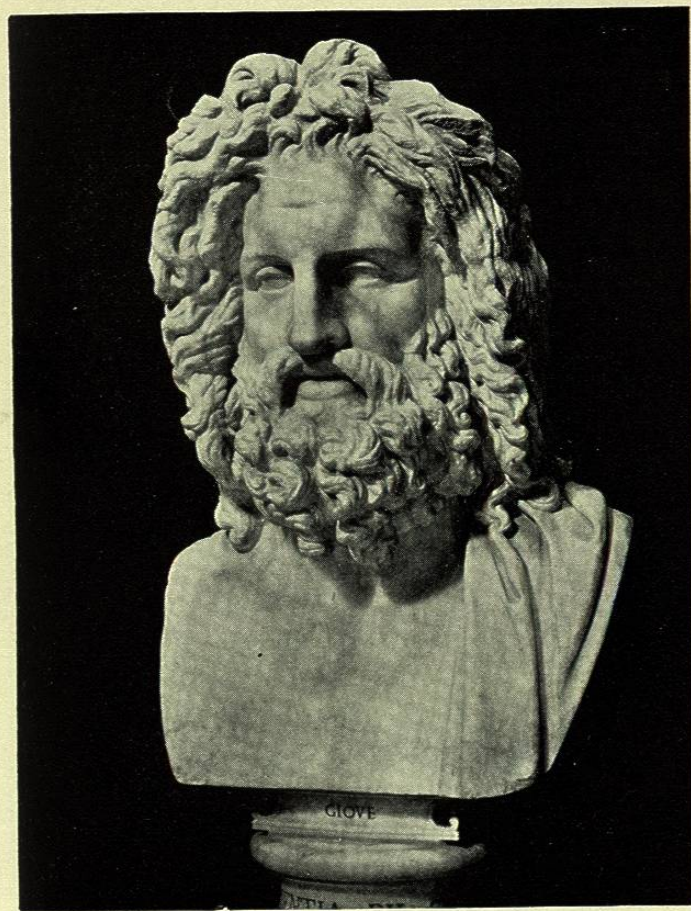


And crouches, when the thought of some great spirit,
 With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
 Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
 Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.
 So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth,
 And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove !

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 —"

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 anarch 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 áges 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."*

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 wingèd 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 spoke 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 purpleal 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 ill 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 ill the land is full, with ill 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 tipple 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.