

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 (*ἔδει μαθηγοῦσθαι*) 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.

bread—the coarser kind of dough with the feet, the finer with the hands. Loaves of various shapes were being drawn out of the ovens—round and oval cakes, and rolls in the form of sheep, snails and hearts. These were laid in baskets, and the nimble baker's boys would put three, four, or even five such baskets on their heads at once, and carry them off quickly and safely to the customers living in other quarters of the city.¹⁰¹ A butcher was slaughtering an ox before his house, the creature's legs having been pinioned; and his men were busy sharpening their knives to cut up a wild goat.¹⁰² Merry cobblers¹⁰³ were calling out to the passers-by from their stalls; carpenters, tailors, joiners and weavers¹⁰⁴ were all there, busy at their various callings. The wives of the work-people were going out marketing, leading their naked children by the hand, and some soldiers were loitering near a man who was offering beer and wine for sale.¹⁰⁵

101. The life and manners of the working classes are often represented on the ancient monuments, and very vividly, especially in the tombs of Sakkara and the rock-sepulchres of Beni-hassan and Thebes. See Wilkinson, vols. 2. 3. Rosellini, *Mon. Civil.* T. 41. &c. Especially for the bakers see Genesis 40. 16. Herod. II. 36. Ebers, *Aegypten* I. p. 330 and following.

102. Butchers. Wilkinson II. 375. Dümichen, *Resultate*, T. VIII. and XI. Ebers, *Aegypten in Bild und Wort*. I. p. 155.

103. Shoemakers. Wilkinson III. 160.

104. Workers in wood. Wilkinson III. 144. 174. 183. Weavers II. 60. III. 134. 135. Rosellini, *Mon. Civil.* T. 41. and following. Lepsius, *Denkmäler* II. 126 from Beni-hassan. In the Berlin Museum there are some ancient Egyptian spindles, and in the Museum at Leyden is a beautiful thread-winder with red thread still wound round it, besides several specimens of ancient Egyptian stuffs.

105. The Egyptian beer, called by the Greeks (ζύθος) Zythos (Zythum), was well known among the ancients, but not much esteemed by them. It was said, like wine, to have been given to men by Osiris. Diod. I. 34. The best was brewed in Pelusium. Columella X. 116. Plin. *Hist. Nat.* XXII. 82. This beer is often mentioned in the ancient Egyptian writings and called "Hek." A special kind was

But our friends took very little notice of what was going on in the streets through which they passed; they followed Syloson in silence.

At the Greek guard-house he asked them to wait for him. Syloson, happening to know the Taxiarch who was on duty that day, went in and asked him if he had heard anything of a man accused of murder having been brought from Naukratis to Sais that morning.

"Of course," said the Greek. "It's not more than half an hour since he arrived. As they found a purse full of money in his girdle, they think he must be a Persian spy. I suppose you know that Cambyses is preparing for war with Egypt."

"Impossible!"

"No, no, it's a fact. The prince-regent has already received information. A caravan of Arabian merchants arrived yesterday at Pelusium, and brought the news."

"It will prove as false as their suspicions about this poor young Lydian. I know him well, and am very sorry for the poor fellow. He belongs to one of the richest families in Sardis, and only ran away for fear of the powerful satrap Oroetes, with whom he had had a quarrel. I'll tell you the particulars when you come to see me next in Naukratis. Of course you'll stay a few days and bring some friends. My brother has sent me some wine which beats everything I ever tasted. It's perfect nectar, and I confess I grudge offering it to any one who's not, like you, a perfect judge in such matters."

The Taxiarch's face brightened up at these words,

called Hek nezem, sweet beer. It may be interesting to notice that a connection has been found between Gambrinus and Egypt, the earliest beer-drinking country. It is said, namely, in the *Aventinus Annales*. *Boj.* I. 6. 11. that Gambrinus was the son of Isis. On intoxication, see Vol. I. note 132.

and grasping Syloson's hand, he exclaimed. "By the dog,* my friend, we shall not wait to be asked twice; we'll come soon enough and take a good pull at your wine-skins. How would it be if you were to ask Archidice,¹⁰⁶ the three flower-sisters, and a few flute-playing-girls to supper?"

"They shall all be there. By the bye, that reminds me that the flower-girls were the cause of that poor young Lydian's imprisonment. Some jealous idiot attacked him before their house with a number of comrades. The hot-brained young fellow defended himself . . ."

"And knocked the other down?"

"Yes; and so that he'll never get up again."

"The boy must be a good boxer."

"He had a sword."

"So much the better for him."

"No, so much the worse; for his victim was an Egyptian."

"That's a bad job. I fear it can only have an unfortunate end. A foreigner, who kills an Egyptian, is as sure of death as if he had the rope already round his neck.¹⁰⁷ However, just now, he'll get a few days' grace; the priests are all so busy praying for the dying king that they have no time to try criminals."

"I'd give a great deal to be able to save that poor fellow. I know his father."

"Yes, and then after all he only did his duty. A man must defend himself."

^{106.} A celebrated Hetaira of Naukratis mentioned by Herod. II. 135. Flute-playing girls were seldom missing at the young Greeks' drinking-parties.

^{107.} Criminals in Egypt were often hung. Genesis 40, 20-23. Rosellini, *Mon. Civ.* T. 124.

* See vol. I. note 186.

"Do you happen to know where he is imprisoned?"

"Of course I do. The great prison is under repair, and so he has been put for the present in the store-house between the principal guard-house of the Egyptian body-guard and the sacred grove of the temple of Neith. I have only just come home from seeing them take him there."

"He is strong and has plenty of courage; do you think he could get away, if we helped him?"

"No, it would be quite impossible; he's in a room two stories high; the only window looks into the sacred grove, and that, you know, is surrounded by a ten-foot wall, and guarded like the treasury. There are double sentries at every gate. There's only one place where it is left unguarded during the inundation season, because, just here, the water washes the walls. These worshippers of animals are as cautious as water-wag-tails."

"Well, it's a great pity, but I suppose we must leave the poor fellow to his fate. Good-bye, Dæmones; don't forget my invitation."

The Samian left the guard-room and went back directly to the two friends, who were waiting impatiently for him.

They listened eagerly to his tidings, and when he had finished his description of the prison, Darius exclaimed: "I believe a little courage will save him. He's as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a bear. I have thought of a plan."

"Let us hear it," said Syloson, "and let me give an opinion as to its practicability."

"We will buy some rope-ladders, some cord, and a good bow, put all these into our boat, and row to the

unguarded part of the temple-wall at dusk. You must then help me to clamber over it. I shall take the things over with me and give the eagle's cry. Zopyrus will know at once, because, since we were children, we have been accustomed to use it when we were riding or hunting together. Then I shall shoot an arrow, with the cord fastened to it, up into his window, (I never miss), tell him to fasten a weight to it and let it down again to me. I shall then secure the rope-ladder to the cord, Zopyrus will draw the whole affair up again, and hang it on an iron nail,—which, by the bye, I must not forget to send up with the ladder, for who knows whether he may have such a thing in his cell. He will then come down on it, go quickly with me to the part of the wall where you will be waiting with the boat, and where there must be another rope-ladder, spring into the boat, and there he is—safe!"

"First-rate, first-rate!" cried Bartja.

"But very dangerous," added Syloson. "If we are caught in the sacred grove, we are certain to be severely punished. The priests hold strange nightly festivals there, at which every one but the initiated is strictly forbidden to appear. I believe, however, that these take place on the lake,* and that is at some distance from Zopyrus' prison."

"So much the better," cried Darius; "but now to the main point. We must send at once, and ask Theopompus to hire a fast trireme for us, and have it put in sailing order at once. The news of Cambyses' preparations have already reached Egypt; they take us for spies, and will be sure not to let either Zopyrus or his deliverers escape, if they can help it. It would be a

* See vol. I. note 150, and vol. II. note 162.

criminal rashness to expose ourselves uselessly to danger. Bartja, you must take this message yourself, and must marry Sappho this very day, for, come what may, we must leave Naukratis to-morrow. Don't contradict me, my friend, my brother! You know our plan, and you must see that as only one can act in it, your part would be that of a mere looker-on. As it was my own idea I am determined to carry it out myself. We shall meet again to-morrow, for Auramazda protects the friendship of the pure."

It was a long time before they could persuade Bartja to leave his friends in the lurch, but their entreaties and representations at last took effect, and he went down towards the river to take a boat for Naukratis, Darius and Syloson going at the same time to buy the necessary implements for their plan.

In order to reach the place where boats were to be hired, Bartja had to pass by the temple of Neith. This was not easy, as an immense crowd was assembled at the entrance-gates. He pushed his way as far as the obelisks near the great gate of the temple with its winged sun-disc and fluttering pennons, but there the temple-servants prevented him from going farther; they were keeping the avenue of sphinxes clear for a procession.* The gigantic doors of the Pylon opened, and Bartja, who, in spite of himself, had been pushed into the front row, saw a brilliant procession come out of the temple. The unexpected sight of many faces he had formerly known occupied his attention so much, that he scarcely noticed the loss of his broad-brimmed hat, which had been knocked off in the crowd. From the conversation of two Ionian mercenaries behind him he

* See vol. I. note 149.

learnt that the family of Amasis had been to the temple to pray for the dying king.

The procession was headed by richly-decorated priests, either wearing long white robes or panther-skins. They were followed by men holding office at the court, and carrying golden staves, on the ends of which peacocks' feathers and silver lotus-flowers were fastened, and these by Pastophori,¹⁰⁸ carrying on their shoulders a golden cow, the animal sacred to Isis. When the crowd had bowed down before this sacred symbol, the queen appeared. She was dressed in priestly robes and wore a costly head-dress with the winged disc and the Uræus. In her left hand she held a sacred golden sistrum,¹⁰⁹ the tones of which were to scare away

108. These were priests whose duty it was to carry the sacred animals and representations of the divinities at the religious processions. According to Clemens of Alexandria, *Strom.* VI. 663, and the bilingual stone of Rosetta, the priesthood was divided into high-priests, prophets, stolist, — to whom were entrusted the pictures and statues of the gods, the sacrifices and the office of teaching; those who had a right to wear the feather — writers of the sacred mystic cipher — hierogrammatists or sages (in Egyptian: "things having knowledge") to which order belonged the astronomers, astrologers, soothsayers and calendar-makers — the holy fathers, amongst whom the singers were reckoned and those who kept the precepts and rules of the royal life, and lastly the inferior priests, namely, the Pastophori, (bearers of the sacred pictures, statues and symbols in the processions), the Taricheuti or embalmers, the Neokori or temple-servants, &c. For details see Ebers, *Aegypten* p. 341. and following.

109. A musical instrument used in religious services, and often ornamented with much skill and art. It consisted of a bow with bars, and rings on the bars which could be sounded together. Plutarch describes it very exactly (Is. and Os. 63.), says it was used to scare away Typhon, and that on the rounded part of the metal was the likeness of a cat with human features. His description is confirmed by a bronze sistrum in the Berlin Museum, on the bend of which is a cat with the sun-disc over its head. On the handle of another is a double Isis-mask. See also Wilkinson I. 145. This instrument is said to have been used in the Egyptian war-music also, (Virgil. *Aen.* VIII. 696.) but the statement that it served instead of the trumpet is incorrect, as we see from the monuments that the trumpet was also in use. *Prop.* III. II. 43.

Typhon, and in her right some lotus-flowers. The wife, daughter and sister of the high-priest followed her, in similar but less splendid ornaments.¹¹⁰ Then came the heir to the throne, in rich robes of state, as priest and prince; and behind him four young priests in white carrying Tachot, (the daughter of Amasis and Ladice and the pretended sister of Nitetis,) in an open litter. The heat of the day, and the earnestness of her prayers, had given the sick girl a slight color. Her blue eyes, filled with tears, were fixed on the sistrum which her weak, emaciated hands had hardly strength to hold.

A murmur of compassion ran through the crowd; for they loved their dying king, and manifested openly and gladly the sympathy so usually felt for young lives from whom a brilliant future has been snatched by disease. Such was Amasis' young, fading daughter, who was now being carried past them, and many an eye grew dim as the beautiful invalid came in sight. Tachot seemed to notice this, for she raised her eyes from the sistrum and looked kindly and gratefully at the crowd. Suddenly the color left her face, she turned deadly pale, and the golden sistrum fell on to the stone pavement with a clang, close to Bartja's feet. He felt that he had been recognized and for one moment thought of hiding himself in the crowd; but only for one moment; — his chivalrous feeling gained the day, he darted forward, picked up the sistrum, and

110. Similar processions of women are to be found on the monuments, as, for example, at Thebes, where the wife of Rameses the Great and the mother, daughter and sister of a priest are going up to prayer. Wilkinson I. 260. The question whether these were priestesses or not has also been decided in the affirmative by the monuments, especially the bi-lingual tablet of Canopus.

forgetting the danger in which he was placing himself, held it out to the princess.

Tachot looked at him earnestly before taking the golden sistrum from his hands, and then said, in a low voice, which only he could understand: "Are you Bartja? Tell me,—in your mother's name—are you Bartja?"

"Yes, I am," was his answer, in a voice as low as her own, "your friend, Bartja."

He could not say more, for the priests pushed him back among the crowd. When he was in his old place, he noticed that Tachot, whose bearers had begun to move on again, was looking round at him. The color had come back into her cheeks, and her bright eyes were trying to meet his. He did not avoid them; she threw him a lotus-bud—he stooped to pick it up, and then broke his way through the crowd, for this hasty act had roused their attention.

A quarter of an hour later, he was seated in the boat which was to take him to Sappho and to his wedding. He was quite at ease now about Zopyrus. In Bartja's eyes his friend was already as good as saved, and in spite of the dangers which threatened himself, he felt strangely calm and happy, he could hardly say why.

Meanwhile the sick princess had been carried home, had had her oppressive ornaments taken off, and her couch carried on to one of the palace-balconies where she liked best to pass the hot summer days, sheltered by broad-leaved plants¹¹¹ and a kind of awning.

From this veranda, she could look down into the

¹¹¹ Wilkinson II. 121. 129. From representations found in Thebes

great fore-court of the palace, which was planted with trees. To-day it was full of priests, courtiers, generals and governors of provinces. Anxiety and suspense were expressed in every face: Amasis' last hour was drawing very near.

Tachot could not be seen from below; but listening with feverish eagerness, she could hear much that was said. Now that they had to dread the loss of their king, every one, even the priests, were full of his praises. The wisdom and circumspection of his plans and modes of government, his unwearied industry, the moderation he had always shown, the keenness of his wit, were, each and all, subjects of admiration. "How Egypt has prospered under Amasis' government!" said a Nomarch. "And what glory he gained for our arms, by the conquest of Cyprus and the war with the Libyans!" cried one of the generals. "How magnificently he embellished our temples, and what great honors he paid to the goddess of Sais!" exclaimed one of the singers of Neith. "And then how gracious and condescending he was!" murmured a courtier. "How cleverly he managed to keep peace with the great powers!" said the secretary of state, and the treasurer, wiping away a tear, cried: "How thoroughly he understood the management of the revenue! Since the reign of Rameses III. the treasury has not been so well filled as now."¹¹² "Psamtik comes into a fine inheritance,"

¹¹² Rhampsinit, of whose treasure-house Herodotus (II. 121. 122.) tells the amusing story which has been dramatized by Count Platen. We can hardly believe Appian when he says that the treasury of Ptolemy Philadelphus contained 740,000 Egyptian talents, for this, even if we reckon the Egyptian talent at half the value of the Aeginetan, would give the sum of £83,250,000. Perhaps Böckh (Staatshaushalt d. Ath. I. p. 14.) is right in his conjecture, that this sum represented the total receipts of his reign of 38 years. There is said, however, to

lisped the courtier, and the soldier exclaimed, "Yes, but it's to be feared that he'll not spend it in a glorious war; he's too much under the influence of the priests." "No, you are wrong there," answered the temple-singer. "For some time past, our lord and master has seemed to disdain the advice of his most faithful servants." "The successor of such a father will find it difficult to secure universal approbation," said the Nomarch. "It is not every one who has the intellect, the good fortune and the wisdom of Amasis." "The gods know that!" murmured the warrior with a sigh.

Tachot's tears flowed fast. These words were a confirmation of what they had been trying to hide from her: she was to lose her dear father soon.

After she had made this dreadful certainty clear to her own mind, and discovered that it was in vain to beg her attendants to carry her to her dying father, she left off listening to the courtiers below, and began looking at the sistrum which Bartja himself had put into her hand, and which she had brought on to the balcony with her, as if seeking comfort there. And she found what she sought; for it seemed to her as if the sound of its sacred rings bore her away into a smiling, sunny landscape.

There has been an inscription on the treasury of Rameses the Great (Osymandyas) to the effect that the gold and silver mines of Egypt yielded a yearly revenue of 32 million minæ or £90,000,000. Diod. I. 49. According to the same historian (I. 62,) the treasury of Rhampsinit contained four million talents, which, reckoning as before in Egyptian talents, would give £450,000,000. By a fortunate chance a representation of this rich king's treasure-house, so celebrated through the before-mentioned tale, has come down to us. It is in the temple of Medinet Haboo and has been published by Dümichen in his *Historischen Inschriften Altägyptischer Denkmäler*, Taf. XXX. and following. The mass of treasure represented is really enormous, in gold, silver, copper, and even Arabian spices. The precious metals are stored in sacks, vases, and heaps; the baser in bars.

That faintness which so often comes over people in decline, had seized her and was sweetening her last hours with pleasant dreams.

The female slaves, who stood round to fan away the flies, said afterwards that Tachot had never looked so lovely.

She had lain about an hour in this state, when her breathing became more difficult, a slight cough made her breast heave, and the bright red blood trickled down from her lips on to her white robe. She awoke, and looked surprised and disappointed on seeing the faces round her. The sight of her mother, however, who came on to the veranda at that moment, brought a smile to her face, and she said, "O mother, I have had such a beautiful dream."

"Then our visit to the temple has done my dear child good?" asked the queen, trembling at the sight of the blood on the sick girl's lips.

"Oh, yes, mother, so much! for I saw him again."

Ladice's glance at the attendants seemed to ask: "Has your poor mistress lost her senses?" Tachot understood the look and said, evidently speaking with great difficulty: "You think I am wandering, mother. No, indeed, I really saw and spoke to him. He gave me my sistrum again, and said he was my friend, and then he took my lotus-bud and vanished. Don't look so distressed and surprised, mother. What I say is really true; it is no dream.—There, you hear, Tentrut saw him too. He must have come to Sais for my sake, and so the child-oracle in the temple-court did not deceive me, after all. And now I don't feel anything more of my illness; I dreamt I was lying in a field of blooming poppies, as red as the blood of the

young lambs that are offered in sacrifice; Bartja was sitting by my side, and Nitetis was kneeling close to us and playing wonderful songs on a Nabra* made of ivory. And there was such a lovely sound in the air that I felt as if Horus, the beautiful god of morning, spring, and the resurrection, was kissing me. Yes, mother, I tell you he is coming soon, and when I am well, then—then—ah, mother what is this? . . . I am dying!"

Ladice knelt down by her child's bed and pressed her lips in burning kisses on the girl's eyes as they grew dim in death.

An hour later she was standing by another bedside—her dying husband's.

Severe suffering had disfigured the king's features, the cold perspiration was standing on his forehead, and his hands grasped the golden lions¹¹³ on the arms of the deep-seated invalid chair in which he was resting, almost convulsively.

When Ladice came in he opened his eyes; they were as keen and intelligent as if he had never lost his sight.

"Why do not you bring Tachot to me?" he asked in a dry voice.

"She is too ill, and suffers so much, that . . ."

"She is dead! Then it is well with her, for death is not punishment; it is the end and aim of life,—the only end that we can attain without effort, but through sufferings!—the gods alone know how great. Osiris has taken her to himself, for she was innocent. And Nitetis is dead too. Where is Nebenchari's letter?—

113. From Wilkinson and Rosellini. See also, Vol. I. note 133.

* An ancient Egyptian stringed instrument.

Here is the place: 'She took her own life, and died calling down a heavy curse on thee and thine. The poor, exiled, scorned and plundered oculist Nebenchari in Babylon sends thee this intelligence to Egypt. It is as true as his own hatred of thee.' Listen to these words, Psamtik, and remember how on his dying bed thy father told thee that, for every drachm of pleasure purchased on earth by wrong-doing, the dying bed will be burdened by a talent's weight of remorse. Fearful misery is coming on Egypt for Nitetis' sake. Cambyses is preparing to make war on us. He will sweep down on Egypt like a scorching wind from the desert. Much, which I have staked my nightly sleep and the very marrow of my existence to bring into existence, will be annihilated. Still I have not lived in vain. For forty years I have been the careful father and benefactor of a great nation. Children and children's children will speak of Amasis as a great, wise and humane king; they will read my name on the great works which I have built in Sais and Thebes, and will praise the greatness of my power. Neither shall I be condemned by Osiris and the forty-two judges of the nether world; the goddess of truth, who holds the balances,¹¹⁴ will find that my good deeds outweigh my bad."—Here the king sighed deeply and remained silent for some time. Then, looking tenderly at his wife, he said: "Ladice, thou hast been a faithful, virtuous wife to me. For this I thank thee, and ask thy forgiveness for much. We have often misunderstood

114. The goddess of truth was called the "mistress of the balances," because she weighed the souls of the dead in the lower world. This can be seen in the books of the dead, in nearly all of which the weighing of the soul is represented in the largest vignette (to Chap. 125.).