

GROUP III.

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; Athené 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 awearry 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 CEnone,
Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, 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,
Circl'd 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 Cœnone 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
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, preferr'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.
Cly. 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."