyclopædia! Of course these and other books of reference have their place and are

indispensable to every student, but when one is reading for pleasure or for culture, and especially when one is reading poetry, the frequent interruption to look up allusions destroys the reader's pleasure utterly. Yet students are urged to do this by teachers and writers who are supposed to be competent guides for young readers. One writer on this subject says, "Until the habit of looking up allusions has been acquired and practised, a reader does not know what he has lost of possible knowledge of the pertinence of illustration, example, and analogy, borrowed from another avenue of literature than the one through which the author is leading him. Unfortunately only the few are well versed in historical knowledge, legendary and mythological lore, the language of art, and the learning of science. Yet, if a reader follow the author's lead every time, he will soon find that he brings to his reading an ever-increasing fund of desirable information which can be applied over and over again."

Now we claim if our reading were guided aright, if teachers had the right ideas of selection and arrangement, we could gain from literature itself the power to interpret other literature.

The myths, as we find them in our hand-books of mythology or in our classical dictionaries, have no especial merit; it is their adaptability for illustration that commends them to authors of all times and conditions, that shows them to be of permanent interest to the reading world. The educational value of the study of mythology has been underestimated by the great

majority of our teachers, even by those who have had a classical education, until very recently.

That there has been a great waking up on this subject no one can doubt who takes notice of the supplementary reading now recommended by the best educators throughout the country. Publishers vie with one another in bringing out in most attractive form the stories from the Greek and Latin classics especially written for young readers. How charming these stories are both teachers and pupils who have read them are willing to testify. But however interesting and delightful these prose stories may be made, they must be supplemented by *poetry* on the same subjects before the student is prepared to take up the study of the history of English literature, or the reading of the masterpieces of English literature, as he is expected to do in his high school course.

Every traveller who visits the great art museums of European cities, and especially those of Rome, realizes that his education has been much neglected unless he has studied the ancient classics, for here he finds their myths embodied. They look at him from the canvas of Raphael; their marble forms speak to his sense of beauty and harmony. What if they speak in a dead language?

So great an educational value have the famous paintings and sculptures, that even the cheapest copies of them, like photographs, become the treasures of those who have seen the originals and have learned their history. The field of English literature is so large that a



lifetime is not sufficient to explore its highways, even if the reader has time to devote to it, and his taste leads him to the highways instead of the byways. What, then, can we do for our students that will help them to better results than the vague, unclassified, chaotic ideas concerning books and authors which the majority of readers possess?

The translator and the printing press have added to our original English literature the literature of every nation and every language on the face of the earth, yet with all this acquisition of literary wealth we must hold fast to the old Greek and Latin masterpieces if we would find ourselves at home among the authors of the world.

These ancient classics have been truly called the *ABC* of literature, and whoever wishes to gain the power to interpret modern thought correctly must be familiar with them either in the original or by means of translations.

Perhaps the most striking example of this necessity will present itself when the student begins to read "Paradise Lost." Milton drew his illustrations so largely from classical sources that not one in a hundred who begins his greatest work ever finishes it, simply because of inability to understand the allusions with which it abounds.

The following passage from the first book of "Paradise Lost" is perhaps the finest example of the author's power of bringing his whole range of historic knowledge to bear upon a single point. He represents Satan at the head of his army of fallen spirits.

"He through the arméd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion, views their order due.  
Their visages and stature as of gods;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning, in his strength  
Glories: for never, since created man,  
Met such embodied force as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights:  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these, beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread commander."

Here we have a comparison of Satan's armed host with all those that have won historic fame from the time of Homer to that of Charlemagne. In the opening lines of the third book of the "Iliad," Homer compares the renewal of battle between the Greeks and the Trojans to the annual battle between the cranes and the pygmies, as if it were an event with which his hearers must be thoroughly familiar; and Milton, taking his cue from Homer, adds to this from so many different



sources, that we are almost overwhelmed with the cumulative weight of the comparison. It gives us a glimpse into the author's mind, and also shows us the sources upon which he drew for the wealth of imagery contained in every page of his poetry.

The reader who expects to enjoy Milton must bring with him knowledge gained from the same sources — the myth, fable, romance, legend, and history of the past.

The reading of any one of Shakspeare's plays forces the thoughtful reader to the same conclusion. Though "he knew little Latin and less Greek," his writings are saturated with ancient classic thought, no doubt gained from translations. Chapman's Homer, Surrey's Virgil, and North's Plutarch must have been his text-books. Not only do the Greek plays — "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida" — and the Roman plays — "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Julius Cæsar" — vouch for his familiarity with classic poetry and ancient history, but his English "Kings" also teem with mythological allusions.

Falstaff says, "We, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by *Phæbus* — he, that wandering knight so fair." And again, "Let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be *Diana's* foresters." In the same play — "Henry IV.," Part I. — Sir Richard Vernon gives Harry Percy a picture of Prince Hal as he saw him preparing to take the field against the rebels.

"I saw young Harry with his beaver on,  
His cuishes on his thighs, gallantly armed,  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Hotspur's answer suits the description. He says:—

"Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their train,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood."

In a lighter vein is the conversation between Lorenzo and Jessica, — Act V., Scene I., "Merchant of Venice" — but no less striking is the use of similes borrowed from the classics. Lorenzo and Jessica are walking in the pleasure grounds of Portia's house. He says:—

"The moon shines bright: — in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, — in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jessica.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself  
And ran dismayed away.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand



Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson."

The poet makes even these minor characters in the play so familiar with the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the old story of the unhappy lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, which originated in Babylon, and the story of Medea, the enchantress, whose arts secured to Jason the capture of the Golden Fleece, that they make them the subject of private conversation in the most natural manner. We do not feel that he is showing off his learning; he is simply using it for the purpose of illustrating and making more pleasing his own pictures of life and thought. In another part of the play there is an allusion to this last myth, showing that it must have been a favorite with him. Bassanio in describing Portia to Antonio says:—

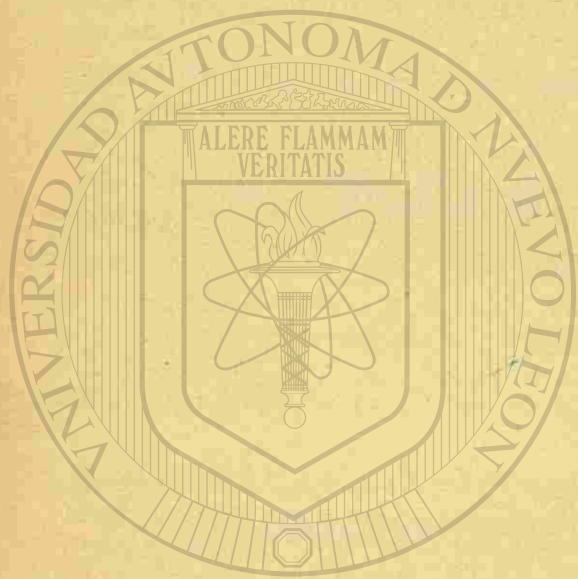
"Her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her."

These few examples gathered from the most familiar of Shakspeare's plays might be multiplied to hundreds, but perhaps they are sufficient to show that it would be great economy on the part of the student to go to these original sources of illustration before attempting to read the great poets of his own language.

If the tragedies of Æschylus are, in his own words, "made-up dishes from the great Homeric banquet," what shall we say when we compare all the other great epic and dramatic poems that have become a part of our English literature by means of translations, with the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"? The conclusion reached by Dr. Johnson more than a hundred years ago applies with equal force to the present:—

"Modern writers are the moons of literature; they never shine but by reflected light, by light borrowed from the ancients."



GROUP I.

SOME SELF-EVIDENT NATURE MYTHS.

NIGHT. Latin, *Nax* or *Nyx*.

"Night, sable-goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden scepter o'er a still and pulseless world.  
Silence, how dread! and darkness, how profound!"

Young's "Night Thoughts."

THE MYTH OF NYX, THE NIGHT.

Nyx was the daughter of Chaos and the wife of Er'e-bus. Her children were the Fates, — Clō'tho, Lāch'esis, and At'ropos, — Death, Sleep, Dreams, Laughter, Woe, Vengeance, Strife, and the Hēspēr'ides, four maidens who, with the aid of a terrible dragon that never slept, guarded the golden apples growing on a tree that had been given to Juno on her wedding-day.

Nyx with her two sons, Death and Sleep, dwelt in a cave in the west, "behind where Atlas supports the heavens."

In art there have been many ways of representing Nyx. Sometimes she has a woman's form, with or without wings, clothed in black drapery and having a starry veil; and she is riding in a chariot drawn by black



steeds, and accompanied by the stars. Again, she floats through the air, clothed in a long black robe, carrying in her arms Death and Sleep. Death is draped in black and holds an inverted torch; while Sleep is robed in white and has for his symbol the poppy.

The author of Sheridan's *Ride* must have had the former of these two pictures in mind when he wrote:—

"A steed as black as the steeds of Night  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight."

Compare these pictures with the poetical representations.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

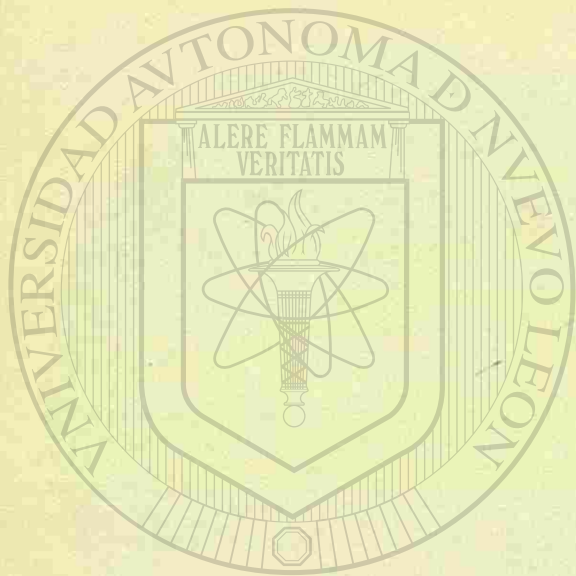
I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm majestic presence of the Night  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows.



"She floats through the air, carrying in her arms Death and Sleep."



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O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like<sup>1</sup> I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night.

TO NIGHT.

SHELLEY.

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear —  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star-inwrought!

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand —  
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

<sup>1</sup> For the story of Orestes read Goethe's "Iphigenia in Tauris," a selection from which will be found in Group III.



And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to her rest,  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother, Death, came, and cried,  
 "Wouldst thou me?"  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 "Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,  
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon —  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night —  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

AURORA, *Lat.*; EOS, *Gr.*

AURORA, the goddess of the dawn, was the daughter of Hyperion and Thea, and a sister of Apollo, the Sun-god, and of Diana, the Moon-goddess. She was married to Astræus, and became the mother of the winds, — Bō'reas, the North; Zeph'yru, the West; Eū'rus, the East; and Nō'tus, the South.

She was also the mother of Lucifer, the light-bringer, and of the Stars of Heaven.

She afterwards married Tithō'nus, son of Lāōm'edon, king of Troy. She stole him away, and prevailed on

Jupiter to grant him immortality; but forgetting to have perpetual youth joined in the gift, after some time she began to discern, to her great mortification, that he was growing old. When his hair was quite white she left his society; but he still had the range of her palace, lived on ambrosial food, and was clad in celestial raiment.

At length he lost the power of using his limbs, and then she shut him up in his chamber, whence his feeble voice might be heard at times. Finally she turned him into a grasshopper.

Memnon, king of Ethiopia, celebrated in the story of the Trojan War, was the son of Aurora and Tithonus. He came with his warriors to assist the kindred of his father in the war. King Priam received him with great honors, and the very next day after his arrival, Memnon, impatient of repose, led his troops to the field. A long and doubtful contest ensued between him and Achilles; at length victory declared for Achilles, Memnon fell, and the Trojans fled in dismay. Aurora, who, from her station in the sky, had seen the danger of her son and finally his fall, directed his brothers, the Winds, to convey his body to the banks of the river Esepus in Paphlagonia. In the evening she came, accompanied by the Hours and the Pleiads, and wept and lamented for her son. Night, in sympathy with her grief, spread the heavens with clouds; all nature mourned for the offspring of the Dawn. Aurora remains inconsolable for the loss of her son. Her tears still flow, and may be seen at early morning in the form of dew-drops on the grass.



Aurora had her own chariot, which she drove across the vast horizon both morning and night, before and after the sun-god. Hence she is also the goddess of twilight. She is described by the poets as a beautiful maiden with rosy arms and fingers; she bears a star on her forehead and a torch in her hand.

Wrapping around her the rich folds of her violet-tinged mantle, she leaves her couch before the break of day and yokes her horses to her glorious chariot. She then hastens cheerfully to open the gates of heaven, in order to herald the approach of her brother, while the tender plants and flowers, reviving by the morning dew, lift up their heads to welcome her as she passes.

Some quotations from Pope's translation of the "Iliad" will show how Aurora was mentioned by Homer. The opening lines, Book VIII. :—

"Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn,  
When Jove convened the senate of the skies  
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise."

The opening lines, Book XI. :—

"The saffron morn with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light."

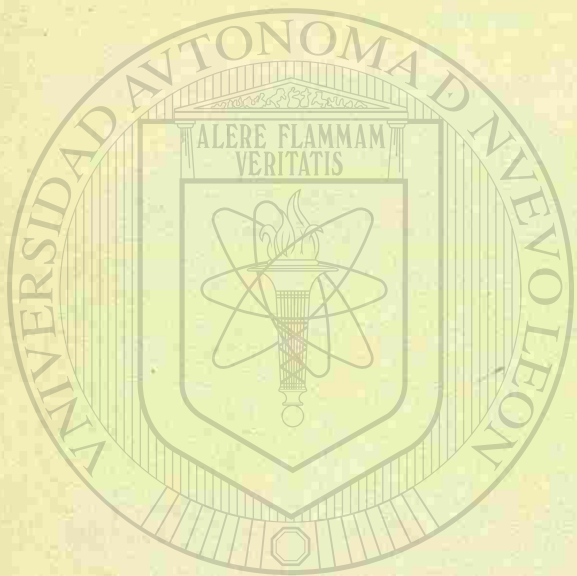
The opening lines, Book XIX. :—

"Soon as Aurora heaved her orient head  
Above the waves that blushed with early red  
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight



"The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed." ®





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And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)  
The immortal arms the goddess-mother bears  
Swift to her son."

The story of Aurora's mortal husband, Tithonus, has been told by Tennyson in the following matchless monologue:—

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,  
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.  
Me only cruel immortality  
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,  
Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East,  
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd  
To his great heart none other than a god!  
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,  
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,  
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears

To hear me? Let me go; take back thy gift:  
 Why should a man desire in any way  
 To vary from the kindly race of men,  
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes  
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born;  
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,  
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.  
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,  
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine  
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team  
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise  
 And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,  
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
 In silence, then before thine answer given  
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.  
 Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?  
 "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes  
 I used to watch — if I be he that watch'd —  
 The lucid outline forming round thee: saw  
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay  
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm

With kisses balmier than half-opening buds  
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet  
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:  
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?  
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
 Of happy men that have the power to die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:  
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;  
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts  
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

An antistrophe of one of Euripides' dramas, "The Troades," contains this beautiful allusion to Aurora:—

"And Eos' self, the fair, white-steeded Morning, —  
 Her light which blesses other lands, returning,  
 Has changed to a gloomy pall!  
 She looked across the land with eyes of amber, —  
 She saw the city's fall, —  
 She who, in pure embraces,  
 Had held there, in the hymeneal chamber,  
 Her children's father, bright Tithonus old,  
 Whom the four steeds with starry brows and paces  
 Bore on, snatched upward, on the car of gold,  
 And with him, all the land's full hope of joy!  
 The love-charms of the gods are vain for Troy."



APOLLO, OR PHCEBUS APOLLO, *Lat.*; HELIOS, *Gr.*

THE office of Apollo was to give light to men and gods during the day. He is described as rising every morning in the east, preceded by his sister Aurora, who, with her rosy fingers, paints the tips of the mountains, and draws aside the misty veil through which her brother is about to appear.

When he has burst forth in all the glorious light of day, Aurora disappears, and Apollo drives his flame-darting chariot along the accustomed track.

This chariot, which is of burnished gold, is drawn by four fire-breathing steeds, behind which the young god stands erect with flashing eyes, his head surrounded with rays, holding in one hand the reins of those fiery coursers which in all hands save his are unmanageable. When towards evening he descends the curve in order to cool his burning forehead in the waters of the sea, he is followed closely by his sister Sēlē'ne (the moon), who is now prepared to take charge of the world and light up the dusky night.

When Apollo had finished his daily course, a winged boat or cup which had been made for him by Hēphæstus (Vulcan) conveyed him, with his chariot and horses, to the east, where he began again his bright journey.

This is what Milton alludes to in "Comus":—

" Now the gilded car of day  
His golden axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream

And the slope-Sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east."

With the first beams of the light of the sun all nature awakens to renewed life, and the woods re-echo with the songs of the birds. Hence, Apollo is the god of music. He is himself the musician among the Olympic gods.

He attained his greatest importance among the Greeks as a god of prophecy. His oracle at Delphi was in high repute all over the world. That which raised the whole moral tone of the Greek nation was the belief that he was the god who accepted repentance as an atonement for sin, who pardoned the contrite sinner, and who acted as the protector of those who had committed a crime which required long years of expiation.

The most splendid temple of Apollo was at Delphi, which was considered the centre of the earth. The serpent, Python, was a monster that inhabited the valley near Delphi and destroyed both men and cattle. Apollo slew the Python, and in honor of this event the Pythian games were celebrated in the third year of every Olympiad.

Soon after his victory over the Python, Apollo saw Eros (Cupid) bending his bow, and mocked at his efforts. Eros, to punish him, shot him in the heart with his golden arrow of love, and at the same time discharged his leaden arrow of aversion into the heart



of Daphne, the daughter of the river-god Peneus. Daphne fled from Apollo, and calling to her father for aid, was transformed into a laurel bush. Apollo sorrowfully crowned himself with the leaves, and declared that, in memory of his love, it should henceforth remain ever green, and be held sacred to him.<sup>1</sup>

Apollo afterwards married Corō'nis. One day his favorite bird, the raven, flew to him with the intelligence that his wife had transferred her affections to another. Apollo instantly destroyed her with one of his death-dealing darts. He repented when too late. He punished the raven for its garrulity by changing its color from white to black. Coronis left an infant son named Asclē'pius (Æsculapius), who was educated by the Centaur, Chi'ron.

He became a celebrated physician, and was so skilful that he could restore the dead to life. Pluto complained to Jupiter, who killed Asclepius with one of his thunder-bolts. Apollo was so exasperated that he killed the Cyclops who had forged it. For this offence he was banished from Olympus. Coming to earth, he for nine years served Admē'tus as a shepherd, and was treated by him with the utmost kindness. By the aid of Apollo, Admetus gained the hand of Alces'tis, daughter of Pēlias.

The exiled god obtained from the Fates the gift of immortality for Admetus, on condition that when his last hour approached, some member of his family should

<sup>1</sup> In "A Fable for Critics," James Russell Lowell turns this story to account, with much wit as well as wisdom.

be willing to die in his place. When the fatal time came, Alcestis took his place. But Her'acles (Hercules), happening to arrive at the house of Admetus, engaged and overcame death, and restored Alcestis to her family.

All of these stories have furnished themes for poets. Euripides wrote his tragedy of "Alcestis" about 450 B.C., and Lowell, in his poem called "The Shepherd of King Admetus," gives us his impressions of Apollo's powers as a musician.

The following poem presents another admirable trait in the character of Apollo.

A SONG OF APOLLO: A LEGEND OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

(From *Harper's Young People*. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.)

After the burning of Troy, to Argos there came  
A soldier aged and weary:  
Naught had he gained in the contest, treasure nor fame,  
So now he lifted his lyre, and day after day  
Stood in the streets or the market, and strove to play.

No one gave him a lepton,<sup>1</sup> no one waited to hear  
A song so ancient and simple;  
Hungry and hopeless, he ceased; then a youth drew near—  
A youth with a beautiful face—and he said, "Old man,  
Now strike on thy lyre and sing, for I know thou can."

"O Greek," said old Akera'tos, "I have lost the power,  
With handling of swords and lances."

<sup>1</sup> Lepton: a small thing.



"Then here's a didrachmon<sup>1</sup>—lend me thy lyre an hour;  
Thou hold out the cap in thine hand, and I will play:  
Surely these men that are deaf shall listen to-day."

Then with a mighty hand sweeping the trembling strings,  
Over the tumult and chatting,  
Like the call of a clear sweet trumpet, the young voice rings;  
For he sings of the taking of Troy, and the chords  
Sound like the trampling of hoofs and the clashing of swords.

There in the market of Argos is Hector slain,  
There in their midst is Achilles.  
Breathless, they listen, again and again,  
Fill up the cap with coins, and shout in the crowded street,  
"Strike up thy lyre once more, O Singer strange and sweet."

Ah! then came magical notes, soft melodies low;  
The air grew purple and amber,  
Scented with honey, and spices, and roses a-blow:  
And there in the glory sat Love—Mother and Queen—  
And eyes grew misty with tears for days that had been.

Eyes grew misty, hearts grew tender, tender and free:  
Every one gave to the soldier  
Bracelets, and rings, and perfumes from over the sea.  
Then said the Singer, "Now, soldier, gather thy store,  
The hands that have fought for Greece need never beg more.

"Greeks, dwelling in Argos, this is a shameful sight—  
A soldier wounded and begging."

The Singer grew splendid and godlike, and rose in unbearable  
light:

Then they knew it was Phœbus Apollo, and said,  
"Never again in Argos shall the brave beg bread."

<sup>1</sup> *Didrachmon*: a two-drachma piece; an ancient Greek silver coin worth nearly forty cents.

Chaucer, "the Father of English poetry," shows himself "the heir of all the ages" of literature that had preceded him. One of the many merits of the "Canterbury Tales" is that each of the story-tellers entertains his hearers with a tale suited to his particular walk in life. This is noticeable in the Manciple's tale.

The steward of a college, coming in daily contact with professors and students, might naturally be expected to pick up bits of classic lore, and so, after giving an account of the most notable exploits of Apollo, he tells how the raven became black. Chaucer uses the name *crow*, though *raven* seems to be the name generally accepted by the mythologies.

#### THE MANCIPLE'S TALE.

When Phœbus dwelled here in earth adown,  
As oldē bookēs makē mentioun,  
He was the mostē lusty bachelér  
Of all this world, and eke the best archér.  
He slew Python the serpent, as he lay  
Sleeping against the sun upon a day;  
And many another noble worthy deed  
He with his bow wrought, as men mayē read,  
Playen he could on every minstrelsy,  
And singē, that it was a melody  
To hearen of his clearē voice the soun',  
Certes the king of Thebes, Amphiouñ,  
That with his singing walled the city,  
Could never singē half so well as he.  
Thereto he was the seemliestē man  
That is, or was since that the world began;

What needeth it his features to describe?  
 For in this world is none so fair alive.  
 He was therewith full fill'd of gentleness,  
 Of honour, and of perfect worthiness.

This Phœbus, that was flower of bach'lery,  
 As well in freedom as in chivalry,  
 For his disport, in sign eke of vict'ry  
 Of Python, so as telleth us the story,  
 Was wont to bearen in his hand a bow.

Now had this Phœbus in his house a crow,  
 Which in a cage he fostered many a day,  
 And taught it speaken, as men teach a jay.  
 White was this crow, as is a snow-white swan,  
 And counterfeit the speech of every man  
 He couldē when he shouldē tell a tale,  
 Therewith in all this world no nightingale  
 Ne couldē by an hundred thousand deal  
 Singē so wondrous merrily and well.

Now had this Phœbus in his house a wife,  
 Which that he loved morē than his life,  
 And night and day did ever his diligence  
 Her for to please, and do her reverence:  
 Save only, if that I the sooth shall sayn,  
 Jealous he was, and would have kept her fain.  
 But all for nought, for it availeth nought.

But now to purpose, as I first began.  
 This worthy Phœbus did all that he can  
 To pleasē her, weening through such pleasānce,  
 And for his manhood and his governānce,  
 That no man should have put him from her grace;

Take any bird, and put it in a cage  
 And do all thine intent, and thy corāge,

To foster it tenderly with meat and drink  
 Of allē dainties that thou canst bethink,  
 And keep it all so cleanly as thou may;  
 Although the cage of gold be never so gay,  
 Yet had this bird, by twenty thousand fold,  
 Lever in a forest, both wild and cold,  
 Go eatē wormēs, and such wretchedness,  
 For ever this bird will make it his business  
 T' escape out of his cage when that he may:  
 His liberty the bird desireth aye.

Let take a cat, and foster her with milk  
 And tender flesh, and make her couch of silk,  
 And let her see a mouse go by the wall,  
 Anon she weiveth milk, and flesh, and all,  
 And every dainty that is in that house,  
 Such appetite hath she to eat the mouse.  
 So, here hath kind her domination,  
 And appetite drives out discretion.

This Phœbus, which that thought upon no guile  
 Deceived was for all his jollity  
 For besides him another haddē she  
 A man of little reputation,  
 Nought worth to Phœbus in comparison,  
 And so befell when Phœbus was absent  
 His wife anon hath for her lover sent.

This white crow that hung aye in the cage  
 Beheld them meet and said never a word;  
 And when that home was come Phœbus the lord,  
 This crowē sung "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"  
 "What? bird," quoth Phœbus, "what song sing'st thou now?"



Wert thou not wont so merrily to sing,  
That to my heart it was a rejoicing  
To hear thy voice? alas! what song is this?"  
"My lord," quoth he, "I singe not amiss:  
Phœbus," quoth he, "for all thy worthiness,  
For all thy beauty, and all thy gentleness,  
For all thy song, for all thy minstrelsy,  
For all thy watching, bleared is thine eye."

\* \* \* \* \*

What will ye more?

The crow anon him told  
How that his wife was false to him,  
To his great shame and his great villainy;  
And told him oft he saw it with his eyen.  
This Phœbus gan awayward for to wrien;  
Him thought his woeful hearte burst in two,  
His bow he bent and set therein a flo,  
And in his ire he hath his wife slain;  
This is th' effect, there is no more to sayn.  
For sorrow of which he brake his minstrelsy,  
Both harp and lute, gitern and psaltery;  
And eke he brake his arrows and his bow;  
And after that thus spake he to the crow.  
"Traitor," quoth he, with tongue of scorpion,  
"Thou hast me brought to my confusion;  
Alas, that I was wrought! why n'ere I dead?  
O dearē wife that wert to me so sad,  
And eke so true, now liest thou dead  
With facē pale of hue,  
Full guiltless, that durst I swear y-wis!  
O, hasty hand, to do so foul amiss!  
O troubled wit, O irē reckēless,  
That unadvised smit'st the guiltless."

\* \* \* \* \*

And to the crow, "O falsē thief," said he,  
"I will thee quite anon thy falsē tale.  
Thou sung whilom like any nightingale,  
Now shalt thou, falsē thief, thy song foregon,  
And eke thy whitē feathers every one,  
Nor ever in all thy lifē shalt thou speak;  
Thus shall men on a traitor be awak;  
Thou and thine offspring ever shall be black.  
Nor ever sweetē noisē shall ye make,  
But ever cry against tempēst and rain,  
In token that through thee my wife is slain."  
And to the crow he start, and that anon,  
And pull'd his whitē feathers every one,  
And made him black, and reft him all his song,  
And eke his speech, and out at door him flung  
Unto the devil, which I him betake;  
And for this causē be all crowēs black.

A poet of our own times, John G. Saxe, has rendered the same story into verse in his own lively serio-comic fashion. We select from his works, however, the story of Phaëthon, son of Apollo.

PHAËTHON; OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

Dan Phaëthon—so the histories run—  
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun,—  
Or rather of Phœbus; but as to his mother,  
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,  
Some going for one, and some for another!  
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,  
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora.

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun  
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,

Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun,"  
 Running, they say,  
 Trips every day,

(On Sundays and all in a heathenish way,)  
 All lighted up with a famous array  
 Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,  
 And dashing along like a gentleman's 'shay,'  
 With never a fare, and nothing to pay!  
 Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,  
 To grant him a favor, and this the rather,  
 Since some one had hinted the youth to annoy,  
 That he wasn't by any means Phoebus's boy!  
 Intending, the rascally son of a gun,  
 To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!  
 "By the terrible Styx!" said the angry sire,  
 While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,  
 "To prove your reviler an infamous liar,  
 I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire."

"Then, by my head,"  
 The youngster said,  
 "I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—  
 For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,  
 Like a seat on the box and a dashing drive!"

"Nay, Phaëthon, don't,—

I beg you won't,—  
 Just stop a moment and think upon't!  
 You're quite too young," continued the sage,  
 "To tend a coach at your tender age!

Besides, you see,  
 'Twill really be  
 Your first appearance on any stage!

Desist, my child,  
 The cattle are wild,  
 And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'  
 Depend upon't, the coach'll be 'spiled,'—

They're not the fellows to draw it mild!

Desist, I say,  
 You'll rue the day,—

So mind and don't be foolish, Pha!"

But the youth was proud,  
 And swore aloud,

'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd,—  
 He'd have the horses and wouldn't be cowed!  
 In vain the boy was cautioned at large,  
 He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,  
 And vowed that any young fellow of force  
 Could manage a dozen coursers, of course!  
 Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry  
 He had given his word in such a hurry,  
 But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt  
 He was in for it now and couldn't back out.  
 So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,  
 He gave the youth a bit of advice;—  
 (A 'stage direction' of which the core is,  
 "Don't use the whip,—they're ticklish things,—  
 But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)  
 Mind your eye, and spare your goad,  
 Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!"

Now Phaëthon, perched in the coachman's place  
 Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,  
 Fast as coursers running a race,  
 Or bounding along in a steeple-chase.  
 Of whip and shout there was no lack,

Crack—whack—  
 Whack—crack—

Resounded along the horses' backs!—  
 Frightened beneath the stinging lash,  
 Cutting their flanks in many a gash,  
 On—on they sped as swift as a flash,



Through thick and thin away they dash,  
 (Such rapid driving is always rash !)  
 When all at once, with a dreadful crash,  
 The whole ' establishment ' went to smash !

And Phaëthon, he,  
 As all agree,  
 Off the coach was suddenly hurled  
 Into a puddle, and out of the world !

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,  
 Nor set it down in your table of forces,  
 That any one man equals any four horses.

Don't swear by the Styx !  
 It's one of Old Nick's  
 Diabolical tricks  
 To get people into a regular ' fix,'  
 And hold 'em there as fast as bricks !

In the first book of the "Iliad," Apollo is represented as the god of pestilence. He it is who brings unnumbered woes to Greece by means of a contagious disease which "heaped the camp with mountains of the dead."

The story of Phaëthon gives us Apollo as the sun-god. Among the Romans the seven days of the week were dedicated each to a god or goddess, and the first was sacred to Apollo, hence our name *Sunday*.

The greatest of Christian artists, Raphael, found in these myths subjects not unworthy of his genius, and among the famous paintings in the Vatican galleries are seven by this master, called "The Days of the Week," representing Apollo, Diana, Mars, Mercury, Jove, Venus, and Saturn.

DIANA, *Lat.*; SĒLĒ'NE, *Gr.*

SELENE, daughter of Hyperion and Thea, represented the moon. The name signifies wanderer among the stars. She was supposed to drive her chariot across the sky whilst her brother Apollo was reposing after the toils of the day.

When the shades of evening began to enfold the earth, the two milk-white steeds of Selene rose out of the mysterious depths of Oceanus. Seated in a silvery chariot appeared the mild and gentle queen of the night, with a crescent on her fair brow, a gauzy veil flowing behind, and a lighted torch in her hand.

It was said that Selene loved Endym'ion, on whom Jupiter had bestowed the gift of perpetual youth, but united with perpetual sleep, and that she descended to gaze on him every night on the summit of Mount Lāt'mos, the place of his repose.

The name *Endymion* denotes the sudden plunge of the sun into the sea.

Longfellow makes use of this myth in the following poem.

ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars ;  
 Her level rays, like golden bars,  
 Lie on the landscape green,  
 With shadows brown between.  
 And silver white the river gleams,  
 As if Diana, in her dreams,  
 Had dropt her silver bow  
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this  
 She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
 When, sleeping in the grove,  
 He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
 Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
 Nor voice nor sound betrays  
 Its deep impassioned gaze.

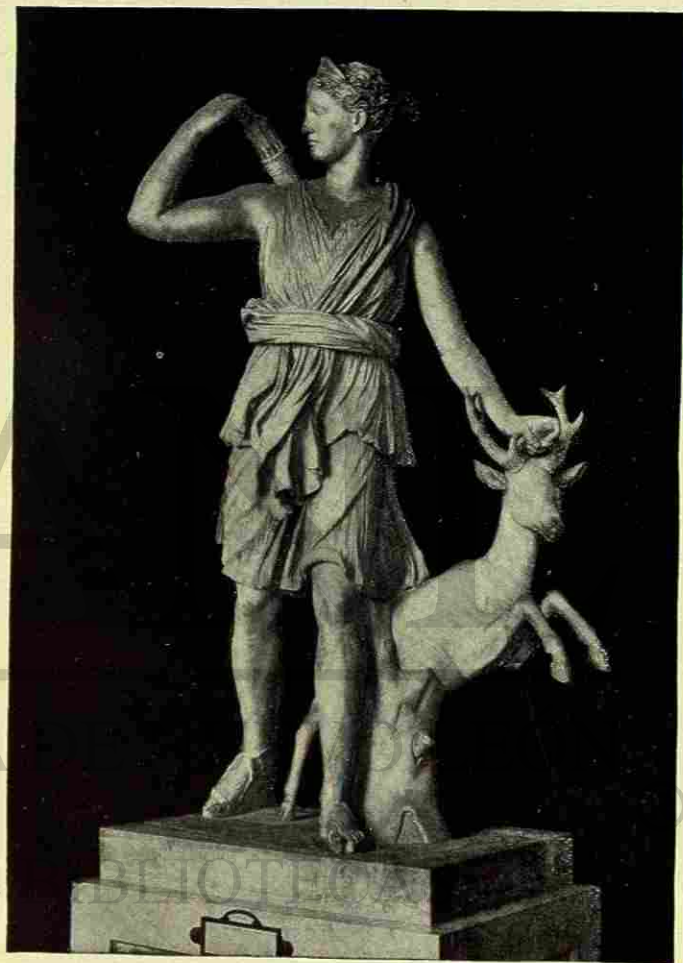
It comes, — the beautiful, the free,  
 The crown of all humanity, —  
 In silence and alone  
 To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
 Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
 And kisses the closed eyes  
 Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
 O drooping souls whose destinies  
 Are fraught with fear and pain,  
 Ye shall be loved again!

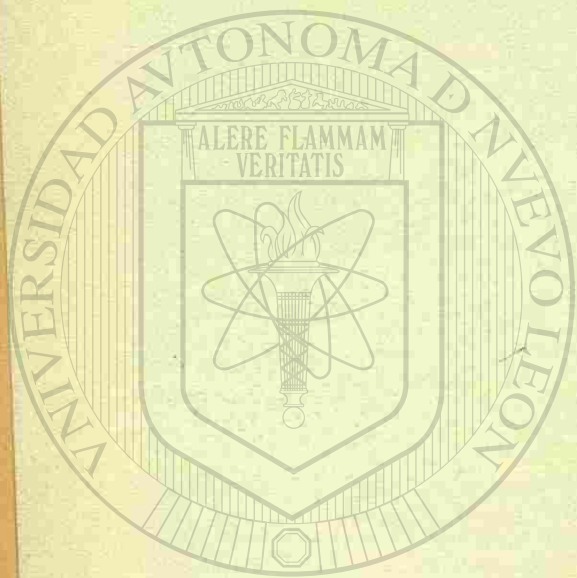
No one is so accursed by fate,  
 No one so utterly desolate,  
 But some heart, though unknown,  
 Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,  
 An angel touched its quivering strings;  
 And whispers, in its song,  
 "Where hast thou stayed so long?"



"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair!"





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Diana, the moon-goddess, was also the patroness of hunting. She is the feminine counterpart of her twin brother Apollo, and, like him, though she deals out destruction and sudden death to men and animals, she is also able to alleviate suffering and cure diseases. When the chase was ended, she and her maidens loved to assemble in a shady grove, or on the banks of a favorite stream, where they joined in song or the dance.

This is the same goddess to whom Agamemnon was about to offer his daughter Iphigeni'a, previous to the departure of the Greeks for Troy. The story arose that Diana rescued the maiden at the moment of sacrifice and substituted a hind in her place. She conveyed Iphigenia to Tauris, where she became a priestess in the temple of the goddess.

The most celebrated statue of this divinity is that known as Diana of Versailles, now in the Louvre.

In this statue she appears in the act of rescuing a hunted deer from its pursuers, on whom she is turning with an angry look. One hand is laid protectingly on the head of the stag, while with the other she draws an arrow from the quiver which hangs over her shoulder.

The following song is from a play by Ben Jonson, called "Cynthia's Revels," the name *Cynthia* also being given to Diana. (Hesperus sings to the accompaniment of music):—

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair  
State in wonted manner keep —

Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose.  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
Bless us then with wishéd sight,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal gleaming quiver :  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever,—  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

Then follows a conversation between Cynthia and  
Arete :—

*Cynthia.* When hath Diana like an envious wretch  
That glitters only to her soothéd self,  
Denying to the world the precious ore  
Of hoarded wealth, withheld her friendly aid?  
Yet, do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.

*Arete.* Most true, most sacred goddess ; for the heavens  
Receive no good, of all the good they do :  
Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heavenly powers,  
Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,  
Or sacrifices, reeking in their gore ;  
Yet, for the care which you of mortals have,  
(Whose proper good it is that they be so)  
You well are pleased with odours redolent ;  
But ignorant is all the race of men,  
Which still complains, not knowing why or when.

*Cynthia.* Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,  
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud  
Thy Cynthia in the things which are indeed  
The greater glories in our starry crown.

*Arete.* How Cynthianly that is ; how worthily  
And like herself the matchless Cynthia speaks !  
Thy presence broad, seals our delights for pure ;  
What's done in Cynthia's sight is done secure.

*Cynthia.* That, then, so answered, dearest Arete,  
What th' argument, or what sort our sports  
Are like to be this night, I do not demand.  
Nothing, which duty and desire to please  
Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.

*Arete.* Excellent goddess, to a man whose worth,  
Without hyperbole, I this may praise  
One at least studious of deserving well,  
And, to speak truth, indeed deserving well.

*Cynthia.* We have already judged.

*Arete.* Nor are we ignorant how noble minds  
Suffer too much, through those indignities  
Which cruel, vicious persons cast on them.

*Cynthia.* Ourselves have ever vowed to esteem,  
As virtue for itself, so fortune base ;  
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place,  
Nor farther notice, Arete, we crave  
Than their approval's sovereign warranty ;  
Let be thy care to make us known to him.  
Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim.

\* \* \* \* \*

This play was first presented in 1600. It appears to have been very favorably received, since we are told that it was frequently acted at Black Friars by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel.



It was also among the earliest plays revived after the Restoration, and was often performed at the New Theatre, Drury Lane.

The foregoing extract is taken from Scene III. In the following poem Diana tells her own story:—

ON LATMOS: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MISS L. W. BACKUS.

(*Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1879.)

With hunting nymphs, a starry train,  
I lead the chase o'er heaven's plain;  
Through many a lair of fog and rain,  
Through clear-washed azure space again,  
With beamy darts, each night's surprise,  
Flung down in lakelets' fringed eyes,—  
Earth's Argus watch, that see the hours  
Whose dark we streak with silver showers.

Now on we chase through clear, cold heights,  
Far, far above earth's twinkling lights,  
Dissolving fast in midnight darks.

Out, out! ye puny, smoke-hued sparks!  
Our laughter of immortal glee  
Rewards your pigmy mockery.  
Through cloud, through snow-drift, and white fire,  
We hunt through heaven, nor pause, nor tire.

Hark! from below a flute's sweet strain  
Sets tiptoe all my huntress train;  
My silver-sandalled feet move slow.  
A magic flute! now loud, now low,  
Now piercing sweet, now cadenced clear,  
Now fine as fay-voice to the ear,

Till my divining goddess-eyes  
The stirred air's wake trace down the skies,

To see on Latmos' barren peak  
The music's soul! What, shepherd, speak!  
For thy flute's sake, and for a face  
Lit pale with strange appealing grace,  
I'll hear,—though scarce such open look  
This haughty virgin heart can brook.  
Thy name seems known to me; 'tis one  
A flute might breathe,—Endymion.

The music mute? Nay, forward, chase!  
This mood's not mine! A shepherd's face  
With mortal sorrow written there,  
In mortal guise however fair,  
Can ne'er have held me. 'Twas the tune  
Drew back my silver-tripping shoon,  
Accordant, spell-bound! In this hush  
Is space for breath,—then on we rush.

What binds my feet and chains my eyes,  
Unwilling thus? Whose daring tries  
A strength immortal born above?  
Shall Dian stoop to human love?  
Can this cold breast, Caucasus snow,  
With aught of mortal melting glow?  
On,—on! What holds me? Like a wind  
Sweep, sweep me hence, my virgins kind!

'Tis vain! Those eyes so pleading bright  
Compel my own, as light the light;  
One name storms fast my soul upon,—  
Endymion, Endymion!

A snow-bright statue, bow half drawn  
To slay, I stand wrapt i' the dawn  
Of some new sun, whose sweet fire thaws  
My heart and purpose in their pause.

Is love, of human suffering born, —  
That love, my haughty spirit's scorn, —  
So all-victorious that it tries  
To scare me through a shepherd's eyes?  
What! is't so mighty? Does it gain  
Its potency through human pain?  
Hence, hindering fancies! Feet, begone!  
Pursue me not, Endymion!

My strength dissolves like morning dew;  
His eyes' magnetic lightnings through  
The night draw swift. From rift to rift  
Of clouds, a shining shape, I drift,  
And touch bald Latmos' peak upon,  
Beside thee, O Endymion!  
I yield me to thy grief's demand,  
I feel the clasp of mortal hand.

I know the thrill of heart to heart, —  
No more as world and world apart  
In orbits separate to move;  
For heaven and earth are fused by love.  
Has Dian stooped, by this one kiss,  
To forfeit all her goddess-bliss?  
O Wind, that sighs this hill upon, —  
Endymion, Endymion, —  
Make answer: "Never so before,  
Immortal now forevermore!"

Shelley's poem on "The Cloud" gives a very pretty fancy concerning this myth.

"That orbèd maiden with white fire laden  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And, whenever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer,  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of sky fallen through me on high  
Are each paved with the moon and these.  
I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl."

Not only have these myths of the sun, moon, and stars furnished inspiration and matter to poets of every age and country, but artists have painted them on canvas and sculptors have carved them in stone. Every museum in Europe counts among its choicest treasures of painting and sculpture, the various reproductions of these classic mythological stories treated according to the genius of its own artists, or rescued from the past by archæologists, who find in these old statues the means of completing many pages of history that would otherwise never be written.

One of the most famous pictures in Rome is Guido Réni's "Aurora." By means of prints and photographs



it has been copied so often, and circulated so widely, that it is familiar to thousands who would never be likely to see the original. The artistic perfection of this picture, seen even in a photograph, makes it a valuable study to students of literature. A description of a picture can give but a faint idea of its merit, but I will venture a few words about this one.

The artist represents the sun-god seated in his golden chariot drawn by four magnificent horses. He holds the reins lightly in one hand like a practised driver, though the horses are going at full speed over the roadway of cloud. The chariot is surrounded by seven noble female figures called *Horæ*, the hours, who seem to be dancing around it. Lucifer (the light-bringer, or the morning star) flies before the chariot holding his torch high above his head. Aurora, the dawn-goddess, in lovely floating garments, precedes her brother and son. She looks back as if to assure them that they have nothing to fear as long as she is there to strew their pathway with the garlands of flowers that she holds in her hands.

Just below the clouds on which she floats, we catch a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean with two or three white-winged sail-boats that have just left its shores. But no words can convey an idea of the beauty of color with which the artist has glorified the whole picture. Neither is a print or a photograph, lacking color, more than a shadow of the original; but it gives the thought that was in the mind of the artist, and the source whence it sprung.

CERES, *Lat.*; DEMETER, *Gr.*

DEMETER was a daughter of Chronos and Rhea. She was the goddess of agriculture, and represented that portion of the earth which produces all vegetation. She was regarded as the patroness of all those arts which are connected with agriculture.

The favor of Demeter was believed to bring mankind rich harvests and fruitful crops, whereas her displeasure caused blight, drought, and famine. The island of Sicily was supposed to be under her special protection, and there she was regarded with particular veneration, the Sicilians naturally attributing the wonderful fertility of their country to the partiality of the goddess.

The most celebrated legend told about Demeter is the story of the loss of her daughter, Persephone (*Prös'er'pina* or *Prös'erpine*). The latter was once playing with the daughters of Oceanus in a meadow, where they were picking flowers and making garlands. Persephone happened to leave her companions for a moment to pluck a narcissus (daffodil), when suddenly the ground opened at her feet, and Pluto appeared in a chariot. He seized and carried off the maiden. All this occurred with the knowledge of her father, Zeus, who had, unknown to Demeter, promised Persephone to Pluto.

When Demeter missed her darling child, and none could tell her where she had gone, she lighted torches, and during many days and nights wandered over all the earth, not even resting for food or sleep.

At length Apollo told Demeter what had happened,



and that it was with the consent of Zeus. Full of wrath and grief, the goddess withdrew from the society of the other deities. All the fruits of the earth ceased, and a general famine threatened to destroy the human race. In vain Zeus sent one messenger after another, beseeching the angry goddess to return to Olympus. Demeter vowed that she would neither return nor allow the fruits of the earth to grow until her daughter was restored to her. At length Zeus sent Hermes with a petition to Pluto to restore Persephone to her mother. He consented, and she joyfully prepared to follow the messenger of the gods to light and life. Before taking leave of her husband, he presented to her a few seeds of a pomegranate, which in her excitement she thoughtlessly swallowed. As it was a rule that if any immortal had tasted food in the realms of Pluto, he must remain there forever, the hopes of the goddesses were disappointed, but Zeus finally induced Pluto to allow Persephone to spend six months of the year with her mother, while during the other six months she was to be the companion of her grim lord. Every year at springtide she ascends from her underground kingdom to enjoy herself in her mother's company, but returns again in autumn to the regions of darkness and death. Many other stories are told of Demeter; of the temples that were built in her honor; of the worship paid to her; and of the punishment she inflicted on those who displeased her. These stories are older than the time of Homer; for one of the short poems, said to have been written by him, is called a hymn to Ceres

(Demeter). Modern poets have told this old story beautifully, as we shall see in Jean Ingelow's "Persephone;" but our own Hawthorne's prose story, called "The Pomegranate Seeds," is perhaps the most pleasing version of it to be found in English literature.

## A HYMN TO CERES.

HOMER.

In Nysia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train  
 Sprung from the hoary father of the main,  
 Fair Proserpine consumed the fleeting hours  
 In pleasing sports and plucking gaudy flowers.  
 Around them wide and flaming crocus glows,  
 Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening rose;  
 The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,  
 And purple violets deck the enamell'd mead;  
 The fair Narcissus, far above the rest,  
 By magic formed, in beauty rose confest,  
 So Jove to insure the virgin's thoughtless mind,  
 And please the Ruler of the Shades designed.  
 He caus'd it from the opening earth to rise,  
 Sweet to the scent, alluring to the eyes.  
 Never did mortal or celestial power  
 Behold such vivid tints adorn a flower;  
 From the deep root a hundred branches sprung,  
 And to the winds ambrosial odours flung,  
 Which lightly wafted on the wings of air  
 The gladden'd earth and heaven's wide circuit share:  
 The joy-dispensing fragrance spreads around,  
 And Ocean's briny swell with smiles is crowned.

Pleased with the sight, nor deeming danger nigh,  
 The fair beheld it with desiring eye;



Her eager hand she stretched to seize the flower,  
 (Beauteous illusion of the ethereal power)  
 When, dreadful to behold! the rocking ground  
 Disparted — widely yawned a gulf profound!  
 Forth rushing from the black abyss arose  
 The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes,  
 Pluto, from Saturn sprung; — the trembling maid  
 He seized, and to his golden car conveyed;  
 Borne by immortal steeds the chariot flies.



PROSERPINE, *Lat.*; PERSEPHONE, *Gr.*

JEAN INGELOW.

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,  
 Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,  
 A child of light, a radiant lass,  
 And gamesome as the morning air.  
 The daffodils were fair to see,  
 They nodded lightly on the lea,  
 Persephone — Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth  
 Than orchis or anemone;  
 For it the maiden left them both  
 And parted from her company.  
 Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,  
 And stooped to gather by the rill  
 The daffodil, the daffodil.  
 What ailed the meadow that it shook?  
 What ailed the air of Sicily?  
 She wondered by the brattling brook,  
 And trembled with the trembling lea.

"The coal-black horses rise — they rise;  
 O mother, mother!" low she cries —  
 Persephone — Persephone!

"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;  
 The coal-black horses wait for me.  
 O shade of shades, where I must dwell,  
 Demeter, mother, far from thee!  
 Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!  
 Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!  
 The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?

Demeter seeks her far and wide,  
 And gloomy-browed doth ceaseless roam  
 From many a morn till eventide.  
 "My life, immortal though it be,  
 Is nought," she cries, "for want of thee,  
 Persephone — Persephone!

"Meadows of Enna, let the rain  
 No longer drop to feed your rills,  
 Nor dew refresh the fields again,  
 With all their nodding daffodils!  
 Fade, fade, and droop, O lilled lea,  
 Where thou, dear heart, were reft from me —  
 Persephone — Persephone!"

She reigns upon her dusky throne,  
 Mid shades of heroes dread to see;  
 Among the dead she breathes alone,  
 Persephone — Persephone!  
 Or, seated on the Elysian hill,  
 She dreams of earthly daylight still,  
 And murmurs of the daffodil.

A voice in Hades soundeth clear,  
 The shadows mourn and flit below ;  
 It cries — "Thou Lord of Hades, hear,  
 And let Demeter's daughter go.  
 The tender corn upon the lea  
 Droops in her goddess gloom when she  
 Cries for her lost Persephone.

"From land to land she raging flies.  
 The green fruit falleth in her wake,  
 And harvest fields beneath her eyes  
 To earth the grain unripened shake.  
 Arise and set the maiden free ;  
 Why should the world such sorrow dree  
 By reason of Persephone?"

He takes the cleft pomegranate seeds :  
 "Love, eat with me this parting day" ;  
 Then bids them fetch the coal-black steeds —  
 "Demeter's daughter, wouldst away?"  
 The gates of Hades set her free ;  
 "She will return full soon," saith he —  
 "My wife, my wife Persephone."

Low laughs the dark king on his throne —

"I gave her of pomegranate seeds."  
 Demeter's daughter stands alone  
 Upon the fair Eleusian meads.  
 Her mother meets her. "Hail!" saith she ;  
 And doth our daylight dazzle thee,  
 My love, my child Persephone?  
 "What moved thee, daughter, to forsake  
 Thy fellow-maids that fatal morn,  
 And give thy dark lord power to take  
 Thee living to his realm forlorn?"

Her lips reply without her will,  
 As one addressed who slumbereth still —  
 "The daffodil, the daffodil!"

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,  
 And sunny wafts that round her stir,  
 Her cheek upon her mother's breast —  
 Demeter's kisses comfort her.  
 Calm Queen of Hades, art thou she  
 Who stepped so lightly on the lea —  
 Persephone, Persephone?

When in her destined course, the moon  
 Meets the deep shadow of this world,  
 And laboring on doth seem to swoon  
 Through awful wastes of dimness whirled —  
 Emerged at length, no trace hath she  
 Of that dark hour of destiny,  
 Still silvery sweet — Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,  
 And draw it through her weltering shade,  
 But not one bidding trace impress  
 Of all the darkness that she made ;  
 The greater soul that draweth thee  
 Hath left his shadow plain to see  
 On thy fair face, Persephone!

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well  
 The wife should love her destiny :  
 They part, and yet, as legends tell,  
 She mourns her lost Persephone ;  
 While chant the maids of Enna still —  
 "O fateful flower beside the rill —  
 The daffodil, the daffodil!"

\* \* \* \* \*



Among the later poems of Tennyson we find this story, told by Demeter herself.

Compare the preceding narrative form with the monologue.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

(IN ENNA.)

ALERE FLAMMAM  
VERITATIS  
TENNYSON.

Faint as a climate-changing bird that flies  
All night across the darkness and at dawn  
Falls on the threshold of her native land,  
And can no more, thou camest, O my child,  
Led upward by the god of ghosts and dreams,  
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb  
With passing through at once from state to state,  
Until I brought thee hither, that the day,  
When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,  
Might break thro' clouded memories once again  
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale  
Saw thee and flash'd into a frolic of song  
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,  
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,  
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away  
That shadow of a likeness to the king  
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone!  
Queen of the dead no more — my child! Thine eyes  
Again were human-godlike, and the Sun  
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray  
And robed thee in his day from head to feet —  
"Mother!" and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd eyes  
Awed even me at first, thy mother — eyes

That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power  
Draw downward into Hades with his drift  
Of flickering spectres, lighted from below  
By the red race of fiery Phleg'ethon;  
But when before have gods or men beheld  
The life that had descended re-arise,  
And lighted from above him by the Sun?  
So mighty was the mother's childless cry,  
A cry that rang through Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,  
The field of Enna, now once more ablaze  
With flowers that brighten as thy footstep falls,  
All flowers — but for one black blur of earth  
Left by that closing chasm thro' which the car  
Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence.  
And here, my child, though folded in thine arms,  
I feel the deathless heart of motherhood  
Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe  
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence  
The shrilly whinneys of the team of Hell  
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,  
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,  
Jet upward thro' the midday blossom. No!  
For, see, thy foot hath touch'd it; all the space  
Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh,  
And breaks into the crocus-purple hour  
That saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone, ®  
I envied human wives, and nested birds,  
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee  
Thro' many a palace, many a cot; and forth again  
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,  
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"

And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,  
 "We know not, and we know not why we wail."  
 I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas,  
 And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,  
 "Where? do ye make your moanings for my child?"  
 And round from all the world the answer came,  
 "We know not, and we know not why we moan."  
 "Where?" and I stared from every eagle-peak,  
 I thridded the black heart of all the woods,  
 I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms  
 Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard  
 The murmur of their temples chanting me,  
 Me, me, the desolate Mother! "Where?" — and turn'd,  
 And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,  
 And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee, —  
 The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,  
 The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,  
 The scorpion crawling over naked skulls; —  
 I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane  
 Spring from his fallen god, but trace of thee  
 I saw not; and far on, and following out  
 A league of labyrinthine darkness, came  
 On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.  
 "Where?" and I heard one voice from all the three,  
 "We know not, for we spin the lives of men,  
 And not of gods, and know not why we spin!  
 There is a Fate beyond us." Nothing knew.

Last, as the likeness of a dying man,  
 Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn  
 A far-off friendship that he comes no more,  
 So he, the god of dreams, who heard my cry,  
 Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself  
 Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past

Before me, crying, "The Bright one in the highest  
 Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,  
 And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child  
 Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power  
 That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,  
 Should be forever and forevermore  
 The Bride of Darkness."

So the Shadow wailed.

Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the gods of Heaven.  
 I would not mingle with their feasts; to me  
 Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,  
 Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.  
 The man that only lives and loves an hour,  
 Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.  
 My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd  
 The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd  
 To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine  
 And golden grain, my gift to helpless man.  
 Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-spears  
 Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,  
 Pale at my grief, drew down before his time  
 Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter snow.

Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He  
 Who still is highest, glancing from his height  
 On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd  
 The wonted stream of sacrifice, the praise  
 And prayer of men, decreed that thou shouldst dwell  
 For nine white moons of each whole year with me,  
 The dark ones in the shadow with thy King.  
 Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn  
 Will see me by the landmark far away,  
 Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk  
 Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,



Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.  
 Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content  
 With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,  
 What meant they by their "Fate beyond the Fates,"  
 But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,  
 As we bore down the gods before us? Gods  
 To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,  
 Not spread the plague, the famine; gods indeed,  
 To send the noon into the night and break  
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?  
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun  
 And all the Shadow die into the Light,  
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me  
 And souls of men who grew beyond their race,  
 And made themselves as gods against the fear  
 Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,  
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,  
 Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,  
 Shalt ever send thy life along with mine  
 From buried grain thro' springing blade and bless  
 Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,  
 Earth-Mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth  
 The worship which is Love, and see no more  
 The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns  
 Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires  
 Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide  
 Along the silent field of Asphodel.

We find, in the five subjects forming this group of studies, some of the self-evident nature myths.

Compare our scientific way of speaking about the night, the morning, the sun, the moon, the change of seasons, with the treatment these subjects have received from poets and artists

## GROUP II.

### SOME OF THE GIANT FORCES OF NATURE.

SATURN, *Lat.*; CHRONOS, *Gr.*

HYPERĪ'ON and Thea were two of the twelve Titans, and they were the parents of the Sun, the Moon, and the Dawn. But the most important of all the Titans were Saturn and Rhea. Their children were three sons, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune; three daughters, Juno, Ceres, and Vesta.

When Jupiter grew up he made war upon his father, in fulfilment of an old prophecy. The war lasted ten years, resulting in victory for Jupiter. Saturn and his army were completely overthrown, his brothers despatched to the gloomy depths of the lower world, and Saturn himself was deprived of the supreme power which was now vested in his son Jupiter, and he was banished from his kingdom.

The Romans believed that, after his defeat and banishment, Saturn took refuge with Jā'nus, king of Italy, who received the exiled deity with great kindness, and even shared his throne with him. Their united reign became so thoroughly peaceful and happy, and was distinguished by such uninterrupted prosperity that it

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was called the "Golden Age," which is so frequently referred to by the poets. The Roman festival in his honor was called Saturnalia, and was devoted to freedom, mirth, and hospitality.

In the following poem Keats represents Saturn (Chronos), just after his defeat:—

SATURN AND THEA.

From "Hyperion."—KEATS.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,  
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his lair;  
Forest on forest hung about his head  
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,  
Not so much life as on a summer's day  
Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,  
But where the leaf fell, there did it rest.  
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more  
By reason of his fallen divinity,

Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds  
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went  
No further than to where his feet had strayed,  
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground  
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,  
Unscattered, and his realmless eyes were closed;  
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,  
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;  
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,  
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low

With reverence, though to one who knew it not.  
She was a goddess of the infant world;  
By her in stature the tall Amazon  
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en  
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,  
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.  
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,  
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,  
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.  
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!  
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!  
There was a listening fear in her regard,  
As if calamity had but begun;  
As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice, and the sullen roar  
Was, with its stored thunder, laboring up.  
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot  
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,  
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;  
The other upon Saturn's bended neck  
She laid, and to the level of his ear  
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake  
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;  
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue  
Would come in these like accents—O, how frail,  
To that large utterance of the early gods!—  
"Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?  
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'  
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth  
Knows thee not thus afflicted for a god;  
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,  
Has from thy scepter passed, and all the air  
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.  
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,



Rumbles reluctant o'er the fallen house ;  
 And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands  
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.  
 O, aching time ! O, moments big as years !  
 All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,  
 And press it so upon our weary griefs  
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.  
 Saturn, sleep on ! O, thoughtless why did I  
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?  
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?  
 Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night,  
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,  
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,  
 Save from one gradual solitary gust  
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,  
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;  
 So came these words and went.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the Romans the seventh day of the week was sacred to Saturn, hence our name for that day, *Saturday*. Raphael's picture represents him with a scythe in his hand, seated in a chariot drawn by winged dragons, personifying the flight of *Time*.

#### THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GODS AND THE GIANTS.

THE battle-field of this contest was in Phleg'ra in Macedonia.

The fight lasted for a whole day, for the giants were very strong ; but at last the gods gained the victory, and they crushed each of the giants beneath a huge moun-

tain, which did not kill him but prevented his ever getting up again.

The most powerful of the giants that conspired against Jupiter was Enceladus. He tried to escape over the Mediterranean Sea, but the goddess Athené (Minerva), who was the daughter of Jupiter, tore off a great three-cornered piece of land and threw it after him. It hit him just as he was in the middle of the sea, and he fell down and was buried beneath it. After some time the land became covered with forests and cities, and it is now called the island of Sicily. Mount Etna marks the spot where the giant has lain ever since.

The poets say that the flames of this volcano arise from the breath of the giant, and whenever he turns on one side beneath the mountain, the people say, "It is an earthquake."

Longfellow, in his poem, "King Robert of Sicily," says :—

"Under the angel's government benign  
 The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
 And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
 Enceladus, the giant, was at rest."

In the following poem he gives the popular legend :—

#### ENCELADUS.

LONGFELLOW.

Under Mount Etna he lies,  
 It is slumber, it is not death ;  
 For he struggles at times to arise,  
 And above him the lurid skies  
 Are hot with his fiery breath.



The crags are piled on his breast,  
 The earth is heaped on his head,  
 But the groans of his wild unrest,  
 Though smothered and half-suppressed,  
 Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
 Are watching with eager eyes;  
 They talk together and say,  
 "To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
 Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere  
 Oppressors in their strength,  
 Stand aghast and white with fear  
 At the ominous sounds they hear,  
 And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown  
 With the harvest of despair!  
 Where the burning cinders, blown  
 From the lips of the overthrown  
 Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
 Over vineyard and field and town,  
 Whenever he starts and lifts  
 His head through the blackened rifts  
 Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!  
 'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!  
 And the storm-winds shout through the pines  
 Of Alps and Apennines,  
 "Enceladus, arise!"

## THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS, son of the Titan, Japetus, was said to have made men of clay and water, after which Athené breathed a soul into them. The gods then held a meeting in order to adjust the duties and privileges of men. It was decided that Prometheus, as the advocate of man, should slay an ox and divide it into two parts, and that the gods should select one portion which in all future sacrifices should be set apart for them. In order to secure for man the portion suitable to be eaten, Prometheus wrapped the flesh in the skin, and the bones in the white fat. The animal thus divided was placed before Zeus that he might choose on the part of the gods. He pretended to be deceived, and chose the heap of bones, but he was so angry at the attempted deception that he avenged himself by refusing to mortals the gift of fire.

Prometheus, however, resolved to brave the anger of the ruler of Olympus. He stole some sparks from the chariot of the Sun, and conveyed them to the earth hidden in a hollow tube. Furious at having been outwitted, Zeus determined to be revenged, first on mankind, and then on Prometheus.

He had Prometheus chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where during the daytime a vulture devoured his liver, which grew again during the night.

After thirteen generations had passed away, Heracles (Hercules) was permitted to kill the eagle, and Prometheus was released.

Æschylus (480 B.C.) was the first poet who gave this story literary form. The subject must have been a fascinating one to him, and popular with the theatre-goers of his time in Athens, for he wrote three dramas, describing the worship, the punishment, and the release of Prometheus:—"Prometheus, the Fire-giver," "Prometheus Bound," and "Prometheus Unbound."

## PROMETHEUS BOUND.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Prometheus explains the causes that led to his punishment by Zeus.

The Chorus ask him to tell them all the tale,

"For what offence Zeus, having seized thee thus,  
So wantonly and bitterly insults thee?"

Prometheus replies:—

Painful are these things to me e'en to speak:  
Painful is silence; everywhere is woe.

For when the high gods fell on mood of wrath,  
And hot debate of mutual strife was stirred,  
Some wishing to hurl Chronos from his throne,  
That Zeus forsooth might reign; while others strove,  
Eager that Zeus might never rule the gods:

Then I, full strongly seeking to persuade  
The Titans, yea, the sons of Heaven and Earth,  
Failed of my purpose. Scorning subtle arts,  
With counsels violent, they thought that they  
By force would gain full easy mastery.

But then not once or twice my mother Themis

And Earth, one form though bearing many names,  
Had prophesied the future, how 'twould run,  
That not by strength nor yet by violence,  
But guile, should those who prospered gain the day.  
And when in my words I this counsel gave,  
They deigned not e'en to glance at it at all.  
And then of all that offered, it seemed best  
To join my mother, and of mine own will,  
Not against his will, take my side with Zeus,  
And by my counsels, mine, the deep dark pit  
Of Tartarus the ancient Chronos holds,  
Himself and his allies. Thus profiting  
By me, the mighty ruler of the gods  
Repays me with these evil penalties:  
For somehow this disease in sovereignty  
Inheres, of never trusting to one's friends,  
And since ye ask me under what pretence  
He thus maltreats me, I will show it you:  
For soon as he upon his father's throne  
Had sat secure, forthwith to divers gods  
He divers gifts distributed, and his realm  
Began to order. But of mortal men  
He took no heed, but purposed utterly  
To crush their race and plant another new;  
And, I excepted, none dared cross his will;  
But I did dare, and mortal men I freed  
From passing on to Hades thunder-stricken;  
And therefore am I bound beneath these woes,  
Dreadful to suffer, pitiable to see:  
And I, who in my pity thought of men  
More than myself, have not been worthy deemed  
To gain like favor, but all ruthlessly  
I thus am chained, foul shame this sight to Zeus.



The Chorus sympathize with Prometheus, and then Okeanos enters and declares that none more friendly than he can be found. He wishes to help Prometheus, and thinks that Zeus will grant him the boon that he intends to ask, the freedom of Prometheus. The latter assures him that his efforts will be useless. (The Chorus again sing, both strophe and antistrophe, expressing grief for his suffering.) Prometheus again speaks:—

Think not it is through pride or stiff self-will  
That I am silent. But my heart is worn,  
Self-contemplating as I see myself  
Thus outraged. Yet what other hand than mine  
Gave these young gods in fulness all their gifts?  
But these I speak not of; for I should tell  
To you that know them. But those woes of men,  
List ye to them,—how they, before as babes,  
By me were roused to reason, taught to think;  
And this I say not finding fault with men,  
But showing my good will in all I gave.  
For first, though seeing, all in vain they saw,  
And hearing, heard not rightly. But, like forms  
Of phantom-dreams, throughout their life's whole length,  
They muddled all at random; did not know  
Houses of brick that catch the sunlight's warmth,  
Nor yet the work of carpentry. They dwelt  
In hollowed holes, like swarms of tiny ants,  
In sunless depths of caverns; and they had  
No certain signs of winter, nor of spring  
Flower-laden, nor of summer with her fruits;  
But without counsel fared their whole life through  
Until I showed the risings of the stars,  
And settings hard to recognize. And I

Found Number for them, chief device of all,  
Groupings of letters, Memory, handmaid true  
And mother of the Muses. And I first  
Bound in the yoke wild steeds, submissive made  
Or to the collar or men's limbs, that so  
They might in man's place bear his greatest toils;  
And horses trained to love the rein I yoked  
To chariots, glory of wealth's pride of state;  
Nor was it any one but I that found  
Sea-crossing, canvas-winged cars of ships.  
Such rare designs inventing (wretched me!)  
For mortal men, I yet have no device  
By which to free myself from this my woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hearing what yet remains thou'lt wonder more  
What arts and what resources I devised:  
And this the chief: if any one fell ill,  
There was no help for him, nor healing food,  
Nor unguent, nor yet potion; but for want  
Of drugs they wasted, till I showed to them  
The blendings of mild medicaments,  
Wherewith they ward the attacks of sickness sore.  
I gave them many modes of prophecy;  
And I first taught them what dreams needs must prove  
True visions, and made known the ominous sounds  
Full hard to know; and tokens by the way,  
And flights of taloned birds I clearly marked,—  
Those on the right propitious to mankind,  
And those sinister,—and what forms of life  
They each maintain, and what their enmities  
Each with the other, and their loves and friendships;  
And with burnt limbs enwrapt in fat, and chine,  
I led men on to art full difficult:



And I gave eyes to omens drawn from fire,  
 Till then dim-visioned. So far then for this.  
 And 'neath the earth the hidden boons for men,  
 Bronze, iron, silver, gold, who else could say  
 That he, ere I did, found them? None, I know,  
 Unless he fain would babble idle words.  
 In one short word, then, learn the truth condensed, —  
 All arts of mortals from Prometheus spring.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Compare this drama with that on the same subject by Mrs. Browning,  
 written more than two thousand years later.

The following selection describes the same scene.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

Mrs. Browning.

*Chorus.* Remove the veil from all things and relate  
 The story to us! — of what crime accused  
 Zeus smites thee with dishonorable pangs.  
 Speak! if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

*Prometheus.* The utterance of these things is torture to me,  
 But so, too, is their silence! each way lies  
 Woe strong as fate! When gods began with wrath,  
 And war rose up between their starry brows,  
 Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne  
 That Zeus might king it there; and some in haste  
 With opposite oaths that they would have no Zeus  
 To rule the gods forever, — I who brought  
 The counsel I thought meetest, could not move  
 The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,  
 What time disdain in their rugged souls  
 My subtle machinations, they assumed  
 It was an easy thing for force to take  
 The mastery of fate. My mother, then,

Who is called not only Themis but Earth, too,  
 (Her single beauty joys in many names)  
 Did teach me with reiterant prophecy  
 What future should be, — and how conquering gods  
 Should not prevail by strength and violence,  
 But by guile only. When I told them so  
 They would not deign to contemplate the truth  
 On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best  
 To lead my willing mother upwardly,  
 And set my Themis face to face with Zeus  
 As willing to receive her! Tartarus  
 With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,  
 Because I gave that counsel, covers up  
 The antique Chronos and his siding hosts;  
 And by that counsel helped, the king of gods  
 Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs!  
 For kingship wears a cancer at the heart, —  
 Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask,  
 What crime it is for which he tortures me?  
 That shall be clear before you. When at first  
 He filled his father's throne, he instantly  
 Made various gifts of glory to the gods,  
 And dealt the Empire out. Alone of men,  
 Of miserable men he took no count.  
 But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,  
 And plant a newer race there. — Not a god  
 Resisted such desire except myself!  
 I dared it! I drew mortals back to light,  
 From meditated ruin deep as hell,  
 For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs  
 Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold, —  
 And I, who pitied man, am thought myself  
 Unworthy of pity, — while I render out  
 Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand  
 That strikes me thus! — a sight to shame your Zeus.



After the visit of Okeanos and the song of the Chorus, Prometheus continues the story of his efforts to benefit mankind, and his consequent sufferings: —

*Prometheus.* Beseech you, think not I am silent thus  
Through pride or scorn! I only gnaw my heart  
With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.  
For so — their honors to these new-made gods,  
What other gave but I, and dealt them out  
With distribution? Ay — but here I am dumb;  
For here, I should repeat your knowledge to you,  
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds  
I did for mortals — how, being fools before,  
I made them wise and true in aim of soul.  
And let me tell you — not as taunting men,  
But teaching you the intention of my gifts;  
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,  
And hearing, heard not, but like shapes in dreams,  
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,  
Nor knew to build a house against the sun  
With wicketed sides, nor any wood-craft knew,  
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground  
In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them  
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring  
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,  
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,  
Until I taught them how the stars do rise  
And set in mystery; and devised for them  
Number, the inducer of philosophies,  
The synthesis of Letters, and, beside,  
The artificer of all things, Memory,  
That sweet Muse-mother. I was first to yoke  
The servile beasts in couples, carrying  
An heirloom of man's burdens on their backs!

I joined to chariots, steeds that love the bit  
They champ at — the chief pomp of golden ease,  
And none but I originated ships,  
The seaman's chariots, wandering on the brine  
With linen wings! And I — oh, miserable! —  
Who did desire for mortals all these arts,  
Have no device left now to save myself  
From the woe I suffer.

*Chorus.* Most unseemly woe  
Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense  
Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick  
Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs  
Required to save thyself.

*Prometheus.* Harken the rest,  
And marvel further — what more arts and means  
I did invent — this greatest! if a man  
Fell sick there was no cure, nor esculent,  
Nor chrym, nor liquid, but for lack of drugs  
Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all  
Those mixtures of emollient remedies  
Whereby they might be rescued from disease.  
I fixed the various rules of mantic<sup>1</sup> art,  
Discerned the vision from the common dream,  
Instructed them in vocal auguries  
Hard to interpret, and defined as plain  
The wayside omens — flights of crook-clawed birds, —  
Showed which are, by their nature, fortunate,  
And which not so, and what the food of each,  
And what the hates, affections, social needs,  
Of all to one another, — taught what sign  
Of visceral lightness, colored to a shade,  
May charm the genial gods, and what fair spots  
Commend the lung and liver. Burning so

<sup>1</sup> *Mantic*, used by poetic license, means the necromancer's art, or divination.



The limbs encased in fat, and the long chine,  
 I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,  
 And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,  
 Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.  
 For the other helps of man hid underground —  
 The iron and the brass, silver and gold,  
 Can any dare affirm he found them out  
 Before me? None, I know! unless he choose  
 To lie in his vault. In one word learn the whole, —  
 That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

Compare the two following monologues and their authors.

PROMETHEUS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

One after one the stars have risen and set,  
 Sparkling upon the hoar-frost on my chain:  
 The Bear that prowled all night about the fold  
 Of the North-star hath shrunk into his den,  
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn,  
 Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient;  
 And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,  
 Into the heaven's blue quiet deep withdrawn,  
 Sunless and starless all, the desert sky  
 Arches above me, empty as this heart  
 For ages hath been empty of all joy,  
 Except to brood upon its silent hope,  
 As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.

All night have I heard voices: deeper yet  
 The deep low breathing of the silence grew,  
 While all about, muffled in awe, there stood

Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at heart,  
 But, when I turned to front them, far along  
 Only a shudder through the midnight ran,  
 And the dense stillness walled me closer round.

But still I heard them wander up and down  
 That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings  
 Did mingle with them, whether of those hags  
 Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,  
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,  
 I could but guess; and then toward me came  
 A shape as of a woman: very pale  
 It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,  
 And mine moved not, but only stared on them.  
 Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;  
 A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,  
 And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog  
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:  
 And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,  
 A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips  
 Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought  
 Some doom was close upon me, and I looked  
 And saw the red moon through the heavy mist  
 Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,  
 Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead  
 And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged  
 Into the rising surges of the pines,  
 Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins  
 Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,  
 Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,  
 Sad as the wail that from the populous earth  
 All day and night to high Olympus soars,  
 Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn  
 From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.



And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove.  
They are wrung from me but by the agonies  
Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall  
From clouds in travail of the lightning, when  
The great wave of the storm high-curved and black  
Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.  
Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type  
Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?  
True Power was never born of brutish Strength.

. . . Are thy thunderbolts  
That quell the darkness for a space, so strong  
As the prevailing patience of meek Light,  
Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,  
Wins it to be a portion of herself?  
Why art thou made a god of, thou who hast  
The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,  
That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear  
Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?  
Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold  
What kind of doom it is whose omen flits  
Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves  
The fearful shadow of the kite. What need  
To know the truth whose knowledge cannot save?  
Evil its errand hath as well as good;

When thine is finished, thou art known no more:  
There is a higher purity than thou,  
And higher purity is greater strength;  
Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart  
Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.

Let man but hope and thou art straightway chilled  
With thought of that drear silence and deep night  
Which like a dream shall swallow thee and thine;  
Let man but will, and thou art god no more,  
More capable of ruin than the gold  
And ivory that image thee on earth.

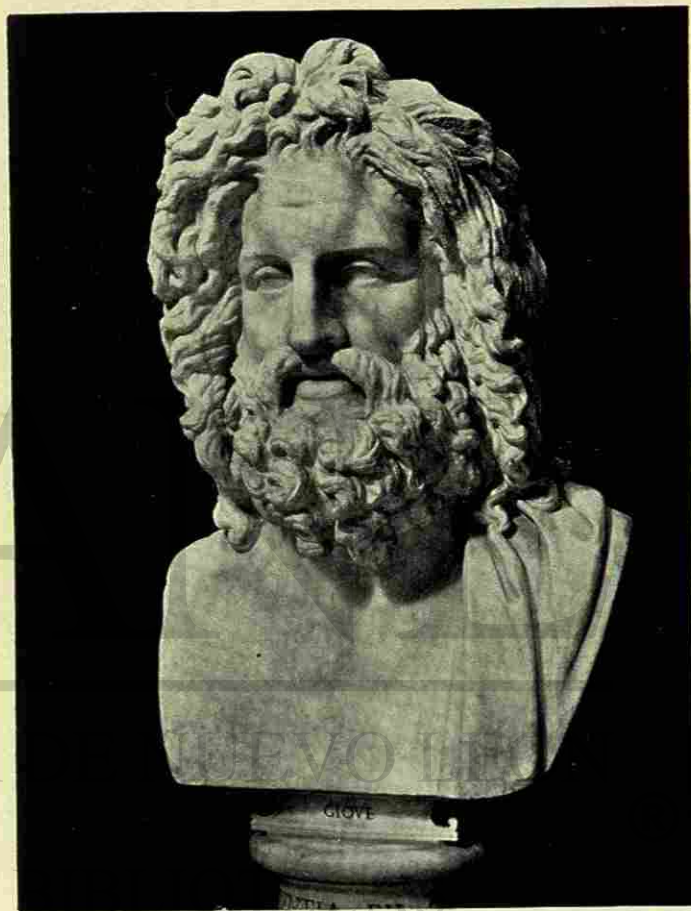
He who hurled down the monstrous Titan brood  
Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders stunned,  
Is weaker than a simple human thought.  
My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,  
That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,  
Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole:  
For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow  
In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown  
By years of solitude, — that holds apart  
The past and future, giving the soul room  
To search into itself — and long commune  
With this eternal silence; — more a god,  
In my long-suffering and strength to meet  
With equal front the direst shafts of fate,  
Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,  
Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.  
Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought down  
The light to man, which thou, in selfish fear,  
Hadst to thyself usurped, — his by sole right,  
For Man hath right to all save Tyranny, —  
And which shall free him yet from thy frail throne.  
Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,  
Begotten by the slaves they trample on,  
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,  
And see that Tyranny is always weakness,  
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,  
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain  
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.  
Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right  
To the firm centre lays its moveless base.  
The tyrant trembles if the air but stirs  
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,



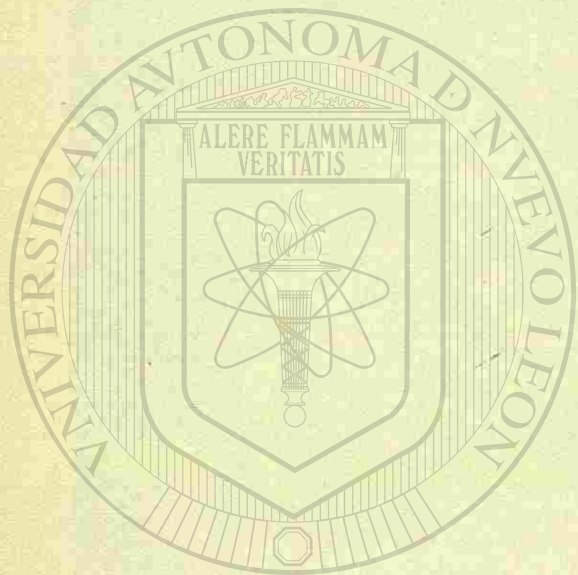
And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,  
 With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,  
 Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,  
 Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.  
 So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth,  
 And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove !

And wouldst thou know of my supreme revenge,  
 Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,  
 Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,  
 Listen ! and tell me if this bitter peak,  
 This never-glutted vulture, and these chains  
 Shrink not before it ; for it shall befit  
 A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.  
 Men, when their death is on them, seem to stand  
 On a precipitous crag that overhangs  
 The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,  
 As in a glass, the features dim and vast  
 Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,  
 Of what have been. Death ever fronts the wise ;  
 Not fearfully, but with clear promises  
 Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,  
 Their outlook widens, and they see beyond  
 The horizon of the Present and the Past,  
 Even to the very source and end of things.  
 Such am I now : immortal woe hath made  
 My heart a seer, and my soul a judge  
 Between the substance and the shadow of Truth.  
 The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,  
 By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure  
 Of such as I am, this is my revenge,  
 Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch,  
 Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.  
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,



"He who hurled down the monstrous Titan brood —"





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Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee, —  
The songs of maidens pressing with white feet  
The vintage on thine altars poured no more,  
The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath  
Dim grape-vine bowers, — the hive-like hum  
Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil  
Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own  
By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns  
To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts  
Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea, —  
Even the spirit of true love and peace,  
Duty's sure recompense through life and death, —  
These are such harvests as all master-spirits  
Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less  
Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs ;  
These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal  
They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge :  
For their best part of life on earth is when,  
Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,  
Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become  
Part of the necessary air men breathe ;  
When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,  
They shed down light before us on life's sea,  
That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.  
Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er  
Their holy sepulchres ; the chainless sea,  
In tempest or wide calm, repeats their thoughts ;  
The lightning and the thunder, all free things,  
Have legends of them for the ears of men. ®  
All other glories are as falling stars,  
But universal Nature watches theirs :  
Such strength is won by love of human kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,  
Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with ;

But that the memory of noble deeds  
 Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,  
 And keeps the heart of man forever up  
 To the heroic level of old time.  
 To be forgot at first is little pain  
 To a heart conscious of such high intent  
 As must be deathless on the lips of men ;  
 But, having been a name, to sink and be  
 A something which the world can do without,  
 Which, having been or not, would never change  
 The lightest pulse of fate, — this is indeed  
 A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,  
 And this thy heart shall empty to the dregs.  
 Endless despair shall be thy Caucasus,  
 And memory thy vulture ; thou wilt find  
 Oblivion far lonelier than this peak, —  
 Behold thy destiny ! Thou think'st it much  
 That I should brave thee, miserable god !  
 But I have braved a mightier than thou,  
 Even the tempting of this soaring heart,  
 Which might have made me, scarcely less than thou,  
 A god among my brethren weak and blind, —  
 Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing  
 To be down-trodden into darkness soon.  
 But now I am above thee, for thou art  
 The bungling workmanship of fear, the block  
 That awes the swart Barbarian ; but I  
 Am what myself have made, — a nature wise  
 With finding in itself the types of all, —  
 With watching from the dim verge of the time  
 What things to be are visible in the gleams  
 Thrown forward on them from the luminous past, —  
 Wise with the history of its own frail heart,  
 With reverence of sorrow, and with love  
 Broad as the world, for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love,  
 By whom and for whose glory ye shall cease :  
 And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard  
 From out the pitiless gloom of Chaos, I  
 Shall be a power and a memory,  
 A name to fright all tyrants with, a light  
 Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice  
 Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight  
 By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong ;  
 Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake  
 Huge echoes that from age to age live on  
 In kindred spirits, giving them a sense  
 Of boundless power from boundless suffering wrung :  
 And many a glazing eye shall smile to see  
 The memory of my triumph, (for to meet  
 Wrong with endurance, and to overcome  
 The present with a heart that looks beyond,  
 Is triumph,) like a prophet eagle, perch  
 Upon the sacred banner of the Right.  
 Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,  
 And feeds the green earth with its swift decay  
 Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;  
 But Good, once put in action or in thought,  
 Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down  
 The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,  
 Shalt fade and be forgotten ! but this soul,  
 Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,  
 In every heaving shall partake, that grows  
 From heart to heart among the sons of men, —  
 As the ominous hum before the earthquake runs  
 Far through the Ægean from roused isle to isle, —  
 Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,  
 And mighty rents in many a cavernous error  
 That darkens the free light to man : — This heart,  
 Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the truth



Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and claws  
 Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall  
 In all the throbbing exultations share  
 That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all  
 The glorious agonies of martyr spirits, —  
 Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged clouds  
 That veil the future, showing them the end, —  
 Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,  
 Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.  
 This is the thought that, like a fabled laurel,  
 Makes my faith thunder-proof; and thy dread bolts  
 Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow  
 On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus:  
 But, O thought far more blissful, they can rend  
 This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star!

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O Jove!  
 Free this high heart, which, a poor captive long,  
 Doth knock to be let forth, this heart which still,  
 In its invincible manhood, overtops  
 Thy puny godship, as this mountain doth  
 The pines that moss its roots. O even now,  
 While from my peak of suffering I look down,  
 Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope  
 The sunrise of that Beauty, in whose face,  
 Shone all around with love, no man shall look  
 But straightway like a god he is uplift  
 Unto the throne long empty for his sake,  
 And clearly oft foreshadowed in wide dreams  
 By his free inward nature, which nor thou,  
 Nor any anach after thee, can bind  
 From working its great doom, — now, now set free  
 This essence, not to die, but to become  
 Part of that awful Presence which doth haunt

The palaces of tyrants, to hunt off  
 With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings  
 And hideous sense of utter loneliness,  
 All hope of safety, all desire of peace,  
 All but the loathed forefeeling of blank death, —  
 Part of that spirit which doth ever brood  
 In patient calm on the unpilfered nest  
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts grow fledged  
 To sail with darkening shadow o'er the world,  
 Filling with dread such souls as dare not trust  
 In the unfailing energy of Good,  
 Until they swoop, and their pale quarry make  
 Of some o'erbloated wrong, — that spirit which  
 Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,  
 Like acorns among grain, to grow and be  
 A roof for freedom in all coming time!  
 But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,  
 In solitude unbroken shall I hear  
 The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,  
 And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,  
 On either side storming the giant walls  
 Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam,  
 (Less from my height, than flakes of downy snow,  
 That draw back baffled but to hurl again,  
 Snatched up in wrath and horrible turmoil,  
 Mountain on mountain, as the Titans erst,  
 My brethren, scaling the high seat of Jove,  
 Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders broad  
 In vain emprise. The moon will come and go  
 With her monotonous vicissitude;  
 Once beautiful, when I was free to walk  
 Among my fellows, and to interchange  
 The influence benign of loving eyes,  
 But now by aged use grown wearisome; —  
 False thought, most false! for how could I endure

These crawling centuries of lonely woe  
Unshamed by weak complaining, but for thee,  
Loneliest, save one, of all created things,  
Mild-eyed Astarte, my best comforter,  
With thy pale smile of sad benignity?

Year after year will pass away and seem  
To me, in mine eternal agony,  
But as the shadows of dumb summer clouds,  
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er  
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,  
But, with still swiftness lessening on and on  
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where  
The gray horizon fades into the sky,  
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet  
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,  
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,  
As it hath been, his portion; endless doom,  
While the immortal with the mortal linked,  
Dreams of its wings and pines for what it dreams,  
With upward yearn unceasing. Better so:  
For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,  
And empire over self, and the deep,  
Strong charities that make men seem like gods;  
Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,  
Having two faces, as some images  
Are carved of foolish gods; one face is ill;  
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,  
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.  
Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou art but type  
Of what all lofty spirits endure that fain  
Would win men back to strength and peace through love:  
Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart  
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong

With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;  
And faith, which is but hope grown wise, and love  
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

## PROMETHEUS.

GOETHE.

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,  
With clouds of mist,  
And like the boy who lops  
The thistles' heads,  
Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;  
Yet thou must leave  
My earth still standing;  
My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;  
Leave me my hearth,  
Whose kindly glow  
By thee is envied.

I know naught poorer  
Under the sun, than ye gods!  
Ye nourish painfully,  
With sacrifices  
And votive prayers,  
Your majesty;  
Ye would e'en starve,  
If children and beggars  
Were not trusting fools.

While yet a child,  
And ignorant of life,  
I turned my wandering gaze  
Up toward the sun, as if with him  
There were an ear to hear my wailings,



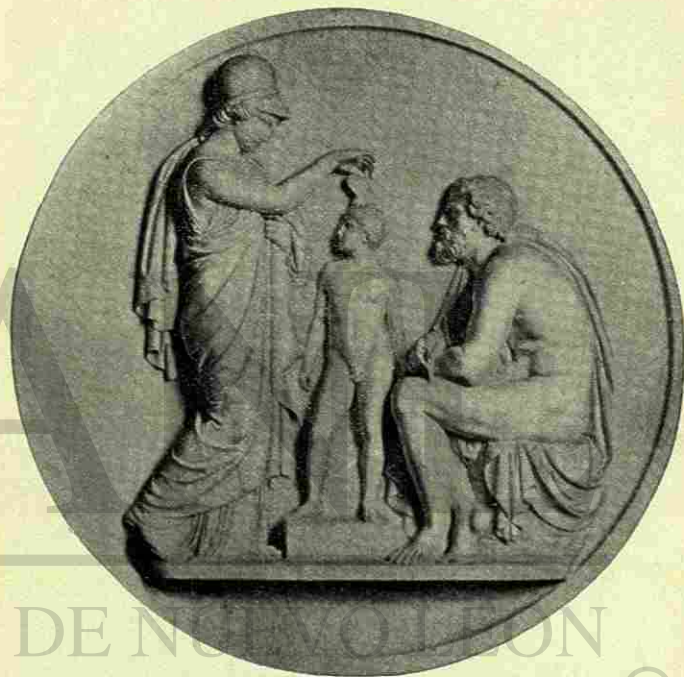
A heart, like mine,  
To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me  
Against the Titan's insolence?  
Who rescued me from certain death,  
From slavery?  
Didst thou not do all this thyself,  
My sacred glowing heart?  
And glowed'st, young and good,  
Deceived with grateful thanks  
To yonder slumbering one?

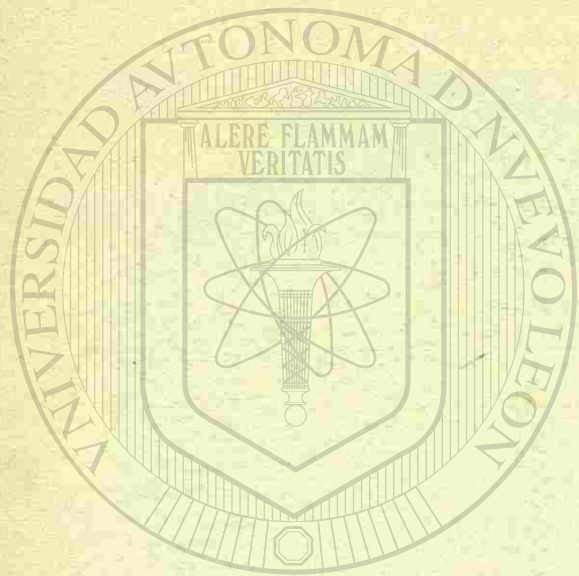
I honor thee, and why?  
Hast thou e'er lightened the sorrows  
Of the heavy-laden?  
Hast thou e'er dried up the tears  
Of the anguish-stricken?  
Was I not fashioned to be a man  
By omnipotent Time,  
And by eternal Fate,  
Masters of me and thee?

Didst thou e'er fancy  
That life I should learn to hate,  
And fly to deserts,  
Because not all  
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I forming mortals  
After my image;  
A race resembling me,  
To suffer, to weep,  
To enjoy, to be glad,  
And thee to scorn,  
As I!



"Here sit I, forming mortals after my image;  
A race resembling me, to suffer, to weep,  
To enjoy, to be glad, and thee to scorn, as I." ®



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PROMETHEUS.

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,  
Refused 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 concentrated recompense,  
 Triumphant where it dares defy,  
 And making Death a Victory !

## PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FROM ACT I., SCENE I.

Prometheus is discovered bound to the precipice  
 He addresses Jove : —

Monarch of gods and demons and all spirits  
 But One who throng those bright and rolling worlds  
 Which Thou and I alone of living things  
 Behold with sleepless eyes ! regard this earth  
 Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou  
 Requitest for knee-worship, prayer and praise,  
 And toil and hecatombs of broken hearts,  
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.  
 While me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,  
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,  
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge  
 Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,  
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs  
 Till they seemed years — torture and solitude,  
 Scorn and despair — these are mine empire :  
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest  
 From thine unenvied throne, oh mighty god !  
 Almighty had I deigned to share the shame  
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here,  
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,  
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured ; without herb,  
 Insect or beast, or shape or sound of life —  
 Ah me, alas ! pain, pain ever, forever !  
 No change, no pause, no hope ! Yet I endure.  
 I ask the Earth have not the mountains felt ?  
 I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,  
 Has it not seen ? The Sea, in storm or calm  
 Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,

Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?  
 Ah me, alas! pain, pain ever, forever!  
 The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears  
 Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains  
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones.  
 Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips  
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up  
 My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,  
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,  
 Mocking me: and the earthquake fiends are charged,  
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds  
 When the rocks split and close again behind:  
 While from their loud abysses howling throng  
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage  
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.  
 And yet to me welcome is day and night,  
 Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,  
 Or starry, dim and slow the other climbs  
 The leaden-colored East; for then they lead  
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom—  
 As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim—  
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood  
 From these pale feet, which then might trample thee  
 If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.  
 Disdain? Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin  
 Will hunt thee undefended through wide heaven!  
 How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,  
 Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,  
 Not exultation, for I hate no more  
 As then ere misery made me wise. The curse  
 Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye mountains,  
 Whose many-voicèd echoes through the mist  
 Of cataracts flung the thunder of that spell!  
 Ye icy springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,  
 Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept

Shuddering through India! Thou serenest air,  
 Through which the sun walks burning without beams!  
 And ye swift whirlwinds, who on poisèd wings  
 Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,  
 As thunder louder than your own made rock  
 The orbèd world! If then my words had power,  
 Though I am changed so that aught evil wish  
 Is dead within; although no memory be  
 Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!  
 What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

\* \* \* \* \*

The student who has made himself familiar with  
 these poems in which Prometheus is represented as a  
 type of heroic endurance, should read the drama "Pro-  
 metheus Unbound," by Shelley, from which we make  
 only a short selection.

A poem called "Parrhasius and the Captive," by  
 N. P. Willis, shows us a Grecian artist, 400 B.C., paint-  
 ing a picture of Prometheus

"Chained to the  
 Cold rock of Mount Caucasus,  
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh."

PANDORA.

THE punishment devised by Zeus that he might be  
 revenged on mankind for the favor shown men by  
 Prometheus is set forth in the story of Pandora. He  
 ordered Hephæstus to make of clay a form resembling  
 that of the goddesses, and to endow it with speech.  
 Each god and goddess gave her some gift to make her



perfect, and she was called Pando'ra (all-gifted). Hermes, the messenger of the gods, conducted her to the house of Epimetheus, brother of Prometheus, who gladly accepted her, though warned by Prometheus to beware of Zeus and his gifts. Pandora brought with her a box containing her marriage presents, into which each god had put some blessing. She opened the box incautiously, and all the blessings escaped except Hope, which lay at the bottom.

The story of the creation of Pandora was first written in poetic form by Hēsiod, next to Homer the oldest and most famous of Greek poets. He is supposed to have lived about 900 B.C. His version of the story differs slightly from that given above, and it is the one most frequently alluded to — *i.e.*: The box that Pandora opened contained all the evils of mind and body that have since afflicted the human race. It was curiosity that tempted her to open it. Hawthorne tells this story in his own inimitable way in "The Paradise of Children," one of the Wonder-Book stories.

#### THE CREATION OF PANDORA.

HĒSIOD. — (850 B.C.)

The food of man in deep concealment lies,  
The angry gods have veil'd it from our eyes,  
Else had *one day* bestowed sufficient cheer,  
And, though inactive, fed thee through the year.  
Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,  
In blackening smoke forever hung on high;  
Then had the laboring ox foregone the soil,

And patient mules had found relief from toil.  
But Jove concealed our food, incensed at heart  
Since mocked by wise Prometheus' wily art.  
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,  
And hid the shining element of fire.  
Prometheus then, benevolent of soul,  
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,  
Cheering to man, and mocked the god whose gaze  
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.  
"O son of Japhet!" with indignant heart  
Spake the Cloud-gatherer, "O, unmatched in art!  
Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,  
And dost thou triumph in the God deceived?  
But thou, with the posterity of man,  
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:  
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,  
Evil which all shall love, and all admire."  
Thus spake the Sire, whom Heaven and Earth obey,  
And bade the Fire-God mould his plastic clay;  
Inbreathe the human voice within her breast,  
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest  
Her aspect fair as goddesses above,  
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.  
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes  
The web with colors as the shuttle flies;  
He called the magic of love's charming queen  
To breathe around a witchery of mien:  
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,  
And cares that trick the limbs with pranked attire:  
Bade Hermes last impart the craft refined  
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.  
He gives command, the inferior powers obey,  
The crippled artist moulds the tempered clay:  
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest;  
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffused the vest;



Adored Persuasion, and the Graces young,  
 Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung;  
 Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressèd Hours  
 A garland twin'd of Spring's purpureal flowers;  
 The whole attire Minerva's graceful art  
 Dispos'd, adjusted, form'd to every part:  
 And last the wingèd herald of the skies,  
 Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies;  
 Gave trickish manners, honeyed words instilled,  
 As he that rolls the deep'ning thunder willed:  
 Then, by the feathered messenger of Heaven,  
 The name *Pandora* to the maid was given;  
 For all the gods conferred a gifted grace  
 To crown this *mischief* of the mortal race.  
 The Sire commands the wingèd herald bear  
 The wingèd nymph, th' inextricable snare:  
 To Epimetheus was the present brought;  
 Prometheus' warning vanished from his thought  
 That he disdain each offering from the skies  
 And straight restore, lest ill to man arise.  
 But he received, and conscious knew too late  
 Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.  
 On earth of yore the sons of men abode  
 From evil free, and labor's galling load;  
 Free from diseases that, with racking rage,  
 Precipitate the pale decline of age.  
 Now swift the days of manhood haste away,  
 And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.  
 The woman's hands an ample casket bear;  
 She lifts the lid — she scatters ills in air.  
 Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight,  
 Beneath the vessel's verge concealed from light.  
 Issued the rest in quick dispersion hurl'd,  
 And woes innumerable roamed the breathing world:  
 With ills the land is full, with ills the sea,

Diseases haunt our frail humanity;  
 Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide  
 Voiceless — a voice the power all-wise denied:  
 Know then this awful truth — it is not given  
 To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

That these two subjects have been favorites with many poets, is apparent from the selections given.

The student is also referred to "Prometheus; or, the Poet's Forethought," "Epimetheus; or, the Poet's Afterthought," and "The Masque of Pandora," all by Longfellow.

In them we discover how the modern poet adapts ancient classic thought to the expression of his own ideas.

Icarus was the son of Dædalus, whose fame rests upon his building of the Labyrinth for Minos, king of Crete. The story of "The Minotaur," by Hawthorne, explains the design of this building.

IC'ARUS.

JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athens town,  
 One Dædalus, a carpenter of genius and renown;  
 ('Twas he who with an auger taught mechanics how to bore,  
 An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

II.

His only son was Ic'arus, a most precocious lad,  
 The pride of Mrs. Dædalus, the image of his dad;  
 And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made,  
 He'd got above his father's size, and much above his trade.



## III.

Now Dædalus, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,  
 Contrived of wood and feathers and a cunning set of springs,  
 By means of which the wearer could ascend to any height,  
 And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite!

## IV.

"O father," said young Icarus, "how I should like to fly!  
 And go like you where all is blue along the upper sky;  
 How very charming it would be above the moon to climb,  
 And scamper through the Zodiac, and have a high old time!"

## V.

"Oh, wouldn't it be jolly though, — to stop at all the inns;  
 To take a luncheon at 'The Crab,' and tippie at 'The Twins';  
 And, just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,  
 To kiss the Virgin, tease the Ram, and bait the biggest Bear?"

## VI.

"O father, please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry:  
 "I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;  
 Oh, if this little pleasure trip you only will allow,  
 I promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow!"

## VII.

"You're rather young," said Dædalus, "to tempt the upper air;  
 But take the wings and mind your eye with very special care;  
 And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star.  
 Young lads, when out upon a lark, are apt to go too far!"

## VIII.

He took the wings — that foolish boy — without the least dis-  
 may;  
 His father stuck 'em on with wax, and so he soared away;

Up, up he rises like a bird, and not a moment stops  
 Until he's fairly out of sight beyond the mountain-tops!

## IX.

And still he flies — away — away; it seems the merest fun;  
 No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;  
 No marvel he forgets his sire; it isn't very odd  
 That one so far above the earth should think himself a god!

## X.

Already in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;  
 The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;  
 Down — down he goes! — Alas! — next day poor Icarus was  
 found  
 Afloat upon the Ægean Sea, extremely damp and drowned!

## L'ENVOI.

The moral of this mournful tale is plain enough to all:  
 Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;  
 Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain  
 things;  
 And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings!

NOTE. — The student should also read "The New Icarus" by Lucian.  
 A translation of some of Lucian's Satires and Dialogues is published in  
 cheap form by John B. Alden, New York.

UNIVERSIDAD AUTONOMA DE MEXICO  
ALERE FLAMMAM  
VERITATIS  
EVENTS PRECEDING THE TROJAN WAR.

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

AT the marriage of Pē'leus and Thē'tis, all the deities were present except Ē'ris (Discord). Indignant at not being invited, she determined to cause dissension, and threw into the midst of the guests a golden apple, with the inscription on it, "For the Fairest." The claims of all others were obliged to yield to those of Hera (Juno), Pallas Athene (Minerva), and Aphrodite (Venus), and the decision was left to Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, who, ignorant of his noble birth, was at that time feeding flocks on Mount Ida. Hermes conducted the rival beauties to the young shepherd. Each tried to bribe Paris to decide in her favor by promising him what she thought he desired most. Hera offered him power as a ruler over extensive dominions, if he would award the prize to her; Athene promised him fame in war; Aphrodite promised him the fairest woman in Greece for his wife, and to her, the queen of beauty, he awarded the prize. Paris soon afterward deserted

his wife, Ēnone, and carried off Helen, the wife of Menelā'us, king of Sparta. This was the immediate cause of the Trojan War.

Tennyson's "Ēnone" tells this story:—

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,  
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand  
The lawns and meadow ledges midway down  
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine  
In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front  
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon

Mournful Ēnone, wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.  
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.  
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,  
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade  
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff. ®

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:  
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,



Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.  
The purple flowers droop : the golden bee  
Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all weary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Hear me, O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves  
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,  
I am the daughter of a River-God ;  
Hear me, for I will speak and build up all  
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls  
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may be  
That, while I speak of it, a little while  
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
I waited underneath the dawning hills ;  
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,  
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine :  
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,  
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hoov'd,  
Came up from reedy Sim'ois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :  
Far up the solitary morning smote  
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes  
I sat alone : white-breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin  
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair

Cluster'd about his temples like a god's :  
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam bow brightens  
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart  
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm,  
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,  
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd  
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech  
Came down upon my heart.

"My own Enone,  
Beautiful-brow'd Enone, my own soul,  
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingravn  
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,  
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
He added, 'This was cast upon the board,  
When all the full-faced presence of the gods  
Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon  
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due :  
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,  
Delivering, that to me, by common voice,  
Elected umpire, Hera comes to-day,  
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each  
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave  
Beyond yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,  
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard,  
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
It was the deep mid-noon : one silvery cloud

Had lost his way between the piney sides  
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came ;  
 They came to that smooth-swarded bower,  
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
 Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,  
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,  
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon  
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die,  
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,  
 And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd  
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.  
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom  
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows  
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the gods  
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made  
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
 Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue  
 Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale  
 And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,  
 Or labor'd mines undrainable of ore.  
 Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,  
 From many an inland town and haven large,  
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel  
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 Still she spake on, and still she spake of power  
 'Which in all action is the end of all ;  
 Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred  
 And throned of wisdom — from all neighbor crowns  
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,  
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,  
 A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born,  
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power,  
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd  
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats  
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss  
 In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit  
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power  
 Flatter'd his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood  
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs  
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear  
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,  
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye  
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek  
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.  
 Yet not for power, (power of herself  
 Would come uncall'd for,) but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'  
 Again she said : 'I woo thee not with gifts.  
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,  
 So shalt thou find me fairest.'

"Yet, indeed,  
 If gazing on divinity disrobed  
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,



Unbiass'd by self-profit, O, rest thee sure  
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,  
So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,  
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a god's,  
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,  
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow  
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,  
Circled thro' all experience, pure law,  
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased.

And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O Paris,  
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,  
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,  
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,  
With rosy, slender fingers backward drew  
From her warm brows and bosom her bright hair  
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat  
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot  
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form  
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches  
Floated the glowing sunlights as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,  
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh  
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee  
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'  
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my eyes for fear:  
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,  
And I beheld great Hera's angry eyes,

As she withdrew into the golden cloud,  
And I was left alone within the bower;  
And from that time to this I am alone,  
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?  
My love hath told me so a thousand times.  
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,  
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,  
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail  
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she.  
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms  
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest  
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew  
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains  
Flash in the pools of whirling Sim'ois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
They came and cut away my tallest pines,  
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
High over the blue gorge, and all between  
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract  
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath  
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn  
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat  
Low in the valley. Never, never more  
Shall lone *Ænone* see the morning mist  
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid  
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,  
Among the fragments trembled from the glens

Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,  
The Abominable, that uninvited came  
Into the fair Peléian banquet-hall,  
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,  
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,  
And tell her to her face how much I hate  
Her presence, hated both of gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times  
In this green valley, under this green hill,  
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?  
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth;  
Pass by the happy souls that love to live:  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.  
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,  
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,  
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see  
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother  
Conjectures of the features of her child  
Ere it is born; her child!—a shudder comes  
Across me: never child be born of me,  
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
Hear me, O earth! I will not die alone,  
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me  
Walking the cold and starless road of Death,  
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love  
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go  
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth  
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men.  
What this may be I know not, but I know  
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,  
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

"THERE CAME THREE QUEENS FROM HEAVEN."

By W. W. YOUNG.

(*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1878.)

It so befel that, once upon a time,  
Before the shepherd Paris, as he roved,  
Guarding his flocks, upon a slope of Ida,  
There came three queens from heaven, to contest  
The palm of man's approval, and they spake:  
"Which of us three is fairest— which best worth  
The winning? Choose! And as thy choice shall fall  
Bestow the prize."

Then in his hand they placed <sup>®</sup>  
The apple of red gold, which Eris cast  
Upon the banquet-table of the gods.  
And first the royal Hera, spouse of Jove,  
Preferred her suit:

"O Paris, hear me well!  
Lo, this fair apple is thy golden youth,



Which, so thou barter wisely, wins for thee  
Thy heart's most secret wish. But be thou warned,—  
Once, and once only, shalt thou name thy choice,  
And then keep silence. I am Hera, I,  
And with this gift of gifts I make thee mine."

She ceased, and flashed before his dazzled sight  
A naked sword, and on the blade was writ,  
"Power!" But Paris mused a little space,  
And turned aside and answered, "Let me hear."

Then spake the second, hollow-eyed and pale,  
With sad, stern voice:

"I am Athena, I,  
And these my attributes among the gods,—  
Knowledge, self-wisdom, virtue, self-control,  
Short is my wooing. Wilt thou reign with me?  
Take up thy sceptre."

At his feet she cast  
A reed, in fashion like a poet's pen,  
And on the shaft, graven in lines of fire,  
A word of rapture,— "Fame!" But Paris mused,  
And turned aside and answered, "Let me hear."

Then third, the last and fairest yet of all,  
The subtle Aphrodite, ocean-born,  
Arose, and stood, a flower amid the flowers;  
No word she spake, but waved her hand;  
And lo! instant as in a dream of sorcery  
He saw the Grecian Helen floating through  
The dance of Bacchus, crowned with poppies of the field—  
Fairer than light, her hair unbound, her eyes  
Radiant, her lips apart, as one who murmurs,  
"Follow! follow! follow!" And ever onward,  
"Follow," fainter still, still farther, fainter;

Till the vision paled, and left him  
Straining after, hands and eyes.

Then through the silence throbbed  
A tender voice: "Behold my gift!"

And Paris said, "I choose!"

Yea with a mighty, heart-stirring, strong cry:  
"Sweet are the dreams of Power; sweet is Fame:  
But sweeter yet than all sweet things that be  
Whether on earth, in heaven, sea, or air,  
O Love, take thou my youth!"

And thereupon,

Whilst yet in air he tossed the golden sphere,  
Whirled downward by a shrill and bitter wind  
That waked the yelping foxes of the gorge,  
And drove the screaming eagle to the crag,  
And rapt away the daylight like a scroll,  
Night fell on Ida,— night and loneliness,  
Without the light of moon, or any star,  
Save where above a rampart to the east  
Red Mars came reeling, drunken from his wars,  
And turned against the earth his bloody shield.

Compare "Cenone" with "There came Three Queens from Heaven."  
Tennyson casts the story in the monologue form. Cenone tells her woes  
in strong, passionate, sometimes bitter language. The second poem is a  
simple narrative, varied by presenting the appeals of the three queens in the  
first person. The question as to which leaves the more vivid impression on  
the mind will naturally arise. Discuss the artistic merit of the two poems.

#### IPHIGENIA.

THE story of Iphigenia appeals very strongly to our  
sympathies, whether we read it in prose or poetry.

Her martyrdom at Aulis, that the Grecian fleet might



sail for Troy, is the subject of one of the most famous of the tragedies written by Euripides (480 B.C.).

Goethe's drama, "Iphigenia in Tauris," was first written in prose, and presented at the Court Theatre in Weimar about 1779. Goethe himself acted the part of Orestes.

Mrs. Jameson, writing of Goethe and his works, says: "His only heroic and ideal creation is the 'Iphigenia,' and she is as perfect and as pure as a piece of Greek sculpture.

"I think it a proof that if he did not understand or like the active heroism of Amazonian ladies, he had a very sublime idea of the passive heroism of female nature. The basis of the character is *truth*. The drama is the very triumph of unsullied, unflinching truth."

The student should not be content with these selected parts of the plays, but should read the entire dramas, and note that the work of the modern poet is the complement of that of the ancient poet, and so realize the influence of the literature of one nation, language, and time upon another.

The great French dramatic poet, Racine, has made the story of the sacrifice of Iphigenia the subject of one of his dramas. This is another evidence of the pervasive influence of Greek literature, which has furnished the foundation for many of the world's literary products through all ages.

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

EURIPIDES. [POTTER'S TRANSLATION.]

Iphigenia pleading with her father to spare her life:—

Had I, my father, the persuasive voice  
Of Orpheus, and his skill to charm the rocks  
To follow me, and soothe whome'er I please  
With winning words, I would make trial of it:  
But I have nothing to present thee now  
Save tears, my only eloquence; and those  
I can present thee. On thy knees I hang  
A suppliant. Ah! kill me not in youth's fresh prime.  
Sweet is the light of heaven: compel me not  
What is beneath to view. I was the first  
To call thee father, me thou first didst call  
Thy child. I was the first that on thy knees  
Fondly caress'd thee, and from thee received  
The fond caress. This was thy speech to me:  
"Shall I, my child, e'er see thee in some house  
Of splendor, happy in thy husband, live  
And flourish, as becomes thy dignity?"  
My speech to thee was, leaning 'gainst thy cheek,  
Which with my hand I now caress, "And what  
Shall I then do for thee? Shall I receive  
My father when grown old, and in my house  
Cheer him with each fond office; to repay  
The careful nurture which he gave my youth?"  
These words are on my memory deep impressed:  
Thou hast forgot them, and wilt kill thy child.  
By Pelops I entreat thee, by thy sire  
Atreus, by this mother who before suffered for me,  
And who now worse pangs will suffer,  
Do not kill me. If Paris be enamored of his bride,



His Helen, what concerns it me? and how  
Comes he to my destruction? Look upon me,  
Give me a smile, give me a kiss, my father,  
That if my words persuade thee not, in death  
I may have this memorial of thy love.

My brother, small assistance canst thou give  
Thy friends, yet for thy sister, oh! with tears  
Implore thy father, that she may not die:  
E'en infants have a sense of ills: and see,  
My father, silent though he be, he sues  
To thee: be gentle to me, on my life  
Have pity: thy two children by this beard  
Entreat thee, thy dear children; one is yet  
An infant, one to riper years arrived.  
I will sum all in this, which shall contain  
More than long speech; to view the light of life  
To mortals is most sweet, but all beneath  
Is nothing: of his senses is he reft  
Who hath a wish to die; for life, though ill,  
Excels whate'er there is of good in death.

*Chorus.* For thee, unhappy Helen, and thy love,  
A contest dreadful, and surcharg'd with woes,  
For the Atridæ and their children comes.

*Agamemnon.* What calls for pity, and what not, I know:  
I love my children, else I should be void  
Of reason: to dare this is dreadful to me,  
And not to dare is dreadful. I perforce  
Must do it. What a naval camp is here  
You see, how many kings of Greece array'd  
In glittering arms: to Ilium's towers are these  
Denied t' advance, unless I offer thee a victim,  
Thus the prophet Calchas speaks,  
Denied from her foundations to o'erturn  
Illustrious Troy; and through the Grecian host  
Maddens the fierce desire to sail with speed

'Gainst the barbarian's land, and check their rage  
For Grecian dames: my daughters these will slay  
At Argos; you too will they slay and me,  
Should I, the goddess not revering, make  
Of none effect her oracle.

[*Exit* AGAMEMNON.]

The story of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is told to her  
mother by a messenger.

*Enter* Messenger.

*Mess.* O royal Clytemnestra, from the house  
Hither advance, that thou may'st hear my words.

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

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

*Cly.* Delay not then, but speak them instantly.

*Mess.* Yes, honor'd lady, thou shalt hear them all.  
Distinct from first to last, if that my tongue  
Disorder'd be not faithless to my tongue.  
When to Diana's grove and flow'ry meads  
We came, where stood th' assembled host of Greece,  
Leading thy daughter, straight in close array  
Was form'd the band of Argives: but the chief,  
Imperial Agamemnon, when he saw  
His daughter as a victim to the grove  
Advancing, groan'd, and bursting into tears  
Turn'd from the sight his head, before his eyes  
Holding his robe. The virgin near him stood  
And thus address'd him: "Father, I to thee  
Am present: for my country, and for all  
The land of Greece I freely give myself



A victim ; to the altar let them lead me,  
 Since such the oracle. If aught on me  
 Depends, be happy, and attain the prize  
 Of glorious conquest, and revisit safe  
 Your country : of the Grecians for this cause  
 Let no one touch me ; with intrepid spirit  
 Silent will I present my neck." She spoke,  
 And all that heard, admir'd the noble soul,  
 The virtue of the maiden. In the midst  
 Talthybius standing, such his charge, proclaim'd  
 Silence to all the host : and Calchas now,  
 The prophet, in the golden basket plac'd,  
 Drawn from its sheath, the sharp-edged sword, and bound  
 The sacred garlands round the virgin's head.  
 The son of Peleus, holding in his hands  
 The basket and the laver, circled round  
 The altar of the goddess, and thus spoke :  
 " Daughter of Jove, Diana, in the chase  
 Of savage beasts delighting, through the night  
 Who rollest thy resplendent orb, accept  
 This victim, which th' associate troops of Greece,  
 And Agamemnon, our imperial chief,  
 Present to thee, the unpolluted blood  
 Now from this beauteous virgin's neck to flow.  
 Grant that secure our fleets may plough the main,  
 And that our arms may lay the rampir'd walls  
 Of Troy in dust." The son of Atreus stood,  
 And all the host fix'd on the ground their eyes.  
 The priest then took the sword, prefer'd his pray'r,  
 And with his eye marked where to give the blow.  
 My heart with grief sunk in me, on the earth  
 Mine eyes were cast ; when sudden to the view  
 A wonder ; for the stroke each clearly heard,  
 But where the virgin was none knew : aloud  
 The priest exclaims, and all the host with shouts

Rifted the air, beholding from some god  
 A prodigy, which struck their wond'ring eyes,  
 Surpassing faith when seen : for on the ground  
 Panting was laid a hind of largest bulk,  
 In form excelling ; with its spouting blood  
 Much was the altar of the goddess dew'd.  
 Calchas at this, think with what joy, exclaim'd :

" Ye leaders of the united host of Greece,  
 See you this victim, by the goddess brought,  
 And at her altar laid, a mountain hind?  
 This, rather than the maiden, she accepts,  
 Not with the rich stream of her noble blood  
 To stain the altar ; this she hath received  
 Of her free grace, and gives a fav'ring gale  
 To swell our sails, and bear th' invading war  
 To Ilium : therefore rouse, ye naval train,  
 Your courage ; to your ships ; for we this day  
 Must pass the Ægean sea." Soon as the flames  
 The victim had consumed, he pour'd a prayer  
 That o'er the waves the host might plough their way.  
 Me, Agamemnon sends, that I should bear  
 To thee these tidings, and declare what fate  
 The gods assign him, and through Greece 't obtain  
 Immortal glory. What I now relate

I saw, for I was present : to the gods  
 Thy daughter, be thou well assured, is fled,  
 Therefore lament no more, no more retain  
 Thy anger 'gainst thy lord ; to mortal men  
 Things unexpected oft the gods dispense,  
 And, whom they love, they save : this day hath seen  
 Thy daughter dead, seen her alive again.

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



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

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Aga.* Lady, we have much cause to think ourselves,  
Touching our daughter, blest : for 'mongst the gods  
Commercing she in truth resides. But thee  
Behoves it with thine infant son return  
To Argos, for the troops with ardor haste  
To sail. And now farewell : my greetings to thee  
From Troy unfrequent, and at times  
Of distant interval : may'st thou be blest !

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right hand and said :  
"O father ! I am young and very happy ;  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the goddess spake ;— old age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,  
While I was resting on her knee both arms  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ?"  
The father placed his cheek upon her head  
And tears dropt down it ; but the king of men  
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more :  
"O father ! sayest thou nothing ? Hearest thou not  
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,

Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest ?'  
He moved her gently from him, silent still ;  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,  
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs :  
" I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed  
Her polished altar with my virgin blood ;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each  
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,  
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow  
And (after these who mind us girls the most)  
Adore our own Athene, that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—  
But, father, to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone !"  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,  
Bending his lofty head far over hers.  
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.  
He turned away— not far, but silent still.  
She now first shuddered ; for in him, so nigh,  
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,  
And like it. Once again she raised her voice :  
"O father ! if the ships are now detained,  
And all your vows move not the gods above,  
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer  
The less to them ; and prayer can there be  
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer  
For her dear father's safety and success ?"  
A groan that shook him, shook not his resolve.  
An aged man now entered, and without

One word stepped slowly on, and took the wrist  
Of the pale maiden. She looked up and saw  
The fillet of the priest and calm, cold eyes.  
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried :  
"O father ! grieve no more ; the ships can sail."

## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

GOETHE.

[TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK.]

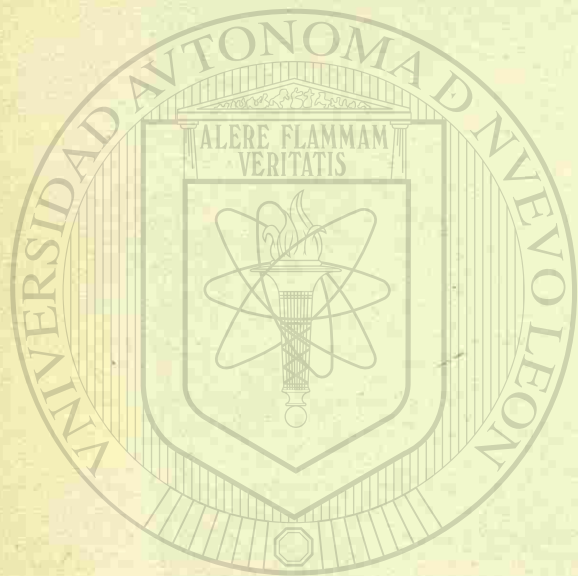
SCENE I. — *A grove before the temple of Diana.*

*Iphigenia.* Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs  
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,  
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,  
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step,  
As when I trod it first ; nor ever here  
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.  
Long as a higher will, to which I bow,  
Hath kept me here concealed, still, as at first,  
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea  
Doth sever me, alas ! from those I love :  
And day by day upon the shore I stand,  
The land of Hellas seeking with my soul ;  
But, to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves  
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.  
Alas for him ! who, friendless and alone,  
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells :  
From him grief snatches every coming joy  
Ere it doth reach his lips. His yearning thoughts  
Throng back forever to his father's halls,  
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed  
The gates of heaven ; where closer, day by day,



"And day by day upon the shore I stand,  
The land of Hellas seeking with my soul."





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Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,  
Around each other twined love's tender bonds.  
I will not reckon with the gods; yet truly  
Deserving of lament is woman's lot.  
Man rules alike at home and in the field,  
Nor is in foreign climes without resource:  
Him conquest crowneth, him possession gladdens,  
And him an honorable death awaits.  
How circumscribed is woman's destiny!  
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,  
Her duty and her comfort: sad her fate,  
Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote!  
Thus Thoas holds me here, a noble man,  
Bound with a heavy though a sacred chain.  
Oh, how it shames me, goddess, to confess  
That with repugnance I perform these rites  
For thee, divine protectress! unto whom  
I would in freedom dedicate my life.  
In thee, Diana, I have always hoped;  
And still I hope in thee, who didst infold  
Within the holy shelter of thine arm  
The outcast daughter of the mighty king.  
Daughter of Jove! hast thou from ruined Troy  
Led back in triumph to his native land  
The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,  
His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding, —  
Hast thou for him, the god-like Agamemnon,  
Who to thine altar led his darling child,  
Preserved his wife, Electra, and his son,  
His dearest treasures? — then at length restore  
Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,  
And save her, as thou once from death didst save,  
So now, from living here, a second death.

In the second scene a messenger comes to Iphigenia from the king, Thoas, to bid her prepare everything for the sacrifice that the king wishes to make to Diana in thanksgiving for new and wondrous conquests that he has achieved. The messenger, Arkas, notices that Iphigenia is brooding over some secret grief, and seeks to gain her confidence. She tells him that being an exile and an orphan in this strange land is a sufficient cause for her sadness. He then tells her that the king, Thoas, seeks her favor, and he cautions her to lend the king's purposed words a gracious ear. She is alarmed at his words, fearing that she is in the king's power, and that even her office as priestess of the temple of Diana will not save her from the king's displeasure. She asks Arkas to tell her further what he knows of the king's purposes. He tells her the king is approaching and begs her to meet him kindly and with confidence.

The third scene gives the conversation between Iphigenia and Thoas, in which, acting on the friendly advice of Arkas, she tells him the story of her parentage and of her escape from the knife of the priest who was to offer the sacrifice, by the power of the goddess Diana. When the king knows her story he again proposes to her to give up her office in the temple, to become his wife, and share with him all that he possesses.

Her answer is:—

How dare I venture such a step, O king?  
Hath not the goddess who protected me  
Alone a right to my devoted head?  
'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary,

Where she perchance reserves me for my sire,  
By my apparent death enough chastised,  
To be the joy and solace of his age.  
Perchance my glad return is near; and how,  
If I, unmindful of her purposes,  
Had here attached myself against her will?  
I asked a signal, did she wish me stay?

*Thoas.* The signal is, that still thou tarriest here.  
Seek not evasively such vain pretexts.  
Not many words are needed to refuse,  
The *no* alone is heard by the refused.

Iphigenia still pleads her sacred office and the displeasure of the gods as a sufficient reason for her refusal, and Thoas, as if satisfied, says:—

I am a man,  
And better 'tis we end this conference.  
Hear then my last resolve. Be priestess still  
Of the great goddess who selected thee;  
And may she pardon me, that I from her,  
Unjustly, and with secret self reproach,  
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld!  
From olden time no stranger neared our shore  
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine.  
But thou, with kind affection (which at times  
Seemed like a gentle daughter's tender love,  
At times assumed to my enraptured heart  
The modest inclination of a bride),  
Didst so enthrall me, as with magic bonds,  
That I forgot my duty. Thou didst rock  
My senses in a dream: I did not hear  
My people's murmurs; now they cry aloud,  
Ascribing my poor son's untimely death



To this my guilt. No longer for thy sake  
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd,  
Who urgently demand the sacrifice.

*Iphigenia.* For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee.  
Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood  
Do misconceive their nature, and impute  
To them their own inhuman dark desires.  
Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,  
Holding my service dearer than my death?

*Thoas.* 'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting grounds,  
Lightly to guide and construe rites divine.  
Perform thy duty: I'll accomplish mine.  
Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore  
We found concealed, and whose arrival here  
Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.  
With them thy goddess may once more resume  
Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!  
I send them here, — thy duty not unknown.

Iphigenia implores the goddess whom she serves to protect her, and to keep her hands from shedding blood.

The two strangers who have lately landed on the coast of Tauris, and whom Thoas is about to send to the temple of Diana to be put to death, are Orestes, the brother of Iphigenia, and his friend Pylades. The first scene of the second act is a conversation between the two friends; they are in the keeping of the king's guards, and they know that they are condemned to death. Orestes is perfectly resigned to his fate, but Pylades wishes to secure their escape; he even tries to

persuade Orestes that they have been directed to this very spot by the gods in order to rescue the statue of Diana from the temple and bear it to Delphi, there to enshrine it with that of Apollo, that they might be revered together by a noble-thoughted race.

Orestes has no faith in this plot, and when Pylades tells him to wait in peace, to let him contrive, saying:—

“Be still! and when at length  
The time for action claims our powers combined,  
Then will I summon thee, and on we'll stride  
With cautious boldness to achieve the event,”

Orestes answers with some sarcasm,

I hear Ulysses speak.

*Pylades.* Nay, mock me not.  
Each must select the hero after whom  
To climb the steep and difficult ascent  
Of high Olympus. And to me it seems  
That him nor stratagem, nor art defiles  
Who consecrates himself to noble deeds.

*Orestes.* I must esteem the brave and upright man.

*Pylades.* And therefore have I not desired thy counsel.  
One step's already taken. From our guards  
E'en now I this intelligence have gained, —  
A strange and god-like woman holds in check  
The execution of that bloody law;  
Incense and prayer, and an unsullied heart, —  
These are the gifts she offers to the gods.  
Rumor extols her highly: it is thought  
That from the race of Amazon she springs,  
And hither fled some great calamity.

*Orestes.* Her gentle sway, it seems, lost all its power  
When hither came the culprit whom the curse,



Like murky night, envelops and pursues.

Our doom to seal, the pious thirst for blood  
The ancient cruel rite again unchains :  
The monarch's savage will decrees our death ;  
A woman cannot save where he condemns.

*Pylades.* That 'tis a woman, is a ground for hope !  
A man, the very best, with cruelty  
At length may so familiarize his mind,  
His character through custom so transform,  
That he shall come to make himself a law  
Of what at first his very soul abhorred.  
But woman doth retain the stamp of mind  
She first assumed. On her we may depend  
In good or evil with more certainty.  
She comes : leave us alone : I dare not tell  
At once our names, nor unreserved confide  
Our fortunes to her. Now, retire awhile ;  
And ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next scene is between Iphigenia and Pylades. She recognizes him as a Grecian by his bearing. She unbinds his chains, but tells him that the freedom she gives him is dangerous. He tells her how dearly welcome are the tones of one's own language in a foreign land. In the conversation that follows he tells her a story, calculated to arouse her sympathy, in which he mentions the fall of Troy. She is greatly interested in this and questions him in regard to several of the Grecian leaders. He mentions Achilles and Ajax before he speaks of her father, and he wonders that she has not heard any of these things before. At last he tells her the whole story of the return of Agamemnon,

of the snare that was laid for him by his faithless wife and Ægisthus who murdered him on the day of his arrival at his palace in Mycene.

Iphigenia finally asks how her father had injured Clytemnestra, her mother, and she hears from Pylades the story of her own doom, which he tells her roused in Clytemnestra such deep abhorrence of her husband that she forthwith plotted against him.

Iphigenia veils herself and withdraws. Pylades realizes that the story has moved her deeply, and he begins to hope that he will find her an ally in his plans for escape.

In the next scene Orestes is brought into the presence of Iphigenia, who looses his bonds as she did those of Pylades, but she tells him this is in token of a still severer doom ; that the freedom of the sanctuary which she grants them is but the herald of death. Then she asks him to conclude the tale that his brother, as she calls Pylades, left half told.

Orestes tells her all about Agamemnon's death, and in answer to her questions about her mother, her brother, and her sister, he tells her that Clytemnestra was slain by her own son, and finally that he is the murderer, and that ever since the deed he has been pursued by the Furies, who, until he entered the consecrated grove, had followed him, shaking their serpent locks at him. Iphigenia then tells him that she is his sister, and how she came to be there. He sinks down exhausted by the excitement he has undergone. When he recovers he thinks he is in the regions of the dead ;



his madness finally passes away, and he realizes that his own sister is with him and Pylades has everything prepared for their departure.

The first scene of the fourth act represents Iphigenia in great distress because she has connived at their escape, and prepared to send artful answers to the king if he still urges the sacrifice of the two strangers.

In the second scene, Arkas enters and tells her that the king and people wait impatiently for the conclusion of the sacrifice.

Iphigenia explains to him that she has not performed the mandate of the king because

“The gods have not decreed it.  
The elder of these men doth bear the guilt  
Of kindred murder: on his steps attend  
The dread Erinnyes. In the inner fane  
They seized upon their prey, polluting thus  
The holy sanctuary. I hasten now,  
Together with my virgin train, to bathe  
The goddess' image in the sea, and there  
With solemn rites its purity restore.

Let none presume our silent march to follow!

*Arkas.* This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce;  
Commence not thou the rite till he permit.”

She argues with him that she has full authority in such a case. He tries to persuade her to send the king the message he wishes to hear from her. He finally tells her that he will go to the camp with speed and tell the king what has happened. When she is alone

again a strong revulsion of feeling comes over her. Deceit has become doubly detested. While she is communing with herself, Pylades returns to tell her that all is in readiness: he and Orestes have found their friends with a ship and they were imploring him to haste the parting hour. He asks her to guide him to the fane where he may find the image of the goddess and bear it to the vessel on his shoulder. She tells him about the messenger from the king, and that she is awaiting his return. Pylades fears that a new danger will beset them; he cautions her to be firm, and not to betray them. She says:—

“It is an honest scruple which forbids  
That I should cunningly deceive the king,  
And plunder him who was my second father.”

Pylades leaves her, promising to return soon for the seal of safety which he expects at her hands.

In the fifth act, Arkas returns to the king perplexed and suspicious. Thoas sends him at once to summon Iphigenia, and then to search the shore strictly from a certain headland to Diana's grove, and to attack and seize whomever he may find.

Iphigenia goes to the king, who asks her why the sacrifice is so long delayed. She tells him the story of their premeditated flight, and a moment later Orestes appears with his followers, whom he is exhorting to hold their ground and keep a passage open to the ship for him and his sister. Pylades and Arkas follow with drawn swords. Iphigenia begs them not to profane



Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood, and when she tells Orestes that he is in the presence of the king who has been her second father, he sheathes his sword. The king sends Arkas to stop the fight between his people and the followers of Orestes until they can confer. Thoas then asks Orestes to prove that he is the priestess' brother and Agamemnon's son.

Orestes shows him his father's sword and offers to meet in single combat any one of the leaders of Thoas' host.

Thoas tells him such a privilege has never been accorded to strangers in that country. Orestes proposes that they should introduce the custom then and there.

Thoas proposes to oppose his own strength and skill to Orestes, but Iphigenia persuades him to take her testimony, assuring him that she has already demanded proofs of her brother's identity and that all her doubts and scruples have been satisfied.

Thoas answers: —

E'en though thy words had banished every doubt,  
And I had curbed the anger in my breast,  
Still must our arms decide. I see no peace.  
Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,  
Was to deprive me of Diana's image.  
And think ye I will look contented on?  
The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eye  
Upon the treasures of barbarians, —  
A golden fleece, good steeds, or daughters fair;  
But force and guile not always have availed  
To lead them, with their booty, safely home.

*Orestes.* The image shall not be a cause of strife!  
We now perceive the error which the god,  
Our journey here commanding, like a veil,  
Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implored,  
To free me from the Furies' grisly band.  
He answered, "Back to Greece the sister bring,  
Who in the sanctuary on Tauris' shore  
Unwillingly abides; so ends the curse!"  
To Phœbus' sister we applied the words,  
And he referred to thee. The bonds severe,  
Which held thee from us, holy one, are rent;  
And thou art ours once more. At thy blest touch,  
I felt myself restored. Within thine arms,  
Madness once more around me coiled its folds,  
Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then  
Forever, like a serpent, fled to hell.  
Through thee the daylight gladdens me anew:  
The counsel of the goddess now shines forth  
In all its beauty and beneficence.  
Like to a sacred image, unto which  
An oracle immutably hath bound  
A city's welfare, thee she bore away,  
Protectress of our house, and guarded here  
Within this holy stillness, to become  
A blessing to thy brother and thy race.  
Now when each passage to escape seems closed,  
And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all.  
O king, incline thine heart to thoughts of peace!  
Let her fulfil her mission, and complete  
The consecration of our father's house;  
Me to their purified abode restore,  
And place upon my brow the ancient crown!  
Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee,  
And let me now my nearer right enjoy!  
Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,



Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth ;  
Nor unrequited will a noble mind  
Leave confidence, so childlike and so pure.

*Iphigenia.* Think on thy promise ; let thy heart be moved  
By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken !  
Look on us, king ! an opportunity  
For such a noble deed not oft occurs.  
Refuse thou canst not, — give thy quick consent.

*Thoas.* Then go !

*Iphigenia.* Not so, my king ! I cannot part  
Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee :  
Banish us not ! the sacred right of guests  
Still let us claim : so not eternally  
Shall we be severed. Honored and beloved  
As mine own father was, art thou by me ;  
And this impression in my soul abides,  
Let but the least among thy people bring  
Back to mine ear the tones I heard from thee,  
Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,  
I will with joy receive him as a god,  
Prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth  
Invite him to a seat, and only ask  
Touching thy fate and thee. Oh, may the gods  
To thee the merited reward impart  
Of all thy kindness and benignity !  
Farewell ! Oh, turn thou not away, but give  
One kindly word of parting in return !  
So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,  
And from our eyes with softened anguish flow  
The tears of separation. Fare thee well !  
And graciously extend to me thy hand,  
In pledge of ancient friendship.

The king takes her hand and simply says, "Fare thee well!"

NOTE.—Do you consider this ending of the play artistic? What do you most admire in the character of the heroine?

PROTESILĀ'US.

IMMEDIATELY after the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the wind proving fair, the fleet made sail and brought the Grecian fleet to the coast of Troy. The Trojans met them and opposed their landing. Great hesitation prevailed among the troops as to who should be the first to set foot upon the enemy's soil, for the oracle had predicted that the one who did so would fall a sacrifice; but it had also been foretold by the oracle that victory should finally come to that party which gave the first victim to the war. Protesilā'us, however, disregarding the prediction, leaped on shore, and was slain by Hector. Protesilā'us had left at home his wife Laodameia, 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, and this interview between the living and the dead is the subject of the following poem by Wordsworth.

Hazlitt wrote of it: "It is a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it."

The original source of the story is found in the second book of the "Iliad," as follows:—



"The men of Phylace, of Pyrasus, —  
 Sacred to Ceres and o'erspread with flowers,  
 And of Itona, mother of white flocks,  
 Antrona on the sea, and Ptelem green  
 With herbage, — over these while yet he lived  
 The brave Protesilaus ruled; but now  
 The dark earth covered him, and for his sake  
 His consort, desolate in Phylace,  
 Tore her fair cheeks, and all unfinished  
 Stood his palace, for a Dardan warrior slew  
 Her husband as he leaped upon the land,  
 The foremost of the Achaians."

LA-OD-A-ME'-IA.

WORDSWORTH.

"With sacrifice, before the rising morn  
 Performed, my slaughtered lord have I required,  
 And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,  
 Him of the infernal gods have I desired:  
 Celestial pity I again implore,  
 Restore him to my sight, great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;  
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!  
 What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?  
 Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
 It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis he!  
 And a god leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand  
 That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,  
 Laodameia, that at Jove's command  
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;  
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;  
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;  
 Again that consummation she essayed;  
 But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made.  
 The phantom parts, but parts to reunite,  
 And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
 This is our palace, yonder is thy throne;  
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
 Not to appall me have the gods bestowed  
 This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodameia, doth not leave  
 His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
 But in reward of thy fidelity.  
 And something also did my worth obtain;  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain."

"Thou knowest the Delphic oracle foretold  
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
 Should die; but me the threat could not withhold.  
 A generous cause a victim did demand;  
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
 A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain,"



"Supreme of heroes — bravest, noblest, best !  
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ;  
 Thou found'st, and I forgive thee — here thou art —  
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;  
 And he whose power restores thee hath decreed  
 Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave :  
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air."

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past :  
 Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys  
 Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
 Those raptures duly, Erebus disdains ;  
 Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control  
 Rebellious passion : for the gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
 A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
 Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn."

"Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb  
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
 Given back to dwell on earth in beauty's bloom?  
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they  
 Yet further may relent ; for mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
 Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
 And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow." — "Peace !" he said.  
 She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered.  
 The ghastly color from his lips had fled ;  
 In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared  
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
 No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beautiful imaged there  
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned  
 That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,  
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,  
 Who from ignoble games and revelry  
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
 While tears were thy best pastime, day and night :

“And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
 By martial sports, or, seated in the tent,  
 Chieftains and kings in counsel were detained,  
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

“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 in pressing 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 have 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.

“And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak;  
 In reason, in self-government too slow;  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
 Our blest reunion in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
 Towards a higher object. Love was given,  
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
 For this the passion to excess was driven—  
 That self might be annulled: her bondage prove  
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
 Round the dear shade she would have clung—’tis vain,  
 The hours are past, too brief had they been years—  
 And him no mortal effort can detain.  
 Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent way,  
 And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!  
 Her, who in reason’s spite, yet without crime,  
 Was in a trance of passion thus removed;  
 Delivered from the galling yoke of time  
 And these frail elements, to gather flowers  
 Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown  
 Are mourned by man; and not by man alone,  
 As fondly he believes. 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.



## ORPHEUS.

Music took very high rank among the arts most loved and cultivated by the ancient Greeks; their poets have rendered the fame of Orpheus, as a musician, second only to that of his father, Apollo.

Frequent allusions to this myth are made by the greatest of our English poets. Milton closes both "L'Allégo" and "Il Penseroso" with some fine lines relating to Orpheus, which we quote:—

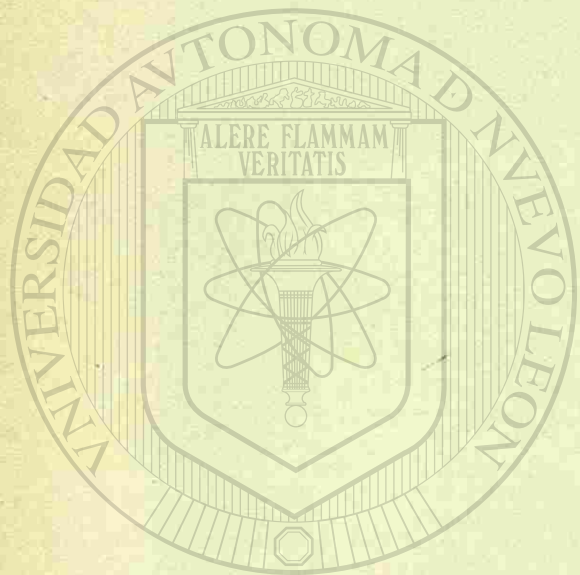
"And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains, as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice." — *L'Allégo.*

"But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Museus from his bower!  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek." — *Il Penseroso.*

Shakspeare also shows his appreciation of the old story in two of his plays.



*Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto to have quite set free  
The half-regained Eurydice."*



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In "Henry VIII.," Act III., Scene I., one of Katharine's waiting-women, at her request, sings to enliven their sadness. This is the song : —

"Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing ;  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

"Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die."

In "Merchant of Venice," Act V., Scene I., Lorenzo and Jessica are talking about the effect of music ; after an eloquent rhapsody on the subject by Lorenzo, Jessica says, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Lorenzo attempts to explain why this is so, and cites the effect of music upon a herd, or race of unhandled colts, saying : —

"If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature."



That the myth is capable of humorous treatment will be seen in the following poem by J. G. Saxe.

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Sir Orpheus, whom the poets have sung  
In every metre and every tongue,  
Was, you may remember, a famous musician, —  
At least for a youth in his pagan condition, —  
For historians tell he played on his shell  
From morning till night, so remarkably well  
That his music created a regular spell  
On trees and stones in forest and dell!  
What sort of an instrument his could be  
Is really more than is known to me, —  
For none of the books have told, d'ye see!  
It's very certain those heathen "swells"  
Knew nothing at all of oyster-shells,  
And it's clear Sir Orpheus never could own a  
Shell like those they make in Cremona;  
But whatever it was, to "move the stones,"  
It must have shelled out some powerful tones,

\* \* \* \* \*  
But alas for the joys of this mutable life!  
Sir Orpheus lost his beautiful wife —  
Eurydice — who vanished one day  
From Earth in a very unpleasant way!  
It chanced as near as I can determine,  
Through one of those vertebrated vermin  
That lie in the grass so prettily curled,  
Waiting to "snake" you out of the world!  
And the poets tell she went to — well —  
A place where Greeks and Romans dwell

After they burst their mortal shell;  
A region that in the deepest shade is,  
And known by the classical name of Hades, —

\* \* \* \* \*

Now having a heart uncommonly stout,  
Sir Orpheus didn't go whining about,  
But made up his mind to fiddle her out!

\* \* \* \* \*

And then he played so remarkably fine  
That it really might be called divine, —  
For who can show on earth or below,  
Such wonderful feats in the musical line?

\* \* \* \* \*

And still Sir Orpheus chanted his song,  
Sweet and clear and strong and long,  
"Eurydice! Eurydice!"

He cried as loud as loud could be;  
And Echo, taking up the word,  
Kept it up till the lady heard,  
And came with joy to meet her lord.

And he led her along the infernal route  
Until he had almost got her out,

When, suddenly turning his head about  
(To take a peep at his wife, no doubt),  
He gave a groan, for the lady was gone,  
And had left him standing there all alone!

For by an oath the gods had bound  
Sir Orpheus not to look around  
Till he was clear of the sacred ground,  
If he'd have Eurydice safe and sound;

\* \* \* \* \*

## A STORY TOLD BY MERCURY TO ARGUS.

THERE was a certain nymph whose name was Syrinx, — much beloved by the satyrs and spirits of the wood. She favored none of them, for she was a faithful worshipper of Diana, and followed the chase. Pan, meeting her one day, wooed her with many compliments, likening her to Diana of the silver bow. Without stopping to hear him, she ran away; but on the bank of a river he overtook her. She called for help on her friends, the water-nymphs, who heard and saved her; for when Pan threw his arms around what he supposed to be the form of the nymph, he found only a tuft of reeds.

As he breathed a sigh, the air sounded through the reeds, and produced a plaintive melody. Whereupon, the god, charmed with the novelty and with the sweetness of the music, said, "Thus, then, at least, you shall be mine." Taking some of the reeds of unequal lengths, and placing them together side by side, he made an instrument, and called it Syrinx in honor of the nymph.

NOTE. — This instrument is also called the Pandean Pipes.

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

MRS. BBROWNING.

I.  
What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river.  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing  
In holes as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)  
"The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river!



VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

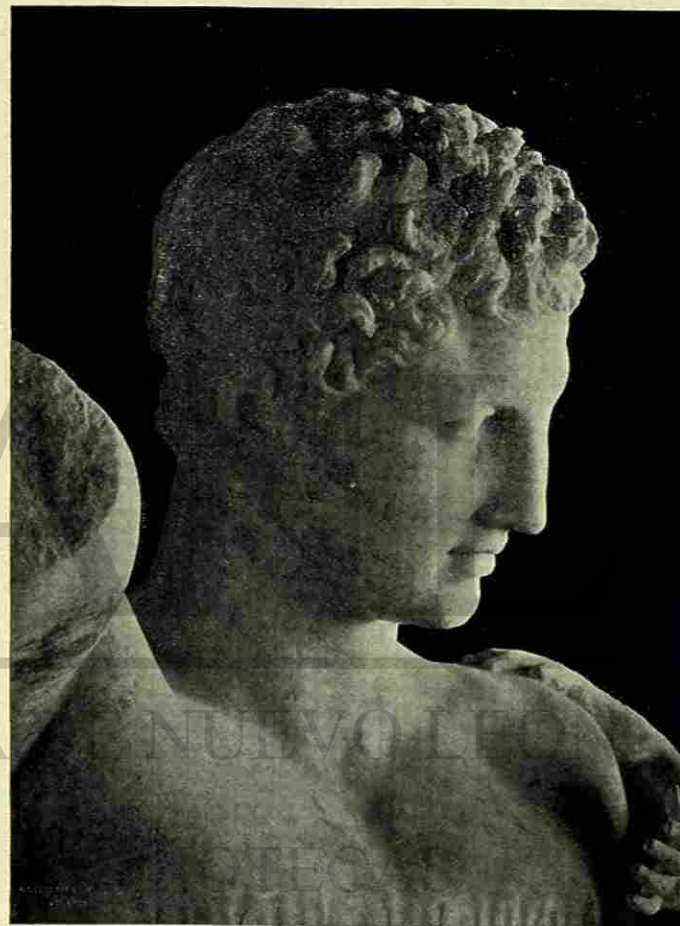
VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain —  
For the reed that grows never more again  
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

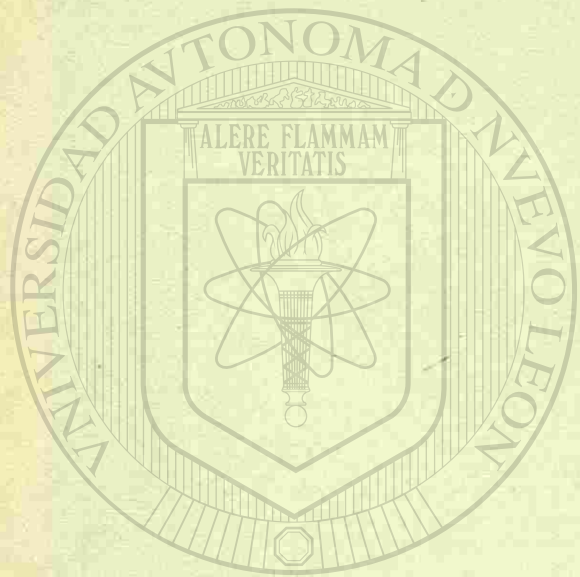
The musical instrument most used by the Greeks was the lyre, to which frequent allusions are made by all poets. The origin of this famous instrument is of course mythical, and is very prettily told by James Russell Lowell in the following poem:—

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

There lay upon the ocean's shore  
What once a tortoise served to cover.  
A year and more, with rush and roar,  
The surf had rolled it over,  
Had played with it, and flung it by,  
As wind and weather might decide it,  
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry  
Cheap burial might provide it.



*"O, empty world that round us lies!  
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs would waken."*



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It rested there to bleach or tan,  
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it ;  
With many a ban the fisherman  
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;  
And there the fisher-girl would stay,  
Conjecturing with her brother  
How in their play the poor estray  
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,  
As empty as the last new sonnet,  
Till by and by came Mercury,  
And having mused upon it,  
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things,  
In shape, material, and dimension !  
Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,  
A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done ; the cords he strained,  
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,  
The shell disdained a soul had gained,  
The lyre had been discovered.  
O empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,  
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs should waken !

Compare this poem with the following

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP. <sup>®</sup>

THOMAS MOORE.

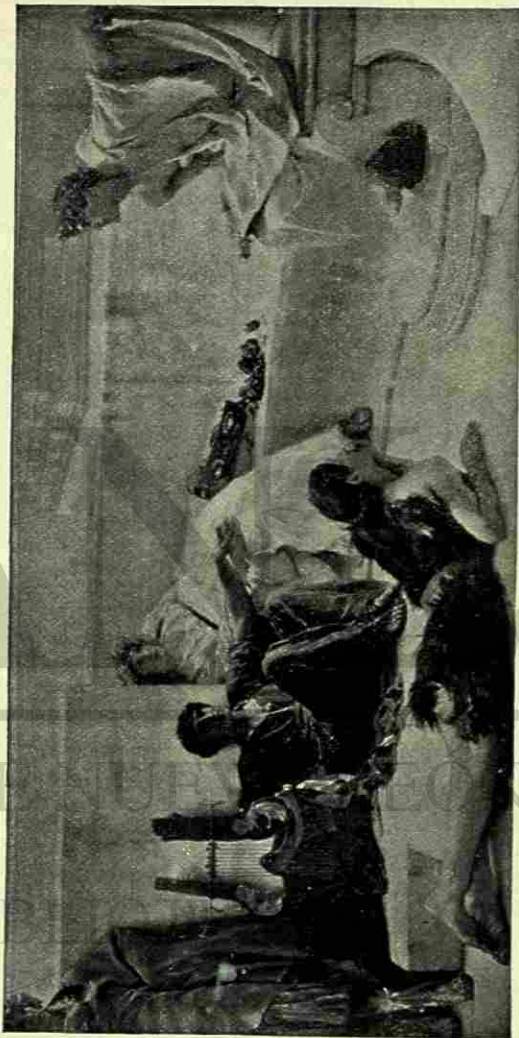
'Tis believed that this Harp, which I now wake for thee,  
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,  
And who often at eve, through the bright waters roved,  
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.



But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;  
 Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,  
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

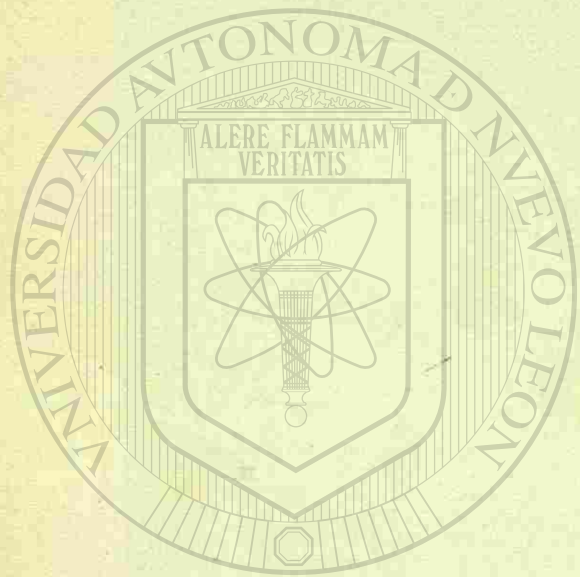
Still her form rises fair — still her cheeks smile the same —  
 While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame,  
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,  
 Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known  
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone  
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.



"Of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne."





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GROUP IV.

—•—  
*THE TROJAN WAR AND ULYSSES.*  
—•—

THERE have been many translations into English verse of "The Tale of Troy Divine," as the "Iliad" of Homer has been called, since George Chapman (1557-1634), the pioneer in this field of literary effort, made the one which called forth the following famous sonnet:

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

JOHN KEATS.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men



So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,  
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming fire attend,  
 Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Cowper's translation of the same passage of the  
 "Iliad":—

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,  
 Not disarrayed, but in fair form disposed  
 Of even ranks, and watched their numerous fires.  
 As when around the clear bright moon, the stars  
 Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hushed,  
 The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights  
 Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks  
 The boundless blue, but ether opened wide  
 All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheerful;—  
 So numerous seem those fires between the stream  
 Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,  
 In prospect of all Troy; a thousand fires,  
 Each watched by fifty warriors seated near.  
 The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn  
 Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned  
 Aurora should restore the light of day.

Tennyson has translated this same passage of the  
 "Iliad" as follows:—

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host;  
 Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke

And each beside his chariot bound his own;  
 And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep  
 In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine  
 And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd  
 Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain  
 Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.  
 And there all night upon the bridge of war  
 Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed;  
 As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
 Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart:  
 So many a fire between the ships and stream  
 Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
 A thousand on the plain; and close by each  
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;  
 And champing golden grain, the horses stood  
 Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

Compare these versions of this bit of Homer with  
 Bryant's:—

So Hector spake, and all the Trojan host  
 Applauded; from the yoke forthwith they loosed  
 The sweaty steeds, and bound them to the cars  
 With halters; to the town they sent in haste  
 For oxen and the fatlings of the flock,  
 And to their homes for bread and pleasant wine,  
 And gathered fuel in large store. The winds  
 Bore up the fragrant fumes from earth to heaven.  
 So high in hope, they sat the whole night through  
 In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.  
 As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth



Round the clear-shining moon, while not a breeze  
 Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars  
 Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,  
 So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,  
 Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships  
 And eddying Xanthus: on the plain there shone  
 A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire  
 Sat in the light. Their steeds beside the cars—  
 Champing their oats and their white barley—stood  
 And waited for the golden morn to rise.

## PHILOCTETES.

In the second book of the "Iliad" the poet sings the commanders and the ships of the Grecian fleet. In this wonderful catalogue we find the outline of the story that Sophocles has used so effectively in his drama, in a few lines:—

"Those from Methonè and Olizon's rocks,  
 And Melibœa and Thaumacia, filled  
 Seven ships, with Philoctetes for their chief,  
 A warrior skilled to bend the bow. Each bark  
 Held fifty rowers, bowmen all, and armed  
 For stubborn battle. But their leader lay  
 Far in an island, suffering grievous pangs,—  
 The hallowed isle of Lemnos. There the Greeks  
 Left him, in torture from a venomous wound  
 Made by a serpent's fangs. He lay and pined.  
 Yet was the moment near when they who thus  
 Forsook their king should think of him again.  
 Meantime his troops were not without a chief,  
 Though greatly they desired their ancient lord;  
 For now the base-born Medon marshalled them,  
 Son of Oileus."

Plumptre's translation of the drama of Philoctetes is prefaced by the following argument: "Philoctetes, son of Pœas, king of the Melians of Cœta in Thessaly, having been one of the suitors of Helen, the daughter of Tyndareus, and being bound by an oath to defend her in case of wrong (as were all the other suitors), joined the great expedition of the Greeks against Troy. And as he landed at Chryse, treading rashly on the sacred ground of the nymph from whom the island took its name, he was bitten in the foot by a serpent; the wound became so noisome, and the cries of his agony so sharp, that the host could not endure his presence, and sent him in charge of Odysseus to Lemnos, and there he was left. And nine years passed away, and Achilles had died, and Hector and Aias (Ajax), and yet Troy was not taken. But the Greeks took prisoner Helenos, a son of Priam, who had the gift of prophecy, and they learnt from him that it was decreed that it should never be taken but by the son of Achilles and with the bow of Heracles. Now this bow was in the hands of Philoctetes, for Heracles loved him because he found him faithful; and when he died on Cœta, it was Philoctetes who climbed up the hill with him, and prepared the funeral pyre, and kindled it: therefore Heracles gave him his bow and arrows.

"When the Greeks heard this prophecy they first sent to Skyros to fetch Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles, and then, when he had arrived, they despatched him with Odysseus to bring Philoctetes from Lemnos."

NOTE.—Throughout this play the Greek proper names are used, as Odysseus for Ulysses, Heracles for Hercules.



## PHILOCTÈTES.

SOPHOCLES. [PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION.]

SCENE.— *The shore of Lemnos.*

*Odysseus.* Here, then, we reach this shore of sea-girt isle,  
Of Lemnos, by the foot of man-untrod,  
Without inhabitant, where, long ago,  
I set on shore the Melian, Pœas' son,  
His foot all ulcerous with an eating sore,  
Sent on this errand by the chiefs that rule ;  
For never were we able tranquilly  
To join in incense-offerings, nor to pour  
Libations, but with clamor fierce and wild  
He harassed all the encampment, shouting loud,  
And groaning low. What need to speak of this?  
It is no time for any length of speech,  
Lest he should hear of my approach, and I  
Upset the whole contrivance wherewithal  
I think to take him. But thy task it is  
To do thine office now, and search out well  
Where lies a cavern here with double mouth,  
Where in the winter twofold sunny side  
Is found to sit in, while in summer heat  
The breeze sends slumber through the tunnelled vault.  
And just below, a little to the left,  
Thou may'st, perchance, a stream of water see,  
If it still flow there. Go, and show in silence  
If he is dwelling in this self-same spot,  
Or wanders elsewhere, that in all that comes  
Thou may'st give heed to me, and I may speak,  
And common counsels work for good from both.

*Neoptolemos.* O King Odysseus, no far task thou giv'st,  
For such a cave, methinks, I see hard by.

*Odys.* Clearly the man is dwelling in this spot,  
And is not distant. How could one so worn  
With that old evil in his foot go far?  
But either he is gone in search of food,  
Or knows, perchance, some herb medicinal ;  
And therefore send this man to act the scout,  
Lest he should come upon me unawares,  
For he would rather seize on me than take  
All other Argives. [Exit attendant.]

*Neop.* He is gone to watch  
The path. If aught thou needest, speak again.

*Odys.* Now should'st thou prove thyself Achilles' son,  
Stout-hearted for the task for which thou cam'st,  
Not in thy body only, but if thou  
Should'st hear strange things, by thee unknown till now,  
Still give thy help as subaltern to me.

*Neop.* What dost thou bid me?

*Odys.* Thou must cheat and trick  
The heart of Philoctetes with thy words ;  
And when he asks thee who and what thou art,  
Say thou'rt Achilles' son (that hide thou not),  
And that thou sailest homeward, leaving there  
The Achæans' armament ; with bitter hate  
Hating them all, who having sent to beg  
Thy coming with their prayers, as having this  
Their only way to capture Ilion's towers,  
Then did not deign to grant thee, seeking them  
With special claims, our great Achilles' arms,  
But gave them to Odysseus. What thou wilt,  
Say thou against me to the utmost ill ;  
In this thou wilt not grieve me ; but if thou  
Wilt not do this, on all the Argive host  
Thou wilt bring sorrow ; for, unless we get  
His bow and arrows, it will not be thine  
To sack the plain of Dardanos. And how



I cannot have, and thou may'st have access  
 To him both safe and trustworthy, learn this ;  
 For thou hast sailed as bound by oath to none,  
 Not by constraint, nor with the earlier host,  
 But none of all these things can I deny ;  
 So, if he sees me while he holds his bow,  
 I perish, and shall cause thy death as well.  
 But this one piece of craft thou needs must work,  
 That thou may'st steal those arms invincible.  
 I know, O boy, thy nature is not apt  
 To speak such things, nor evil guile devise ;  
 But sweet it is to gain the conqueror's prize ;  
 Therefore be bold. Hereafter once again,  
 We will appear in sight of all as just.  
 But now for one short day give me thyself,  
 And cast off shame, and then in time to come,  
 Be honored, as of all men most devout.

*Neop.* The things, O son of Lartios, which I grieve  
 To hear in words, those same I hate to do.  
 I was not born to act with evil arts,  
 Nor I myself, nor, as they say, my sire.  
 Prepared I am to take the man by force,  
 And not by fraud ; for he with one weak foot  
 Will fail in strength to master force like ours ;  
 And yet, being sent thy colleague, I am loth  
 To get the name of traitor ; but I wish,  
 O King, to miss my mark in acting well,  
 Rather than conquer, acting evilly.

*Odys.* O son of noble sire, I, too, when young,  
 Had a slow tongue and ready-working hand ;  
 But now, by long experience, I have found  
 Not deeds, but words prevail at last with men.

*Neop.* But what is all thou bid'st me say but lies?

*Odys.* I bid thee Philoctetes take with guile.

Odysseus finally persuades Neoptolemos that though he is destined to take Troy, he cannot do it without the bow and arrows of Philoctetes. When Neoptolemos realizes this he says :—

“Come then, I'll do it, casting off all shame.”

The chorus then advances, and in the strophe and antistrophe that follow, Neoptolemos learns all about the habits of Philoctetes and the wretched life he leads in this desolate place.

[*Enter PHILOCTETES, in worn and tattered raiment.*]

Ho, there, my friends !  
 Who are ye that have come to this, our shore,  
 And by what chance ! for neither is it safe  
 To anchor in, nor yet inhabited.  
 What may I guess your country and your race ?  
 Your outward guise and dress of Hellas speak,  
 To me most dear, and yet I fain would hear  
 Your speech ; and draw not back from me indeed,  
 As fearing this my wild and savage look,  
 But pity one unhappy, left alone,  
 Thus helpless, friendless, worn with many ills.  
 Speak, if it be ye come to me as friends :  
 Nay, answer me, it is not meet that I  
 Should fail of this from you, nor ye from me.

*Neop.* Know this then first, O stranger, that we come,  
 Of Hellas all ; for this thou seek'st to know.

*Phil.* O dear-loved sound ! Ah me ! what joy it is  
 After long years to hear a voice like thine !  
 What led thee hither, what need brought thee here ?  
 Whither thy voyage, what blest wind bore thee on ?  
 Tell all, that I may know thee who thou art.



*Neop.* By birth I come from sea-girt Skyros' isle,  
And I sail homeward, I, Achilles' son,  
Named Neoptolemos. Now know'st thou all.

*Phil.* O son of dearest father, much-loved land,  
Thou darling boy of Lycomedes old,  
Whence sailing, whither bound, hast thou steered hither?

*Neop.* At present I from Ilion make my voyage.

*Phil.* What say'st thou? Thou wast surely not with us  
A sailor when the fleet to Ilion came?

*Neop.* What? Did'st thou, too, share that great enterprise?

*Phil.* And know'st thou not, O boy, whom thou dost see?

*Neop.* How can I know a man I ne'er beheld?

*Phil.* And did'st thou never hear my name, nor fame  
Of these my ills, in which I pined away?

*Neop.* Know that I nothing know of what thou ask'st.

*Phil.* O crushed with many woes and of the gods  
Hated am I, of whom in this my woe,  
No rumor travelled homeward, nor went forth  
Through any clime of Hellas! But the men  
Who cast me out in scorn of holiest laws  
Laugh in their sleeve, and this my sore disease  
Still grows apace, and passes into worse.

My son, O boy that call'st Achilles sire,  
Lo! I am he of whom perchance thou heard'st,

That I possess the arms of Heracles,

The son of Pœas, Philoctetes, whom

Our generals twain and Kephallene's king

Basely cast forth, thus desolate, worn out

Through fierce disease, with bite of murderous snake,

Fierce bite, sore smitten; and with that, O boy,

Thus desolate they left me, when they touched

From sea-girt Chryse in their armament;

And when they saw me, tired and tempest-worn,

Asleep in vaulted cave upon the shore,

Gladly they went, and left me, giving me

Some wretched rags that might a beggar suit,  
And some small store of food they chanced to have.  
And thou, my son, what kind of waking up  
Think'st thou I had, when I arose from sleep,  
And found them gone, — what bitter tears I wept,  
What groans of woe I uttered? when I saw  
The ships all gone, with which till then I sailed,  
And no man on the spot to give me aid,  
Nor help me, struggling with my sore disease;  
And, looking all around, I nothing found  
But pain and torment, and of this, my son,  
Full plenteous store. And so the years went on,  
Month after month, and in this lonely cell  
I needs must wait upon myself. My bow  
Found what my hunger needed, striking down  
The swift-winged doves, but whatsoever the dart,  
Sent from the string, might hit, to that, poor I  
Must wend my way, and drag my wretched foot,  
Even to that; and if I wanted drink,  
Or, when the frost was out in winter-time  
Had need to cleave my firewood, this poor I  
Crept out, and fetched. And then no fire had I,  
But rubbing stone with stone I brought to light,  
Not without toil, the spark deep hid within;  
And this e'en now preserves me; for a cell  
To dwell in, if one has but fire, provides  
All that I need, except release from pain.  
And now, my son, learn thou this island's tale:  
No sailor here approaches willingly,  
For neither is there harbor, nor a town,  
Where sailing he may profit gain, or lodge.  
No men of prudence make their voyage here;  
Yet some, perchance, may come against their will;  
(Such things will happen in the lapse of years;)  
And these, my son, when they do come, in words



Show pity on me, and perchance they give  
Some food in their compassion, and some clothes ;  
But none is willing when I mention that,  
To take me safely home, but here poor I  
Wear out my life, for nine long years and more,  
In hunger and distress this eating sore  
Still nursing. Such the deeds the Atreidæ did,  
And great Odysseus. May the Olympian gods  
Give them to bear like recompense for this !

*Neop.* And I myself am witness to thy words,  
And know that they are true, for I have found  
The Atreidæ and the great Odysseus base.

*Phil.* What ! Hast thou too a grudge against those vile ones ?  
The Atreidæ, that thy wrongs have stirred thy rage ?

*Neop.* I'll tell thee, Pœas' son, though scarce I can,  
What I endured of outrage at their hands ;  
For when the Fates decreed Achilles' death, —

*Phil.* Ah me ! Speak nothing further till I learn  
This first ; and is the son of Peleus dead ?

*Neop.* Dead is he, not by any man shot down,  
But by a god, — by Phœbus, as they say.

*Phil.* Well, noble he that slew, and he that fell ;  
And I, my son, am much in doubt, if first  
To ask thy sufferings, or to mourn for him.

*Neop.* Thine own misfortunes are enough, I trow ;  
Thou need'st not sorrow o'er thy neighbor's lot.

*Phil.* Thou sayest well, and therefore tell again  
That business in the which they outraged thee.

Neoptolemos then tells Philoctetes a long story about the disposal of his father's arms, which had been given to Odysseus, and which Neoptolemos claimed. He expresses the strongest hatred for the injustice of Odysseus; and Philoctetes, believing everything evil of the

latter, still wonders that Ajax, the elder, should have seen these things and borne them.

Neoptolemos tells him that Aias (Ajax) is dead, and then he inquires for the aged Nestor and his son Antilochus. Hearing that the latter is also dead, he asks for Patroclus, whom Achilles loved so well. When told of his death, also, he wonders that war can take such men as these and spare such scoundrels as Odysseus.

Neoptolemos then tells him that he is going to his ship to set sail for rocky Skyros, where for the future he will take his ease at home.

Now to my ship I go. And thou, O son  
Of Pœas, fare thee well, good luck be thine,  
And may the gods release thee from thy pain,  
As thou desirest ! Now then let us start ;  
When god fair weather gives us, then we sail.

*Phil.* And do ye start already ?

*Neop.* Yes ; the time  
Bids us our voyage think near, and not far off.

*Phil.* By thy dear sire and mother, I, my son,  
Implore thee as a suppliant, by all else  
To thee most dear, thus lonely leave me not,  
Abandoned to these evils which thou see'st,  
With which thou hearest that I still abide ;  
But think of me as thrown on you by chance :  
Right well I know how noisome such a freight ;  
Yet still do thou endure it. Noble souls  
Still find the base is hateful, and the good  
Is full of glory. And for thee, my son,  
Leaving me here comes shame that is not good ;  
But doing what I ask thee thou shalt have  
Thy meed of greatest honor, should I reach



Alive and well the shores of Ceta's land.  
 Come, come! The trouble lasts not one whole day:  
 Take heart; receive me; put me where thou wilt,  
 In hold, or stern, or stem, where least of all  
 I should molest my fellow-passengers.  
 Ah, by great Zeus, the suppliant's god, consent;  
 I pray thee, hearken. On my knees I beg,  
 Lame though I be and powerless in my limbs.  
 Nay, leave me not thus desolate, away  
 From every human footstep. Bring me safe,  
 Or to my home, or where Chalkodon holds  
 His seat in fair Eubœa: thence the sail  
 To Ceta and the ridge of Trachis steep,  
 And fair Sperchios is not far for me,  
 That thou mayest show me to my father dear,  
 Of whom long since I've feared that he perchance  
 Has passed away. For many messages  
 I sent to him by those who hither came,  
 Yea, suppliant prayers that he would hither send,  
 Himself, to fetch me home. But either he  
 Is dead, or else, as happens oft with men  
 Who errands take, they holding me, 'twould seem,  
 In slight account, pushed on their homeward voyage.  
 But now, for here I come to thee as one  
 At once my escort and my messenger,  
 Be thou my helper, my deliverer thou,  
 Seeing all things full of fear and perilous chance,  
 Or to fare well, or fall in evil case;  
 And one that's free from sorrow should look out  
 For coming dangers, and, when most at ease,  
 Should then keep wariest watch upon his life,  
 Lest unawares he perish utterly.

*Neop.* If it please you, let us sail at once.  
 And let him, too, be quick to start with us;  
 Our ship will take him, will not say him nay.

This only pray I, that the gods may bring us  
 From this land safe to where we seek to sail.

Philoctetes then asks Neoptolemos to go to his cave with him for the purpose of getting some herbs that he uses to soothe the pain of his wound. He also looks about to see if, through neglect, he has dropped one of his precious arrows where it might afterwards be found by some stranger, and, as he comes out with his bow in his hand, Neoptolemos asks him if that is the far-famed bow.

*Phil.* This, and none other hold I in my hands.  
*Neop.* And may I have a nearer view of it?  
 And hold it, and salute it as a god?  
*Phil.* Thou shalt have this, my son, and if aught else  
 Of mine shalt please thee, that, too, shalt be thine.  
*Neop.* I wish and long, and yet my wish stands thus:  
 I fain would, were it right; if not, refuse.  
*Phil.* Thou askest but thy due, and it is right,  
 My son, who only giv'st me to behold  
 The light of day, and yon Ceteæan shore,  
 My aged father, and my friends, — whose arm,  
 When I was trodden down, has raised me up  
 Above my foes. Take heart: it shall be thine  
 To touch them, yea, and give them back to me,  
 And boast that thou, alone of all that live,  
 Hast, for thy virtue's sake, laid hands on them:  
 For I, too, gained them by good deeds I did.

*Neop.* I grieve not now to see thee as a friend  
 And take thee with me, for a man that knows,  
 Receiving good, to render good again,  
 Would be a friend worth more than lands or goods;  
 Go thou within.



*Phil.* And I will take thee, too :  
My ailment makes me crave to have thy help.

\* \* \* \* \*

As they enter the cavern a paroxysm of pain comes upon Philoctetes; but before he is completely exhausted by it, he implores Neoptolemos not to desert him. Neoptolemos gives him the deepest sympathy, and asks what he shall do to help him.

*Neop.* Dost thou then wish  
That I should hold thee, touch thee?

*Phil.* Nay, not so :  
But take my bow and arrows, which but now  
Thou asked'st for, and keep them till the force  
Of the sharp pain be spent ; yea, guard them well,  
For slumber takes me, when this evil ends ;  
Nor can it cease before : but thou must leave me  
To sleep in peace ; and should they come meanwhile,  
Of whom we heard, by all the gods, I charge thee,  
Nor with thy will, nor yet against it, give  
These things to them, by any art entrapped,  
Lest thou should'st deal destruction on thyself,  
And me who am thy suppliant.

*Neop.* Take good heart,  
If forethought can avail. To none but thee  
And me shall they be given. Hand them me,  
And good luck come with them !

*Phil.* (*Giving his bow and arrows to Neoptolemos.*)  
Lo there, my son !  
Receive thou them, but first adore the Power  
Whose name is Jealousy, that they may prove  
To thee less full of trouble than they were  
To me, and him who owned them ere I owned.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sufferings of Philoctetes become so intense that he prays for death, but when the agony is over he falls asleep, and seems like one dead.

Neoptolemos has the bow and arrows in his possession, and might take them to Odysseus, claiming that the work he had undertaken was accomplished, but he begins to realize that unless he brings Philoctetes also, the weapons will be of no avail, so he patiently awaits the awakening of the sufferer. When Philoctetes, waking, finds Neoptolemos still with him, he expresses great surprise, and his confidence in this late-found friend is redoubled. Neoptolemos begins to feel the stings of conscience when he sees that he has accomplished all that he was instructed to do, by deceit. He repents, and at last tells Philoctetes the truth, that he will take him not to the home that he so longs to see, but back to Troy, where he will be shown to the Argive host, and the oracle will be fulfilled. Philoctetes exclaims that he is lost, betrayed, and more wretched than before, but he demands the return of his bow and arrows. Neoptolemos refuses to give them up, and while this exciting conversation is going on Odysseus comes to them. As soon as Philoctetes recognizes him, he determines to throw himself over the cliff into the sea, but Odysseus orders the sailors to hold him fast. They seize him, and bind his hands behind his back. Addressing Odysseus, Philoctetes exclaims :—

O hands ! What shame ye suffer lacking now  
The bow-string that ye loved so well, and thus  
Made prisoners by this man ! O thou, whose soul



Has never known a generous, healthy thought,  
 How hast thou tricked me, ta'en me in a snare,  
 Putting this boy I knew not as thy blind,  
 Who nothing knew except to do his task :  
 And, clearly, now he grieves, sore vexed at heart,  
 At all his faults, at all my sufferings.  
 But thy base soul, that ever peeps and spies  
 Through chinks and crannies, taught him but too well,  
 Guileless and all unwilling as he was,  
 The subtlety of fraud. Perdition seize thee !  
 And now why take ye me? Why drag me off?  
 What aim have ye in this? How if I should sail,  
 Could ye unto the gods burn sacrifice,  
 Or pour libation? 'Twas on that pretence  
 Ye cast me forth. Perdition seize you all !  
 O my fatherland, and all ye gods who look on me, avenge,  
 Avenge me on them all in time to come,  
 If ye have pity on me.

*Odys.* Ho, leave him there !

Lay no hand on him ; let him here remain.  
 With these thine arms we have no need of thee :  
 Teucros is with us, skilled in this thine art ;  
 And I, too, boast that I, not less than thou,  
 This bow can handle, with my hand shoot straight ;  
 What need we thee? In Lemnos walk at will ;  
 And let us go. And they perchance will give  
 As prize to me what rightly thou might'st claim.

Odysseus tells Neoptolemos to go also without looking at Philoctetes, for fear he will ruin the success they have gained by his sympathy. Philoctetes gives vent to his misery and despair, for without his bow and arrows he will not be able to supply himself with food. He begs the followers of Neoptolemos to give him a

sword or an axe, or any other weapon with which he may destroy himself. While he is eagerly talking to them, Neoptolemos and Odysseus return. Neoptolemos has repented of the deceit that he practised on Philoctetes, and in spite of Odysseus he returns the bow and arrows to Philoctetes.

Neoptolemos then tells him the whole story of the prophecy in regard to the taking of Troy by means of the darts which only Philoctetes can shoot from his magic bow. He also assures him that he can be healed of his wound by going with them of his own free will and putting himself under the care of the son of Asclepios, Machaon, the great surgeon of the Grecian army.

Philoctetes pleads to be taken to his own country instead of to Troy, and Neoptolemos finally consents to take him there in his ship. Just as they are ready to start Heracles appears, descending from the sky, in glory. He bids them not to go until they hear his words, and after convincing Philoctetes that it is the voice of Heracles that speaks, he says :—

List thou to these my words :  
 Going with this youth to Troia's town,  
 First thou shalt respite find from thy sore plague,  
 And for thy valor chosen from the host,  
 Shalt with my arrows take away the life  
 Of Paris, who was cause of all these ills,  
 And shalt sack Troia, and shalt send its spoils  
 To thine own dwelling (gaining highest prize  
 Of valor in the army) by the plains



Of Ceta, where thy Pœas dwells,  
 And all the spoils thou gainest in this war,  
 As true thank-offerings for these darts of mine,  
 Lay thou upon my grave. (*To Neoptolemos.*) And now to thee.  
 Achilles' son, I this declare; — nor thou  
 Apart from him, nor he apart from thee,  
 May Troia take. But ye as lions twain  
 That roam together, guard thou him, he thee.  
 (*To Philoctetes.*) And I will send as healer of thy wounds,  
 Asclepios to Iliion. Yet once more  
 By this my bow must it be captured. Then  
 (Give heed to this) when ye the land lay waste,  
 Shew all religious reverence to the gods;  
 For all things else our father Zeus counts less.  
 [Religion e'en in death abides with men;  
 Die they or live, it does not pass away].

Philoctetes no longer objects to returning to Troy.  
 He says a few words of farewell to his island-home;  
 then, with Neoptolemos and the sailors, praying to the  
 sea-nymphs for protection, they all embark for the voy-  
 age to Troy.

Discuss with your class this question: — Is your sense of justice to all  
 the characters in this play satisfied with the way it ends?  
 Compare the island-home of Philoctetes with that of Robinson Crusoe;  
 of Enoch Arden; of Alexander Selkirk.  
 Which of all these stories appeals most strongly to your sympathies?

Among the many adventures met with by Ulysses,  
 while returning from Troy to his native land, his visit  
 with his companions to the land of the Lotos-eaters  
 seems to possess a peculiar charm for modern writers,

and allusions to it are frequent. Tennyson's version of  
 the fascinating story, found among his early poems,  
 appears below.

## THE LOTOS-EATERS.

From the "Odyssey," Book IX. — BRYANT'S TRANS.

On the tenth day we reached the land where dwell  
 The Lotos-eaters, men whose food is flowers.  
 We landed on the mainland, and our crews  
 Near the fleet galleys took their evening meal.  
 And when we all had eaten and had drunk,  
 I sent explorers forth — two chosen men,  
 A herald was the third — to learn what race  
 Of mortals nourished by the fruits of earth  
 Possessed the land. They went and found themselves  
 Among the Lotos-eaters soon, who used  
 No violence against their lives, but gave  
 Into their hands the lotos plant to taste.  
 Whoever tasted once of that sweet food  
 Wished not to see his native country more,  
 Nor give his friends the knowledge of his fate.  
 And then my messengers desired to dwell  
 Among the Lotos-eaters, and to feed  
 Upon the lotos, never to return.  
 By force I led them weeping to the fleet,  
 And bound them in the hollow ships beneath  
 The benches. Then I ordered all the rest  
 Of my beloved comrades to embark  
 In haste, lest, tasting of the lotos, they  
 Should think no more of home. All straightway went  
 On board, and on the benches took their place,  
 And smote the hoary ocean with their oars.



## THE LOTOS-EATERS.

TENNYSON.

## I.

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 "This mounting wave will bear us shoreward soon."  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the fragrant 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.

## II.

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 sheen of slumbrous foam below.  
 They saw the gleaming river onward flow  
 From the inner land: far off three mountain-tops,  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flushed, and, dewed with showery drops,  
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

## III.

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

## IV.

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 seemed, yet all awake,  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

## V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Before the sun and moon upon the shore;  
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,  
 Of child and wife and slave; but evermore  
 Most weary seemed 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 tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
 Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And through the moss the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## 2.

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

## 3.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care  
Sun-steeped 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.

## 4.

Hateful is the dark blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.  
Death is the end of life; ah, why  
Should life all labor 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  
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

## 5.

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 whispered 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!



## 6.

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 labor unto aged breath,  
 Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars  
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

## 7.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
 With half-dropt eyelids still,  
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
 His waters from the purple hill.  
 To hear the dew echoes calling  
 From cave to cave thro' the dark-twined vine—  
 To watch the emerald-color'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.

## 8.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:  
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:  
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow 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 deep 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 labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;  
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES.

TENNYSON.

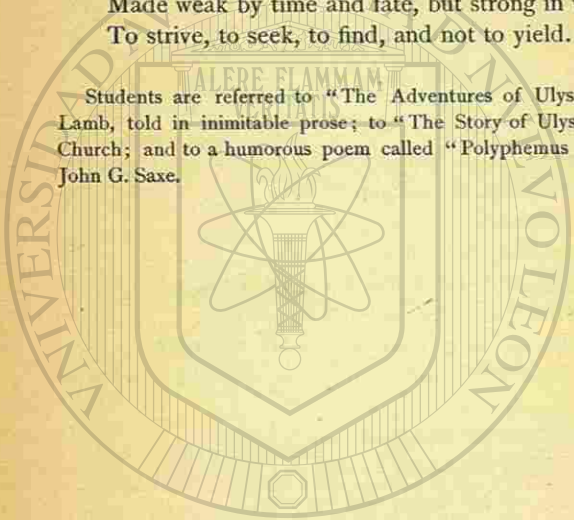
It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel ; I will drink  
Life to the lees ; all times I have enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered 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 honor'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  
Forever 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 labor, 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 honor 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,  
'Tis 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.

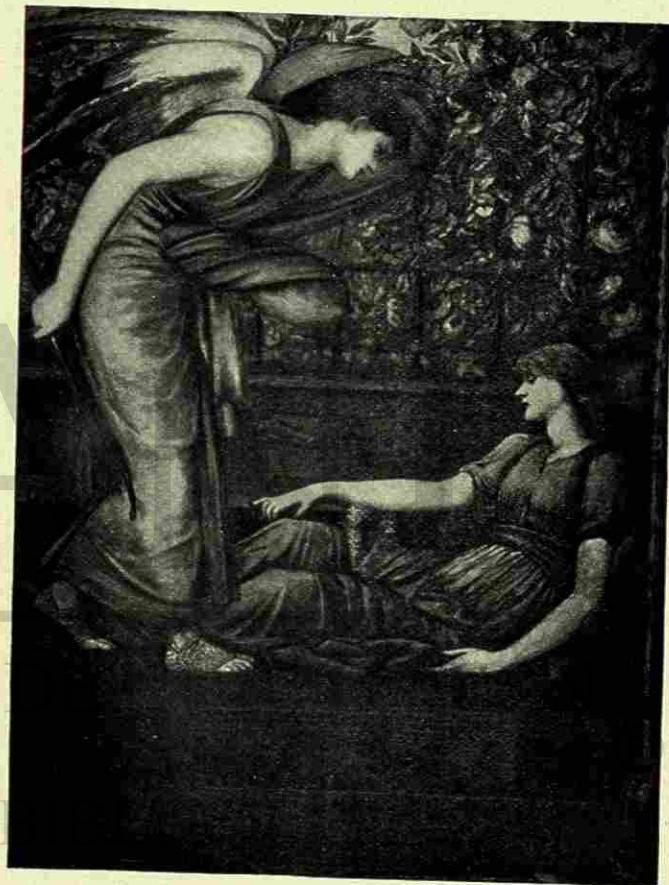
Students are referred to "The Adventures of Ulysses," by Charles Lamb, told in inimitable prose; to "The Story of Ulysses," by Alfred J. Church; and to a humorous poem called "Polyphemus and Ulysses," by John G. Saxe.



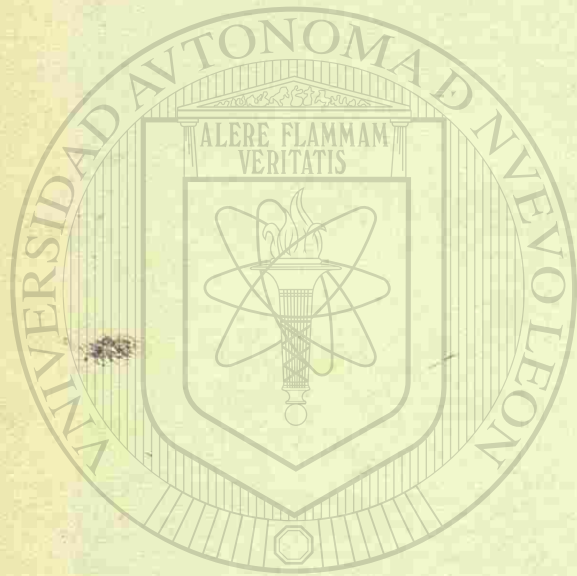
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UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA

DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE



*"The young, unawakened maid lies by the rose-trellis, under the eyes of the conquering but now conquered god."*



UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN  
DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

GROUP V.

—♦—  
*ANCIENT AND MODERN TREATMENT OF THE  
MYTH OF CUPID.*  
—♦—

WHILE Cupid, under the name Eros, was one of the gods famous in Grecian story, the myth of Cupid and Psyche is comparatively new, as it was invented by Apuleius, a Roman author of the second century.

The modern artist reverses the first scene of the story by representing Cupid gazing on the sleeping Psyche.

"The young unawakened maid lies by the rose-trellis, under the eyes of the conquering but now conquered god."

PARAPHRASES ON APULEIUS.

MRS. BROWNING.

PSYCHE GAZING ON CUPID.

Then Psyche, weak in body and soul, put on  
The cruelty of Fate in place of strength :  
She raised the lamp to see what should be done,  
And seized the steel, and was a man at length  
In courage, though a woman ! Yes, but when  
The light fell on the bed whereby she stood  
To view the "beast" that lay there, — certes, then,  
She saw the gentlest, sweetest beast in the wood —  
Even Cupid's self, the beauteous god : more beauteous  
For that sweet sleep across his eyelids dim !



Drawn on to crop the river's flowery hair.)  
 And as the hoary god beheld her there,  
 The poor, worn, fainting Psyche! — knowing all  
 The grief she suffered, he did gently call  
 Her name, and softly comfort her despair: —  
 "O wise, fair lady, I am rough and rude,  
 And yet experienced through my weary age!  
 And if I read aright, as soothsayer should,  
 Thy faltering steps of heavy pilgrimage,  
 Thy paleness, deep as the snow, we cannot see  
 The roses through, — thy sighs of quick returning,  
 Thine eyes that seem, themselves, two souls in mourning, —  
 Thou lovest, girl, too well, and bitterly!  
 But hear me: rush no more to a headlong fall:  
 Seek no more deaths! leave wail, lay sorrow down,  
 And pray the sovran god; and use withal  
 Such prayer as best may suit a tender youth,  
 Well-pleased to bend to flatteries from mouth,  
 And feel them stir the myrtle of his crown."  
 — So spake the shepherd-god; and answer none  
 Gave Psyche in return: but silently  
 She did him homage with a bended knee,  
 And took the onward path. —

## PSYCHE PROPITIATING CERES.

Then mother Ceres from afar beheld her,  
 While Psyche touched, with reverent fingers meek,  
 The temple's scythes; and with a cry compelled her:  
 "O wretched Psyche, Venus roams to seek  
 Thy wandering footsteps round the weary earth,  
 Anxious and maddened, and adjures thee forth  
 To accept the imputed pang, and let her wreak  
 Full vengeance with full force of deity!

Yet *thou*, forsooth, art in my temple here,  
 Touching my scythes, assuming my degree,  
 And daring to have thoughts that are not fear!"  
 — But Psyche clung to her feet, and as they moved  
 Rained tears along their track, tear dropped on tear.  
 And drew the dust on in her trailing locks,  
 And still, with passionate prayer, the charge disproved;  
 "Now, by thy right hand's gathering from the shocks  
 Of golden corn, — and by thy gladsome rites  
 Of harvest, — and thy consecrated sights  
 Shut safe and mute in chests, — and by the course  
 Of thy slave-dragons, — and the driving force  
 Of ploughs along Sicilian glebes profound, —  
 By all those Nuptial torches that departed  
 With thy lost daughter, — and by those that shone  
 Back with her, when she came again glad-hearted, —  
 And by all other mysteries which are done  
 In silence at Eleusis, — I beseech thee,  
 O Ceres, take some pity and abstain  
 From giving to my soul extremest pain,  
 Who am the wretched Psyche! Let me teach thee  
 A little mercy, and have thy leave to spend  
 A few days only in thy garnered corn,  
 Until that wrathful goddess, at the end  
 Shall feel her hate grow mild, the longer borne, —  
 Or till, alas! — this faintness at my breast  
 Pass from me, and my spirit apprehend  
 From life-long woe a breath-time hour of rest!"  
 But Ceres answered, "I am moved indeed,  
 By prayers so moist with tears, and would defend  
 The poor beseecher from more utter need:  
 But where old oaths, anterior ties, commend,  
 I cannot fail to a sister, lie to a friend,  
 As Venus is to *me*. Depart with speed!"

## PSYCHE AND THE EAGLE.

But sovran Jove's rapacious bird, the regal  
 High percher on the lightning, the great eagle  
 Drove down with rushing wings; and — thinking how,  
 By Cupid's help, he bore from Ida's brow  
 A cup-boy for his master, — he inclined  
 To yield, in just return, an influence kind;  
 The god being honored in his lady's woe.  
 And thus the bird wheeled downward from the track  
 Gods follow gods in, to the level low  
 Of that poor face of Psyche left in wrack.  
 — "Now fie, thou simple girl!" the bird began;  
 "For if thou think to steal and carry back  
 A drop of holiest stream that ever ran,  
 No simpler thought, methinks, were found in man.  
 What! know'st thou not these Stygian waters be  
 Most holy, even to Jove? that as, on earth,  
 Men swear by gods, and by the thunderer's worth,  
 Even so the heavenly gods do utter forth  
 Their oaths by Styx's flowing majesty?  
 And yet one little urnful, I agree  
 To grant thy need!" Whereat all hastily,  
 He takes it, fills it from the willing wave,  
 And bears it in his beak, incarnadined  
 By the last Titan-prey he screamed to have;  
 And, striking calmly out against the wind,  
 Vast wings on each side, — there, where Psyche stands,  
 He drops the urn down in her lifted hands.

## PSYCHE AND CERBERUS.

A mighty Dog with three colossal necks,  
 And heads in grand proportion; vast as fear,

With jaws that bark the thunder out that breaks  
 In most innocuous dread for ghosts anear,  
 Who are safe in death from sorrow: he reclines  
 Across the threshold of Queen Proserpine's  
 Dark-sweeping halls, and, there, for Pluto's spouse,  
 Doth guard the entrance of the empty house.  
 When Psyche threw the cake to him, once amain  
 He howled up wildly from his hunger-pain,  
 And was still, after.

## PSYCHE AND PROSERPINE.

Then Psyche entered in to Proserpine  
 In the dark house, and straightway did decline  
 With meek denial the luxurious seat,  
 The liberal board for welcome strangers spread,  
 But sate down lowly at the dark queen's feet,  
 And told her tale and brake her oaten bread.  
 And when she had given the pyx in humble duty,  
 And told how Venus did entreat the queen  
 To fill it up with only one day's beauty  
 She used in Hades, star-bright and serene,  
 To beautify the Cyprian, who had been  
 All spoilt with grief in nursing her sick boy, —  
 Then Proserpine, in malice and in joy,  
 Smiled in the shade, and took the pyx, and put  
 A secret in it; and so, filled and shut,  
 Gave it again to Psyche. Could she tell  
 It held no beauty, but a dream of hell? ®

## PSYCHE AND VENUS.

And Psyche brought to Venus what was sent  
 By Pluto's spouse; the paler, that she went  
 So low to seek it, down the dark descent.



## MERCURY CARRIES PSYCHE TO OLYMPUS.

Then Jove commanded the god Mercury  
To float up Psyche from the earth. And she  
Sprang at the first word, as the fountain springs,  
And shot up bright and rustling through his wings.

## THE MARRIAGE OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

And Jove's right-hand approached the ambrosial bowl  
To Psyche's lips, that scarce dared yet to smile, —  
"Drink, O my daughter, and acquaint thy soul  
With deathless uses, and be glad the while!  
No more shall Cupid leave thy lovely side;  
Thy marriage-joy begins for never-ending."  
While yet he spake, — the nuptial feast supplied, —  
The bridegroom on the festive couch was bending  
O'er Psyche in his bosom. The rural cup-boy came  
And poured Jove's nectar out with shining eyes,  
While Bacchus for the others did as much,  
And Vulcan spread the meal; and all the Hours  
Made all things purple with a sprinkle of flowers,  
Or roses chiefly, not to say the touch  
Of their sweet fingers; and the Graces glided  
Their balm around, and the Muses through the air  
Struck out clear voices, which were still divided  
By that divinest song Apollo there  
Intoned to his lute; while Aphrodite fair  
Did float her beauty along the tune, and play  
The notes right with her feet. And thus, the day  
Through every perfect mood of joy was carried,  
The Muses sang their chorus; Satyrus  
Did blow his pipes; Pan touched his reed; — and thus  
At last were Cupid and his Psyche married.

The myth of Cupid meets us at every turn in our reading, and is so familiar to young and old, both in pictures and poetry, that explanations are unnecessary. The poems that we have selected to illustrate the myth are of varied authorship and nationality. Those having the full flavor of antiquity are translations from the Greek poet, Anacreon, who wrote in the latter half of the fifth century B.C.

## CUPID STUNG. [ANACREON.]

THOMAS BATESON'S MADRIGALS (1618).

Cupid in a bed of roses  
Sleeping, chanced to be stung  
Of a bee that lay among  
The flowers where he himself reposes;  
And thus to his mother weeping  
Told that he this wound did take  
Of a little winged snake,  
As he lay securely sleeping.  
Cytherea smiling said,  
That "if so great a sorrow spring  
From a silly bee's weak sting  
As should make thee thus dismayed,  
What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,  
Whom thine empoison'd arrows cause complain?"

## CUPID STUNG.

TRANSLATED BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Love once among the roses  
Perceived a bee reposing,  
And wondered what the beast was,  
And touched it, so it stung him.

Sorely his finger smarted,  
 And bitterly he greeted,  
 And wrung his hands together ;  
 And half he ran, half fluttered  
 To Cytherea's bosom,  
 Unto his fair sweet mother.  
 Loud sobbed he, "Ai ! ai ! mother  
 Olola ! I am murdered !  
 Olola ! it has killed me !  
 A small brown snake with winglets,  
 Which men the honey-bee call,  
 Bit me !" But Cytherea  
 Said, laughing, "Ah, my baby,  
 If bees' stings hurt so sorely,  
 Bethink thee what the smart is  
 Of those, Love, whom thou piercest."

## CUPID AND THE BEE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Cupid once upon a bed  
 Of roses laid his weary head ;  
 Luckless urchin not to see  
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee !  
 The bee awaked — with anger wild  
 The bee awaked and stung the child.  
 Loud and piteous are his cries ;  
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies ;  
 "Oh, mother ! — I am wounded through —  
 I die with pain — what shall I do ?  
 Stung by some little angry thing,  
 Some serpent on a tiny wing, —  
 A bee it was — for once I know,  
 I heard a peasant call it so."

Thus he spoke, and she the while  
 Heard him with a soothing smile ;  
 Then said : " My infant, if so much  
 Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,  
 How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,  
 The hapless heart, that's stung by thee ?"

## DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

BEN JONSON.

Noblest Charis, you that are  
 Both my fortune and my star !  
 Hear what late discourse of you  
 Love and I have had ; and true.  
 'Mongst my muses finding me,  
 Where he chanced your name to see  
 Set, and to this softer strain :  
 " Sure," said he, " if I have brain,  
 This here sung can be no other  
 By description, but my mother !  
 So hath Homer praised her hair ;  
 So Anacreon drawn the air  
 Of her face, and made to rise,  
 Just about her sparkling eyes,  
 Both her brows, bent like my bow.  
 By her looks I do her know. And see !  
 Such my mother's blushes be,  
 As the bath your verse discloses  
 In her cheeks of milk and roses ;  
 Such as oft I wanton in,  
 And above her even chin,  
 Have you placed the bank of kisses  
 Ripened with a breath more sweet,  
 Than when flowers and west winds meet.



Nay, her white and polished neck,  
 With the lace that doth it deck,  
 Is my mother's! hearts of slain  
 Lovers, made into a chain!

Her very name,  
 With my mother's is the same."  
 "I confess all," I replied,  
 "And the glass hangs by her side,  
 And the girdle 'bout her waist,  
 All is Venus; . . .  
 But, alas! thou seest the least  
 Of her good who is the best  
 Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,  
 Call to mind the forms that strove  
 For the apple, and those three  
 Make in one, the same were she.  
 For this beauty still doth hide  
 Something more than thou hast spied.  
 Outward grace weak Love beguiles:  
 She is Venus when she smiles,  
 But she's Juno when she walks,  
 And Minerva when she talks."

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

JOHN LILY.

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
 At cards for kisses — Cupid paid;  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows —  
 Loses them too; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);  
 With these the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin;  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes;  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of me?

## THE CHEAT OF CUPID. [ANACREON.]

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT HERRICK.

One silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate,  
 And knocking, me molested.  
 "Who's there," said I, "beats there,  
 And troubles thus the sleepy?"  
 "Cast off," said he, "all fear,  
 And let not locks thus keep thee."  
 "For I a boy am, who  
 By moonless nights have swerved;  
 And all with showers wet through  
 And e'en with cold half-starved."

I pitiful, arose,  
 And soon a taper lighted;  
 And did myself disclose  
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
 And wings, too, which did shiver;  
 And, looking down below,  
 I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine  
 Brought him, as Love professes,

And chafed his hands with mine  
And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed :

"Let's try this bow of ours  
And string, if they be harmed,"  
Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

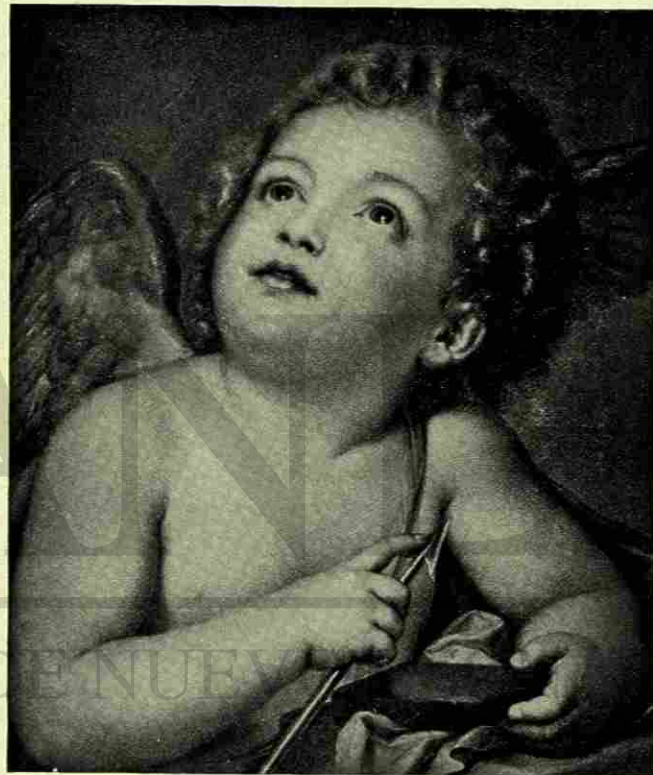
Then, laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said, flying :  
"Adieu, mine host, adieu !  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

CUPID BENIGHTED. [ANACREON.]

THOMAS MOORE.

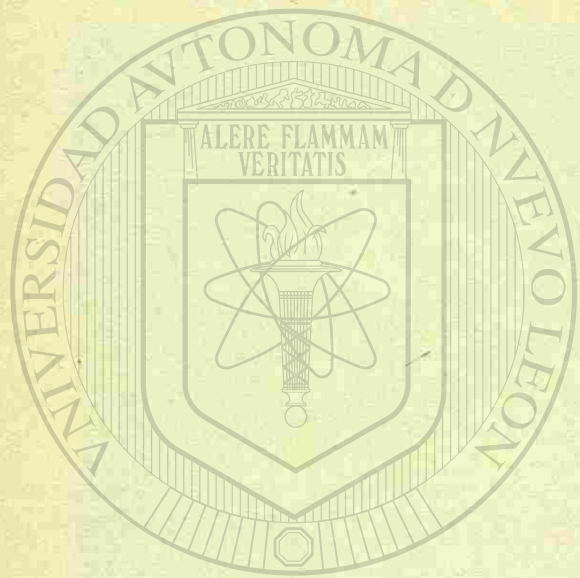
'Twas noon of night, and round the pole  
The sullen Bear was seen to roll ;  
And mortals wearied with the day,  
Were slumbering all their cares away ;  
An infant at that dreary hour,  
Came weeping to my silent bower,  
And waked me with a piteous prayer,  
To shield him from the midnight air.

"And who art thou," I waking cry,  
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly ?"  
"Ah, gentle sire," — the infant said, —  
"In pity take me to thy shed,  
Nor fear deceit ; a lonely child,  
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.



"'Twas Love! the little, wandering sprite;  
His pinion sparkled through the night, —  
I knew him by his bow and dart."





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Chill drops the rain, and not a ray  
Illumes my drear and misty way."  
I heard the baby's tale of woe ;  
I heard the bitter night-winds blow ;  
And, sighing for his piteous fate,  
I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.  
'Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,  
His pinion sparkled through the night.  
I knew him by his bow and dart ;  
I knew him by my fluttering heart.  
Fondly I take him in, and raise  
The dying embers' cheering blaze ;  
Press from his dank and clinging hair  
The crystals of the freezing air,  
And in my hand and bosom hold  
His little fingers' thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray  
Had warm'd his anxious fears away :  
" I pray thee," said the wanton child  
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd),  
" I pray thee, let me try my bow,  
For through the rain I've wandered so,  
That much I fear the midnight shower  
Has injured its elastic power."  
His fatal bow the urchin drew ;  
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;  
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,  
And to mine inmost spirit came !  
And " Fare thee well," I heard him say,  
As, laughing wild, he wing'd his way ;  
" Fare thee well, for now I know  
The rain has not relaxed my bow ;  
It still can send a thrilling dart,  
As thou shalt own with all thy heart !"

## CUPID SWALLOWED.

LEIGH HUNT.

'Tother day as I was twining  
 Roses for a crown to dine in,  
 What, of all things, midst the heap,  
 Should I light on, fast asleep,  
 But the little desperate elf,  
 The tiny traitor — Love himself!  
 By the wings I pinched him up  
 Like a bee, and in a cup  
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him;  
 And what d'ye think I did? I drank him!  
 Faith I thought him dead. Not he!  
 There he lives with tenfold glee;  
 And now this moment with his wings  
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

SIR CUPID.

FREDERICK R. WETHERLY.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,  
 Determined to discover  
 What kind of a man a maid preferred  
 Selecting for a lover,  
 So putting on a soldier's coat,  
 He talked of martial glory,  
 And from the way he talked, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the story.  
 Then with a smile sedate and grim,  
 He changed his style and station,  
 In shovel hat and gaiters trim  
 He made his visitation.

He talked of this, discoursed of that,  
 Of Palestine and Hermon;  
 And from the way he preached, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the sermon.

Then changed again, he came to her  
 A roaring, ranting sailor.  
 He cried "Yo ho! I love you so!"  
 And vowed he'd never fail her:  
 He talked of star and compass true,  
 The glories of the ocean,  
 And from the way he sang, they say,  
 She seemed to like — the notion.

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,  
 Discarded all disguises;  
 "That you no preference seem to find  
 My fancy much surprises."  
 "Why so?" she cried with roguish smile  
 "Why, prithee, why so stupid?  
 I do not care what garb you wear  
 So long as you are — Cupid."

## CUPID'S DECADENCE.

ELIOT STOCK.

In ancient days when all was young,  
 And Love and Hope were rife,  
 Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,  
 And lived a country life.  
 He rose betimes at break of day,  
 And round the country harried;  
 Upstirring hearts that were unwed,  
 And soothing down the married.



But then on wider mischief bent  
 He hied him to the city ;  
 And finding much to suit his taste,  
 He stayed there — more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,  
 Bedight with golden stars.  
 They feasted him on golden grain  
 And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness  
 In richest cloth of gold,  
 And set him up in business  
 Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,  
 Forgetting his nativity ;  
 Since then he's gone from bad to worse,  
 From Cupid to *Cupidity*.

## THE CYCLOPS: A PARAPHRASE ON THEOCRITUS.

MRS. BROWNING.

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,  
 The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth  
 Loved Galatea, while the manhood grew  
 Adown his cheeks and darkened round his mouth.  
 No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses ;  
 Love made him mad ; the whole world was neglected,  
 The very sheep went backward to their closes  
 From out the fair green pastures, self-directed.  
 And singing Galatea, thus, he wore  
 The sunrise down along the weedy shore,  
 And pined alone, and felt the cruel wound  
 Beneath his heart, which Cypris's arrow bore,

With a deep pang ; but so the cure was found ;  
 And sitting on a lofty rock he cast  
 His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last : —

“O whitest Galatea, can it be  
 That thou shouldst spurn me, me, who love thee so?  
 More white than curds, my girl, thou art to see,  
 More meek than lambs, more full of leaping glee  
 Than kids, and brighter than the early glow  
 On grapes that swell to ripen, — sour like thee !  
 Thou comest to me with the fragrant sleep,  
 And with the fragrant sleep thou goest from me ;  
 Thou fliest, — fliest, as a frightened sheep  
 Flies the gray wolf ! yet Love did overcome me,  
 So long ; — I loved thee, maiden, first of all  
 When down the hills (my mother fast beside thee)  
 I saw thee stray to pluck the summer-fall  
 Of hyacinth bells, and went myself to guide thee :  
 And since my eyes have seen thee, they can leave thee  
 No more, from that day's light ! But thou — by Zeus,  
 Thou wilt not care for *that* to let it grieve thee !  
 I know thee, fair one, why thou springest loose  
 From my arm round thee, Why? I tell thee, dear !  
 One shaggy eyebrow draws its smudging road  
 Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear, —  
 One eye rolls underneath ; and yawning, broad  
 Flat nostrils feel the bulging lips too near.  
 Yet — ho, ho ! — I, — whatever I appear, —  
 Do feed a thousand oxen ! When I have done  
 I milk the cows, and drink the milk that's best !  
 I lack no cheese, while summer keeps the sun ;  
 And after, in the cold, it's ready prest !  
 And then I know to sing, as there is none  
 Of all the Cyclops can, — a song of thee,  
 Sweet apple of my soul on life's fair tree,  
 And of myself who love thee, till the West



Forgets the light and all but I have rest.

I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does  
And four tame whelps of bears.

Come to me, Sweet! thou shalt have all of those  
In change for love! I will not halve the shares.

Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended  
To the dry shore; and in my cave's recess

Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight ended, —  
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,

Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold  
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold

That wooded Ætna pours down through the trees  
From the white snows, — which gods were scarce too bold

To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these  
Would choose the salt waye of the lukewarm seas?

Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,  
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire

In these gray ashes which burns hot enough.

I grudge the flame no fuel, — not my soul,

Nor this one eye, — most precious thing I have, because  
thereby

I see thee, Fairest! Out, alas! I wish

My mother had borne me finned like a fish,

That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee,

And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,

If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee

Each lily white and poppy fair that bleeds

Its red heart down its leaves! — one gift for hours

Of summer, — one for winter; since, to cheer thee,

I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.

Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,

If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis, —

That I may know how sweet a thing it is

To live down with you in the Deep and Dim!

Come up, O Galatea! from the ocean,

And having come, forget again to go!

As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion  
Could sit forever. Come up from below!

Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine, —  
Come, press my cheese, distrain my whey and curd!

Ah, mother! she alone, — that mother of mine, —  
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! — Not a word

Of kindly intercession did she address  
Thine ear with, for my sake; and ne'er the less

She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day!  
Both head and feet were aching, I will say,

All sick for grief, as I myself was sick!

O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent

Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent

On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick

The sprouts to give thy lambkins — thou wouldst make thee  
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.

Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick  
That future which is fugitive aright?

Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find, —

Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;

For many girls do call me through the night,  
And, as they call, do laugh out silverly.

I, too, am something in the world I see!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
While thus the Cyclops love and lambs did fold,  
Ease came with song, he could not buy with gold.

This story is the subject of Raphael's famous painting, — The Flight of Galatea. ®



## THE DRYADS.

LEIGH HUNT.

These are the tawny Dryads, who love nooks  
 In the dry depth of oaks ;  
 Or feel the air in groves, or pull green dresses  
 For their glad heads in rooty wildernesses ;  
 Or on the gold turf, o'er the dark lines  
 Which the sun makes when he declines,  
 Bend their linked dances in and out the pines.  
 They tend all forests old, and meeting trees,  
 Wood, copse, or queach, or slippery dell o'erhung  
 With firs, and with their dusty apples strewn ;  
 And let the visiting beams the boughs among.  
 And bless the trunks from clings of disease  
 And wasted hearts that to the night-wind groan.  
 They screen the cuckoo when he sings ; and teach  
 The mother blackbird how to lead astray  
 The unformed spirit of the foolish boy  
 From thick to thick, from hedge to bay or beach,  
 When he would steal the huddled nest away  
 Of yellow bills upgaping for their food,  
 And spoil the song of the free solitude.  
 And they, at sound of the brute, insolent horn,  
 Hurry the deer out of the dewy morn ;  
 And take into their sudden laps with joy  
 The startled hare that did but peep abroad ;  
 And from the trodden road  
 Help the bruised hedgehog. And at rest, they love  
 The back-turned pheasant, hanging from the tree  
 His sunny drapery ;  
 The handy squirrel, nibbling hastily ;  
 And fragrant hiving bee,  
 So happy that he will not move, not he,

Without a song ; and hidden, loving dove,  
 With his deep breath ; and bird of wakeful glen,  
 Whose louder song is like the voice of life,  
 Triumphant o'er death's image, but whose deep,  
 Low, lovelier note is like a gentle wife —  
 A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,  
 Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,  
 An hour for mother's work, and singing low  
 While her tired husband and her children sleep.

This poem by Leigh Hunt gives quite clearly and fully the services that the Dryads were supposed to render to the forests.

The subject is capable of very charming poetic treatment, as may be seen in the poem called "Rhœcus," by James Russell Lowell, and from which the following selection is taken.

\* \* \* \* \*

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,  
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,  
 And, feeling pity for so fair a tree,  
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,  
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.  
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind  
 That murmured "Rhœcus !" 'Twas as if the leaves,  
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,  
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again  
 It murmured "Rhœcus !" softer than a breeze. ®  
 He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes  
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream  
 Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow  
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.  
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair  
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek

For any that were wont to mate with gods.  
 But like a goddess stood she there,  
 And like a goddess all too beautiful  
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.  
 "Rhoecus, I am the Dryad of this tree," —  
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words  
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew, —  
 "And with it I am doomed to live and die ;  
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,  
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;  
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,  
 And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhoecus, with a flutter at the heart,  
 Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,  
 Answered : "What is there that can satisfy  
 The endless craving of the soul but love?  
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of that  
 Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."  
 After a little pause she said again,  
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,  
 "I give it, Rhoecus, though a perilous gift ;  
 An hour before the sunset meet me here."  
 And straightway there was nothing he could see  
 But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak.

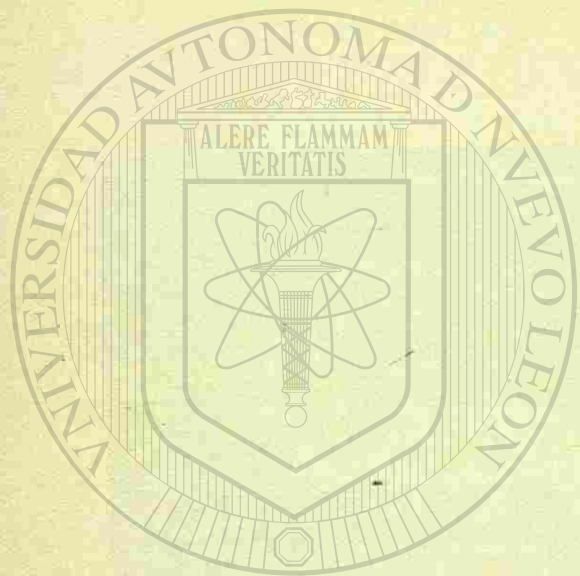


"When Bacchus first beheld the desolate  
 And sleeping Ariadne —"



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GROUP VI.

—•—  
*THE BLENDING OF HISTORY AND  
MYTHOLOGY.*  
—•—

THE story of Ariadne, through whose cleverness Theseus, the semi-mythical founder of Athens, threaded the Labyrinth and slew the Minotaur, has been written in prose repeatedly; no one has told it more acceptably than Hawthorne in "Tanglewood Tales." But the end of this story is not satisfactory so far as the heroine is concerned, for the faithless Theseus, when he and the rest of his companions are ready to sail for home, basely deserts Ariadne, leaving her asleep on the island of Naxos.

The sequel to this tale is found in the writings of both Greek and Latin authors.

We select the following paraphrases on some of their poems.

HOW BACCHUS FINDS ARIADNE SLEEPING. [NONNUS.]

MRS. BROWNING. ®

When Bacchus first beheld the desolate  
And sleeping Ariadne, wonder straight  
Was mixed with love in his great golden eyes;

He turned to his Bacchantes in surprise,  
 And said with guarded voice: "Hush! strike no more  
 Your brazen cymbals; keep those voices still  
 Of voice and pipe; and since ye stand before  
 Queen Cypris, let her slumber as she will!  
 And yet the cestus is not here in proof.  
 A Grace, perhaps, whom sleep has stolen aloof:  
 In which case, as the morning shines in view,  
 Wake this Aglaia! yet in Naxos, who  
 Would veil a Grace so? Hush! And if that she  
 Were Hebe, which of all the gods can be  
 The pourer-out of wine? or if we think  
 She's like the shining moon by ocean's brink,  
 The guide of herds, — why, could she sleep without  
 Endymion's breath upon her cheek? or if I doubt  
 Of silver-footed Thetis, used to tread  
 These shores, — even *she* (in reverence be it said)  
 Has no such rosy beauty to dress deep  
 With the blue waves. The Loxian goddess might  
 Repose so from her hunting-toil aright  
 Beside the sea, since toil gives birth to sleep,  
 But who would find her with her tunic loose  
 Thus? Stand off, Thracian! stand off! Do not leap,  
 Not this way! Leave that piping, since I choose,  
 O dearest Pan, and let Athené rest!  
 And yet if she be Pallas, — truly guessed, —  
 Her lance is — where? her helm and ægis — where?"  
 As Bacchus closed, the miserable Fair  
 Awoke at last, sprang upward from the sands,  
 And gazing wild on that wild throng that stands  
 Around, around her and no Theseus there! —  
 Her voice went moaning over shore and sea,  
 Beside the halcyon's cry; she called her love;  
 She named her hero, and raged maddeningly  
 Against the brine of waters; and above,

Sought the ship's track, and cursed the hours she slept,  
 And still the chiefest execration swept  
 Against Queen Paphia, mother of the ocean;  
 And cursed and prayed by times in her emotion  
 The winds all round.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her grief did make her glorious; her despair  
 Adorned her with its weight. Poor wailing child!  
 She looked like Venus when the goddess smiled  
 At liberty of godship, debonair;  
 Poor Ariadne! and her eyelids fair  
 Hid looks beneath them lent her by Persuasion  
 And every Grace, with tears of Love's own passion.  
 She wept long; then she spoke: — "Sweet sleep did come  
 While sweetest Theseus went. O, glad and dumb  
 I wish he had left me still! for in my sleep  
 I saw his Athens, and did gladly keep  
 My new bride-state within my Theseus' hall;  
 And heard the pomp of Hymen, and the call  
 Of 'Ariadne, Ariadne,' sung  
 In choral joy; and there, with joy, I hung  
 Spring-blossoms round love's altar! ay, and wore  
 A wreath myself; and felt *him* evermore,  
 Oh, evermore beside me, with his mighty  
 Grave head bowed down in prayer to Aphrodite!  
 Why, what a sweet, sweet dream! *He* went with it  
 And left me here unwedded where I sit!  
 Persuasion help me! The dark night did make me  
 A brideship the fair morning takes away;  
 My Love had left me when the Hour did wake me;  
 And while I dreamed of marriage, as I say,  
 And blest it well, my blessed Theseus left me;  
 And thus the sleep I loved so has bereft me.  
 Speak to me, rocks, and tell my grief to-day,  
 Who stole my love of Athens?" . . .



## HOW BACCHUS COMFORTS ARIADNE.

MRS. BROWNING.

Then Bacchus' subtle speech her sorrow crossed :—  
 "O maiden, dost thou mourn for having lost  
 The false Athenian heart? and dost thou still  
 Take thought of Theseus, when thou mayst at will  
 Have Bacchus for a husband? Bacchus bright!  
 A god in place of mortal! Yes, and though  
 The mortal youth be charming in thy sight,  
 That man of Athens cannot strive below,  
 In beauty and valor, with my deity!  
 Thou'lt tell me of the labyrinthine dweller,  
 The fierce man-bull he slew: I pray thee, be,  
 Fair Ariadne, the true deed's true teller,  
 And mention thy clue's help! because, forsooth,  
 Thine armed Athenian hero had not found  
 A power to fight on that prodigious ground,  
 Unless a lady in her rosy youth  
 Had lingered near him; not to speak the truth  
 Too definitely out till names be known—  
 Like Paphia's—Love's—and Ariadne's own.  
 Thou wilt not say that Athens can compare  
 With Æther, nor that Minos rules like Zeus,  
 Nor yet that Gnosus has such golden air  
 As high Olympus. Ha! for noble use  
 We came to Naxos! Love has well intended  
 To change thy bridegroom! Happy thou, defended  
 From entering Theseus' earthly hall,  
 That thou mayst hear the laughters rise and fall  
 Instead, where Bacchus rules! Or wilt thou choose  
 A still-surpassing glory?—take it all,—  
 A heavenly house, Kronion's self for kin,—  
 A place where Cassiopea sits within

Inferior light, for all her daughter's sake  
 Since Perseus, even amid the stars, must take  
 Andromeda in chains ætherial!  
 But *I* will wreath *thee*, sweet, an astral crown,  
 And as my queen and spouse thou shalt be known—  
 Mine, the crown-lover's!" Thus, at length, he proved  
 His comfort on her; and the maid was moved;  
 And casting Theseus' memory down the brine,  
 She straight received the troth of her divine  
 Fair Bacchus; Love stood by to close the rite:  
 The marriage-chorus struck up clear and light,  
 Flowers sprouted fast about the chamber green,  
 And with spring-garlands on their heads, I ween,  
 The Orchomenian dancers came along,  
 And danced their rounds in Naxos to the song.  
 A Hamadryad sang a nuptial dit  
 Right shrilly; and a Naiad sate beside  
 A fountain, with her bare foot shelving it,  
 And hymned of Ariadne, beauteous bride,  
 Whom thus the god of grapes had deified.  
 Ortygia sang out, louder than her wont,  
 An ode which Phœbus gave her to be tried,  
 And leapt in chorus, with her steadfast front,  
 While prophet Love, the stars have called a brother,  
 Burnt in his crown, and twined in one another  
 His love-flower with the purple roses, given  
 In type of that new crown assigned in heaven.

NOTE.—For allusions to Ariadne's crown, see Longfellow's poem,  
 "The Hanging of the Crane."

## THE SLEEPING ARIADNE.

THIS statue is in the Museum of Sculpture in the  
 Vatican and it has a world-wide fame. It is said to be



one of the finest pieces of sculpture in Italy. A copy is in the Athenæum gallery, Boston.

## BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

HESIOD, 850 B.C. [MRS. BROWNING'S TRANSLATION.]

The golden-haired Bacchus did espouse  
That fairest Ariadne, Minos' daughter,  
And made her wifehood blossom in the house ;  
Where such protective gifts Kronion brought her,  
Nor Death nor Age could find her when they sought her.

## THE ORIGINAL SOURCES OF AN HISTORICAL POEM.

It has been stated that the possession of knowledge sufficient to understand Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women," in every detail, presupposes a liberal education. It may also be said that the pleasure of acquiring the necessary kind of knowledge to interpret this poem will be greatly enhanced by going to the original sources for it. The mystery surrounding the "fair women" whose names are not given in the poem, may be cleared by consulting a few authors to whose works we invite the attention of our readers.

The first lady who is unwilling to tell the poet her name gives the clue to her identity by mentioning her beauty and the effect of it. For a complete understanding of this stanza, the third book of the "Iliad" should be read. The second tells the poet her history briefly. In the fourth group of this book the student will find a translation of the original drama of which she is the heroine. The third tells her story more in detail and

the poet also adds his description of her, so that the famous queen of Egypt needs no further introduction. Shakspeare has taken her from history, and given her a higher niche in the Temple of Fame in one of his dramas. The fourth is "the daughter of the warrior Gileadite." Her story will be found in the Book of Judges, Chapter XI.

The history of "that Rosamond whom men call fair" is given in Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in connection with the life of Eleanor, wife of Henry II. of England.

For the history of "her who clasp'd in her last trance her murder'd father's head," read the account of Sir Thomas More's execution and the disposal of his body, "Reign of Henry VIII."

The story of Joan of Arc, "a light of ancient France," has been told by so many historians and poets that the student scarcely needs a reference to any particular work; however, Southey's poem and Mrs. Charles's prose story, called "Joan, the Maid," are worthy of careful perusal.

The student should read the story of the fifth crusade under Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I. of the Norman line of kings, for the last incident related in the poem.

NOTE.—After the student has become familiar with the characters found in this poem, he should be able to appreciate somewhat, the rare power shown by the poet in adapting to his own use, the romance of history.

A comparison of each of these "fair women" as she appears here, with her original portrait will aid the student in determining whether Tennyson's delineations are apt or accurate.



## A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

TENNYSON.

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,  
 "The Legend of Good Women," long ago  
 Sung by the morning star of song, who made  
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath  
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill  
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art  
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales  
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,  
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land  
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song  
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,  
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
 And trumpets blown for wars ;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs ;  
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries  
 And forms that pass'd at windows, and on roofs  
 Of marble palaces ;

Corpses across the threshold ; heroes tall  
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet  
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall ;  
 Lances in ambush set ;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts  
 That run before the fluttering tongues of fire ;  
 White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,  
 And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,  
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,  
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,  
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as when to land  
 Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,  
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand  
 Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,  
 Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,  
 As when a great thought strikes along the brain,  
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down  
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,  
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;  
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought  
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep  
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought  
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far  
 In an old wood : fresh-wash'd in coolest dew  
 The maiden splendors of the morning star  
 Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean  
 Upon the dusky brushwood underneath

Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,  
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,  
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,  
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,  
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,  
Nor any song of bird or sound of rill ;  
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre  
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd  
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,  
And, at the root, thro' lush-green grasses, burn'd  
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew  
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn  
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,  
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,  
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame  
The times when I remember to have been  
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone  
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,  
"Pass freely thro' : the wood is all thine own,  
Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,  
Still than chisell'd marble, standing there ;  
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise  
Froze my swift speech ; she, turning on my face  
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,  
Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty : ask thou not my name :  
No one can be more wise than destiny.  
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came  
I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady : in fair field  
Myself for such a face had boldly died,"  
I answer'd free ; and turning I appeal'd  
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,  
To her full height her stately stature draws ;  
"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse :  
This woman was the cause.

"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 with 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 high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;  
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ;  
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;  
Touch'd ; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow :  
"I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam



Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,  
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,  
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea ;  
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, " Come here,  
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,  
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;  
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :  
" I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd  
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.  
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood  
According to my humor ebb and flow.  
I have no men to govern in this wood :  
That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend  
One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye  
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,  
Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime  
On Fortune's neck : we sat as god by god :  
The Nilus would have risen before his time  
And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit  
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life  
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,  
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,  
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,  
My mailéd Bacchus leapt into my arms,  
Contented there to die !

"And there he died : and when I heard my name  
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear  
Of the other : with a worm I balk'd his fame.  
What else was left? look here !"

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half  
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight  
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,  
Showing the aspic's bite.)

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found  
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,  
A name forever ! — lying robed and crown'd  
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range  
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance  
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change  
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight :  
Because with sudden motion from the ground  
She rais'd her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light  
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts ;  
As once they drew into two burning rings  
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts  
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard  
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,

And singing clearer than the crested bird  
That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel,  
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,  
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,  
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel  
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:  
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell  
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves  
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door  
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves  
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied  
To where he stands, — so stood I, when that flow  
Of music left the lips of her that died  
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite;  
A maiden pure, as when she went along  
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,  
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes  
With that wild oath." She render'd answer high:  
"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times  
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root  
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath  
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit  
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father — these did move  
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,  
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love  
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy  
Shall smile away my maiden blame among  
The Hebrew mothers' — emptied of all joy,  
Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,  
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,  
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow  
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon  
We heard the lion roaring from his den;  
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,  
Or from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,  
And thunder on the everlasting hills.  
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became  
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,  
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.  
How beautiful a thing it was to die  
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,  
That I subdued me to my father's will;  
Because the kiss he gave me ere I fell  
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race  
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer



On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face  
Glow'd as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :  
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,  
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,  
Toward the morning star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,  
As one that from a casement leans his head,  
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,  
And the old year is dead.

"Alas ! alas !" a low voice full of care,  
Murmur'd beside me : "Turn and look on me.  
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,  
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !  
O me, that I should ever see the light !  
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor  
Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :  
"To whom the Egyptian : "O, you tamely died !  
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust  
The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,  
Stolen to my brain, dissolved the mystery  
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams  
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark  
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance  
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,  
A light of ancient France ;

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep  
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore  
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep  
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain  
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike  
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !  
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,  
Desiring what is mingled with past years,  
In yearnings that can never be exprest  
By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,  
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,  
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart  
Faints, faded by its heat.

#### THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

IN the names that have been given to the days of  
the week, we find concealed the mythology both of  
Southern and of Northern Europe.

Raphael's "Days" illustrate the former, and the  
seven sonnets here given, the latter.



## THE SEVEN DAYS.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

*(Atlantic Monthly, March, 1881.)*

MONDAY. (Day of the Moon.)

Diana, sister of the Sun! thy ray  
 Governs these opening hours. The world is wide,  
 We know not what new evil may betide  
 This six days' journey; by what unknown way  
 We come at last unto the royal day  
 Of prophecy and promise. Oh, preside  
 Propitious, and our doubting footsteps guide  
 Onward and sunward. Long in shadows gray  
 We have but slumbered — hidden from our view  
 Knowledge and wisdom in unfruitful night.  
 But, if upon the dawn's unfolding blue  
 Thy hand this day our destiny must write,  
 Once more our outer, inward life renew  
 With Heaven's first utterance — "Let there be light."

TUESDAY.

(Day of the War-God.)

Fear not, O soul, to-day! Imperial Mars  
 Leads on the hours, a brave and warlike train,  
 Fire in his glance, and splendor in his reign,  
 From the first glitter through the sunrise bars  
 Till his red banner flames among the stars!  
 Thou too go forth, and fully armed maintain  
 Duty and right. The hero is not slain,  
 Though pierced and wounded in a hundred wars.  
 The daring are the deathless. He alone  
 Is victor who stays not for any doom

Foreshadowed; utters neither sigh nor moan  
 Death-stricken, but right onward, his fair plume  
 Scorched in the battle flame, through smoke and gloom  
 Strikes for the right, nor counts his life his own.

WEDNESDAY.

(Day of Odin.)

The mighty Odin rides abroad, and earth  
 Trembles, and echoes back his ghostly sigh,  
 More deep than thought, more sad than memory.  
 The very birds rejoice in timid mirth,  
 For in the forest sudden gusts have birth,  
 And harsh against the pale appealing sky  
 Ascends his ravens' melancholy cry.  
 Peace be with Odin. Of his ancient worth  
 Many and proud the tales we will repeat,  
 For sacred memories to these hours belong.  
 But yesterday with reckless speed our feet  
 Dared the bold height. With spirit no less strong  
 To-day step softly. After battle's heat  
 Warriors and wars are only themes for song.

THURSDAY.

(Day of the Mighty.)

White-robed, white-crowned, and borne by steeds snow-white,  
 The thunderer rolls across the echoing skies!  
 No hour is this to dream of past surprise,  
 Or with old runes the memory to delight.  
 The mountain tops with prophet beams are bright,  
 The eagle soars aloft with jubilant cries!  
 Thou too; unto the hills lift up thine eyes;  
 To some new throne these sacred signs invite.  
 Learn thy own strength; and if some secret sense  
 Of power untried pervades thy low estate,



Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence  
 To seek the mastery of time and fate.  
 Courage and deathless hope and toil intense  
 Are the crown jewels of the truly great.

## FRIDAY.

(Day of the Beautiful.)

In the world-garden walled with living green  
 The foam-born goddess of delight to-day  
 Plucks glowing garlands for her own array.  
 Poppy and myrtle in her wreath are seen,  
 And roses, bending o'er her brow serene,  
 Blush to perceive she is more fair than they.  
 Sweet grasses at her feet their odors lay,  
 While doves, low warbling, hover round their queen.  
 In this brief life shall ever toil and care  
 Hold fast our wishes? Earth's bewildering bowers,  
 Her streams melodious and her woodlands fair  
 Are palaces for gods. The world is ours!  
 Beauty and love our birthright; we will share  
 The sunshine, and the singing, and the flowers!

## SATURDAY.

(Day of Saturn.)

Though bright with jewels and with garlands dressed,  
 The bloom decays, the world is growing old!  
 Lost are the days when peaceful Saturn told  
 The arts to men and shared their toil or rest  
 With eloquence divine. The Olympian guest  
 Took with him in his flight the age of gold!  
 Westward through myriad centuries has rolled  
 The ceaseless pilgrimage, the hopeless quest  
 For the true Fatherland. Through weary years

What if some rainbow glory spans the gloom?  
 Some strong, sweet utterance the wayside cheers?  
 Or gladness opens like a rose in bloom?  
 Step after step the fatal moment nears;  
 Earth for new graves is ever making room.

## SUNDAY.

(Day of the Sun.)

Thou glorious Sun, illumining the blue  
 Highway of heaven! to thy triumphing rays  
 The earth her shadow yields, the hill-tops blaze;  
 Up lifts the mist, up floats the midnight dew.  
 Old things are passed away; the world is new;  
 Labor is changed to rest and rest to praise;  
 Past are the toilsome heights, the stormy days.  
 The eternal Future breaks upon our view!  
 Last eve we lingered uttering our farewells,  
 But lo! One met us in the early light  
 Of this divinest morn. The tale He tells  
 Transfigures life, and opens heaven to sight.  
 Bring altar flowers! Lilies and asphodels!  
 Sing Jubilates! *There is no more night!*

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTE. — In numbering the days of the week we call Sunday the first. This custom dates only from the earliest Christian times. As our Saviour rose from the dead on Sunday, the Christians wishing to keep the Resurrection always in mind, began to reckon the days from that event; and, in fact, our entire method of computing time is based upon the Birth of Christ.

Balder, or Baldur, is the name given to the Sun-god in Norse mythology. The name also means lord or king. The myth of Balder has furnished a congenial subject for many modern poets, Matthew Arnold, Wil-



liam Morris ("Earthly Paradise"), Robert Buchanan, W. M. W. Call, and Longfellow ("Tegnér's Drapa"). The author of the poem selected should not be nameless, for it has unquestionable merit.

## BALDER.

ANONYMOUS.

Balder, the white sun-god, has departed !  
 Beautiful as summer dawn was he ;  
 Loved of gods and men — the royal-hearted  
 Balder, the white sun-god, has departed —  
 Has gone home where all the brave ones be.  
 For the tears of the imperial mother,  
 For a universe that weeps and prays,  
 Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother —  
 Rides for love of that distressful mother  
 Through lead-colored glens and 'cross blue ways.  
 With the howling wind and raving torrent,  
 Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down, —  
 Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and 'horrent,  
 Reached the lonely bridge that spans the torrent  
 Of the moaning river by Hell-town.  
 There he found the ancient portress standing —  
 Vexer of the mind and of the heart :  
 " Balder came this way," to his demanding  
 Cried aloud that ancient portress standing —  
 " Balder came, but Balder did depart ;  
 " Here he could not dwell. He is down yonder —  
 Northward, further, in the death-realm he."  
 Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder —  
 Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yonder !  
 Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,  
 Drops into the huge abyss below.  
 There he saw the beautiful immortal —  
 Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal —  
 Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

" O, my Balder ! have I, have I found thee ?  
 Balder, beautiful as summer morn ?  
 O, my sun-god ! hearts of heroes crowned thee  
 For their king ; they lost, but now have found thee,  
 Gods and men shall not be left forlorn.

Balder ! brother ! the Divine has vanished ;  
 The eternal splendors all have fled ;  
 Truth and love and nobleness are banished,  
 The heroic and divine have vanished ;  
 Nature has no god, and earth lies dead.

" Come thou back my Balder — king and brother !  
 Teach the hearts of men to love the gods !  
 Come thou back and comfort our great mother —  
 Come with truth and bravery, Balder, brother —  
 Bring the godlike back to men's abodes !"

But the Nornas let him pray unheeded —  
 Balder never was to come again.  
 Vainly, vainly young Hermoder pleaded —  
 Balder never was to come. Unheeded,  
 Young Hermoder wept and prayed in vain. ®

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story !  
 Even now it is, as it was then.  
 Earth has lost a portion of her glory ;  
 And like Balder, in the ancient story,  
 Never comes the beautiful again.



Still the young Hermoder journeys bravely,  
 Through lead-colored glens and 'cross blue ways ;  
 Still he calls his brother, pleading gravely —  
 Still to the death-kingdom ventures bravely —  
 Calmly to the eternal terror prays.

But the fates relent not ; strong endeavor,  
 Courage, noble feeling, are in vain ;  
 For the beautiful has gone forever.  
 Vain are courage, genius, strong endeavor —  
 Never comes the beautiful again.

Do you think I counsel weak despairing?  
 No ! like young Hermoder I would ride ;  
 With an humble, yet a gallant daring,  
 I would leap unquailing, undespairing,  
 Over the huge precipice's side.

Dead and gone is the old world's ideal,  
 The old arts and old religion fled ;  
 But I gladly live among the real  
 And I seek a worthier ideal.  
 Courage, brothers, God is overhead.

NOTES. — Compare the story of Balder with the story of Apollo. What resemblances do you discover? What differences are most marked?

Do you think it probable or improbable that these stories had a common origin? Give the reason for your answer.

The following dispatch to the *London Times* inspired Edmund C. Stedman to write his poem "News from Olympia," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1877.

"One after the other the figures described by Pausanias are dragged from the earth. Niké (Victory)

has been found ; the head of Kladeos is there ; Myrtilos is announced, and Zeus will soon emerge. This is earnest of what may follow."

## NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.

Olympia? Yes, strange tidings from the city  
 Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,  
 For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity  
 Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone, —  
 Their seat upon the mountain overhanging  
 Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,  
 Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,  
 And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.  
 Ay, but that fated day  
 When from the plain Olympia passed away ;  
 When ceased the oracles, and long unwept  
 Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,  
 While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,  
 The ruin covered well !

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,  
 Among them as they sat at the high feast,  
 And saw the gods, before that token smitten,  
 Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,  
 Until the seas Ionian and Ægæan  
 Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,  
 And all was still ; thenceforth no more the pæan,  
 No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,  
 Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far ;  
 The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky ;  
 Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown ;



Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by  
When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,  
The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?  
Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended  
Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep,  
Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,  
But that to which the years are as a day?  
What! are they coming back, their prison breaking, —  
These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,  
Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?  
Shall then the sacred majesty of old,  
The grace that holy was, the noble rage,  
Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,  
Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!  
Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands  
That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,  
Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;  
That loose the sovran mistress of desire,  
Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth  
Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,  
And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The herald Niké first,  
From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,  
Winged victor over fate and time and death!  
Zeus follows next, and all his children then:  
Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,  
And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,  
Rulers no more but with mankind to dwell,  
The dear companions of our hearts and portals,  
Voiceless, unworshipped, yet beloved right well!  
Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,  
Eros and Psyche be forever wed,  
And still the primal loveliest creation  
Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,  
Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,  
The visions of our childhood haunt us still,  
Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme;  
The morn is past, but Man has not the will  
To banish yet the dream.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE SONNET.

E. T. BENEDICT.

Beside the southern sea, in days of old,  
Once stood Apollo, with the Graces three,  
The Muses and their mother, Memory —  
In all fourteen — to sing the age of gold.  
And first Apollo's voice in music rolled,  
Then each in turn sang to the listening sea,  
Till Memory took up the melody,  
And in her thoughtful voice the end was told.<sup>®</sup>  
Thus then was born the sonnet. 'Tis the lord  
Of all the figments of a poet's brain,  
If to its fourteen lines he can award  
That order of Apollo and his train —  
The god of Song to strike the opening chord,  
While Memory evokes the closing strain.



## THE FIRST FAN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When rose the cry, "Great Pan is dead!"  
 And Jove's high palace closed its portal,  
 The fallen gods, before they fled,  
 Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.  
 The answer hardly needs suggestion;  
 Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —  
 How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,  
 The thunderer deigned himself to offer;  
 The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —  
 You know he always was a scoffer.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The ice was broken; up they came,  
 All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,  
 Each ready with the price to name  
 For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper too,  
 Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy,  
 Then Pallas in her stockings blue,  
 Imposing, but a little dowdy.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 But as for Pallas, — how to tell  
 In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?  
 She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,  
 She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,  
 Its heel confessed the need of darning.

"Gods!" low-bred Vulcan cried, "behold!  
 There! that's what comes of too much larning."

Pale Proserpine came groping round,  
 Her pupils dreadfully dilated  
 With too much living underground, —  
 A residence quite overrated;

"This kerchief's what you want, I know, —  
 Don't cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —  
 You'll find it handy when you go  
 To — you know where; it's pure asbestus."

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,  
 And Hē'-bē, dimpled as a baby,  
 And Dian with the breast of snow,  
 Chaser and chased — and caught, it may be:

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Then Mars the foe of human kind  
 Strode up and showed his suit of armor;  
 So none at last was left behind  
 Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —  
 She always would be rash and flighty, —  
 Her winter garments all in pawn,  
 Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,  
 The darling of the old religion,  
 Had only left of all the doves  
 That drew her car, one fan-tailed pigeon.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "My bird, I want your train," she cried;  
 "Come, don't let's have a fuss about it;

I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,  
And you'll be better off without it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped  
Her bird of every caudal feather ;  
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,  
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan ! for beauty's hand,  
The lovely queen of beauty made it ;  
The price she named was hard to stand,  
But Venus smiled : the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you ?  
Mars, Neptune, Phœbus, Mercury, Saturn ?  
But o'er the world, the Wandering Jew  
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —  
In lonely isles of the Pacific,  
In farthest China and Japan, —  
Wherever suns are sudorific.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before this new Pandora's gift  
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,  
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —  
The fan is mightier than the scepter.

\* \* \* \* \*

But every one that swings to-night,  
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,  
May trace its pedigree aright  
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

## GROUP VII.

—♦—

### *PAGANISM OVERTHROWN BY CHRISTIANITY.*

—♦—

THE poems contained in this group have been selected with a view to show the effect that the birth of Christ, His life, His teaching, and the religion founded by Him, had upon the worship of false gods.

The conflict between Christianity and Paganism must necessarily have been long and severe, and the great theatre of that struggle was in Rome — "Rome that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of empire ruled the world." The birth of Christ is the great landmark in the history of the human race, as the whole civilized world reckons time from that event before and after.

Perhaps we shall be the better prepared to read history, both civil and religious, without prejudice and with minds open to receive truth, by a careful study of these poems.

#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night !  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.



I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,  
And you'll be better off without it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped  
Her bird of every caudal feather ;  
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,  
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan ! for beauty's hand,  
The lovely queen of beauty made it ;  
The price she named was hard to stand,  
But Venus smiled : the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you ?  
Mars, Neptune, Phœbus, Mercury, Saturn ?  
But o'er the world, the Wandering Jew  
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —  
In lonely isles of the Pacific,  
In farthest China and Japan, —  
Wherever suns are sudorific.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before this new Pandora's gift  
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,  
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#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night !  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars —  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
 The senator of haughty Rome,  
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home ;  
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;  
 What recked the Roman what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable door  
 Across his path. He passed — for naught  
 Told what was going on within ;  
 How keen the stars, his only thought —  
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

O, strange indifference ! low and high  
 Drownd over common joys and cares ;  
 The earth was still — but knew not why  
 The world was listening, unawares.  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world forever !



“ The night that erst no name had worn  
 To it a happy name is given ;  
 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven.”





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To that still moment, none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever —  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness — charmed and holy now !  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given ;  
For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

THE GODS OF GREECE.

SCHILLER.

I.

Ye in the age gone by,  
Who ruled the world — a world how lovely then ! —  
And guided still the steps of happy men  
In the light leading-strings of careless joy !  
Ah, flourished then your service of delight !  
How different, oh, how different, in the day  
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,  
O Venus Amathusia !

II.

Then, the soft vail of dreams  
Round Truth poetic, witching Fancies wreathed ;  
Through all creation overflowed the streams  
Of Life — and things now senseless, felt and breathed.

Man gifted Nature with divinity  
 To lift and link her to the breast of Love ;  
 All things betrayed to the initiate eye  
 The track of gods above !

## III.

Where lifeless, fixed afar,  
 A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,  
 Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,  
 In silent glory swept the fields of heaven !  
 Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees ;  
 Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam ;  
 And from the urns of gentle Naiades  
 Welled the wave's silver foam.

## IV.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed,  
 Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell.  
 Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,  
 And through those groves melodious Philomel ;  
 The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —  
 Tears shed for Proserpine, to Hades borne ;  
 And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill  
 Heard Cytherea mourn ! —

## V.

Celestials left their skies  
 To mingle with thy race, Deucalion ;  
 And Pyrrha's daughters saw in shepherd guise  
 Amid Thessalian vales Latona's son.  
 Beautiful links with gods and heroes then,  
 The Loves uniting, interwove for us ;  
 Heroes and gods were worshippers with men  
 In Cyprian Amathus !

## VI.

Your gentle service gay,  
 Nor self-denial, nor sharp penance knew ;  
 Well might each heart be happy in that day —  
 For were the happy not akin to you ?  
 The beautiful alone the Holy there !  
 No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race ;  
 So that the chaste Camænæ favoring were,  
 And the subduing Grace.

## VII.

Your shrines were palaces ;  
 Your honoring ministrants were heroes crowned ;  
 Your rites were sports — the Isthmian jubilees —  
 And chariots thundering o'er Olympian ground.  
 Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,  
 Moved your melodious dance inspired ; and fair  
 Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed  
 Sweet leaves round odorous hair !

## VIII.

The shouting Thyrsus-swinger,  
 And the wild car the exulting Panthers bore,  
 Announced the presence of the Rapture-Bringer —  
 Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before ;  
 And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,  
 Hymned, in their madding dance, the glorious wine —  
 As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl  
 The ruddy host divine !

## IX.

Before the bed of death  
 No ghastly spectre stood : — but from the porch



Of life, the lip — one kiss inhaled the breath,  
 And a mute Genius gently lowered his torch.  
 The judgment-balance of the realms below,  
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held ;  
 The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe  
 Were moved and music-spelled.

## x.

In the Elysian grove  
 The Shades renewed the pleasures life held dear ;  
 The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,  
 And rushed along the meads the charioteer ;  
 There Linus poured the old accustomed strain,  
 Admetus there Alcestis still could greet :  
 His friend once more Orestes could regain,  
 His arrows — Philoctete !

## xi.

More glorious than the meeds  
 To Labor choosing Virtue's path sublime,  
 The grand achievers of renowned deeds  
 Up to the seats of gods themselves could climb,  
 Before the dauntless Rescuer of the dead,  
 Bowed down the silent and immortal Host ;  
 And the twin Stars their guiding lustre shed,  
 On the bark tempest-tost !

## xii.

Art thou fair world, no more ?  
 Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face.  
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,  
 Can we the footstep of sweet Fable trace !  
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life ;  
 Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft ;  
 And where the image with such warmth was rife,  
 A shade alone is left !

## xiii.

Cold, from the North, has gone  
 Over the flowers the blast that killed their May,  
 And to enrich the worship of the One,  
 A Universe of gods must pass away.  
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,  
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see !  
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps.  
 No voice replies to me !

## xiv.

Deaf to the joys she gives —  
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possest —  
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives  
 Around and rules her — by our bliss unblest —  
 Dull to the Art that colors or creates,  
 Like the dead time-piece, godless Nature creeps  
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,  
 The slavish motion keeps.

## xv.

To-morrow to receive  
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day ;  
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave  
 From their own light their fulness and decay.  
 Home to the Poet's Land the gods are flown,  
 Light use in them that later world discerns,  
 Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,  
 On its own axle turns.

## xvi.

Home ! and with them are gone  
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard ;  
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody : — alone  
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless word ;

Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still thy throng  
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish;  
Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,  
To mortal life must perish!

Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Dead Pan," was written to express thoughts and feelings opposed to those set forth by the German poet, Schiller, in the preceding lyric.

She also embodies in it a legend mentioned by Plutarch, according to which, at the time of our Saviour's agony upon the cross, a cry of "Great Pan is dead!" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners — and the oracles ceased.

In early pagan times Pan was the god of the woods and fields and the particular patron of shepherds. As the name signifies *all*, he came to be regarded in later times a symbol of the universe and a personification of Nature. Finally Pan became a representative of all the Greek gods, and of paganism itself. It is in this last character that we must think of him when we read

Mrs. Browning's poem.

THE DEAD PAN.

MRS. BROWNING.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Can ye listen in your silence?  
Can your mystic voices tell us  
Where ye hide? In floating islands,  
With a wind that evermore  
Keeps you out of sight of shore?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken,  
In old Ethiopia?  
Have the pygmies made you drunken  
Bathing in mandragora  
Your divine pale lips that shiver  
Like the lotus in the river?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,  
In gigantic Alpine rows?  
The black poppies out of number  
Nodding, dripping from your brows  
To the red lees of your wine,  
And so kept alive and fine?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corsers  
Where the silver spheres roll on,  
Stung to life by centric forces  
Thrown like rays out from the sun?  
While the smoke of your old altars  
Is the shroud that round you welters?  
Great Pan is dead.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Said the old Hellenic tongue!  
Said the hero-oaths, as well as  
Poet's songs the sweetest sung,  
Have ye grown deaf in a day?  
Can ye speak not yea or nay —  
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing  
All along, O Naiades,  
While your drenched locks dry slow in









Is cast out into the sun.  
Ceres smileth stern thereat,  
"We *all* now are desolate —"  
Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven  
As thy native foam thou art,  
With the cestus long done heaving  
On the white calm of thy heart!  
Ai Adonis! At that shriek  
Not a tear runs down her cheek —  
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from  
One another, — huddled lie,  
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,  
Close beside her tenderly, —  
As if each had weakly tried  
Once to kiss her as he died.  
Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enthralleth  
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus, —  
And the ivy blindly crawleth  
Round thy brave caduceus!  
Hast thou no new message for us,  
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?  
Nay, Pan is dead.

Crownéd Cybele's great turret  
Rocks and crumbles on her head:  
Roar the lions of her chariot  
Towards the wilderness, unfed;  
Scornful children are not mute, —  
"Mother, mother, walk a-foot —"  
Since Pan is dead!"

In the fiery-hearted centre  
Of the solemn universe,  
Ancient Vesta, — who could enter  
To consume thee with this curse?  
Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,  
O thou palsied mystery!  
For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you, —  
Ye return nor voice nor sign:  
Not a votary could secure you  
Even a grave for your Divine!  
Not a grave to show thereby,  
Here these gray old gods do lie!  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Even that Greece who took your wages,  
Calls the obolus outworn;  
And the hoarse, deep-throated ages  
Laugh your godships unto scorn —  
And the Poets do disclaim you,  
Or grow colder if they name you —  
And Pan is dead.

Gods bereavéd, gods belated,  
With your purples rent asunder!  
Gods discrowned and desecrated,  
Disinherited of thunder!  
Now the goats may climb and crop  
The soft grass on Ida's top —  
Now Pan is dead.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,  
When a cry more loud than wind,  
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,

Sound but dull beside the truth.  
 Phœbus' chariot-course is run !  
 Look up, poets, to the sun !  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels ;  
 And the whole earth and the skies  
 Are illumed by altar candles  
 Lit for blessed mysteries :  
 And a Priest's Hand through creation  
 Waveth calm and consecration —  
 And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair ; should we forego it ?  
 Can we sigh right for a wrong ?  
 God Himself is the best Poet,  
 And the Real is His song.  
 Sing His Truth out fair and full,  
 And secure His beautiful.  
 Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration  
 Scarce embraces half we be.  
 Shame ! to stand in His creation  
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency !  
 To think God's song unexcelling  
 The poor tales of our own telling —  
 When Pan is dead.

What is true and just and honest,  
 What is lovely, what is pure —  
 All of praise that hath admonish'd  
 All of virtue shall endure, —  
 These are themes for poets' uses,  
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,  
 Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing ;  
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole !  
 Look up Godward ! speak the truth in  
 Worthy song from earnest soul !  
 Hold, in high poetic duty,  
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

## MESSIAH.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song ;  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more, — O Thou my voice inspire  
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !  
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :  
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower ;  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !  
 O spring to light ! auspicious Babe, be born !  
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,



With all the incense of the breathing spring :  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !  
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;  
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise ;  
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;  
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way ;  
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold !  
 Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;  
 'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
 From every face He wipes off every tear.  
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,  
 The promised Father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.  
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;  
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,  
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !  
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,



And heaped with products of Sabean springs !  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts ; the Light Himself shall shine  
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;  
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

MILTON.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn  
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King  
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring —  
 For so the holy sages once did sing —  
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
 Wherewith He went at heav'n's high council-table  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
 Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :  
 Oh ! run prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
 From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heav'n-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in a rude manger lies ;  
 Nature, in awe to him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air



To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
 And on her naked shame  
 Pollute with sinful blame  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

But He her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

## IV.

Nor war, nor battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around :  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood :  
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
 The winds with wonder whist  
 Smoothly the waters kist,  
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
 Stand fix'd with steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence,  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light  
 Of Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new enlighten'd world no more should need ;  
 He saw a greater sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## IX.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger-strook ;  
 Divinely-warbled voice



Answering the stringéd noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;  
 The air such pleasure loath to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

x.

Nature that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

xi.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd ;  
 The helméd Cherubim,  
 The sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

xii.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung ;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

xiii.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time,  
 And let the bass of heav'n's deep organ blow ;  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

xiv.

For if such holy song  
 Inwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
 And hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

xv.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :  
 And heav'n, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

xvi.

But wisest Fate says, no,  
 This must not yet be so ;  
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,



That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;  
So both Himself and us to glorify ;  
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

xvii.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-brake :  
The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

xviii.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for from this happy day  
The old Dragon underground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

xix.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving ;  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving ;  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

xx.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

xxi.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The lars, and lemures moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint,  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

xxii.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

xxiii.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast —  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis-haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest ;  
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand —  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide —  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
Our babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to th' infernal jail —  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest.  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;  
Heaven's youngest teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

## THE RESURRECTION.

OUR word *Easter*, by which we designate the day of our Lord's resurrection, is of Anglo-Saxon origin. Originally it signified a goddess of light or spring, in honor of whom a festival was celebrated in April. The German spelling, *Ostera*, is used by the author of "Easter Morning."

## EASTER MORNING.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

(From *Harper's Magazine*. Copyright, 1878, by Harper and Brothers.)

I.  
Ostera, spirit of spring-time,  
Awake from thy slumbers deep !  
Arise ! and with hands that are glowing  
Put off the white garments of sleep.  
Make thyself fair, O goddess !  
In new and resplendent array,  
For the footsteps of Him who has risen  
Shall be heard in the dawn of the day.



Flushes the trailing arbutus  
 Low under the forest leaves —  
 A sign that the drowsy goddess  
 The breath of her Lord perceives.  
 While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly ;  
 While He slept, she was still with pain ;  
 But now He awakes — He has risen —  
 Her beauty shall bloom again.

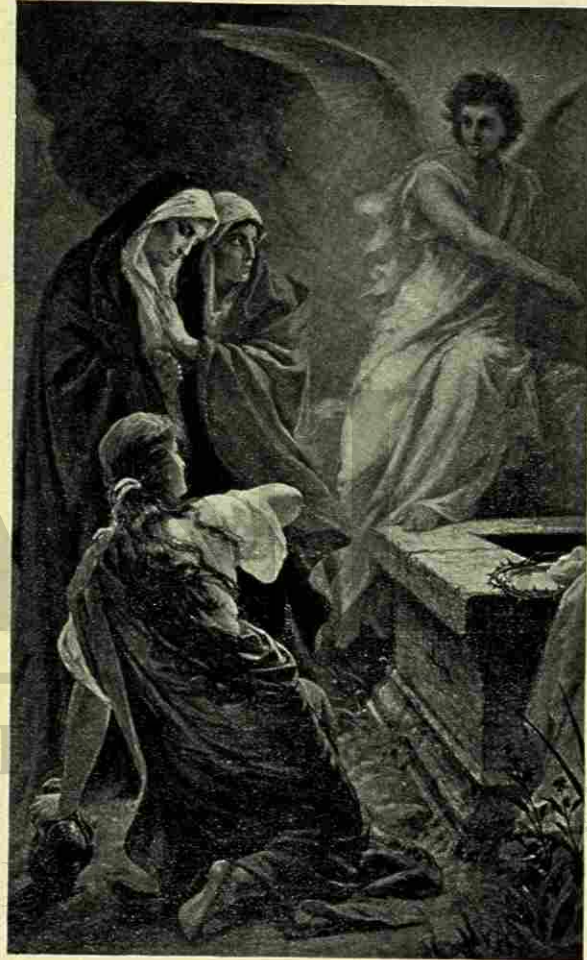
O hark ! in the budding woodlands,  
 Now far, now near, is heard  
 The first prelusive warble  
 Of rivulet and of bird.

O listen ! the jubilate  
 From every bough is poured,  
 And earth in the smile of spring-time  
 Arises to greet her Lord !

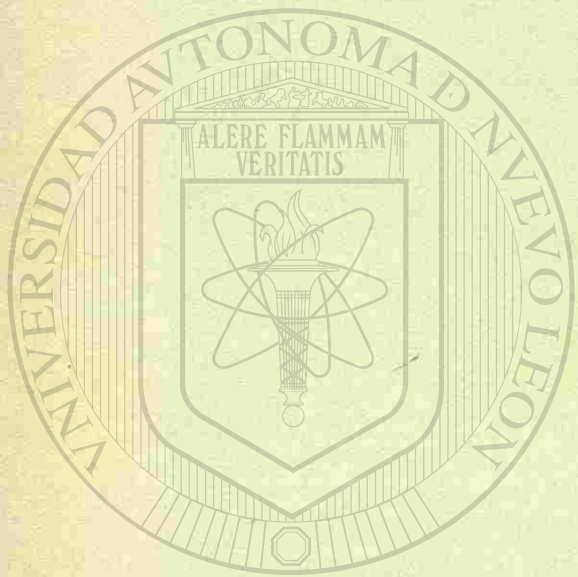
## II.

Radiant goddess Aurora !  
 Open the chambers of dawn ;  
 Let the Hours like a garland of graces  
 Enrich the chariot of morn.  
 Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,  
 The god of the sunbeam and lyre ;  
 The pride of his empire is ended,  
 And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus  
 Light flows, from the Temple above,  
 And the mists of old legends are scattered  
 In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.  
 Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,  
 For day in full splendor make room —  
 For a triumph that lost not its glory  
 As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.



“ . . . the long watches are over,  
 The stone from the grave rolled away,  
 ‘ We shall rise ! ’ is the song of to-day.”



UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA DE NUEVO LEÓN

DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

She comes ! the bright goddess of morning,  
In crimson and purple array ;  
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses  
The first golden lilies of day.  
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,  
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,  
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant  
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple,  
Spread branches of palm and of bay ;  
Let not the spirits of nature  
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.  
While Spring from her death-sleep arises  
And joyous His presence awaits,  
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,  
Open the Beautiful Gates !

He is here ! the long watches are over,  
The stone from the grave rolled away ;  
"We shall sleep !" was the sigh of the midnight ;  
"We shall rise !" is the song of to-day.

O Music ! no longer lamenting,  
On pinions of tremulous flame  
Go soaring to meet the Beloved  
And swell the new song of His fame !  
The altar is snowy with blossoms,  
The font is a vase of perfume,  
On pillar and chancel are twining  
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.  
Christ is risen ! with glad lips we utter,  
And far up the infinite height  
Archangels the pæan re-echo,  
And crown Him with Lilies of Light !



GROUP VIII.

*KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

AMONG the purely English legends that constantly meet us in our literature, those of the Celtic King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are of permanent interest. We have chosen from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" the one of the legends that appeals to us most strongly as Christians, "The Holy Grail." The student should read James Russell Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" for comparison. We give Tennyson's "Sir Galahad," another version of the same story, first published in 1842, and his "Morte d'Arthur," which appeared in the same volume, to show the fascination these stories must have had for him from his very youth, and also that the student may compare these early fruits of his genius with those of later growth; for it was thirty years after the publication of these two poems before the completion of the "Idylls."

"Morte d'Arthur," as given here, will be found under another title, "The Passing of Arthur," in the "Idylls."

The student should compare the monologue of "Sir Galahad" with the form of the later poem, "The Holy

Grail," and endeavor to find the merits of each; also to decide which is the more impressive.

SIR GALAHAD.

TENNYSON.

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
And horse and rider reel :  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.  
How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall !  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall :  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine :  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.  
When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns :



Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;  
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
 The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
 I find a magic bark ;  
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
 I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !  
 Three angels bear the holy Grail,  
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
 On sleeping wings they sail.  
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
 As down dark tides the glory slides,  
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
 The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;  
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
 And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
 But blessed forms in whistling storms  
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

<sup>1</sup> Leads : roofs covered with lead.

A maiden knight — to me is given  
 Such hope, I know not fear ;  
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
 That often meet me here.  
 I muse on joy that will not cease,  
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
 Pure lilies of eternal peace  
 Whose odors haunt my dreams ;  
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
 This mortal armor that I wear,  
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And thro' the mountain walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
 Then move the trees, the copse nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :  
 "O just and faithful knight of God !  
 Ride on ! the prize is near."  
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All arm'd I ride, what'er betide,  
 Until I find the holy Grail.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING." ®

From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done  
 In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,  
 Whom Arthur and his knighthood called the Pure,  
 Had passed into the silent life of prayer,  
 Praise, fast, and alms ; and leaving for the cowl  
 The helmet, in an abbey far away .



From Camelot, there, and not long after, died.  
 And one, a fellow-monk among the rest,  
 Ambrosius, loved him much beyond the rest,  
 And honored him, and wrought into his heart  
 A way by love that wakened love within,  
 To answer that which came: and as they sat  
 Beneath a world-old yew-tree darkening half  
 The cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
 That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke,  
 Above them, ere the summer when he died,  
 The monk Ambrosius questioned Percivale:

"O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke  
 Spring after spring for half a hundred years:  
 For never have I known the world without,  
 Nor ever strayed beyond the pale: but thee,  
 When first thou camest — such a courtesy  
 Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice — I knew  
 For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall;  
 For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,  
 Some true, some light, but every one of you  
 Stamp'd with the image of the King; and now  
 Tell me, what drove thee from the Table Round,  
 My brother? was it earthly passion crost?"

"Nay," said the knight; "for no such passion mine.  
 But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail  
 Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,  
 And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out  
 Among us in the jousts, while women watch  
 Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual strength  
 Within us, better offered up to Heaven."

To whom the monk: "The Holy Grail! I trust  
 We are green in Heaven's eyes; but here too much  
 We moulder — as to things without I mean —

Yet one of your own knights, a guest of ours,  
 Told us of this in our refectory;  
 But spake with such a sadness and so low  
 We heard not half of what he said. What is it?  
 The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?"

"Nay, Monk! what phantom?" answer'd Percivale.  
 "The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
 Drank at the last sad supper with his own.  
 This, from the blessed land of Aromat —  
 After the day of darkness, when the dead  
 Went wandering o'er Moriah — the good saint  
 Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought  
 To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
 Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.  
 And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
 Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,  
 By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
 Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
 Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared."

To whom the monk: "From our old books I know  
 That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,  
 And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus,  
 Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;  
 And there he built with wattles from the marsh  
 A little lonely church in days of yore,  
 For so they say, these books of ours, but seem  
 Mute of this miracle, far as I have read.  
 But who first saw the holy thing to-day?"

"A woman," answer'd Percivale, "a nun,  
 And one no further off in blood from me  
 Than sister; and if ever holy maid  
 With knees of adoration wore the stone,  
 A holy maid; tho' never maiden glowed,



But that was in her earlier maidenhood,  
 With such a fervent flame of human love,  
 Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot  
 Only to holy things ; to prayer and praise  
 She gave herself, to fast and alms. And yet,  
 Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court,  
 Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,  
 Across the iron grating of her cell  
 Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more.

"And he to whom she told her sins, or what  
 Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,  
 A man well-nigh a hundred winters old,  
 Spake often with her of the Holy Grail,  
 A legend handed down thro' five or six,  
 And each of these a hundred winters old,  
 From our Lord's time. And when King Arthur made  
 His Table Round, and all men's hearts became  
 Clean for a season, surely he had thought  
 That now the Holy Grail would come again ;  
 But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it would come  
 And heal the world of all their wickedness !  
 'O Father !' asked the maiden, 'might it come  
 To me by prayer and fasting ?' 'Nay,' said he,  
 'I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow.'

And so she pray'd and fasted till the sun  
 Shone, and the wind blew thro' her and I thought  
 She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

"For on a day she sent to speak with me.  
 And when she came to speak, behold her eyes  
 Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful  
 Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
 Beautiful in the light of holiness.  
 And 'O my brother, Percivale,' she said,

'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail :  
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
 Blown, and I thought, "It is not Arthur's use  
 To hunt by moonlight ;" and the slender sound  
 As from a distance beyond distance grew  
 Coming upon me — O never harp nor horn  
 Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,  
 Was like that music as it came ; and then  
 Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,  
 And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
 Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
 With rosy colors leaping on the wall ;  
 And then the music faded, and the Grail pass'd,  
 And the beam decay'd, and from the walls  
 The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
 And now the Holy Thing is here again  
 Among us, brother, fast thou, too, and pray,  
 And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
 That so perchance the vision may be seen  
 By thee and those, and all the world be heal'd.'

"Then leaving the pale nun, I spake of this  
 To all men ; and myself fasted and prayed  
 Always, and many among us many a week  
 Fasted and pray'd even to the uttermost,  
 Expectant of the wonder that would be.  
 And one there was among us, ever moved  
 Among us in white armor, Galahad. ®  
 'God made thee good as thou art beautiful,'  
 Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight ; and none,  
 In so young youth, was ever made a knight  
 Till Galahad ; and this Galahad, when he heard  
 My sister's vision, fill'd me with amaze ;

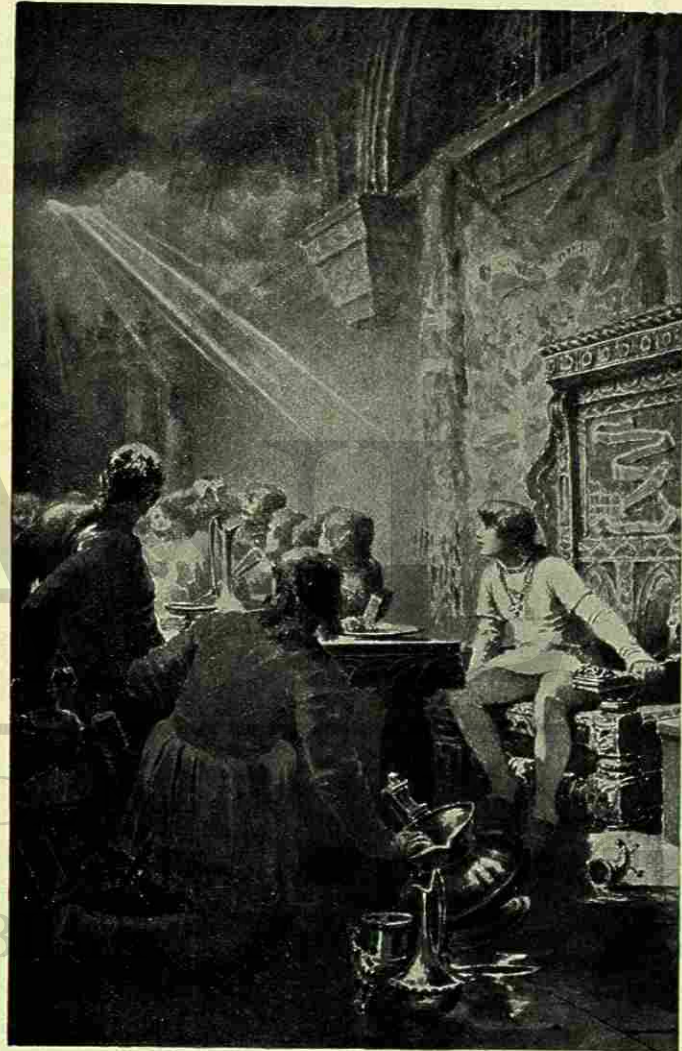


His eyes became so like her own, they seem'd  
Hers, and himself her brother more than I.

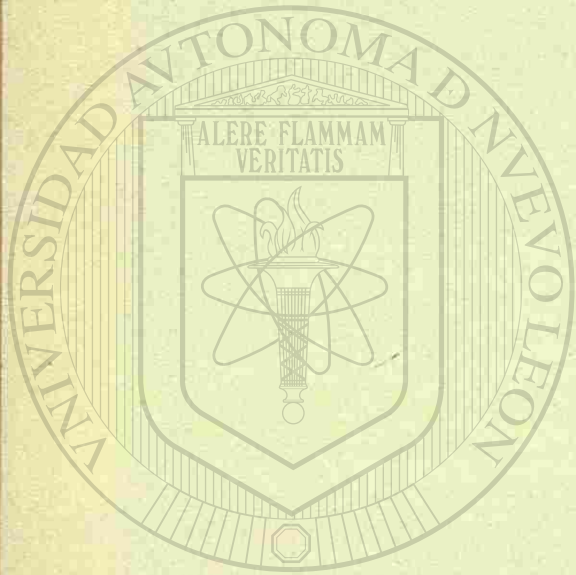
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"But she, the wan sweet maiden shore away  
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair  
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;  
And out of this she plaited broad and long  
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread  
And crimson in the belt a strange device,  
A crimson grail within a silver beam;  
And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,  
Saying, 'My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,  
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,  
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.  
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,  
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king  
Far in the spiritual city': and as she spake  
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes  
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind  
On him, and he believed in her belief.

"Then came a year of miracle: O brother,  
In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,  
Fashioned by Merlin ere he past away,  
And carven with strange figures; and in and out  
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll  
Of letters in a tongue no man could read.  
And Merlin called it 'The Siege perilous,'  
Perilous for good and ill; 'for there,' he said,  
'No man could sit but he should lose himself':  
And once by misadventure Merlin sat  
In his own chair, and so was lost; but he,  
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's doom,  
Cried, 'If I lose myself I save myself!'



"And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over covered with a luminous cloud."



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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS

“Then on a summer night it came to pass,  
While the great banquet lay along the hall,  
That Galahad would sit down in Merlin’s chair.  
And all at once, as there we sat, we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over cover’d with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it past.  
But every knight beheld his fellow’s face  
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
And staring each at other like dumb men  
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

“I sware a vow before them all, that I,  
Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,  
Until I found and saw it, as the nun  
My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,  
And good Sir Bors, our Launcelot’s cousin, sware  
And Launcelot sware, and many among the knights,  
And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.”

Then spake the monk Ambrosius, asking him  
“What said the King? Did Arthur take the vow?”

“Nay, for my lord, the King,” said Percivale,  
“Was not in hall: for early that same day,  
’Scaped thro’ a cavern from a bandit hold,  
An outraged maiden sprang into the hall  
Crying on help: for all her shining hair  
Was smear’d with earth, and either milky arm



Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and all she wore  
 Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is torn  
 In tempest: so the King arose and went  
 To smoke the scandalous hive of those wild bees  
 That made such honey in his realm. Howbeit  
 Some little of this marvel he too saw,  
 Returning o'er the plain that then began  
 To darken under Camelot; whence the King  
 Look'd up, calling aloud, 'Lo there! the roofs  
 Of our great hall are roll'd in thunder-smoke!  
 Pray Heaven they be not smitten by the bolt.'  
 For dear to Arthur was that hall of ours,  
 As having there so oft with all his knights  
 Feasted, and as the stateliest under heaven.

"O brother, had you known our mighty hall,  
 Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago!  
 For all the sacred mount of Camelot,  
 And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,  
 Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,  
 By grove and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,  
 Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.  
 And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt  
 With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall:  
 And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,  
 And in the second men are slaying beasts,  
 And on the third are warriors, perfect men,  
 And on the fourth are men with growing wings,  
 And over all one statue in the mould  
 Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,  
 And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star.  
 And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown  
 And both the wings are made of gold, and flame  
 At sunrise till the people in far fields,  
 Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,  
 Behold it, crying, 'We have still a King.'

"And, brother, had you known our hall within,  
 Broader and higher than any in all the lands!  
 Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars,  
 And all the light that falls upon the board  
 Streams thro' the twelve great battles of our King.  
 Nay, one there is, and at the eastern end,  
 Wealthy with wandering lines of mount and mere,  
 Where Arthur finds the brand, Excalibur.  
 And also one to the west, and counter to it,  
 And blank: and who shall blazon it? when and how?—  
 O there, perchance, when all our wars are done,  
 The brand Excalibur will be cast away.

"So to this hall full quickly rode the King,  
 In horror lest the work by Merlin wrought,  
 Dreamlike, should on the sudden vanish, wrapt  
 In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.  
 And in he rode, and up I glanced, and saw  
 The golden dragon sparkling over all:  
 And many of those who burnt the hold, their arms  
 Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed with smoke, and sear'd,  
 Follow'd, and in among bright faces, ours,  
 Full of the vision, prest: and then the King  
 Spake to me, being nearest, 'Percivale,'  
 (Because the hall was all in tumult — some  
 Vowing, and some protesting), 'what is this?'  
 "O brother, when I told him what had chanced,  
 My sister's vision, and the rest, his face  
 Darken'd, as I have seen it more than once,  
 When some brave deed seem'd to be done in vain,  
 Darken; and 'Woe is me, my knights,' he cried,  
 'Had I been here ye had not sworn the vow.'  
 Bold was mine answer, 'Had thyself been here,  
 My King, thou wouldst have sworn.' 'Yea, yea,' said he,  
 'Art thou so bold and hast not seen the Grail?'



“‘Nay, Lord, I heard the sound, I saw the light,  
But since I did not see the Holy Thing,  
I sware a vow to follow it till I saw.’

“Then when he asked us, knight by knight, if any  
Had seen it, all their answers were as one:

‘Nay, Lord, and therefore have we sworn our vows.’

‘Lo, now,’ said Arthur, ‘have ye seen a cloud?  
What go ye into the wilderness to see?’

“Then Galahad on a sudden, and in a voice  
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, call’d,  
‘But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,  
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—  
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.’

“‘Ah, Galahad, Galahad,’ said the King, ‘for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these.

The holy nun and thou have seen a sign—  
Holier is none, my Percivale, than she—  
A sign to main this Order which I made.

But you, that follow but the leader’s bell’  
(Brother, the King was hard upon his knights)

‘Taliessin is our fullest throat of song,

And one hath sung and all the dumb will sing.

Launcelot is Launcelot, and hath overborne

Five knights at once, and every younger knight

Unproven, holds himself as Launcelot,

Till overborne by one he learns—and ye,

What are ye? Galahads?—no, nor Percivales’

(For thus it pleased the King to range me close

After Sir Galahad); ‘nay,’ said he, ‘but men

With strength and will to right the wronged of power,

To lay the sudden heads of violence flat,

Knights that in twelve great battles splash’d and dyed

The strong White Horse in his own heathen blood—  
But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.  
Go, since your vows are sacred, being made:  
Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm  
Pass thro’ this hall—how often, O my knights,  
Your places being vacant at my side,  
This chance of noble deeds will come and go  
Unchallenged, while you follow wandering fires  
Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea most,  
Return no more: yet think I show myself  
Too dark a prophet: come now, let us meet  
The morrow morn once more in one full field  
Of gracious pastime, that once more the King,  
Before ye leave him for this Quest may count  
The yet unbroken strength of all his knights,  
Rejoicing in that Order which he made.’

“So when the sun broke next from under ground,  
All the great table of our Arthur closed  
And clash’d in such a tourney and so full,  
So many lances broken—never yet  
Had Camelot seen the like, since Arthur came.  
And I myself and Galahad, for a strength  
Was in us from the vision, overthrew  
So many knights that all the people cried,  
And almost burst the barriers in their heat,  
Shouting, ‘Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale!’

“But when the next day brake from under ground—  
O brother, had you known our Camelot,  
Built by old kings, age after age, so old  
The King himself had fears that it would fall,  
So strange, and rich, and dim; for where the roofs  
Totter’d toward each other in the sky,  
Met foreheads all along the street of those



Who watch'd us pass ; and lower, and where the long  
 Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the necks  
 Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,  
 Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers  
 Fell as we past : and men and boys astride  
 On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,  
 At all the corners, named us each by name,  
 Calling 'God speed !' but in the street below  
 The knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor  
 Wept, and the King himself could hardly speak for grier.

\* \* \* \* \*

And then we reached the weirdly-sculptured gate,  
 Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,  
 And thence departed every one his way.

"And I was lifted up in heart, and thought  
 Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,  
 How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,  
 So many and famous names ; and never yet  
 Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor earth so green,  
 For all my blood danced in me, and I knew  
 That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

Thereafter, the dark warning of our King,  
 That most of us would follow wandering fires,  
 Came like a driving gloom across my mind.  
 Then every evil word I had spoken once,  
 And every evil thought I had thought of old,  
 And every evil deed I ever did,  
 Awoke and cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'  
 And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself  
 Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns,  
 And I was thirsty even unto death ;  
 And I, too, cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'

"And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst  
 Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook  
 With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white  
 Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave,  
 And took both ear and eye ; and o'er the brook  
 Were apple-trees, and apples by the brook fallen,  
 And on the lawns. 'I will rest here,'  
 I said, 'I am not worthy of the Quest' ;  
 But even while I drank the brook, and ate  
 The goodly apples, all these things at once  
 Fell into dust, and I was left alone,  
 And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.  
 Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,  
 And where it smote the ploughshare in the field,  
 The ploughman left his ploughing, and fell down  
 Before it ; where it glitter'd on her pail,  
 The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down  
 Before it, and I knew not why, but thought  
 'The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had risen.  
 Then was I ware of one that on me moved  
 In golden armor with a crown of gold  
 About a casque all jewels ; and his horse  
 In golden armor jewell'd everywhere :  
 And on the splendor came, flashing me blind ;  
 And seem'd to me the Lord of all the world,  
 Being so huge. But when I thought he meant  
 To crush me, moving on me, lo ! he, too,  
 Opened his arms to embrace me as he came,  
 And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,  
 Fell into dust, and I was left alone  
 And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.  
 "And I rode on and found a mighty hill,  
 And on the top a city wall'd : the spires



Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.  
 And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd ; and these  
 Cried to me climbing, ' Welcome, Percivale !  
 Thou mightiest and thou purest among men !'  
 And glad was I and clomb, but found at top  
 No man nor any voice. And thence I past  
 Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw  
 That man had once dwelt there ; but there I found  
 Only one man of an exceeding age.  
 ' Where is that goodly company,' said I,  
 ' That so cried out upon me ?' and he had  
 Scarce any voice to answer, and yet gasp'd,  
 ' Whence and what art thou ?' and even as he spoke  
 Fell into dust and disappear'd, and I  
 Was left alone once more, and cried in grief,  
 ' Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself  
 And touch it, it will crumble into dust.'  
 " And thence I dropt into a lowly vale,  
 Low as the hill was high, and where the vale  
 Was lowest, found a chapel and thereby  
 A holy hermit in a hermitage,  
 To whom I told my phantoms, and he said :

" ' O son, thou hast not true humility,  
 The highest virtue, mother of them all ;  
 For when the Lord of all things made Himself  
 Naked of glory for His mortal change,  
 " Take thou my robe," she said, " for all is thine,"  
 And all her form shone forth with sudden light  
 So that the angels were amazed, and she  
 Follow'd him down, and like a flying star  
 Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the East ;  
 But her thou hast not known : for what is this  
 Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins ?

Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself  
 As Galahad.' When the hermit made an end,  
 In silver armor suddenly Galahad shone  
 Before us, and against the chapel door  
 Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer.  
 And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst  
 And at the sacring of the mass I saw  
 The holy elements alone ; but he :  
 ' Saw ye no more ? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,  
 The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine :  
 I saw the fiery face as of a child  
 That smote itself into the bread, and went ;  
 And hither am I come ; and never yet  
 Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,  
 This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come  
 Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,  
 Fainter by day, but always in the night  
 Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh  
 Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
 Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
 Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,  
 Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
 And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,  
 And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,  
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this  
 Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,  
 And hence I go ; and one will crown me king  
 Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,  
 For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

" While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,  
 Drew me with power upon me, till I grew  
 One with him, to believe as he believed.  
 Then, when the day began to wane, we went.



"There rose a hill that none but man could climb,  
 Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-courses —  
 Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm  
 Round us and death; for every moment glanced  
 His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick and thick  
 The lightnings here and there to left and right  
 Struck; till the dry old trunks about us, dead,  
 Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,  
 Sprang into fire: and at the base we found  
 On either hand, as far as eye could see,  
 A great black swamp and of an evil smell,  
 Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,  
 Not to be crost, save that some ancient king  
 Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,  
 A thousand piers ran into the great sea.  
 And Galahad fled along their bridge by bridge,  
 And every bridge as quickly as he crost  
 Sprang into fire: and vanish'd, tho' I yearn'd  
 To follow; and thrice above him all the heavens  
 Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd  
 Shoutings of all the sons of God: and first  
 At once I saw him far on the great sea,  
 In silver-shining armor starry-clear;  
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung  
 Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.  
 And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,  
 If boat it were — I saw not whence it came.  
 And when the heavens open'd and blazed again  
 Roaring, I saw him like a silver star —  
 And had he set the sail, or had the boat  
 Become a living creature clad with wings?  
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung  
 Redder than any rose, a joy to me,  
 For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.  
 Then in a moment, when they blazed again

Opening, I saw the least of little stars  
 Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star  
 I saw the spiritual city and all her spires  
 And gateways in a glory like one pearl —  
 No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints —  
 Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot  
 A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there  
 Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,  
 Which never eyes on earth again shall see.  
 Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep.  
 And how my feet recross'd the deathful ridge  
 No memory in me lives; but that I touch'd  
 The chapel-doors at dawn, I know; and thence  
 Taking my war-horse from the holy man,  
 Glad that no phantom vex't me more, return'd  
 To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars."

\* \* \* \* \*

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

TENNYSON.

THE poet represents this poem as a fragment of an  
 Epic in twelve books, which the author burnt for "a  
 mint of reasons." "He thought that nothing new was  
 said, or else

"Something so said 'twas nothing — that a truth  
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the day."

In answer to these reasons mentioned by his friend,  
 the poet adds by way of excuse, —

"Why take the style of those heroic times?  
 For nature brings not back the Mastodon,  
 Nor we those times; and why should any man  
 Remodel models? These twelve books of mine



Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,  
 Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt."  
 "But I," said his friend, "picked the eleventh from this hearth,  
 And have it: keep a thing, its use will come."  
 "Then at my request he brought it;  
 And the poet, little urged,  
 But with some prelude of disparagement,  
 Read, mouthing out his oes and aes,  
 Deep-chested music, and to this result."

In Tennyson's early poems the following appears under the title given above; in the "Idylls of the King" it is called the "Passing of Arthur."

#### THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
 They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls,  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made, —  
 Though Merlin sware that I should come again  
 To rule once more — but let what will be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm  
 That without help, I cannot last till morn.  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 Holding the sword — and how I rowed across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:  
 And wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:  
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere:  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."  
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."  
 So saying, from the ruined shrine he stepped  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.  
 There he drew forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,



Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth work  
 Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
 In act to throw; but at the last it seemed  
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed  
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"Hast thou performed the mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had followed, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely it was chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done?  
 What harm undone? deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 Were it well to obey then if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds." <sup>®</sup>

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,



For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
 In whom should meet the offices of all,  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,  
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing quicker breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
 Not though I live three lives of mortal man,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :  
 "My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."  
 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.  
 But as he walked Sir Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that felt a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him and a cry  
 Before. His own thoughts drove him like a goad.  
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of arm'd heels —  
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,



Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose  
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice, an agony  
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"  
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens  
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
 And loosed the shatter'd casque and chafed his hands,  
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
 Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white  
 And colorless, and like the wither'd moon  
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;  
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust ;  
 Or clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
 "Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?"

For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
 But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,



Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."  
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

**Avilion.** — Av'alon, in Middle-Age romance, is the name given to an ocean-island not far from the "terrestrial paradise." It is represented as the abode of King Arthur and his fairy sister, Morgan le Fay, and of Oberon, the king of the fairies, in mediæval mythology.

In the following sonnet the writer indicates that to him, at least, the poetry of the Old Testament is of a higher order than even "Homer's verse," and that the other famous Greek and Latin authors have not the power of the "hallowed bards" of Judah. He could hardly have come to this conclusion without a thorough knowledge of both the Hebrew Scriptures and the ancient classics. That he had explored this wide field of literature his writings show conclusively, and that he was a traveller in Greece and Italy is evident from the fact that many of his poems were written under the direct inspiration of scenes and sights connected with pagan history and religion.

## A SONNET.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Let those who will, hang rapturously o'er  
 The flowing eloquence of Plato's page, —

Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour  
 From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage ;  
 Let those who list, ask Tully to assuage  
 Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and restore  
 The reign of rhetoric ; or maxims sage  
 Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.  
 Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me  
 Are dear : Isaiah's noble energy ;  
 The temperate grief of Job ; the artless strain  
 Of Ruth and pastoral Amos ; the high songs  
 Of David ; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,  
 Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.

To study literature profitably we must learn that a few subjects constantly reappear on the pages of the poet, the dramatist, the novelist. Among these are the joys and sorrows of human life, the personal relations of humanity. History is human life on a larger scale, — not merely personal, though that is included in it, but national, — and so Life, Death, and the Hereafter have been the great themes upon which the thoughts of men have labored, and they have given expression to these thoughts in a few lasting forms that constitute the grandeur and the glory of every civilized land.

What has man's desire to express his thoughts compelled him to do ? To invent language and the materials necessary for preserving the spoken words in written forms. And what is the result ? All nations have poets ; to carve his thoughts in stone, — sculptors ; to paint his thoughts on canvas, — artists ; to build his thoughts into architectural forms, — cathedral builders ; to invent musical instruments and a musical notation, — organ-



ists; "to speak with the tongues of angels," — orators. And the highest thought ever expressed in any of these forms — what is it but the worship of God? of Him who created us, redeemed us, sanctified us?

Man is a worshipping creature and he must fulfil the end for which he was created. The highest form of literature produced by any nation is the embodiment of its religion. Homer's writings, the Hebrew Scriptures, and the New Testament must, therefore, hold the foremost rank as literary models, the first embodying the religion of the Greeks, the second that of the Jews, and the third that of Christendom.

The farther we carry our studies in literature the more we shall be convinced

"How little inventiveness there is in man.  
Grave copier of copies —"<sup>1</sup>

But this very discovery is one of the best means of teaching us to discriminate between good literature and bad; between the great books and the little ones; between high art, low art, and *no* art, in writing; between the ideal and the real.

<sup>1</sup> James Russell Lowell, "The Cathedral."

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

- ÆSCHYLUS. Prometheus Bound (Plumptre's Trans.), 62.  
ANACREON. Cupid Stung, 183; The Cheat of Cupid, 187; Cupid Benighted, 188.  
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. Cupid Stung (Trans. from Anacreon), 183.  
BACKUS, M. L. On Latmos, 38.  
BARR, LILLIE E. A Legend of Ancient Greece, 23.  
BENEDICT, E. T. The Origin of the Sonnet, 225.  
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT. A Musical Instrument, 138; Cupid and Psyche (Paraphrases on Apuleius), 175; The Cyclops (Paraphrase on Theocritus), 192; How Bacchus finds Ariadne Sleeping (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 199; How Bacchus comforts Ariadne (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 202; The Dead Pan, 236.  
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 147.  
BYRON, LORD. Prometheus, 83.  
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. The Manciple's Tale, 25.  
COWPER, WILLIAM. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 146.  
DE VÈRE, AUBREY. A Sonnet, 288.  
DOMMÉT, ALFRED. A Christmas Hymn, 229.  
EURIPIDES. Iphigenia in Aulis, 107; From the Troades, 19.  
GOETHE. Prometheus, 81; Iphigenia in Tauris, 114.  
HERRICK, ROBERT. The Cheat of Cupid, 187.  
HESIOD. The Creation of Pandora, 88; Bacchus and Ariadne, 204.  
HUNT, LEIGH. Cupid Swallowed, 190; The Dryads, 196.  
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. The First Fan, 226.  
HOMER. A Hymn to Ceres, 45; From the Iliad, Book VIII., 145.  
INGELOW, JEAN. Persephone, 46.  
JONSON, BEN. Hymn to Diana (from Cynthia's Revels), 35; Discourse with Cupid, 185.  
KEATS, JOHN. Saturn and Thea (from Hyperion), 56; A Sonnet on Chapman's Homer, 143.

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ANACREON. Cupid Stung, 183; The Cheat of Cupid, 187; Cupid Benighted, 188.  
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. Cupid Stung (Trans. from Anacreon), 183.  
BACKUS, M. L. On Latmos, 38.  
BARR, LILLIE E. A Legend of Ancient Greece, 23.  
BENEDICT, E. T. The Origin of the Sonnet, 225.  
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT. A Musical Instrument, 138; Cupid and Psyche (Paraphrases on Apuleius), 175; The Cyclops (Paraphrase on Theocritus), 192; How Bacchus finds Ariadne Sleeping (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 199; How Bacchus comforts Ariadne (Paraphrase on Nonnus), 202; The Dead Pan, 236.  
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 147.  
BYRON, LORD. Prometheus, 83.  
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. The Manciple's Tale, 25.  
COWPER, WILLIAM. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 146.  
DE VÈRE, AUBREY. A Sonnet, 288.  
DOMMÈT, ALFRED. A Christmas Hymn, 229.  
EURIPIDES. Iphigenia in Aulis, 107; From the Troades, 19.  
GOETHE. Prometheus, 81; Iphigenia in Tauris, 114.  
HERRICK, ROBERT. The Cheat of Cupid, 187.  
HESIOD. The Creation of Pandora, 88; Bacchus and Ariadne, 204.  
HUNT, LEIGH. Cupid Swallowed, 190; The Dryads, 196.  
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. The First Fan, 226.  
HOMER. A Hymn to Ceres, 45; From the Iliad, Book VIII., 145.  
INGELOW, JEAN. Persephone, 46.  
JONSON, BEN. Hymn to Diana (from Cynthia's Revels), 35; Discourse with Cupid, 185.  
KEATS, JOHN. Saturn and Thea (from Hyperion), 56; A Sonnet on Chapman's Homer, 143.



- LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE. Iphigenia, 112.  
LILY, JOHN. Cupid and Campaspe, 186.  
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. Prometheus, 70; The Finding of the Lyre, 140; From Rhoecus, 197.  
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. Hymn to the Night, 12; Endymion, 33; Enceladus, 59.  
MILTON, JOHN. From L'Allegro, 134; From Il Penseroso, 134; On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, 248.  
MACE, FRANCES L. The Seven Days, 216; Easter Morning, 257.  
MOORE, THOMAS. The Origin of the Harp, 141; Cupid and the Bee (from Anacreon), 184; Cupid Benighted (Translation), 188.  
POPE, ALEXANDER. From the Iliad, Book VIII., 145; Messiah, 245.  
SAXE, J. G. Phaëthon, 29; Icarus, 91; Orpheus and Eurydice, 136.  
SCHILLER. The Gods of Greece, 231.  
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. To Night, 13; The Cloud, 41; Prometheus Unbound, 84.  
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Song from Henry VIII., 135.  
STEDMAN, E. C. News from Olympia, 223.  
STOCK, ELIOT. Cupid's Decadence, 191.  
TENNYSON, ALFRED. Tithonus, 17; Demeter and Persephone, 50; Cenone, 95; From the Iliad, Book VIII., 146; The Lotos Eaters, 166; Choric Song, 167; Ulysses, 172; A Dream of Fair Women, 206; Sir Galahad, 261; The Holy Grail, 263; Morte d'Arthur, 279.  
WETHERLY, FREDERICK E. Sir Cupid, 190.  
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. Laodameia, 128.  
YOUNG, W. W. There came Three Queens from Heaven, 103.  
YOUNG, EDWARD. From Night Thoughts, 11.

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