

CHAPTER X.

THE sun of a hot midsummer-day had risen on Naukratis. The Nile had already begun to overflow its banks, and the fields and gardens of the Egyptians were covered with water.

The harbor was crowded with craft of all kinds. Egyptian vessels were there, manned by Phœnician colonists from the coasts of the Delta,⁸⁵ and bringing fine woven goods from Malta, metals and precious stones from Sardinia, wine and copper from Cyprus: Greek triremes laden with oil, wine and mastic-wood; metal-work and woollen wares from Chalcis, Phœnician and Syrian craft with gaily-colored sails, and freighted with cargoes of purple stuffs, gems, spices, glass-work, carpets and cedar-trees,—used in Egypt, where wood was very scarce, for building purposes,—and taking back gold, ivory, ebony, brightly-plumaged tropical birds, precious stones and black slaves,—the treasures of Ethiopia; but more especially the far-famed Egyptian corn, Memphian chariots, lace from Sais, and the finer sorts of papyrus. The time when commerce was carried on merely by barter was now, however, long past, and the merchants of Naukratis not seldom paid

85. In another place (Ebers, *Aegypten* p. 127.) we have endeavored to prove that Phœnician colonies existed on the coasts of the Delta. Egypto-Phœnician colonies can be proved to have existed in Sardinia, Crete, Malta, Cyprus, and in earlier times in Eubœa and other places. The discoveries which have been made in Sardinia and the treasures found in Cyprus by Cesnola are most instructive. Communicated by Canonicus Spano, Lamarmora, Neigebaur, in Gerhard's *Archäol Zeitung*, in the *Bulletino Sardo* and the latest by H. v. Malzan.

for their goods in gold coin and carefully-weighted* silver.

Large warehouses stood round the harbor of this Greek colony, and slightly-built dwelling-houses, into which the idle mariners were lured by the sounds of music and laughter, and the glances and voices of painted and rouged damsels.⁸⁶ Slaves, both white and colored, rowers and steersmen, in various costumes, were hurrying hither and thither, while the ships' captains, either dressed in the Greek fashion or in Phœnician garments of the most glaring colors, were shouting orders to their crews and delivering up their cargoes to the merchants. Whenever a dispute arose, the Egyptian police with their long staves, and the Greek warders of the harbor were quickly at hand. The latter were appointed by the elders of the merchant-body in this Milesian colony.**

The port was getting empty now, for the hour at which the market opened was near,⁸⁷ and none of the free Greeks cared to be absent from the market-place then. This time, however, not a few remained behind, curiously watching a beautifully-built Samian ship, the Okeia,⁸⁸ with a long prow like a swan's neck, on the

86. Setting aside the fact, that no large seaport of the ancient world was without such houses of amusement, those on the Canopic mouth of the Nile are expressly mentioned by Strabo, 80r.

87. The following little story told by Strabo (658), proves how eagerly the Greeks thronged to market. A flute-player at Jasos was forsaken by his audience the moment they heard the sound of the market-bell, one man alone remaining behind. The musician thanked this man for not having allowed the bell to distract his attention. "What!" cried the other, "has it rung already?" and instantly departed too.

88. *Ὀκεία* "the swift." Böckh, *Staatshausalt der Athener* III. 93. Not only the Greek, but also the Phœnician ships were ornamented with likenesses of the gods.

* See vol. i. note 172.

** See vol. i. note 2.

front of which a likeness of the goddess Hera was conspicuous. It was discharging its cargo, but the public attention was more particularly attracted by three handsome youths, in the dress of Lydian officers, who left the ship, followed by a number of slaves carrying chests and packages.

The handsomest of the three travellers, in whom of course our readers recognize their three young friends, Darius, Bartja and Zopyrus, spoke to one of the harbor-policemen and asked for the house of Theopompus the Milesian, to whom they were bound on a visit.

Polite and ready to do a service, like all the Greeks, the policeman at once led the way across the market-place,—where the opening of business had just been announced by the sound of a bell,*—to a handsome house, the property of the Milesian, Theopompus, one of the most important and respected men in Naukratis.

The party, however, did not succeed in crossing the market-place without hindrance. They found it easy enough to evade the importunities of impudent fish-sellers, and the friendly invitations of butchers, bakers, sausage and vegetable-sellers, and potters. But when they reached the part allotted⁸⁹ to the flower-girls, Zopyrus was so enchanted with the scene, that he clapped his hands for joy.

Three wonderfully-lovely girls, in white dresses of some half-transparent material, with colored borders,

89. Separate portions of the market (*χύλαι*) were set apart for the sale of different goods. The part appointed for the flower-sellers, who passed in general for no better than they should be, was called the "myrtle-market." Aristoph. *Thesmoph.* 448. Becker, *Charikles*, II. p. 156.

* See note 87.

were seated together on low stools, binding roses, violets and orange-blossoms into one long wreath. Their charming heads were wreathed with flowers too, and looked very like the lovely rosebuds which one of them, on seeing the young men come up, held out to their notice.

"Buy my roses, my handsome gentlemen," she said in a clear, melodious voice, "to put in your sweethearts' hair."

Zopyrus took the flowers, and holding the girl's hand fast in his own, answered, "I come from a far country, my lovely child, and have no sweetheart in Naukratis yet; so let me put the roses in your own golden hair, and this piece of gold in your white little hand."

The girl burst into a merry laugh, showed her sister the handsome present,⁹⁰ and answered: "By Eros, such gentlemen as you cannot want for sweethearts. Are you brothers?"

"No."

"That's a pity, for we are sisters."

"And you thought we should make three pretty couples?"

"I may have thought it, but I did not say so."

"And your sisters?"

90. This passage was suggested by the following epigram of Dionysius:

"Roses are blooming on thy cheek, with roses thy basket is laden,
Which dost thou sell? The flowers? Thyself? Or both, my pretty
maiden?"

Fr. Jacobs, *Gr. Blumenlese*, IX. 51. A piece of gold was very high payment. In the *Acharnæ* of Aristophanes the slave of Lamachus is supposed to offer an absurdly high price, when he is willing to pay 3 drachmæ (2s. 3d.) for a fat eel from Kopai, and one drachma (ninepence) for a brace of fieldfares.

The girls laughed, as if they were but little averse to such a connection, and offered Bartja and Darius rose-buds too.

The young men accepted them, gave each a gold piece in return, and were not allowed to leave these beauties until their helmets had been crowned with laurel.

Meanwhile the news of the strangers' remarkable liberality had spread among the many girls, who were selling ribbons, wreaths and flowers close by. They all brought roses too and invited the strangers with looks and words to stay with them and buy their flowers.

Zopyrus, like many a young gentleman in Naukratis, would gladly have accepted their invitations, for most of these girls were beautiful, and their hearts were not difficult to win; but Darius urged him to come away, and begged Bartja to forbid the thoughtless fellow's staying any longer. After passing the tables of the money-changers, and the stone seats on which the citizens sat in the open air and held their consultations, they arrived at the house of Theopompus.

The stroke given by their Greek guide with the metal knocker on the house-door was answered at once by a slave. As the master was at the market, the strangers were led by the steward, an old servant grown grey in the service of Theopompus, into the Andronitis,* and begged to wait there until he returned.

They were still engaged in admiring the paintings on the walls, and the artistic carving of the stone floor, when Theopompus, the merchant whom we first learnt to know at the house of Rhodopis, came back from the

* See vol. I. note 25. The description of Rhodopis' house.

market, followed by a great number of slaves bearing his purchases.⁹¹

He received the strangers with charming politeness and asked in what way he could be of use to them, on which Bartja, having first convinced himself that no unwished-for listeners were present, gave him the roll he had received from Phanes at parting.

Theopompus had scarcely read its contents, when he made a low bow to the prince, exclaiming: "By Zeus, the father of hospitality, this is the greatest honor that could have been conferred upon my house! All I possess is yours, and I beg you to ask your companions to accept with kindness what I can offer. Pardon my not having recognized you at once in your Lydian dress. It seems to me that your hair is shorter and your beard thicker, than when you left Egypt. Am I right in imagining that you do not wish to be recognized? It shall be exactly as you wish. He is the best host, who allows his guests the most freedom. Ah, now I recognize your friends; but they have disguised themselves and cut their curls also. Indeed, I could almost say that you, my friend, whose name . . ."

"My name is Darius."

"That you, Darius, have dyed your hair black. Yes? Then you see my memory does not deceive me. But that is nothing to boast of, for I saw you several times at Sais, and here too, on your arrival and departure. You ask, my prince, whether you would be generally recognized? Certainly not. The foreign dress, the change in your hair and the coloring of your

⁹¹ Men of high rank among the Greeks did not disdain to make purchases at market, accompanied by their slaves, but respectable women could not appear there. Female slaves were generally sent to buy what was needed. Becker, *Charikles*, II. p. 150.

eyebrows have altered you wonderfully. But excuse me a moment, my old steward seems to have some important message to give."

In a few minutes Theopompus came back, exclaiming: "No, no, my honored friends, you have certainly not taken the wisest way of entering Naukratis incognito. You have been joking with the flower-girls and paying them for a few roses, not like runaway Lydian Hekatontarchs, but like the great lords you are. All Naukratis knows the pretty, frivolous sisters, Stephanion, Chloris and Irene, whose garlands have caught many a heart, and whose sweet glances have lured many a bright obolus out of the pockets of our gay young men. They're very fond of visiting the flower-girls at market-time, and agreements are entered into then for which more than one gold piece must be paid later; but for a few roses and good words they are not accustomed to be so liberal as you have been. The girls have been boasting about you and your gifts, and showing your good red gold to their stingier suitors. As rumor is a goddess who is very apt to exaggerate and to make a crocodile out of a lizard, it happened that news reached the Egyptian captain on guard at the market, that some newly-arrived Lydian warriors had been scattering gold broadcast among the flower-girls. This excited suspicion, and induced the Toparch* to send an officer here to enquire from whence you come, and what is the object of your journey hither. I was obliged to use a little stratagem to impose upon him, and told him, as I believe you wish, that you were rich young men from Sardis, who had fled on account of having incurred the satrap's ill-will. But I see the government officer

* See vol. I. note 140.

coming, and with him the secretary who is to make out passports which will enable you to remain on the Nile unmolested. I have promised him a handsome reward, if he can help you in getting admitted into the king's mercenaries. He was caught and believed my story. You are so young, that nobody would imagine you were entrusted with a secret mission."

The talkative Greek had scarcely finished speaking when the clerk, a lean, dry-looking man, dressed in white, came in, placed himself opposite the strangers and asked them from whence they came and what was the object of their journey.

The youths held to their first assertion; that they were Lydian Hekatontarchs, and begged the functionary to provide them with passes and tell them in what way they might most easily obtain admittance into the king's troop of auxiliaries.

The man did not hesitate long, after Theopompus had undertaken to be their surety, and the desired documents were made out.

Bartja's pass ran thus:

"Smerdis, the son of Sandon of Sardis, about 22 years of age—figure, tall and slender—face, well-formed:—nose, straight:—forehead, high with a small scar in the middle:—is hereby permitted to remain in those parts of Egypt in which the law allows foreigners to reside, as surety has been given for him.

In the King's name.

Sachons, Clerk.

Darius and Zopyrus received passports similarly worded.⁹²

⁹². Similar descriptions have been preserved in the papyri. Wilkinson, in his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*. gives

When the government official had left the house, Theopompus rubbed his hands and said: "Now if you will follow my advice on all points you can stay in Egypt safely enough. Keep these little rolls as if they were the apple of your eye, and never part from them. Now, however, I must beg you to follow me to breakfast and to tell me, if agreeable to you, whether a report which has just been making the round of the market is not, as usual, entirely false. A trireme from Kolophon, namely, has brought the news that your powerful brother, noble Bartja, is preparing to make war with Amasis."

On the evening of the same day, Bartja and Sappho saw each other again. In that first hour surprise and joy together made Sappho's happiness too great for words. When they were once more seated in the acanthus-grove whose blossoming branches had so often seen and sheltered their young love, she embraced him tenderly, but for a long time they did not speak one word. They saw neither moon nor stars moving silently above them, in the warm summer night; they did not even hear the nightingales who were still repeating their favorite, flute-like, Itys-call to one another; nor did they feel the dew which fell as heavily on their fair heads as on the flowers in the grass around them.

At last Bartja, taking both Sappho's hands in his own, looked long and silently into her face, as if to stamp her likeness for ever on his memory. When he

a picture from Thebes in which a man, making obeisance, is being led before another, a clerk or secretary, who appears to be making out a passport for him.

spoke at last, she cast down her eyes, for he said: "In my dreams, Sappho, you have always been the most lovely creature that Auramazda ever created, but now I see you again, you are more lovely even than my dreams."

And when a bright, happy glance from her had thanked him for these words, he drew her closer to him, asking: "Did you often think of me?"

"I thought only of you."

"And did you hope to see me soon?"

"Yes; hour after hour I thought, 'now he must be coming.' Sometimes I went into the garden in the morning and looked towards your home in the East, and a bird flew towards me from thence and I felt a twitching in my right eyelid; or when I was putting my box to rights and found the laurel crown which I put by as a remembrance, because you looked so well in it,—Melitta says such wreaths are good for keeping true love⁹³—then I used to clap my hands with joy and think, 'to-day he must come;' and I would run down to the Nile and wave my handkerchief to every passing boat, for every boat I thought must be bringing you to me. But you did not come, and then I went sadly home, and would sit down by the fire on the hearth in the women's room, and sing, and gaze into the fire till grandmother would wake me out of my dream by saying: 'Listen to me, girl; whoever dreams by daylight is in danger of lying awake at night, and getting up in the morning with a sad heart, a tired brain and weary limbs. The day was not given us for sleep, and we

⁹³. A bird flying from the right side, and a twitching of the right eye were considered fortunate omens. Theokritus, III. 37. The wreath put by. See Lucian. *Tox.* 30.

must live in it with open eyes, that not a single hour may be idly spent. The past belongs to the dead; only fools count upon the future; but wise men hold fast by the ever young present; by work they foster all the various gifts which Zeus, Apollo, Pallas, Cypris lend; by work they raise, and perfect and ennoble them, until their feelings, actions, words and thoughts become harmonious like a well-tuned lute. You cannot serve the man to whom you have given your whole heart,—to whom in your great love you look up as so much higher than yourself—you cannot prove the steadfastness and faithfulness of that love better, than by raising and improving your mind to the utmost of your power. Every good and beautiful truth that you learn is an offering to him you love best, for in giving your whole self, you give your virtues too. But no one gains this victory in dreams. The dew by which such blossoms are nourished is called the sweat of man's brow.' So she would speak to me, and then I started up ashamed and left the hearth, and either took my lyre to learn new songs, or listened to my loving teacher's words—she is wiser than most men—attentively and still. And so the time passed on; a rapid stream, just like our river Nile, which flows unceasingly, and brings such changing scenes upon its waves,—sometimes a golden boat with streamers gay,—sometimes a fearful, ravenous crocodile."

"But now we are sitting in the golden boat. Oh, if time's waves would only cease to flow! If this one moment could but last for aye. You lovely girl, how perfectly you speak,—how well you understand and remember all this beautiful teaching and make it even more beautiful by your way of repeating it. Yes, Sap-

pho, I am very proud of you. In you I have a treasure which makes me richer than my brother, though half the world belongs to him."

"You proud of me? you, a king's son, the best and handsomest of your family?"

"The greatest worth that I can find in myself is, that you think me worthy of your love."

"Tell me, ye gods, how can this little heart hold so much joy without breaking? 'Tis like a vase that's overfilled with purest, heaviest gold?"

"Another heart will help you to bear it; and that is my own, for mine is again supported by yours, and with that help I can laugh at every evil that the world or night may bring."

"Oh, don't excite the envy of the gods; human happiness often vexes them. Since you left us we have passed some very, very sad days. The two poor children of our kind Phanes—a boy as beautiful as Eros, and a little girl as fair and rosy as a summer morning's cloud just lit up by the sun,—came for some happy days to stay with us. Grandmother grew quite glad and young again while looking on these little ones, and as for me I gave them all my heart, though really it is your's and your's alone. But hearts, you know, are wonderfully made; they're like the sun who sends his rays everywhere, and loses neither warmth nor light by giving much, but gives to all their due. I loved those little ones so very much. One evening we were sitting quite alone with Theopompus in the women's room, when suddenly we heard a loud, wild noise. The good old Knakias, our faithful slave, just reached the door as all the bolts gave way, and, rushing through the entrance-hall into the peristyle, the andronitis, and so on to us,

crashing the door between, came a troop of soldiers. Grandmother showed them the letter by which Amasis secured our house from all attack and made it a sure refuge, but they laughed the writing to scorn and showed us on their side a document with the crown-prince's seal, in which we were sternly commanded to deliver up Phanes' children at once to this rough troop of men. Theopompus reproved the soldiers for their roughness, telling them that the children came from Corinth and had no connection with Phanes; but the captain of the troop defied and sneered at him, pushed my grandmother rudely away, forced his way into her own apartment, where among her most precious treasures, at the head of her own bed, the two children lay sleeping peacefully, dragged them out of their little beds and took them in an open boat through the cold night-air to the royal city. In a few days we heard the boy was dead. They say he has been killed by Psantik's orders; and the little girl, so sweet and dear, is lying in a dismal dungeon, and pining for her father and for us. Oh, dearest, isn't it a painful thing that sorrows such as these should come to mar our perfect happiness? My eyes weep joy and sorrow in the same moment, and my lips, which have just been laughing with you, have now to tell you this sad story."

"I feel your pain with you, my child, but it makes my hand clench with rage instead of filling my eyes with tears. That gentle boy whom you loved, that little girl who now sits weeping in the dark dungeon, shall both be revenged. Trust me; before the Nile has risen again, a powerful army will have entered Egypt, to demand satisfaction for this murder."

"Oh, dearest, how your eyes are glowing! I never

saw you look so beautiful before. Yes, yes, the boy must be avenged, and none but you must be his avenger."

"My gentle Sappho is becoming warlike too."

"Yes, women must feel warlike when wickedness is so triumphant; women rejoice too when such crimes are punished. Tell me has war been declared already?"

"Not yet; but hosts on hosts are marching to the valley of the Euphrates to join our main army."

"My courage sinks as quickly as it rose. I tremble at the word, the mere word, war. How many childless mothers Ares makes, how many young fair heads must wear the widow's veil, how many pillows are wet through with tears when Pallas takes her shield."

"But a man develops in war; his heart expands, his arm grows strong. And none rejoice more than you when he returns a conqueror from the field. The wife of a Persian, especially, ought to rejoice in the thought of battle, for her husband's honor and fame are dearer to her than his life."

"Go to the war. I shall pray for you there."

"And victory will be with the right. First we will conquer Pharaoh's host, then release Phanes' little daughter . . ."

"And then Aristomachus, the brave old man who succeeded Phanes when he fled. He has vanished, no one knows whither, but people say that the crown-prince has either imprisoned him in a dismal dungeon on account of his having uttered threats of retaliating the cruelty shown to Phanes' children, or—what would be worse—has had him dragged off to some distant quarry. The poor old man was exiled from his home, not for his own fault, but by the malice of his enemies, and the

very day on which we lost sight of him an embassy arrived here from the Spartan people recalling Aristomachus to the Eurotas with all the honors Greece could bestow, because his sons had brought great glory to their country. A ship wreathed with flowers was sent to fetch the honored old man, and at the head of the deputation was his own brave, strong son, now crowned with glory and fame."

"I know him. He's a man of iron. Once he mutilated himself cruelly to avoid disgrace. By the Anahita star,* which is setting so beautifully in the east, he shall be revenged!"

"Oh, can it be so late? To me the time has gone by like a sweet breeze, which kissed my forehead and passed away. Did not you hear some one call? They will be waiting for us, and you must be at your friend's house in the town before dawn. Good-bye, my brave hero."

"Good-bye, my dearest one. In five days we shall hear our marriage-hymn. But you tremble as if we were going to battle instead of to our wedding."

"I'm trembling at the greatness of our joy; one always trembles in expectation of anything unusually great."

"Hark, Rhodopis is calling again; let us go. I have asked Theopompus to arrange everything about our wedding with her according to the usual custom; and I shall remain in his house incognito until I can carry you off as my own dear wife."

"And I will go with you."

* See note 72.

The next morning, as the three friends were walking with their host in his garden, Zopyrus exclaimed: "Why, Bartja, I've been dreaming all night of your Sappho. What a lucky fellow you are! Why I fancied my new wife in Sardis was no end of a beauty until I saw Sappho, and now when I think of her she seems like an owl. If Araspes could see Sappho he would be obliged to confess that even Panthea had been outdone at last. Such a creature was never made before. Auramazda is an awful spendthrift; he might have made three beauties out of Sappho. And how charmingly* it sounded when she said 'good-night' to us in Persian."

"While I was away," said Bartja, "she has been taking a great deal of trouble to learn Persian from the wife of a Babylonian carpet-merchant, a native of Susa, who is living at Naukratis, in order to surprise me."

"Yes, she is a glorious girl," said Theopompus. "My late wife loved the little one as if she had been her own child. She would have liked to have had her as a wife for our son who manages the affairs of my house at Miletus, but the gods have ordained otherwise! Ah, how glad she would have been to see the wedding garland at Rhodopis' door!"

"Is it the custom here to ornament a bride's house with flowers?" said Zopyrus.

"Certainly," answered Theopompus. "When you see a door hung with flowers you may always know that house contains a bride; an olive-branch is a sign that a boy has just come into the world, and a strip of woollen cloth hanging over the gate that a girl has been born; but a vessel of water before the door is the token

of death.⁹⁴—But business-hour at the market is very near, my friends, and I must leave you, as I have affairs of great importance to transact.”

“I will accompany you,” said Zopyrus, “I want to order some garlands for Rhodopis’ house.”

“Aha,” laughed the Milesian. “I see, you want to talk to the flower-girls again. Come, it’s of no use to deny. Well, if you like you can come with me, but don’t be so generous as you were yesterday, and don’t forget that if certain news of war should arrive, your disguise may prove dangerous.”

The Greek then had his sandals fastened on by his slaves and started for the market, accompanied by Zopyrus. In a few hours he returned with such a serious expression on his usually cheerful face, that it was easy to see something very important had happened.

“I found the whole town in great agitation,” he said to the two friends who had remained at home; “there is a report that Amasis is at the point of death. We had all met on the place of exchange⁹⁵ in order to settle our business, and I was on the point of selling all my stored goods at such high prices as to secure me a first-rate profit, with which, when the prospect of an important war had lowered prices again, I could have bought in fresh goods—you see it stands me in good stead to know your royal brother’s intentions so early—when suddenly the Toparch appeared among us, and announced that Amasis was not only seriously ill, but that the physicians had given up all hope, and he himself felt he was very

94. Schömann, *Privatalterthümer*. Water before a house. Schol. Arist. *Nub.* v. 837.

95. On the so-called *δείγμα* of the exchange the Greek wholesale merchants were accustomed to sell their wares by samples. Böckh, *Staatshaushaltung der Athener* I. p. 84. 85.

near death. We must hold ourselves in readiness for this at any moment, and for a very serious change in the face of affairs. The death of Amasis is the severest loss that could happen to us Greeks; he was always our friend, and favored us whenever he could, while his son is our avowed enemy and will do his utmost to expel us from the country. If his father had allowed, and he himself had not felt so strongly the importance and value of our mercenary troops, he would have turned us hateful foreigners out long ago. Naukratis and its temples are odious to him. When Amasis is dead our town will hail Cambyses’ army with delight, for I have had experience already, in my native town Miletus, that you are accustomed to show respect to those who are not Persians and to protect their rights.”

“Yes,” said Bartja, “I will take care that all your ancient liberties shall be confirmed by my brother and new ones granted you.”

“Well, I only hope he will soon be here,” exclaimed the Greek, “for we know that Psamtik, as soon as he possibly can, will order our temples, which are an abomination to him, to be demolished. The building of a place of sacrifice for the Greeks at Memphis has long been put a stop to.”

“But here,” said Darius, “we saw a number of splendid temples as we came up from the harbor.”

“Oh, yes, we have several.*—Ah, there comes Zopyrus; the slaves are carrying a perfect grove of garlands behind him. He’s laughing so heartily, he must have amused himself famously with the flower-girls.—Good-morning, my friend. The sad news which fills all Naukratis does not seem to disturb you much.”

* See vol. I. note 2.

"Oh, for anything I care, Amasis may go on living a hundred years yet. But if he dies now, people will have something else to do beside looking after us. When do you set off for Rhodopis' house, friends?"

"At dusk."

"Then please, ask her to accept these flowers from me. I never thought I could have been so taken by an old woman before. Every word she says sounds like music, and though she speaks so gravely and wisely it's as pleasant to the ear as a merry joke. But I shan't go with you this time, Bartja; I should only be in the way. Darius, what have you made up your mind to do?"

"I don't want to lose one chance of a conversation with Rhodopis."

"Well, I don't blame you. You're all for learning and knowing everything, and I'm for enjoying. Friends, what do you say to letting me off this evening? You see . . ."

"I know all about it," interrupted Bartja laughing: "You've only seen the flower-girls by daylight as yet, and you would like to know how they look by lamp-light."

"Yes, that's it," said Zopyrus, putting on a grave face. "On that point I am quite as eager after knowledge as Darius."

"Well, we wish you much pleasure with your three sisters."

"No, no, not all three, if you please; Stephanion, the youngest, is my favorite."

Morning had already dawned when Bartja, Darius

and Theopompus left Rhodopis' house. Syloson,⁹⁶ a Greek noble who had been banished from his native land by his own brother, Polykrates the tyrant, had been spending the evening with them, and was now returning in their company to Naukratis, where he had been living many years.

This man, though an exile, was liberally supplied with money by his brother, kept the most brilliant establishment in Naukratis, and was as famous for his extravagant hospitality as for his strength and cleverness. Syloson was a very handsome man too, and so remarkable for the good taste and splendor of his dress, that the youth of Naukratis prided themselves on imitating the cut and hang of his robes. Being unmarried, he spent many of his evenings at Rhodopis' house, and had been told the secret of her granddaughter's betrothal.

On that evening it had been settled, that in four days the marriage should be celebrated with the greatest privacy. Bartja had formally betrothed himself to Sappho by eating a quince with her, on the same day on which she had offered sacrifices to Zeus, Hera, and the other deities who protected marriage.⁹⁷ The wedding-banquet was to be given at the house of Theopompus, which was looked upon as the bridegroom's.⁹⁸ The prince's costly

96. Herod. III. 39. 139. 141.

97. Zeus and Hera are the only divinities mentioned by Diodorus (V. 73.) as receiving marriage-offerings. Plutarch says (Solon. 20.) that the Athenian brides were bound by one of Solon's laws to eat a quince before the nuptial ceremony. The quince (*μηλον κιδωνιον*) seems in other respects also to have had significance for lovers. That a period of betrothal existed among the Greeks, as with ourselves, is certain. As an instance we need only remind our readers of Sophocles' Antigone, and her betrothal with Haemon.

98. See Böttiger, *Aldobr. Hochzeit* p. 142. where the nuptial hymn or Hymenaeus is sung accompanied by the flute. It cannot be clearly

bridal presents had been entrusted to Rhodopis' care, and Bartja had insisted on renouncing the paternal inheritance which belonged to his bride and on transferring it to Rhodopis, notwithstanding her determined resistance.

Syloson accompanied the friends to Rhodopis' house, and was just about to leave them, when a loud noise in the streets broke the quiet stillness of the night, and soon after, a troop of the watch passed by, taking a man to prison. The prisoner seemed highly indignant, and the less his broken Greek oaths and his utterances in some other totally unintelligible language were understood by the Egyptian guards, the more violent he became.

Directly Bartja and Darius heard the voice they ran up, and recognized Zopyrus at once.

Syloson and Theopompus stopped the guards, and asked what their captive had done. The officer on duty recognized them directly; indeed every child in Naukratis knew the Milesian merchant and the brother of the tyrant Polykrates by sight; and he answered at once, with a respectful salutation, that the foreign youth they were leading away had been guilty of murder.

Theopompus then took him on one side and endeavored, by liberal promises, to obtain the freedom of the prisoner. The man, however, would concede nothing

determined, who carried the bridal torches. K. F. Hermann, *Privat-
alterthümer* §. 31. It is also uncertain whether the marriage-feast was held in the house of the bride or the bridegroom, as passages can be quoted to prove both. For want of the bridegroom's house we have been unable to describe all the customs usual at a marriage, as for instance the procession thither, when the carriage conveying the bride was accompanied by a chorus singing the "carriage-song" (*ἀγυάρεον μέλος*) and preceded by female attendants carrying lighted torches.

but a permission to speak with his captive. Meanwhile his friends begged Zopyrus to tell them at once what had happened, and heard the following story: The thoughtless fellow had visited the flower-girls at dusk and remained till dawn. He had scarcely closed their household on his way home, when he found himself surrounded by a number of young men, who had probably been lying in wait for him, as he had already had a quarrel with one of them, who called himself the betrothed lover of Stephanion, on that very morning. The girl had told her troublesome admirer to leave her flowers alone, and had thanked Zopyrus for threatening to use personal violence to the intruder. When the young Achæmenide found himself surrounded, he drew his sword and easily dispersed his adversaries, as they were only armed with sticks, but chanced to wound the jealous lover, who was more violent than the rest, so seriously, that he fell to the ground. Meanwhile the watch had come up, and as Zopyrus' victim howled "thieves" and "murder" incessantly, they proceeded to arrest the offender. This was not so easy. His blood was up, and rushing on them with his drawn sword, he had already cut his way through the first troop when a second came up. He was not to be daunted, attacked them too, split the skull of one, wounded another in the arm and was taking aim for a third blow, when he felt a cord round his neck. It was drawn tighter and tighter till at last he could not breathe and fell down insensible. By the time he came to his senses he was bound, and notwithstanding all his appeals to his pass and the name of Theopompus, was forced to follow his captors.

When the tale was finished the Milesian did not attempt to conceal his strong disapprobation, and told

Zopyrus that his most unseasonable love of fighting might be followed by the saddest consequences. After saying this, he turned to the officer and begged him to accept his own personal security for the prisoner. The other, however, refused gravely, saying he might forfeit his own life by doing so, as a law existed in Egypt by which the concealer of a murder was condemned to death.⁹⁹ He must, he assured them, take the culprit to Sais and deliver him over to the Nomarch* for punishment. "He has murdered an Egyptian," were his last words, and must therefore be tried by an Egyptian supreme court. In any other case I should be delighted to render you any service in my power."

During this conversation Zopyrus had been begging his friends not to take any trouble about him. "By Mithras," he cried, when Bartja offered to declare himself to the Egyptians as a means of procuring his freedom, "I vow I'll stab myself without a second thought, if you give yourselves up to those dogs of Egyptians. Why the whole town is talking about the war already, and do you think that if Psamtik knew he'd got such splendid game in his net, he would let you loose? He would keep you as hostages, of course. No, no, my friends. Good-bye; may Auramazda send you his best blessings! and don't quite forget the jovial Zopyrus, who lived and died for love and war."

The captain of the band placed himself at the head of his men, gave the order to march, and in a few minutes Zopyrus was out of sight.

⁹⁹. The man who concealed a murder was to be punished with the knout (*εδει μαρτυροῦνθαι*) and left three days and nights without food or drink. Diod. I. 77.

* See vol. I. note 140.

CHAPTER XI.

ACCORDING to the law of Egypt, Zopyrus had deserved death.

As soon as his friends heard this, they resolved to go to Sais and try to rescue him by stratagem. Syloson, who had friends there and could speak the Egyptian language well, offered to help them.

Bartja and Darius disguised themselves so completely by dyeing their hair and eyebrows and wearing broad-brimmed felt-hats,¹⁰⁰ that they could scarcely recognize each other. Theopompus provided them with ordinary Greek dresses, and, an hour after Zopyrus' arrest, they met the splendidly-got-up Syloson on the shore of the Nile, entered a boat belonging to him and manned by his slaves, and, after a short sail, favored by the wind, reached Sais,—which lay above the waters of the inundation like an island,—before the burning mid-summer sun had reached its noonday height.

They disembarked at a remote part of the town and walked across the quarter appropriated to the artisans. The workmen were busy at their calling, notwithstanding the intense noonday heat. The baker's men were at work in the open court of the bakehouse, kneading

¹⁰⁰. These felt hats (*πέτσος*, petasus) were used as a protection from the rays of the sun, first among the Greeks, later by the Romans, and, as the sun-light in Egypt is especially dazzling, must certainly have been adopted by the Hellenic settlers on the Nile. Almost all the horsemen in the celebrated procession from the Parthenon (now in the British Museum) are represented with the Petasus. It was most generally used as a travelling-hat. A figure with a broad-brimmed hat on his back was meant to represent a traveller. Compare the way in which pilgrims are represented in the pictures of the middle ages.