

but later each came back, one at a time, to try to persuade Paris to give her the prize. Hera promised him, if he would decide for her, all the riches he could wish, and that he might be king of Asia. Athene promised him great glory and renown as a soldier. But Aphrodite, who knew him best, told him if he would decide for her he should have the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife.

It did not take Paris long to decide, and when they came together in the morning he said, "Aphrodite is the most beautiful, and she shall have the golden apple." You may be sure that the other goddesses did not like this; and when, afterwards, Paris found out who his father was, and went to live with him in the palace of the king at Troy, the angry goddesses determined that, to spite Paris, Troy should be destroyed.

#### XLIV. THE TROJAN WAR.

THE most beautiful woman in the world was the wife of Menelaus,<sup>1</sup> king of one of the countries of Greece. Her name was Helen. Because of her beauty, before her marriage all the princes of Greece had sought her hand; but before she made her choice they solemnly promised that whomsoever she might

<sup>1</sup> Men-e-lā'-us.

choose, the rest would always defend her from all harm. She then chose Menelaus, and became his queen.

Paris, then a prince in the palace of his father at Troy, was told by Aphrodite that the beautiful Helen was the woman she had promised him, and she advised him to go to the kingdom of Menelaus and take her, by force if necessary. He went, and as soon as he saw Helen he wickedly determined to steal her and carry her away to Troy.

Then, with the aid of Aphrodite, he disguised himself to look like Menelaus, who was away from home, and went to Helen and told her that she was to go with him on a long journey by sea. She believed him to be Menelaus and went with him without question, and he took her across the sea to Troy, and then, when it was too late for her to go back, removed his disguise.

When Menelaus came home and found that his queen was missing, he at once called together all the princes of Greece who had promised to defend Helen, told them what had happened, and urged them to fulfill their promises. They consented, and each agreed to furnish an army to make war on Troy and bring back Helen to her husband.

In a short time a great army was gathered; their leaders were noble heroes, brave in war and wise in council. Besides Menelaus, there was his brother

Agamemnon, a great and powerful king, who was made chief of all the armies that went against Troy. He was brave and large and strong. The bravest of the Greeks was Achilles. He was so great a warrior that no one could meet him in single combat, but he was jealous and proud. Then there was Ulysses, who was not only a brave warrior but was known as the wisest of the Greeks; no one was bright enough to deceive him, and his counsel was always sought. There was also Nestor, the oldest of all the Greek princes, who had been in many wars before, and was very wise. No action was ever taken until Nestor had been consulted.

These princes and many, many more gathered at the seashore, with countless soldiers and ships enough to carry them, all bound for Troy. After a stormy voyage they reached the Trojan shores, and encamped about the great city. Here for ten years they carried on the war, sometimes the Greeks and sometimes the Trojans winning.

Finally a great misfortune befell the Grecian army; this is all told in a famous poem by an old blind Greek poet whose name was Homer, which some time you will read, I hope, in its own beautiful Greek language.

The dreadful thing which I mentioned was a terrible pestilence. The Greeks died in great numbers, and funeral piles were burning every day. For nine days men kept dying, and no one knew the cause.

Then Achilles<sup>1</sup> called together the chiefs and urged them to consult the gods and see which one was angry, and for what. Calchas,<sup>2</sup> who was the chief of the prophets, told them what the trouble was.

Two beautiful maidens, Chryseis<sup>3</sup> and Briseis,<sup>4</sup> friends of the Trojans, had been taken by the Greeks in battle. In olden times, when any one was taken prisoner in war he was either killed or made a slave; these two girls were given as slaves to King Agamemnon and the brave Achilles, as prizes for the heroic deeds which they had done.

Chryseis was the daughter of a priest of Phœbus, and he had come with much money to buy back his fair-faced daughter; but Agamemnon had become very fond of his beautiful slave, and would not sell her, although her father begged for her with tears. He went home and prayed to Phœbus, whose priest he was, to help him.

Then Phœbus was very angry with the Greeks because of the insult to his priest Chryses, and, leaning over from the heavens, he looked fiercely at the Grecian armies. Then he took his great silver bow, and placing upon it an arrow, drew the bow, and with a loud twang sent the arrow down among the Greeks, killing and wounding many; then he shot another, and another, and another, until the

<sup>1</sup> A-chil'les (A-kil'-ēz).

<sup>2</sup> Cal'chas (Kal'kas).

<sup>3</sup> Chry-se'is (Kri-se'is).

<sup>4</sup> Bri-se'is.

Greeks died in scores. This was the pestilence which wrought such havoc among them.

And Calchas said, "Nor will he withdraw his heavy hand from our destruction until the black-eyed maid, freely and without ransom, is restored to her beloved father."

At these words of Calchas the prophet, Agamemnon was very angry, and declared that if he must give up his slave Chryseis, he, as king, would take Briseis, who had been given to Achilles. At this Achilles became angry, and declared that he would not give up his slave; but Agamemnon insisted, and, as he was king, could do what he chose. Then Chryseis was sent back to her father, and Phœbus's anger was removed, and no more Greeks died of the pestilence.

But Agamemnon was bound that he would not suffer the loss of his slave, and sent his heralds to take Briseis from Achilles's tent. This selfish act nearly cost the Greeks the victory; for Achilles was so angry that he declared that the Trojans might conquer, and he would never lift his hand to defend the Greeks, but that he would go back to the hills of his native Greece. For many days he sat sulking in his tent, while the Trojans drove the Greeks to their ships, which they almost burned, and the Greeks were in despair. Thus began a bitter quarrel between the two great heroes, Agamemnon and Achilles.

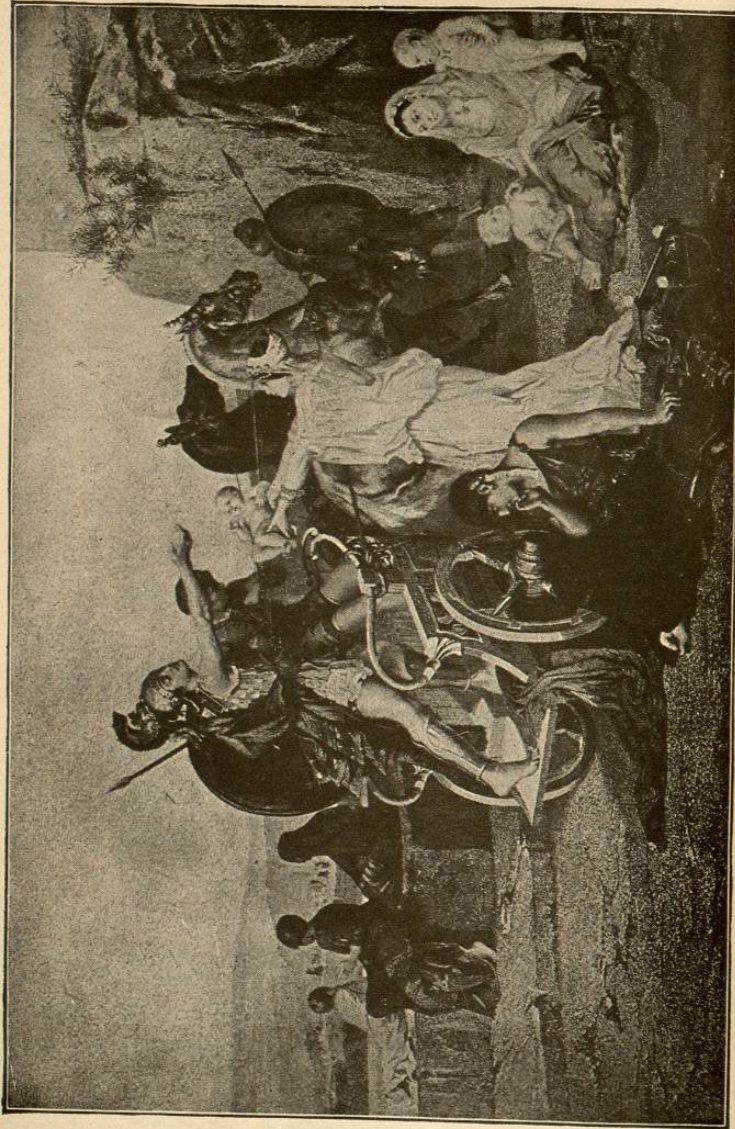
#### XLV. THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

**H**ECTOR was the great hero of the Trojans, as Achilles was of the Greeks. He was the son of King Priam, and the brother of Paris, whose wicked deed caused the Trojan War. Hector was very brave and strong, and led the Trojan army to frequent victory, especially while Achilles was sulking in his tent and refusing to fight because of the loss of Briseis.

One day Patroclus,<sup>1</sup> the dearest and most intimate friend of Achilles, ashamed of the frequent defeat of the Greeks, begged Achilles to lend him his beautiful armor, that he might go and lead his people to victory; but Achilles's armor did not give Achilles's strength, and rash Patroclus was met by Hector in conflict, and fell before the Trojan hero.

When Achilles heard that his friend Patroclus was slain, he was aroused from his carelessness, and declared that he would again fight to avenge his friend. So, at the request of his mother, Hephæstus forged for him a new suit of armor, the most beautiful that was ever made, and Achilles again led the Greeks against the enemies' walls, driving the Trojans within their gates, and seeking everywhere for Hector, that he might slay him.

<sup>1</sup> Pa-tro'clus.



ALBERT MAGNAN.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Hector, within the walls of the city, saw the continued defeat of his countrymen, and resolved to go out and lead them again to victory. His wife Andromache<sup>1</sup> begged him not to go, for she feared that some dreadful thing would happen to him; but he was no coward, and would not be detained. He put on his armor, and, bidding a tender farewell to his dear wife, who still clung to him, entreating him to stay with her, rushed out to battle.

Before long he met the great Achilles, raging and fighting bravely, but still seeking Hector. Then followed a terrible battle between the two greatest heroes of the war; but the gods were with Achilles, and helped him, so that finally Hector fell, pierced by the spear of Achilles. Thus was lost to Troy her bravest defender, and beautiful Andromache was left to mourn.

#### XLVI. THE WOODEN HORSE.

THE Greeks did not give up the siege and go home, as some wanted to do, but kept on with the war. There were many battles between the armies, and single combats between heroes on the two sides, and many noble Greek warriors were slain, and some of the bravest of the Trojan defenders fell; all

<sup>1</sup> An-drom'-a-che (An-drom'-a-ke).

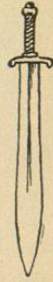
of which you will read in Homer's great poem, "The Iliad." But still Troy did not fall.

The walls were immensely high and strong, and the great gates through which the people went in and out were shut or guarded by bands of strong men. Finally, the Greeks, having lost all hope that they should ever conquer Troy by war, decided to try a trick. They built a great wooden horse, higher than the walls of the city. This they put on wheels, and filled with soldiers; then they pretended that they were going back to Greece, and got on board their ships and sailed out of sight.

But they sent word to the Trojans that this great horse was a gift to the gods to gain for them a safe journey home, and that if they did not take it and place it within the walls near the temple, the gods would be very angry and would punish Troy. The Trojans were very happy at seeing the Greeks sail away, being sure that their long siege was now ended, and that they were free to go outside the city and enjoy themselves in the fields, as they had not been able to do for these ten long years; so they broke down the walls, and wheeled in the great horse. The soldiers left their guard, and all took to eating and drinking and having a jolly time, as if no harm could happen to them. Foolish Trojans, little did they know the Greeks!

In the middle of the night, when the Trojans were

all fast asleep, the Greeks sailed back in their ships to the Trojan shore, and crept up underneath the walls; then those soldiers who had been shut up in the wooden horse opened a door in the great body, and came out; they killed the sleeping guard, threw open the gates of the city, and let in the Greek armies that were waiting outside. Poor Troy! This was its last night. The soldiers and the princes and the king himself were awakened by the Greeks in their houses. Everything that could burn was set on fire, and all the people were killed except a few who managed to escape from the city and to flee to other lands.



This was the great Trojan War which lasted ten long years, and which all grew out of the foolish quarrel of the three goddesses over the question as to which of them was the most beautiful. Would you like to know what became of Helen and Paris?

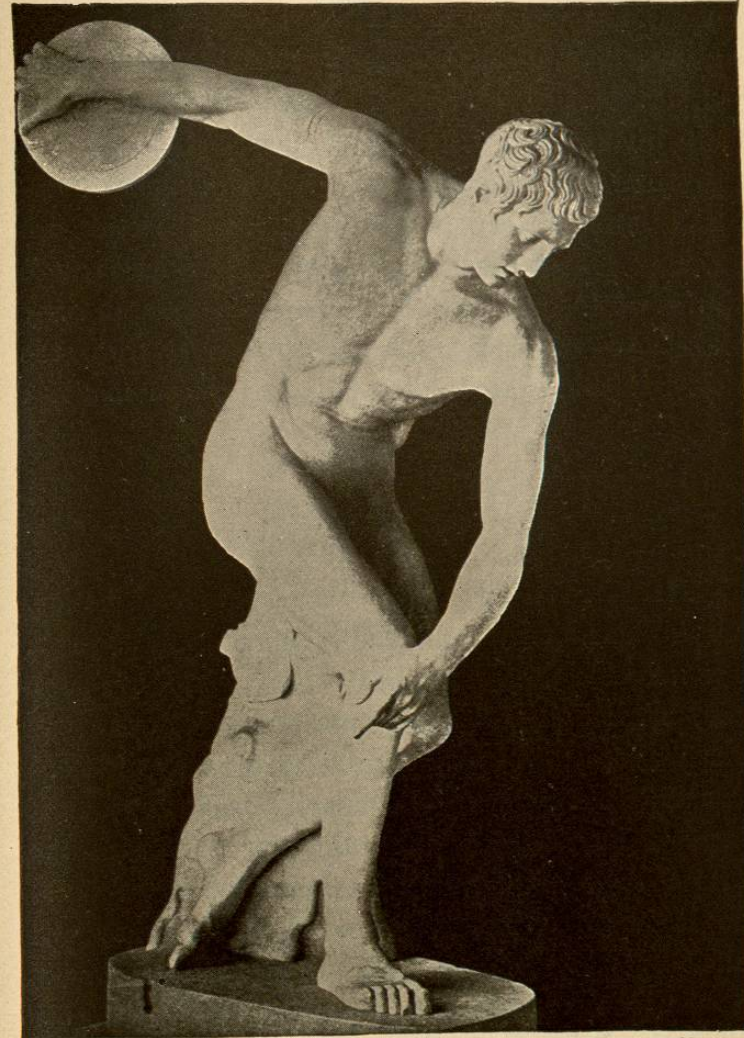
Paris received a wound in the war, from which he afterwards died; and no one mourned him, because he had been the wicked cause of so much trouble. Helen, being freed from her captivity by the downfall of Troy, went back to Greece with her husband Menelaus, where they lived in happiness for many years, and finally were sent by the gods to the happy Elysian Fields, which were situated on the western side of the world near the River Ocean.

## XLVII. THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

THE Greeks were very fond of all sports which could make the body strong. They made more of them than any other nation has ever done. Once in four years they had a great festival, to celebrate what they called the Olympic Games. Many thousands of people came together upon a wide plain to see the contests of skill among men and boys from all parts of Greece. The great games were running races, wrestling matches, horse races, and chariot races. There were games for boys as well as for men.

In most of the games the men and boys wore little or no clothing, and had their bodies oiled; but there was one race in which the men wore the heavy armor that they were accustomed to wear in war. The prizes seemed very simple; they were nothing more than crowns made of leaves of the wild olive tree; but to wear one of these crowns was the greatest honor that could be given to a Greek. The whole nation to which the winner belonged thought itself honored, and he went home covered with glory.

So highly did the Greeks esteem these games that they counted their time from them. The four years between two festivals was called an Olympiad. We reckon time from the birth of Christ; when we say,



MYRON.

DISCOBOLUS, OR THE QUOIT-THROWER.

this is the year 1897, we mean that it is 1897 years since Christ was born. To show the time in which anything happened, the Greek would say, the second year of the fifth olympiad, or the third year of the tenth olympiad.

Because the Greeks gave so much thought to contests of strength and skill, they became the strongest and most graceful and most beautifully formed people of the world, and that is perhaps one reason why the statues of their gods and goddesses were the most beautiful statues that have ever been made.

#### XLVIII. THE SPARTANS AND LEONIDAS.

THE Greeks did not all belong to one nation. Their land was divided into a number of parts, very much as the United States is; only, these parts were not united under one government as our states are. These states, too, were often at war with one another. But when a common enemy appeared, they all fought together against it, and made the state that was known as the bravest and strongest the leader for the war. One of these states was called Sparta. You can find it on your maps away in the southern part of Greece in a peninsula called the Peloponnesus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pel-o-pon-ne'sus.

The people of Sparta were especially brave and warlike; indeed, they cared for little else than war. A Spartan boy, when he was seven years old, was taken away from his mother and brought up among the men; for the men did not live with their families in Sparta, but all lived together in a big hall, apart by themselves. All ate at the same table, and they could only visit their wives and children by stealing away at night.

Here the boys were given such training as their fathers thought would make them brave soldiers. Most Spartan boys had very little clothing and very little food; if they wanted more to eat than was given them, they could get it only by hunting wild animals or by stealing; for they were not punished for stealing unless they were caught at it, and then they were punished, not for stealing, but for being caught.

They were taught to read, and that was all the education from books which they had. But every boy was trained to run, to jump, to wrestle, to fight, and to hunt. He must not show any feeling. If a boy cried when he was hurt, he was despised by all the others, and made very much ashamed. The boys were often whipped terribly, but must not cry nor wince; if they did, they were not thought worthy to be Spartans.

The training of the girls, while not quite as

hard, was very much like that of the boys, except that they lived at home with their mothers. When the boys grew up, they became soldiers. They lived to fight. Even the women, while they did not go to war themselves, thought it a disgrace if their boys did not; and if their boys came back defeated, they were more sorry than if they had been killed.

The parting word which the Spartan mother gave her boy as he was leaving her to go to war, was, "Come back *with* your shield, or *on* it," which meant, come back victorious, or do not come alive. For the Spartans carried very large and strong shields in battle, and if one lost his shield he was forever disgraced. When a Spartan soldier was killed, his body was laid upon his long shield and so brought home, where it was looked upon as a great honor to have died fighting bravely.

There was once a king of Sparta named Leonidas,<sup>1</sup> who was very brave and strong; for no one was thought worthy to be king who was not braver than his people. When Leonidas had been king but a few months, Xerxes,<sup>2</sup> king of the Persians, a people who lived away to the east of the Great Sea, came with a vast army to make war on the Greeks. He had more soldiers than could be counted, more than all the people to be found in Greece, and he had beside his vast army a great

<sup>1</sup> Le-on'i-das<sup>2</sup> Xerx'es (Zerx'ez).

fleet of ships. The Greeks at once made the brave Spartans their leaders, and prepared to defend themselves against Xerxes.

There was just one road by which the enemy could march into Greece, and this was a narrow pass over a mountain at a place named Thermopylæ.<sup>1</sup> If the Greeks could defend that, they could keep the Persians out; and so Leonidas hurried to Thermopylæ with a small band of soldiers to hold the pass against Xerxes until the rest of the Grecian army should arrive.

The pass was a narrow road between high cliffs, where a few could defend themselves against a great host. It was easier to guard such a pass in those days than it would be now. Now, the enemy would simply place some cannon at a distance, and shoot cannon balls right into the midst of the defenders until the way was made clear. But then they had no guns nor cannon; gunpowder was not known, and men in war shot arrows from bows, as our Indians used to do, or fought hand to hand with swords and spears. So, in defending such a place as the pass at Thermopylæ, a few were as good as a great many, since only a few could fight at a time.

Here Leonidas with his little army placed themselves, and for many days Xerxes, with his count-

<sup>1</sup> Ther-mop'y-læ.



less soldiers, tried to drive them out, but could not do it. The Greeks, from behind their sheltering walls, would rush out and kill great numbers of the Persians, while but few of their own number were hurt. Xerxes was in despair and furiously angry. Here he was, with the largest army that had ever been gathered in the world, and yet he could not conquer nor pass Leonidas with his little troop.

Finally a Greek, not one of Leonidas's people, however, turned traitor, and went to Xerxes and told him of a secret path by which his army could go around the mountain and come out in the rear of the Greeks. This man's name was Ephialtes.<sup>1</sup> Do you wonder that the Greeks ever afterward hated his name, just as the American people hate the name of Benedict Arnold?

Xerxes was very glad to know of this path, and, as quickly as he could, sent a large company of his soldiers, led by Ephialtes, across the mountain. When Leonidas saw the Persians coming down this secret path, he knew that he had been betrayed, and that there was no hope. In a short time the Persians would be both in his front and rear, so that he could not escape. He quickly sent away as many of his soldiers as would go, that their lives might be spared, but said that he and his Spartans

<sup>1</sup> Eph-i-al'tes (Ef-i-al'tez).

would not leave; they would stay and die rather than return to Sparta in disgrace.

Some of the other soldiers said that they, too, would stay. So there they were, this little band of brave men, surrounded by countless hosts of enemies, determined to defend their country as long as a single one remained. Not a man flinched or failed. Seizing their weapons, they rushed into the midst of the Persian army, killing all they could; but they could not last long.

Soon Leonidas, their leader, fell, covered with wounds. The Persians rushed in to seize his body, that they might bear it away to Xerxes in triumph; but the Greeks closed around it, determined that none should have the body of their beloved Leonidas so long as a single defender lived. And thus they fought till every man was slain.

The name Leonidas means lion-like. The Greeks said surely he was well named; and they built, in his honor, a monument in the form of a lion.

